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AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY
J. G. HOLLAND.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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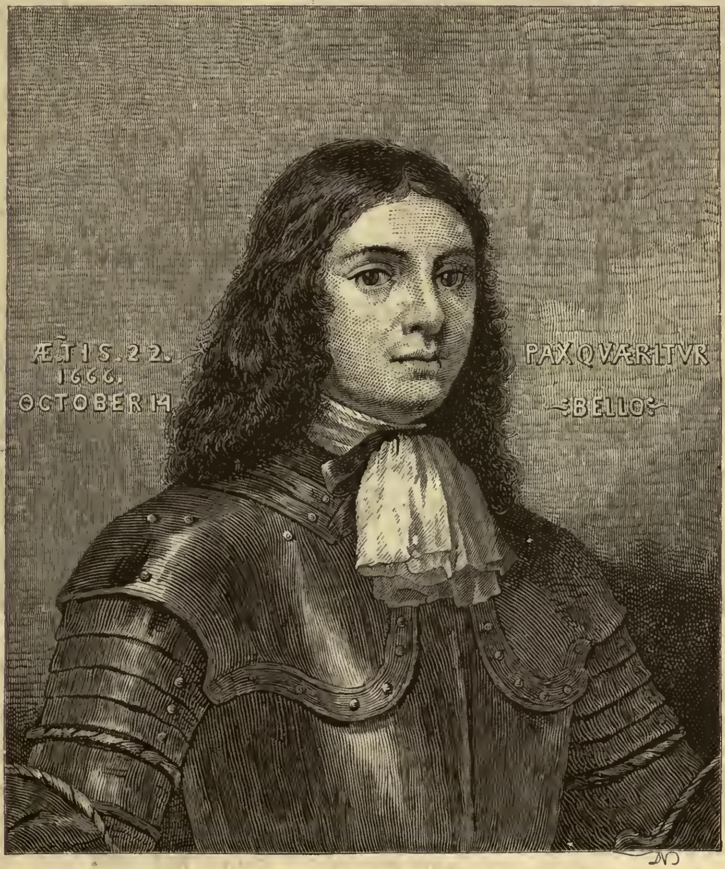
PORTRAITURE OF WILLIAM PENN.



WILLIAM PENN IN ARMOR (AFTER SCHOFF'S STEEL ENGRAVING FROM THE ORIGINAL).

THERE are few historical pictures that have taken firmer hold of the public mind, within the last hundred years, than West's painting of Penn's Treaty with the Indians. The event which it depicts is uniformly regarded as the most memorable in the history of the settlement of America; typical of just dealing with the aborigines, it is described by an English historian as "the most glorious in the annals of the world." Our own Bancroft contemplates with pride the meeting of William Penn, surrounded by a few friends in the habiliments of peace, with the numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribes. "The Great Treaty was not," says he, "for the purchase of lands, but was held for confirming what Penn had written and Markham covenanted; its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of humanity."

"The Great Spirit"—such were William Penn's own words—"who made you and us, who rules the heaven and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We are here met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage may be taken on either side, but all shall be openness, brotherhood, and love. I would not compare the friendship now sought to a chain, since the rain might rust it, or a tree fall and break it; but the Indians shall be esteemed by us as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body was to be divided in two parts, and, as such, the ground should be occupied as common to both people."

"PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS"—BY BENJAMIN WEST.

According to some authorities, he presented them a copy of the compact, telling them to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might see and know what then passed in council as if he remained himself with them to repeat it, but that the fourth generation would forget both him and it, and he desired this league of friendship to be preserved "between our children and our children's children while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure."

While we accord due honor to Roger Williams and to Lord Baltimore, we seek in vain for any specific grant in the fundamental laws of Rhode Island or Maryland for such a concession as that made by William Penn, and rendered effective by this very Treaty, not sworn to, and never broken:

"Every inhabitant, artificer, or other resident in the said Province that pays scot and lot to the Government shall be deemed and accounted a Freeman of the said Province," —and

"Article XXXV. That ALL persons living in this Province who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever."

Such were the words, prepared in April preceding, and inscribed upon the corner-stone of the Commonwealth laid by William

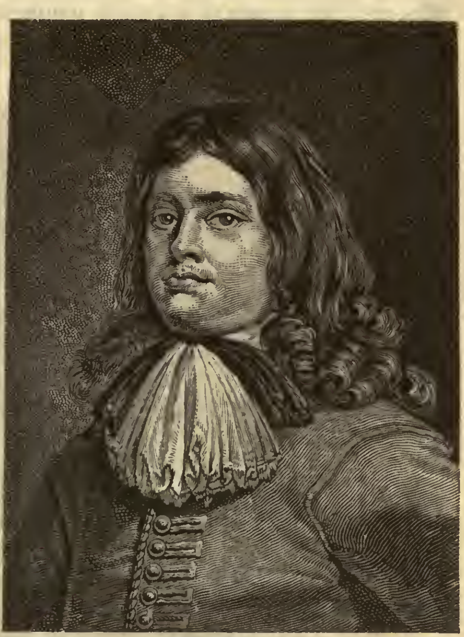
Penn under the famous Elm at the close of November, 1682; and, as the sequel proved, they were not idle words.

While the right is claimed to point out the anachronisms of West's picture, and to object to the incongruities it presents, let us not forget that West had not the materials for research nor the time to devote to this special subject; the purpose is not to criticise, but to point out facts and the *realities* of the hero as well as of the event he has thus no little contributed to commemorate.

It will be remembered that before West painted in England, all British historical figures had appeared in a masking habit; "the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed—if costume were to be believed—by Greeks or by Romans." In "The Death of Wolfe" Mr. West was the first to dismiss this pedantry and restore nature and propriety. With this period of 1758, its costumes and its habits, Mr. West was familiar;* but Penn's Treaty—apparently the very next historical subject he attempted—had taken place eighty-eight years before. He was, of course, not personally familiar with the costume of 1682, and he apparently essayed to introduce no contemporaneous portraits, save that of Penn himself.

In seeking some representation of Penn, he seems to have lighted upon the original bust (or its reproduction), which it was known was carved by one Sylvanus Bevan, and under these circumstances, as related by Dr. Franklin in a letter to Henry Home, Lord Kames.

When old Lord Cobham was adorning his garden at Stowe with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry for a picture of William Penn many years after the death of the latter, but could find none; whereupon Sylvanus Bevan, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he took of countenances, and a knack he had of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he had once seen, hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted. He accordingly cut a bust in ivory, and sent it to Lord Cobham without letter or notice; whereupon "my Lord, who had personally known Penn, immediately exclaimed, 'Whence came this?—it is William Penn himself!'" From this little bust the large one in the garden was formed.*



ADMIRAL PENN.

The latter became West's model, and upon it he stuck a broad-brimmed hat, clothing the figure in drab, and making it corpulent enough in consistency with this bust, but utterly at variance with the now known appearance of Penn at the age of 38, when he met the Indians first in council.

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* "The subject I have to represent," said West on this occasion to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who objected to throwing aside the classic garb, "is a great battle fought and won, and *the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter.* If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque; but, by using it, I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this, I must abide by truth."

Reynolds subsequently seated himself before the finished picture, examined it minutely for half an hour, and then said: "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." Even in this case, however, Mr. West did not escape some incongruities in its execution.

* "Toward the close of the year 1759, Dr. Franklin, together with his son, the late Governor Franklin of New Jersey, visited Scotland. While in that country, the Doctor received particular attentions from the celebrated Henry Home, Lord Kames (a character well known in the literary world), with whom he then passed some days, at his Lordship's country-seat in the shire of Berwick. From this commencement of their personal acquaintance with each other, a correspondence subsisted between Lord Kames and the Doctor, until a few years before the death of the former, which occurred in the year 1782, when his Lordship was in the eighty-seventh year of his age. It appears that some time *prior to the year* 1760, Lord Kames had offered to Dr. Frank-

In an admirable sketch of the private life of William Penn, Mr. Joshua Francis Fisher very justly says: "Mr. West, and I believe all other painters who have introduced the early Quakers into their pictures, are chargeable with great mistakes in the costumes they have selected for them; in many instances giving them hats and coats of a form not even invented for half a century after the date of the scene they have wished to represent upon their canvas." Mr. Fisher assigns the dresses introduced into this picture to a period thirty years afterward, "if," says he, "they were ever worn at all." He ascribes with apparent justice the selection of dresses to West's *recollections* of what he had seen the Quakers wear—his father among the number—in his early youth in Pennsylvania. It is certain, from an original letter now before me, addressed in 1775 to his brother William, that he had introduced into the group a striking full-length portrait of his father and one of a brother whom he styles "of Reading."

This picture of Penn unfortunately, with all its imperfections, has formed the prototype for nearly all the portraits introduced to the American public. It is the one from which Inman's fine painting was made by order of the Society for commemorating the landing of Penn, for the certificates of stock for the United States Bank, and for all the official effigies hitherto issued by State or City authority.

Independent of the meaningless face which belies the real Penn, currency has thus been given to a supposed indorsement by him of principles totally foreign to those he actually expressed,—that an irremovable hat and drab clothes were needed for Friends' tenets. William Penn was a gentleman by birth, by education, and by, what is sometimes found independently of both, instinct. He "knew"—to use his own words—"no religion that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness, which, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians."

The famous hat story is preserved as indicative of his independence and of his abhorrence of what would be construed into *reverence* for men; but no instance throughout his whole life can be cited where he was wanting in respect to his equals, or where he forced himself into the society of his inferiors and kept his hat upon his head, as an assertion, not of independence, but of superiority.

As to the style of the hat actually worn by him, it was simply that of the period. An anecdote has been preserved of him that sufficiently indicates this. When asked by King James II. the differences between the Catholic and the Quaker religions, he made a comparison between the hat worn by the King, which was adorned by feathers and ribbons, and his own, which was plain. "The only difference," replied Penn, "lies in the ornaments which have been added to thine." Thus the cut, shape and material of his hat

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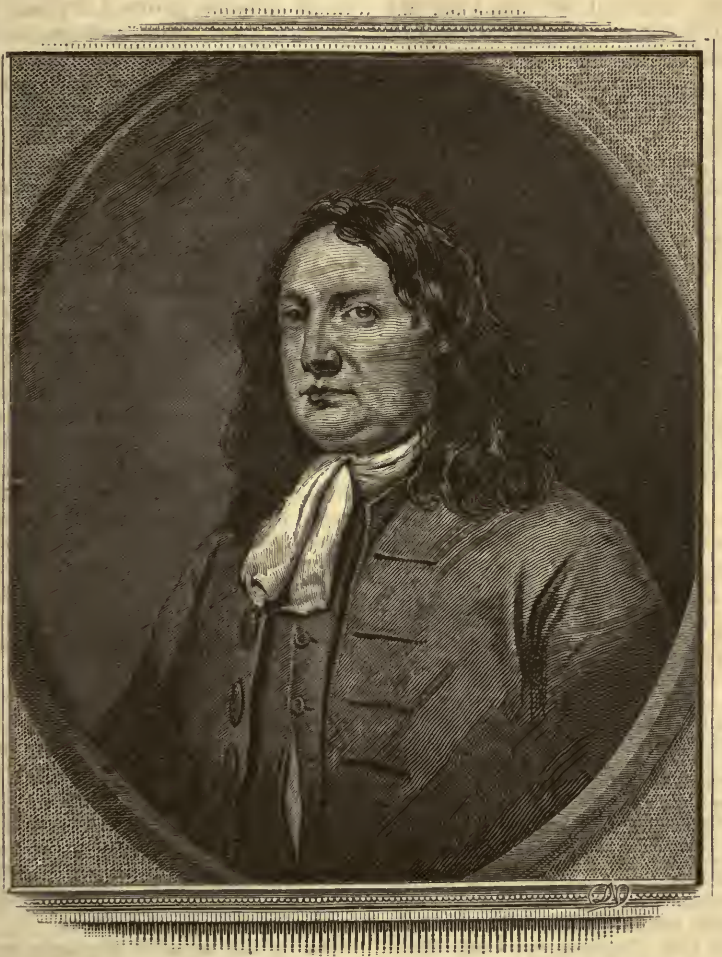
lin the loan of 'Penn's picture;' for, in a letter to his Lordship from the Doctor, written from London on the 3d of January, 1760, he refers to this offer. It will appear, however, by the Doctor's letter, that he conceived the picture to be a portrait of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania;—perhaps, from Lord Kames having only mentioned it as being 'Penn's picture,' without designating him as *Admiral Penn*. That part of the Doctor's letter which relates to this subject, is in these words:

"'Your Lordship's kind offer of Penn's picture is exceedingly obliging. But, were it certainly his picture, it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it; I should only desire the favor of leave to take a copy of it. I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds for supposing it his. I have at present some doubt of it: first, because the primitive Quakers used to declare against pictures as a vain expense; a man suffering his portrait to be taken, was condemned as pride; and I think to this day it is very little practiced among them. Then, it is on a board; and I imagine the practice of painting portraits on boards did not come down so low as Penn's time; but of this I am not certain.' His 'other reason' is stated in the text: 'I doubt, too,' Franklin goes on to say, 'whether the whisker was not quite out of use, at the time when Penn must have been of the age appearing in the face of that picture. And yet, notwithstanding these reasons, I am not without some hope that it may be his, because I know some eminent Quakers have had their pictures privately drawn, and deposited with trusty friends; and I know also that there is extant at Philadelphia, a very good picture of Mrs. Penn, his last wife. After all, I own I have a strong desire to be satisfied concerning this picture, and, as Bevan is yet living here, and some other old Quakers that remember William Penn, who died but in 1718, I would wish to have it sent me, carefully packed in a box, by the wagon (for I would not trust it by sea), that I may obtain their opinion. The charges I shall very cheerfully pay; and if it proves to be Penn's picture, I shall be gratefully obliged to your Lordship for leave to take a copy of it, and will cheerfully return the original.'"—"*Lord Kames's Life*," *by Lord Woodhouselee, p.* 265.

Lord Woodhouselee's "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Kames" states that the portrait referred to was sent to Dr. Franklin and never returned.

It proved to be the portrait of Admiral Penn—the father of William. The last trace of this picture is that Richard Bache, a grandson of Dr. Franklin, placed it about 1809 in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

could not have varied from the standard of his day; nor would it have been in keeping with his known character to adopt any peculiarity (of shape or color) in dress to attract attention. His practice, and that of Friends of his day, was in conformity with the rules of their Society, at that time sufficiently evidenced from an original manuscript volume of "Advices by the Yearly Meeting of Friends" in my possession. Under date of 1695 is this entry: "Advised, that all that profess the truth keep to plainness in apparel, as becomes the truth, and that none wear long-lapped sleeves, or coats gathered at the sides, or superfluous buttons, or *broad ribbons* about their hats, or long curled periwigs." This volume of advices begins in 1681. In 1682, the first reference to dress, Friends are advised "to take heed that they be not found in wearing *superfluity* of apparel;" and again, in 1694: "We tenderly advise all, both old and young, to keep out of the world's corrupt language, manners, and vain, needless customs and fashions in apparel;" while similar cautions are reiterated "not to launch into the vain customs and fashions too prevalent among the professors of Christianity." Down to the very middle of the last century no directions are to be found as to *drab* colors or any especial cut of coat. It was not till about 1760 that the then existing style seems to have become crystallized into a uniform for those professing Friends' principles, and probably at the same time that the hat-on-head theory was made an essential indication of their adherence to "the Truth."



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN, AT THE AGE OF 52.

These errors, as has been intimated, are unfortunately encouraged by West's picture. So far as it claims to represent Penn's appearance, bearing, or habits, we must entirely repudiate it. The only portrait known as genuine of Penn until a few years since, represents him as a youth of twenty-two, and in a style of dress utterly at variance with his matured views. He wears a full suit of armor, though his head is uncovered.

This picture was painted from life, it is believed, in Ireland, when he had "a modish person grown—quite the fine gentleman." It was presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania by Granville Penn, who calls it "a perfect portrait." The name of the artist I have not been able to learn. It has been admirably engraved by Schoff, and Mr. Bancroft very judiciously adopted it twenty-five years ago in his "History of the United States" in preference to the West likeness.

We are in 1876 enabled to present to the people of the United States William Penn as he really looked and really dressed while in the full maturity of his powers. The authority for so doing and the circumstances seem to call for some detail.

Mrs. Maria Webb, of Dublin, who had investigated "the Penns," communicated the existence of an original portrait of William Penn, which she had discovered, through a correspondent in County Durham, England, to be in possession of a landed proprietor by the name of Allan. A *carte de visite* from this picture she sent to Samuel L. Smedley, of Philadelphia. This seemed to demand investigation.

Surtees, in his "History of the County of Durham," disclosed the existence of an ancient seat, Blackwell Grange on the Tees in that county, and thus describes a valuable collection of paintings which had been made by George Allan, Esq., an indefatigable antiquary and virtuoso of the middle of the last century. They "filled every panel, and gradually insinuated themselves along the passage, and cloathed the walls of the great staircase. Of the portraits, some of the most remarkable are Anna Boleyn, by Holbein; Sir Henry Wootton, by Sir Peter Lely; Lady Castlemaine, by Lely; William, Earl of Pembroke, and his Lady, by Jansen; a gallant portrait of Lord Fairfax, by Lely; a lion hunt, by old Coyle; a landscape, by Teniers; the head of a corpse, horribly expressive, by Caracci. The collection includes several admirable crayon drawings by Francis Place, fine heads of Charles II., and of William Penn and his wife."*

Letters to the present owner of Blackwell Grange proving fruitless to secure a copy of this Penn portrait for the National Museum of Independence Hall, a gentleman about starting for Europe was requested to pay a visit to Mr. Allan, and if, upon inspection on the spot, the circumstances warranted it, to secure a copy. Mr. John Jay Smith, pleasuring in the summer of 1874 at a watering-place, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, wrote upon the 5th of August, 1874: "I have made a pretty long excursion from here to inspect the portraits of William Penn and his wife. They are undoubtedly authentic, as declared by Surtees, and Penn's is very lovely. The photograph conveys but a slight idea of his manly and sweet face. Mr. Allan received me very kindly indeed, and, though he declined letting the portraits go out of his house, he will allow the artist to see and copy them."

This was accordingly done, but proved only the beginning of the vicissitudes of the picture before a satisfactory result was attained. The copy, completed as to the head, but with the background unfinished, and the bust and garments but dimly shadowed, was brought to Philadelphia, and intrusted to another hand to complete.

By an unfortunate misapprehension, the color of the coat, to suit modern notions of "Quaker colors," was changed. The background was made to correspond in tone, and then (O ye Gods!), finishing "made the head look very slight, so that the artist had to go over it all, changing it as little as possible, but getting more strength of color and finish into it, working on the face as lightly as possible, simply to make it a little less rough and unfinished than it was!!"

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* Horace Walpole, in his anecdotes, tells us that Mr. Francis Place of County Durham, England, was placed as clerk to an attorney in London, where he continued till 1665, when he quitted the profession that was contrary to his inclinations and commenced the pursuit of the arts for which he had talents. His genius is described as fanciful, but erratic. He painted, designed, and etched excellently, but merely for his own amusement. He was the first to introduce mezzotints in England. Ralph Thoresby says Mr. Place discovered an earth for, and a method of, making porcelain, which he put in practice at the Manor House of York, of which manufacture he gave him a fine mug for his Museum. We also learn that Mr. Place discovered porphyry at Mount Sorrel in Leicestershire, of which he had a piece to grind colors on. He seldom resided in London, and in his rambles, he painted, drew, and engraved occasionally. In the reign of Charles II. he was offered a pension of £500 a year to draw the Royal Navy, but declined accepting it, as he could not endure confinement or dependence. Mr. Place died in 1728, and his widow, quitting the Manor House in York, disposed of his paintings. There are two heads of Mr. Place extant, one by himself, the face only finished, and another by Murray.

Thus, all the labor of again securing permission to make a second copy had to be gone over again, and again letters to the owner of the Grange as well as to the artist were treated with silent disregard. Glad to ascribe this to want of proper addresses, an appeal was made to the distinguished Philadelphia artist, Miss Anna Lea, now resident in London. Through her, Henry J. Wright, the copyist, a man of unquestionable ability, was found. But it then appeared that his professional services had been farmed out to a picture-broker, who haggled over the conditions, through a course of several letters, and sought to impose conditions utterly inconsistent with his position or that of his copyist.

Having been finally brought to terms, the order was given in December, 1874, with peremptory directions that no delay should occur. The pictures were completed early in the following year, but the fellow kept the pictures for his own purposes till the following May, and they did not arrive in Philadelphia until June.

Here another difficulty was encountered, for William Penn's portrait was not permitted by the Collector of the Customs to be placed in Independence Hall without paying toll to the United States authorities. "The Founder of Pennsylvania, and Hannah his Wife," were placed in close confinement for forty days and forty nights till, all the formalities complied with, the Secretary of the Treasury having cordially approved a free passport, these noble likenesses were placed in "visual juxtaposition" with the original painting of the Treaty by West.

Both genuine portraits, the Historical Society portrait at the age of 22, and this National Museum portrait at the age of 52, seem to realize the recorded description of Penn as "eminently handsome, the expression of his countenance remarkably pleasing and sweet, his eye dark and lively, and his hair flowing gracefully over his shoulders." His predominant trait of benevolence stands out in both of these portraits,—especially in the latter, the noble brow, expressive eyes, firm but gentle mouth, speak that "sweet reasonableness," characteristic of the pioneer, on this continent, of true peace on earth, and good-will toward men.

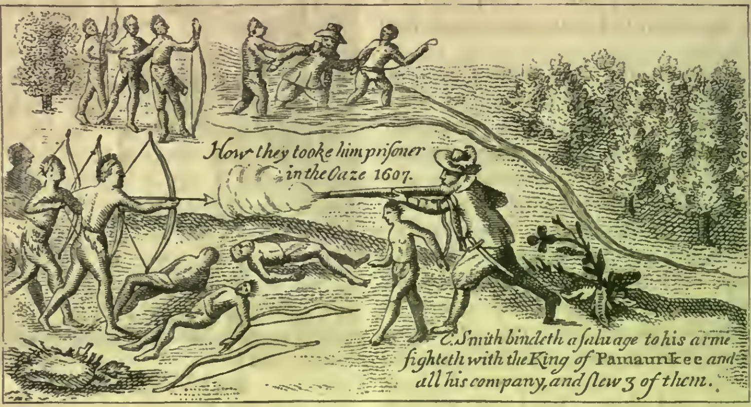
THE TRUE POCAHONTAS.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

[For two centuries the story of the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas, perhaps the favorite bit of romance in all our colonial history, was left unassailed in the shape in which its hero had told it in his "General History of Virginia;" nor was that vivid record of remarkable exploits and sufferings looked upon as anything but the unembellished narrative of a rough soldier, decidedly too plain a man to magnify his deeds, or indulge in the picturesque exaggeration common to more artificial writers.

But there is a process which every conspicuous passage of history encounters in due course: it is often mourned over as the image-breaking tendency of modern criticism; but, in reality, it is only the correcting and clarifying influence of time. For a while each historian quietly follows the investigations of his predecessor; but afterward other documents are found, new sources opened. Many special students silently contribute their added knowledge; and at last some one author puts all the fresh evidence together and writes the story anew. The whole character and action are often changed, and rightly. We may mourn the loss of a sentiment, but, as a rule, we have gained in better knowledge, where broad scholars and not men with hobbies have done the work.

The Pocahontas legend has not failed, of late years, to go through this very process. In the quiet of historical societies, or in monographs that circulated only among special students, critics began to lift up their voices against it—to point out that for two hundred years the world had read with the faith of a child Smith's own story of his marvelous exploits; to see at last that even that story was not in itself consistent. One by one, the special scholars changed their views, and now the account, in its original and generally received shape, would probably find few defenders among the leading students of American annals.


How they tooke him priſoner in the Oaze 1607.
C. Smith bindeth a ſaluage to his arme fighteth with the King of Pamaunkee and all his company, and ſlew 3 of them.

FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

In the meantime, however, the general reader has probably had little idea of the strength of the case against the story, and it will be interesting to many to see in advance how the latest authority on the general history of the United States has put together the scattered bits of evidence, and drawn the almost inevitable inference.

In the forthcoming history* by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, the discussion forms a considerable portion of a chapter, from the advance sheets of which what follows here is taken. The narrative begins, of course, with John Smith's voyage up the Chickahominy, in the winter of 1607–'08.]

Smith had now leisure for further exploration into the interior. Wingfield says that he started on the 10th of December to go up the Chickahominy to trade for corn, and to find the head of that river. On its upper waters two of his men, who were left with a canoe, were slain by the Indians, Pamunkey's men, and Smith himself, who was on shore at some distance, was taken prisoner, his life being saved "by the means of his guide," who was an Indian. He was taken to several of the neighboring chiefs to see if he could be recognized as one of a party who, two or three years before, had kidnapped some Indians; he was taken at last to the great Powhatan, who sent him back to Jamestown on the 8th of January. He had been absent just four weeks.

Smith's life was saved, says Wingfield, by means of his guide. The story, as usually told, is that Smith tied the Indian to himself with his garters, and held him as a shield against the arrows of his assailants. Making his way toward the boat, which he had left in charge of two of his men, he and the guide slipped together into an "oasie creek," from which it was impossible to extricate themselves. Half dead with cold, he at length threw away his arms and surrendered, and was taken before Opechankanough, King of Pamunkey. He sought to propitiate the chief by presenting him with "a round Ivory double compass Dyall." The savages marveled much at the playing of the needle, which they could see, but, for the glass over it, could not touch. With this "globe like jewel," Smith explained to the king and his people the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, the shape of the earth, the extent of land and sea, the difference in the races of men, and "many other such like matters," at which, it was hardly necessary to add, the savages "all stood as amazed with admiration." They nevertheless tied the lecturer to a tree, and were about to shoot him to death with arrows, when Opechankanough, who seemed to have a better appreciation than his followers had of the sciences of astronomy and cosmography, holding up the wonderful compass, stayed the execution. They then released the prisoner, fed him, and used him well.

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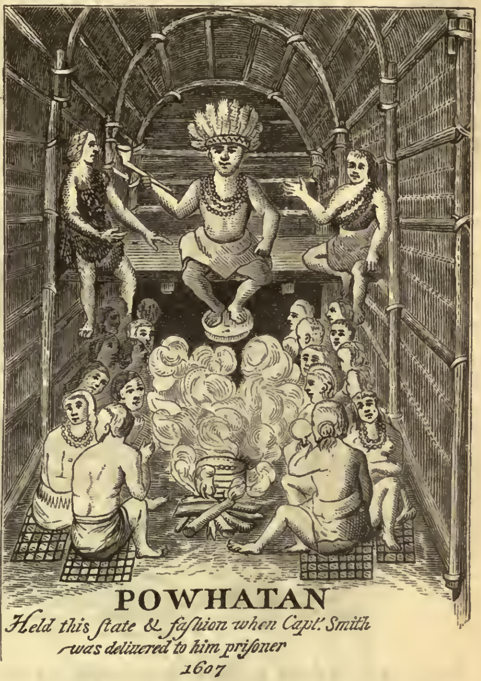
* History of the United States, from the first discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the first century of the Union of the States, preceded by a sketch of the prehistoric period and the age of the mound builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Fully illustrated with original designs by the leading American and foreign artists. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

So well, indeed, did they feed him, that he thought they meant to fatten him for a feast; and they received him otherwise with so much honor, that they dressed themselves in their brightest paints, the plumage of the most brilliant birds, the choicest rattle-snake tails, and "such toys"—adding, perhaps, as Strachey says the Indians sometimes did, "a dead ratt tyed by the tail and such like conundrums"—and so attired danced before him and the king, "singing and yelling out with hellish notes and screeches." They promised him, moreover, life and liberty, land and women, if he would aid them by his advice in an attack upon Jamestown; but from this he dissuaded them by representations of the mines, great guns, and other engines with which such an attack would be repulsed. When he persuaded them to send a letter to the fort, and the messengers brought, as he promised they should, such things as he asked for, the savages were amazed anew, that either the paper itself spoke to those who received it, or that Smith had the power of divination.

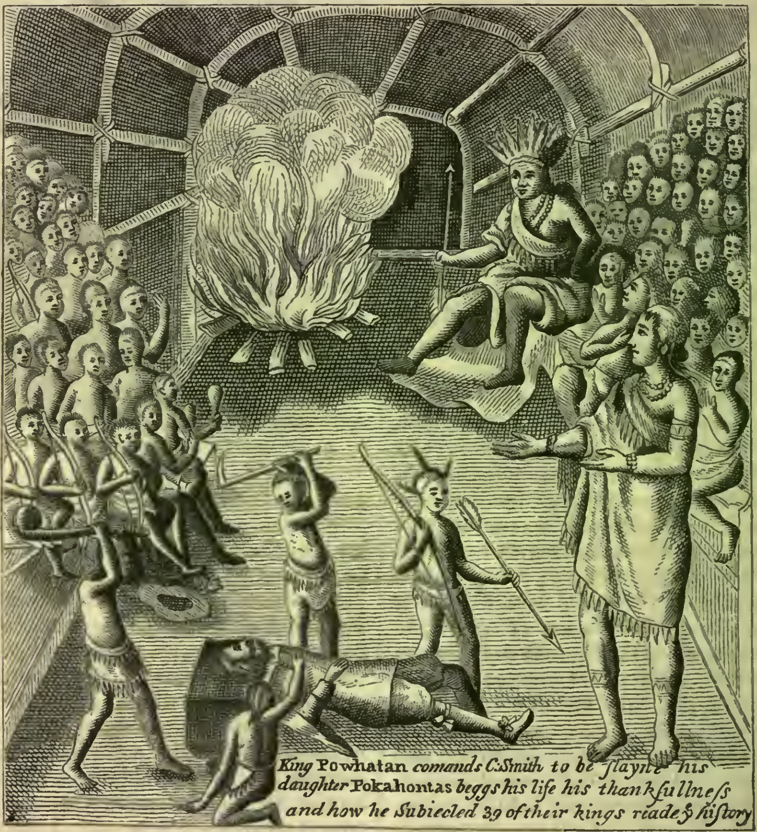
This clothed and bearded white man was a strange spectacle to the Indians, and men, women, and children crowded to see him, as he was led from tribe to tribe. At length he was taken before the great king of all, Powhatan, at a place called Werowocomoco, which signifies "king's house," on the north side of the York River, and only fourteen or fifteen miles from Jamestown. When Smith was led into his presence, the emperor received him in state, seated on a throne which was much like a bedstead, clothed in a robe of raccoon skins. On each side of him sat a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years, and beyond them a double row of men and women, their heads and shoulders painted red and adorned with feathers. A queen served the prisoner with water to wash his hands, and a bunch of feathers on which to dry them; a feast was spread before him as if he were an honored friend and welcome guest, for such was the Indian treatment of those who presently were to be led out to die.


POWHATAN
Held this ſtate & faſhion when Capt: Smith
was deliuered to him priſoner
1607

FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

This ceremonious and hospitable reception was followed by a brief consultation between the king and his chief men. Two great stones were then brought in, to which Smith was dragged, and his head laid upon them. The executioners stood ready to beat out his brains with their clubs, but at this critical moment "Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper."

The authority for this romantic story is Smith's "General History." With other things, it has come to be considered an established historical fact because that work was long accepted as the best, as it is the fullest, of the contemporary narratives of the adventures of the Jamestown colonists for the first two years. Obscurer authors were either not consulted, or were unknown by those who gave currency to these relations. But Wingfield, who records with such accuracy all the essential facts of Smith's capture, and his return to the fort by Powhatan, says nothing of Pocahontas; Strachey, to whom this young girl was evidently an object of interest, and who speaks in terms of praise of Smith's services and hazards on behalf of the colony, and of his great experience among the Indians, makes no allusion to this romance in the life of both; Hamor, who was also at one time secretary of the colony, and whose tract* is largely a biography of Pocahontas and of her interesting relations to the English, is silent on this first important service rendered by her to one of the principal men of the colony.


King Powhatan comands C.Smith to be ſlayne his daughter Pokahontas beggs his life his thankfullneſs and how he ſubiected 39 of their kings reade ÿ hiſtory
RICHARDSON SC.

FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

And even Smith is not consistent in different publications, as to the treatment he received from Powhatan. In his first book, the "True Relation," published in 1608, he says the emperor "kindly received me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me of his friendship, and my liberty in four days." After much kindly conversation between them, Powhatan "thus having, with all the kindness he could devise, sought to content me, he sent me home with four men—one that usually carried my gown and knapsack after me, two others loaded with bread, and one to accompany me." Such treatment is altogether inconsistent with a design upon his life, nor is there any hint of such an intention in the savage chief, or of the interference of his little daughter to avert it. It is only in the "General History," first published in 1624, that the narrative of Smith's captivity asserts that the prisoner was sentenced to death by Powhatan, and his life saved by Pocahontas.* Then we are told that he was sent back in a few days to Jamestown, not with four friendly guides only, who carried his clothing or were laden with provisions, but with twelve savages, with whom he did not feel that his life was safe till within the palisades and under the protecting guns of the fort. Meanwhile between the publication of the "True Relation" of 1608, and that of the "General History" of 1624, the princess had become famous as the "Lady Rebecca;" by her services to the colony; by her marriage with an Englishman, Rolfe; by her visit to England, her presentation at court, and her baptism into the Christian Church; and by her death on the eve of her return to her own country.

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* "A True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia until 18th of June, 1614." By Ralph Hamor, Jr.

This Powhatan, who was called an emperor by the earlier writers, was the most powerful of all the Indian chiefs of Virginia, and became an important person in the history of the colony. Smith was the first to meet with him, the Pawatah who had entertained Newport and his companions, some months before, at the falls of James River, being another and less powerful chief, perhaps a son of Powhatan. For Powhatan was a native of the country just above the falls of the James, and it was from it that he took his name. Among his own people he was known as Ottaniack, or as Mamanatowick, the latter meaning great king; but his true name, and that by which he was saluted by his subjects, was Wahunsenacawh.† He is described as a goodly old man, "well beaten with many cold and stormye winters," being somewhere about eighty years of age. He was tall in stature, stalwart, and well shaped of limb, sad of countenance though his face was round and flat, and his thin gray hairs hung down upon his broad shoulders. As in his younger years he had been strong and able, so also had he been a cruel savage, "daring, vigilante, ambitious, subtile to enlarge his dominions," striking terror and awe into neighboring chiefs. Though in his old age he delighted in security and pleasure, and lived in peace with all about him, he was from the first watchful and jealous of these white-faced strangers who were penetrating his rivers, devouring his corn, and building houses within his dominions. With that Indian subtlety of which he was peculiarly a master, he sought their friendship, when that would best serve his purpose, but never letting an opportunity pass to cut them off when it could be done with little or no loss to himself and his people.*

He had, it was said, many more than a hundred wives, of whom about a dozen, all young women, were special favorites. When in bed one sat at his head, and another at his feet; when at meat one was at his right hand, another at his left. Of his living children, when he first became known to the English, twenty were sons and twelve were daughters, and among these last was one "whome he loved well, Pochahuntas, which may signifie little wanton; howbeyt she was rightly called Amonate at more ripe yeares," in accordance with an Indian custom in the naming of their children. She was well known at Jamestown at an early period. The Indian girls wore no clothing till the age of eleven or twelve years, nor were "they much ashamed thereof, and therefor," continues Strachey, "would Pochahuntas, a well-featured but wanton young girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, get the boys forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning up their heeles upwards, whome she would followe and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the

POCAHONTAS.

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* See comments on this subject by Charles Deane in his edition of Smith's "True Relation."

† Strachey's "Historie of Travaile into Virginia," p. 48.

* Strachey, pp. 49, 54

fort over." As Strachey did not go to Virginia till 1610, and if he saw this young princess in that year, then eleven or twelve years of age, "turning cart-wheels" among the boys of Jamestown, she could have been only eight or nine years old at the time Smith was taken prisoner by her father. Elsewhere speaking of her as "using sometyme to our fort in tymes past," he adds, "nowe married to a private captaine, called Kocoum, some two yeares since."*

PRESENTATION OF POCAHONTAS AT COURT.

[Thus far of the question of Captain Smith's veracity and the accepted story. With regard to the farther career of Pocahontas there is, it is true, no discussion; yet one other extract from the chapter will not be without interest, even to those to whom its facts are all familiar.]

In 1616, public curiosity was aroused by the appearance in London, of the Princess Pocahontas as the wife of Mr. John Rolfe, who was also distinguished as the first cultivator of tobacco in Virginia.*

Rolfe, it seems, was a widower,† who was one of the company of Sir Thomas Gates, and was the father of the child born in the Bermudas, at the time of the wreck of the "Sea Adventure," and christened Bermuda. In an expedition up the Potomac, in search of corn, Captain Argall had engaged an Indian to entice Pocahontas on board his vessel, whom he took to Jamestown, and detained in the expectation of compelling Powhatan to exchange her for corn and for certain Englishmen and English arms, held by that chief. While held as a prisoner, under the care of Sir Thomas Dale, she became a Christian, and was received into the church under the baptismal name of the Lady Rebecca. Whether the acquaintance between Rolfe and the princess commenced at that time, is not certain; but they were married soon after. Dale was so much interested in this comely daughter of Powhatan that he proposed to the king to send him a younger sister, of whose attractions he had heard, proposing to make her, said the messenger, "his nearest companion, wife, and bed-fellow." The offer could only have been made to get possession of the girl; wife she could not be, as there was already a Lady Dale in England. The king may have seen through the design; at any rate he good-naturedly declined the proposed honor of surrendering his daughter to be the mistress of even a white governor.

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* Major, the editor of Strachey's "Historie of Travaile into Virginia," supposes it must have been written between 1612 and 1616.

* Harmor's "True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia."

† Pocahontas was also a widow if Strachey's statement was correct that she had married a "private captain called Kocoum."

Dale took Rolfe and his wife to England, and with them went several other young Indians, men and women, and one Tamocomo, the husband of another of Powhatan's daughters. The young people were under the guardianship of the Council, and to be educated as Christians; but Tamocomo was an emissary of his father-in-law, under orders to gather information in regard to the English people. His observations may have been valuable, but he soon gave over an attempt to take a census of the population by notches on a stick. The whole party excited the liveliest curiosity. The Lady Rebecca was received at court with great favor, though grave doubts were entertained, suggested it was supposed by James, who was never unmindful of the divine right of kings, whether Rolfe had not been guilty of treason in presuming to make an alliance with a royal family. The princess appeared at the theaters and other public places, everywhere attracting great attention as the daughter of the Virginian emperor, and as one to whom the colonists had sometimes been indebted for signal services; and everywhere exciting admiration for her personal graces, and the propriety and good sense with which she always conducted herself. She remained in England for nearly a year, and died as she was about to sail for her native country. Her only child, a son, is claimed as the ancestor of some of the most respectable families of Virginia.

HOW SHALL WE SPELL SH-K-SP-R-'S NAME?

THE question which we ask above may seem to many to be one easily settled. Whatever trammels "the usage of the best writers and speakers" may impose on the orthographic innovations of the masses, it is generally conceded that a man has a right to spell his own name, at least, as he pleases. But suppose there is no certainty of his spelling it twice alike? Or suppose, again, that he is so vile a penman that it is next to impossible to decide just how he did spell in any single instance? Then, manifestly, if the public have occasion to spell his name at all, it will be likely to gratify its orthographic and kakographic fancies, with little regard to uniformity, until it becomes a serious question: How *shall* we spell ——'s name?

If we had, as we ought to have, one alphabetic character for each English sound; and if we spelled by sound, as a reasonable people should, of course it would be easy enough to spell Sh-k-sp-r-'s name, or, for that matter, any other name. Sh-ā-k, there's your Shāk; s-p-ē-r, there's your spēr; there's your Shākspēr. *Voilà tout!* But with only twenty alphabetic characters really available to represent some forty sounds, and no system of expedients for supplying deficiencies, there is a good deal of room for orthographic variation in representing the seven simple sounds which call up to the mind "the Bard of Avon." Indeed, Mr. George Wise has, in a little treatise on "The Autograph of William Shakespeare," given us "four thousand ways of spelling the name according to English orthography;" and Richard Grant White ("Shakespeare's Scholar," pp. 478–480) enumerates the following as *some* of the ways in which the name is actually spelled in the old documents in which it occurs:

Chaksper,
Shakspere,
Shaxpere,
Shakspire,
Shaxspere,
Schaksper,
Shakespere,
Shakespeare,
Schakespeyr,
Shaxespeare,
Shagspere,
Shaxpur,
Shaksper,
Shaxsper,
Shackspeare,
Saxpere,
Shakespire,
Shakespeire,
Shackespeare,
Shakaspear,
Shaxper,
Shakspear,
Shaxpeare,
Shakspeere,
Shaxburd,
Shackspeyr,
Shakespear,
Schakesper,
Shackespere,
Shakyspere.

It is to be noticed that in a majority of the cases adduced by Mr. White, the name is spelled as if the first syllable were pronounced Shax; and this is especially true with reference to the older and more familiar documents which would be likely to spell the word as it was pronounced. Throughout the will of the poet's father * the name is spelled Shakspear; and the scrivener who drew the poet's will spells the name Shackspeare. Mr. White very plausibly conjectures that the old spelling, following the pronunciation, was Shaksper or Shakspere, and that a change was made during the poet's life both in spelling and pronunciation—such a change as sometimes, with the accession of wealth and honors, transforms plain "Fred. Smith" into "The Honorable Frederick Smythe."

The monumental inscriptions of the family afford three variations of the name.

Shakespeare, Shakspere, Shakspeare.

In the grant of arms from the Herald's College to the poet's father, the name is spelled Shakespeare; and the coat of arms itself (the crest being an eagle brandishing a spear) is a punning commentary on both spelling and pronunciation. A similar remark may be made respecting the allusion to the poet in Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit" as "the only Shake-scene in the country." In the first folio edition of Ben Jonson's works, carefully edited by himself, the name occurs twice as Shakespeare; and this was the almost invariable spelling in the printed examples of Sh-k-sp-r-'s day. There is not, however, as is sometimes affirmed, absolute uniformity in this respect.† The first quarto edition of "King Lear" and two editions of "Richard the Third" give us Shakspeare; and an early edition of "Love's Labor Lost" gives us Shakspere. These, however, though published during the poet's life, were "pirated" editions, and, hence, have little bearing on the question at issue. Indeed, as Mr. Furnival says in "The Academy," "Neither the practice of Shakspere's friends, critics, or printers, nor the possibly spurious autographs in books never proved to be his, can stand for a moment against his own unquestioned signatures to legal documents."

We turn, then, to Sh-k-sp-r-'s autographs, respecting which Mr. Furnival says: "There are only five unquestionably genuine signatures of Shakspere's in existence—the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage, and the three on his will." More specifically, the incontestable autographs of the poet are:

1. His signature to the deed of purchase of a house in Blackfriars, London. This autograph was purchased for the city of London in 1843 for £145, and is now at Guildhall. A fac-simile of the signature is given in Richard Grant White's edition of the poet's works, vol. i, p. 92. Sir Francis Madden and Mr. Furnival, than whom there are no abler decipherers of antique and crabbed handwriting, make the signature to be *Shakspere.*

2. His signature to a mortgage of the same property. This was purchased in 1858 for the British Museum for £315. If the only fac-simile of it that we have ever seen does it justice, the British Government paid quite a high price for an autograph which is well-nigh illegible. Madden and Furnival, however, after a careful and independent study of the original, agree in reading it *Shakspere.*

3, 4, 5. Three signatures appended to the will of the great dramatist. This will, which may be inspected by any one for a shilling at Doctors Commons, London, is drawn up on three sheets of paper, each of which bears the poet's name. It has been suggested that the first two signatures were appended by the clerk who drew the will, and that only the last is that of the poet himself. This theory has been shown, however, to be untenable, and all the signatures are now regarded as genuine autographs. They are given in fac-simile by Richard Grant White, in his edition of the poet's works, vol. 1. pp. 96–99. The first and second would seem to be Shakspere (so, Madden and Furnival); while the third looks decidedly like *Shakspeare.* So Madden makes it out; and so it was made out by Steevens and Malone, who, in 1776, before the signature was defaced by frequent handling, made the first tracing of it for a fac-simile. Furnival, however, insists that this, like the other autographs, reads *Shakspere.*

These five autographs, feebly and almost illegibly traced, are all that certainly remains to us of the handwriting of one of the most voluminous, as well as incomparably the greatest of English poets. One other autograph is commonly added on the authority of Sir Francis Madden, who has said that "it challenges and defies suspicion." It *is* suspected, however, by both Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Furnival, who have good right to an opinion in such matters. The signature in question is written on the fly-leaf of a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays," which is the property of the British Museum. The name, whoever wrote it, is, unmistakably, "*Will'm Shakspere.*" In the "*Shakspeareana Genealogica,*" pp. 533–534, an account is given of four other alleged autographs which are commonly regarded as spurious.

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* See Drake, "Shakspeare and His Times," vol. i, p. 9.

† See "*Shakspeareana Genealogica,*" p. 530.

From an inspection of these autographs it is evident that, however Sh-k-sp-r- may have varied in spelling the last syllable of his name, *he never inserts an e after the k.* So says Mr. Furnival, and so must any one say who takes the pains to examine the facsimiles. On this point, the spurious and the genuine autographs are all agreed. Following out the principle, then, that a man has an unquestionable right to spell his name as he pleases, we ought not to force upon imperial Shaksp-r-, dead and turned to clay, an *e* which he persistently and systematically rejected. Still further, from an inspection of the poet's autographs, the weight of evidence is very decidedly against the insertion of an *a* in the last syllable of the name; or, in favor of writing Shakspere, *not* Shakspeare.

Given a chance for variation, and there are fashions in spelling as in everything else. It was the fashion of the printers, editors, and critics who were contemporary with the great dramatist, or nearly so, to spell it Shakespeare—frequently hyphenizing the word.

In 1680, Aubrey adopted the spelling Shakespear, and was followed in succession by Blackstone, Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Warburton, Hazlitt, and others.

In 1790, Malone, influenced largely by an autograph which has since been declared spurious, decided to spell it Shakspeare. An inspection of the autograph now at Guildhall led him, six years later, to admit that the poet spelled the name "Shakspere;" though he decided to retain the spelling which he first favored—in which decision, he was followed by nearly all the editors and critics of the last generation. Thus, the name is given "Shakspeare" by Steevens, Johnson, Douce, Drake, Ritson, Bowdler, Boswell, Chalmers, Coleridge.

The tendency has, of late years, been to spell the name Shakespeare, upon the authority of the printed examples of the poet's own time. This is the spelling given by Heminge and Condell (editors of the first folio), Theobald, Cahill, Dyce, Craik, Hudson, White, Clark and Wright, Halliwell, Hunter, Staunton, Bucknill, Abbott, and others.

Thus, the fashion has set first toward Shakespeare; then toward Shakespear; then toward Shakspeare; and then toward Shakespeare again. Recently, however,—largely through the influence of Mr. Furnival, who unhesitatingly declares that "Shakspere is the right spelling of the poet's name,"—a tendency may be noted toward the spelling which Charles Knight and Mary Cowden Clarke had adopted, before Mr. Furnival's examination of the autographs—namely: SHAKSPERE.

◆

SINGING ROBES.

"WHAT wilt thou walk abroad in, Muse of mine?
The violet peplos, such as in the shades
Of Mytelenè's gardens, Lesbian maids,
Gyrinna and the rest, spun from the fine
Milesian wools? Or, round thee wilt thou twine
Egypt's severer linen, till it lades
Thy brows as it did Miriam's dusky braids?
Or drape thee like Egeria at her shrine?
But many a later Muse in cloth-of-gold,
Trails royal vestments richer dight than these,
Which thou may'st borrow, an unreckoned loan,
When want impels—(What answerest thou so cold?)"—
"I answer this: In robe of unpatched frieze
I'd rather go,—if so it be *mine own!*"

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

WAITING FOR HARROD.

CHAPTER XII.

"LOVE WAITS AND WEEPS."

> "The stranger viewed the shore around,
> 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
> Nor track nor pathway might declare
> That human foot frequented there."
> —LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE little camp which Harrod had formed on the Little Brassos was not much more than a hundred miles below the corral in which some weeks later Nolan wrote this merry letter to the ladies. Now that farms and villages spot the country between,—nay, when it is even vexed by railroad lines and telegraphs,—now that this poor little story is perhaps to be scanned even upon the spot by those familiar with every locality,—it is impossible to bear in mind that then the region between was all untrodden even by savages,—and that had Harrod and the ladies loitered at their camp till Nolan arrived at his, they would still be as widely parted as if they were living on two continents to-day.

The disappearance of poor little Inez was not noticed in the camp till she had been away nearly an hour,—indeed just as the sun was going down. Harrod had told her that he would join her on the knoll, and had hurried his necessary inspection, that he might have the pleasure of sitting by her, talking with her, and watching her at her work. But, when he turned to walk up to her, he saw that she was no longer there, and seeing also that the curtain in front of her tent was closed, he supposed, without another thought, that she had returned from the hill-side, and was again in her tent with Eunice. A little impatiently he walked to and fro, watching the curtain door from time to time, in the hope that she would appear. But, as the reader knows, she did not appear. Yet it was not till her aunt came forth fresh from a late siesta, in answer to Ransom's call to dinner, that Harrod learned to his dismay, that Inez was not with her. If he felt an instant's anxiety, he concealed it. He only said:

"How provoking! I have been waiting for her because she said she would make a sketch from the knoll here, and now she must be at work somewhere all alone."

"She is a careless child," said Eunice, "to have gone away from us, into this evening air without her shawl. But no—she has taken that. Still she ought to be here."

But Harrod needed no quickening and had already run up the hill to call her.

Of course he did not find her. He did find the note-book and the sketch-book and the open box of colors. Anxious now, indeed, but very unwilling to make Eunice anxious, he ran down to the water's edge calling as loudly as he dared, if he were not to be heard at the camp,—but hearing no answer. He came down to the very point where the cotton-wood tree had fallen, and he was too good a woodsman not to notice at once the fresh trail of the panther and the cubs. He found as well tupelo leaves and bay leaves, which he felt sure Inez had broken from their stems. Had the girl been frightened by the beast, and lost herself above or below in the swamp?

Or had she—horrid thought, which he would not acknowledge to himself,—had she ignorantly taken refuge on the fallen cotton-wood tree,—the worst possible refuge she could have chosen,—had she crept out upon it, and fallen into the deep water of the bayou?

He would not permit himself to entertain a thought so horrible. But he knew that a wretched half hour,—nay, nearly an hour—had sped since he spoke with her, and what worlds of misery can be crowded into an hour! He ran out upon the tree, and found at once the traces of the girl's lair there. He found the places where she had broken the branches. He guessed, and guessed rightly, where she had crouched. He found the very twig from which she had twisted the bright tupelo. And he looked back through the little vista to the shore, and could see how she saw the beasts standing by the water. He imagined the whole position. And he had only the wretched comfort that if she had fallen, it must be that some rag of her clothing, or some bit of broken branch below would have told the tale. No such token was there,—that is, it was not certain that she had fallen, and given one scream of agony unheard before the whole was over.

He must go back to camp, however unwillingly. He studied the trail with such agony, even, as he had not felt before. He followed down the side track which Inez had followed for a dozen yards,—but then was sure that he was wasting precious daylight. He fairly ran back to camp,—only careful to disturb by his foot-fall no trace which was now upon weed or leaf. And when he came near enough he had to walk as if not too eager.

"Has she come home?" said he, with well acted calmness.

"You have not found her? Dear, dear child, where is she?" And in an instant Eunice's eagerness and Harrod's was communicated to the whole camp. He showed the only traces he had found. He told of the open color-box and drawing-book, and Eunice instantly supplied the clue, which Harrod had not held before.

"She went down to fill her water-bottle. Did you find that there? A little cup of porcelain?"

No—Harrod had not seen that. He knew he should have seen it. And at this moment Ransom brought in all these sad waifs, and the white cup was not among them. Harrod begged the poor lady not to be distressed,—the fire of a rifle would call the girl in. But Eunice of course went with him, and then even her eye detected, instantly, what he had refrained from describing to her, the heavy foot-prints of the panther.

"What is that?" she cried; and Harrod had to tell her.

In an instant she leaped to his conclusion, that the child had taken refuge somewhere from the fear of this beast. And in an instant more, knowing what she should have done herself,—knowing how steady of head and how firm of foot Inez was, she said:

"She ran out on that cotton-wood tree, Mr. Harrod,—look there,—and there,—and there,—she broke the bark away with her feet! My child! my child! has she fallen into the stream?"

Now it was Harrod's turn to explain that this was impossible. He confessed to the discovery of the tupelo leaves. Inez had been on the log. But she had not fallen, he said, lying stoutly. There was no such wreck of broken branches as her fall would have made. And before he was half done, the suggestion had been enough. Two of the men were in the water. It was deep, alas! it was over their heads. But the men had no fear. They went under again and again; they followed the stream down its sluggish current. So far as their determined guess was worth anything, Inez's body was not there.

In the meanwhile every man of them had his theory. The water terror held to Eunice,—though she said nothing of it. The men believed generally, that those infernal Apaches had been on their trail ever since they left the Fort; that they wanted perhaps to regain White Hawk, or perhaps thought they would take another prisoner in her place. This was the first chance that had been open to them, and they had pounced here. This was the theory which they freely communicated to each other and to Ransom. To Eunice, in person, when she spoke to one or another, in the hurried preparations for a search, they kept up a steady and senseless lie, such as it is the custom of ignorant men to utter to women whom they would encourage. The girl had missed the turn by the bay trees; or she had gone up the stream looking for posies. It would not be fifteen minutes before they had her "back to camp" again. Such were the honeyed words with which they hoped to re-assure the agonized woman, even while they charged their rifles, or fastened tighter their moccasins as if for war. Of course she was not deceived for an instant. For herself, while they would let her stay by the water-side, she was pressing through one and another quagmire to the edge of the cove in different places. But at last, as his several little parties of quest arranged themselves, Harrod compelled her to return. As she turned up from the stream one of the negroes came up to her, wet from the water. He gave her the little porcelain cup, which had lodged on a tangle of sedge just below the cotton-wood tree. Strange that no one should have noticed it before!

Every instant, thus far, as the reader knows, had been wasted time. Perhaps it was no one's fault,—nay, certainly it was no one's fault,—for every one had "done the best his circumstance allowed." For all that, it had been all wasted time. Had Harrod fired a rifle the moment he first missed Inez, with half an hour of daylight still, and with the certainty that she would have heard the shot, and could have seen her way toward him, all would have been well. But Harrod had, and should have had, the terror lest he should alarm Eunice unduly—and in trying to save her, he really lost his object. At the stream again, minutes of daylight passed quicker than any one could believe, in this scanning of the trail and plunging into the water. The shouts—even the united shouts of the party—did not tell on the night air as the sharp crack of a rifle would have done. Worst of all, in losing daylight, they were losing everything, and this, when it was too late, Harrod felt only too well.

Considering what he knew and the impressions he was under, his dispositions, which were prompt, were well planned and soldierly. It is but fair to say this, though they were, in fact, wholly wrong. Yielding to the belief, for which he had only too good reason, that the Apaches were on the trail, and had made a push to secure their captive again, Harrod bade the best soldiers of his little party join him for a hasty dash back on the great trail, in the hope that traces of them might be found, and that they could be overtaken, even now, before it was wholly dark. One thing was certain, that if they had pounced on their victim, they had turned promptly. They had not been seen nor suspected at the camp itself, by their trail.

Silently, and without Eunice's knowledge, he bade Richards work southward, and Harry, the negro boy who had brought in the water-bottle, work northward along the edges of the bayou. If there were—anything—there, they must find it, so long as light lasted. And they were to be in no haste to return. "Do not let me see you before midnight. The moon will be up by and by. Stay while you can see the hand before your face."

He should have given rifles to both of them. Richards, in fact, took his, but the negro, Harry, as was supposed in the fond theory of those times, had never carried a gun, and he went with no weapon of sound but his jolly "haw-haw-haw" and his vigorous call. Once more here was a mistake. Harry's rifle-shot, had he had any rifle to fire, would have brought Inez in even then.

Meanwhile Ransom led Eunice back to the camp-fire; and when his arrangements by the bayou were made, Harrod hastily followed. His first question was for the White Hawk, but where she was no one knew. Two of the men thought she had been with Miss Perry; but this, Eunice denied. Ransom was sure that she came to him and pointed to the sky, while he was carrying in the dinner. But Harrod doubted this, and the old man's story was confused. Were the girls together? Had the same enemy pounced on both? Harrod tried to think so and to make Eunice think so. But Eunice did not think so. She thought only of the broken bit of tupelo, and of this little white cup, which she still clutched in her hand. From the first moment Eunice had known what would have happened to her had that beast driven her out over the water. And from the first moment one thought, one question had overwhelmed her, "What shall I say to him to tell him that I let his darling go, for one instant, from my eye?"

Then Harrod told Ransom that he must stay with Miss Eunice while they were gone.

Ransom said, bluntly, that he would be hanged if he would. Miss Inez was not far away, and he would find her before the whole crew on 'em saw anything on her.

But Harrod called him away from the throng.

"Ransom, listen to me," he said. "If Miss Perry is left alone here, she will go crazy. If you leave her, there is no one who can say one word to her all the time we are gone. I hope and believe that we will have Miss Inez back before an hour. But all that hour she has got to sit by the fire here. You do not mean to have me stay with her, and I am sure you do not want me to leave her with one of those 'niggers.'"

Harrod, for once, humored the old man, by adopting the last word from his vocabulary.

"You're right, Mr. Harrod; I'd better stay. 'N' I'll bet ten dollars, now, Miss Inez'll be the first one to come in to the fire, while you's lookin' after her. 'Taint the fust time I've known her off after dark alone."

"God grant it!" said Harrod, and so the old man staid.

But Harrod had not revealed, either to Eunice or to Ransom, the ground for anxiety which had the most to do with his determinations and dispositions. In the hasty examination of the trail which he made when he first searched for the girl, and afterward when he, with Richards and King—better woodsmen than he—examined the path which they supposed the girl had taken, and the well-marked spot at the shore of the bayou, where the beasts came to water, they had found no print of Inez's foot. But they had found perfectly defined marks, which no effort had been made to conceal, of an Indian's foot-print. Harrod tried to think it was White Hawk's, and pointed to Richards the smallness of the moccasin, and a certain peculiarity of tread, which he said was hers. Richards, on the other hand, believed that it was the mark of an Indian boy, whom he described; that he had been close behind Inez, and had been trying, only too successfully, to obliterate every footstep. With more light, of course, there might have been more chance to follow these indications, but where the regular trail of the brutes coming to water had broken the bushes, they led up less successfully, and the indications all agreed that if the Apaches were to be found at all, it was by the prompt push which they were now essaying.

They all sprang to saddle, and even Harrod tried to give cheerfulness which he did not feel, by crying:

"They have more than an hour's start of us, and they will ride like the wind. I will send back when I strike the trail, but you must not expect us before midnight." And so they were gone.

Poor Eunice Perry sat alone by the campfire. Not two hours ago she had congratulated herself, and had let Inez, dear child, congratulate her, because, at the Brassos River, more than half, and by far the worst half, of their bold enterprise was over. Over and well over! And now one wretched hour, in which she had been more careless than she could believe, and all was night and horror! Could she be the same living being that she was this afternoon? She looked in the embers and saw them fade away, almost careless to renew the fire. What was there to renew it for?

Ransom, with the true chivalry of genuine feeling, left her wholly to herself, for all this first agony of brooding. When he appeared, it was to put dry wood on the coals.

"She 'll be cold when she comes in. Night's cold. She didn't know she'd be gone so long." This was in a soliloquy, addressed only to the embers.

Then he turned bravely to Eunice, and bringing up another camp-stool close to where she sat, he placed upon it the little silver salver, which he usually kept hid away in his own pack, where he reserved it for what he regarded as the state occasions of the journey.

"Drink some claret, Miss Eunice; good for you; keep off the night air. Some o' your brother's own private bin, what he keeps for himself and ye mother, if she'd ever come to see him. I told him to give me the key when he went away; told him you might need some o' the wine, and he gin it to me. Brought a few bottles along with me; knew they wouldn't be no good wine nowhere ef you should git chilled. Told him to give me the key; his own bin. Better drink some, Miss Eunice."

He had warmed water, had mixed his sangaree as carefully as if they had all been at the plantation, had remembered every fancy of Eunice's in concocting it, grating nutmeg upon it from her own silver grater, which lay in his stores, much as her brother's silver waiter did. And this was brought to her in her silver cup, as she sat there in the darkness in the wilderness, with her life darker than the night. Eunice was wretched, but, in her wretchedness, she appreciated the faithful creature's care, and, to please him, she made an effort to drink something, and sat with the goblet in her hand.

"It is very good, Ransom; it is just what I want, and you are very kind to think of it."

Ransom leaned over to change the way in which the sticks lay across the fire. Then he began again:

"Jest like her mother, she is. Don't ye remember night her mother scared us all jest so? Got lost jest as Miss Inez has, and ye brother was half crazy. No, ye don't remember—ye never see her. Ye brother was half crazy, he was; her mother got lost jest as Miss Inez has; scared all on us jest so. She's jest like her mother, Miss Inez is. I said so to Mr. Harrod only yesterday."

Eunice was too dead to try to answer him, and, without answer, the old man went on in a moment.

"We wos out on the plantation. It wos in the fall, jest as it is now. It wos the fust year after ye brother bought this place; didn't have no such good place on the river before; had the old place hired of Walker.

"After he bought this place, cos she liked it—two years afore this one was born—it wos in the fall, jest as it is now,—

"I'd sent all the niggers to bed, I had, 'n' wos jest lookin' round 'fore I locked up, w'en ye brother come up behind me, white as a sheet, he was. 'Ransom,' says he, 'where's ye missus?'

"Scared me awfully, he did, Miss Eunice. I didn't know more'n the dead where she wos—'n' I said, says I, 'Isn't she in her own room?' 'Ransom,' says he, 'she isn't in any room in the house, 'n' none on 'em seen her,' says he, 'since she had a cup o' tea sent to her in the settin' room,' says he, ''n' it wasn't dark then,' says he.

"'N' none on 'em knew where she wos or where she'd gone. Well, Miss Eunice, they all loved her, them darkeys did, jest as these niggers, all on 'em, loves this one; and w'en I went round to ask 'em where she wos, they run this way an' that way, and none on 'em found her. 'N' in an hour she come in all right—got lost down on the levee—went wrong way 'n' got lost; had been down to see how old Chloe's baby was, 'n' got lost comin' home. Wosn't scared herself one bit—never wos scared—wosn't scared at nothin'. Miss Inez just like her mother."

Now there was a long pause. But Eunice did not want to discourage him, though she knew he would not encourage her.

"Tell me more about her mother, Ransom?"

"Woll, Miss Eunice, ye know how handsome she wos. That 'ere picter hangs in the salon ain't half handsome enough for her. Painted in Paris it wos, fust time they went over—ain't half handsome enough for her. Miss Inez is more like her, she is.

"She wos real good to 'em all, she wos, ma'am. She wos quiet like—not like the French ladies—'n' when they come and see her they knowed she wos more of a lady than they wos, 'n' they didn't care to see her much, 'n' she didn't care to see them much. But she wos good to 'em all. Wos good to the niggers—all the niggers liked her.

"Took on a good deal, and wos all broke down when she come from the Havannah to this place. Kissed this one, Dolores here, that we's goin' to see—kissed her twenty times—'n' Dolores says to me, says she—that's this one—she says, says she, in her funny, Spanish way, 'Ransom, take care of her ev'ry day and ev'ry night; 'n' Ransom, when you bring her back to me,' says she, 'I'll give you a gold doubloon,' says she. 'N' she laughed, 'n' I laughed, 'n' we made this one laugh, Miss Inez's mother. She did not like to come away, 'n' took on a good deal."

Another pause, in which Ransom wistfully contemplated the sky.

"Took her to ride myself, I did, ev'ry time, after this one was born, I did. Coachman didn't know nothin'. Poor crittur, ye brother got rid on him afterward. No! he died. I drove the kerridge myself, I did, after this one was born. She was dreadful pleased with her baby, cos it wos a gal, 'n' she wanted a gal, 'n' she took it to ride ev'ry day; 'n' she says to me, 'Ransom,' says she, 'we must make this a Yankee baby, like her father,' says she. She says, says she, 'Ransom, next spring,' says she, 'we will carry the baby to Boston,' says she, ''n' show 'em what nice babies we have down here in Orleans,' says she. 'N' she says to me, says she one day, when she had had a bad turn o' coughin', 'Ransom,' says she, 'you'll take as nice care of her as ye do of me,' says she; 'won't you, Ransom?' says she."

"And you said you would, Ransom, I'm sure," said Eunice, kindly, seeing that the old man would say no more.

"Guess I did, ma'am. She needn't said nothin'. Never thought o' doin' nothin' else. Knew none on 'em didn't know nothin' 'cept your brother till you come down, ma'am. It was a hard year, ma'am, before you come down. Didn't none on 'em know nothin' 'cept ye brother."

Eunice was heard to say afterward that the implied compliment in these words was the greatest praise she had ever received from human lips. But at the time she was too wretched to be amused.

There was not now a long time to wait, however, before they could hear the rattle of hoofs upon the road they had been following all day.

It was Harrod's first messenger, the least competent negro in his train. He had sent him back to relieve Eunice as far as might be with this line—hurriedly written on a scrap of brown paper:

> "We have found the rascals' trail—very warm. I write this by their own fire." H.

The man said that they came upon the fire still blazing,—about three miles from camp. King and Adams and Capt. Harrod dismounted, studied the trail by the light of burning brands, and were satisfied that the camp had been made by Indians,—who had followed our travelers along on the trail, and now had turned suddenly. King had said it was not a large party,—and Capt. Harrod had only taken a moment to write what he had sent to Miss Eunice, before they were all in the saddle again and in pursuit.

So far, so good. And now must begin another desperate pull at that wait-wait-wait, in which one's heart's blood drops out most surely, if most slowly!

Old Ransom tended his fire more sedulously than ever, and made it larger and larger.

"She'll be all chilled when she comes in," said he again, by way of explanation. But this was not his only reason. He bade Louis go down to the water's edge, and bring up to him wet bark, and bits of floating wood. He sent the man again and again on this errand. And as fast as his fire would well bear it, he thrust the wet sticks into the embers and under the logs. The column of steam, mingling with the smoke, rose high into the murky sky, and the light from the blaze below gave to it ghastly forms, as it curled on one side or the other in occasional puffs of wind.

Tired and heart-sick, Eunice lay back on her couch, with her tent-door opened, and watched the wayward column. Even in her agony some sickly remembrance of Eastern genii came over her, and she knew that the wretched wish passed her, that she might wake up, to find that this was all a phantasm, a fairy tale, or a dream.

So another hour crawled by. Then came a sound of crackling twigs, and poor Eunice sprang to her feet again, only to meet the face of the negro Harry, returning from his tour of duty. He had worked up the stream, as he had been directed; he had tried every access to the water. He said he had screamed and called, and whooped, but heard nothing but owls. The man was as fearless of the night or of loneliness as any plantation slave, used to the open sky. But he had thought, and rightly enough, that his duty for the night was at an end when he had made a tramp longer than was possible to so frail a creature as Inez, and came back only to report failure. He was dragging with him a long bough for the fire, and it was the grating of this upon the ground which gave warning of his approach.

Nothing for it, Eunice, but to lie down again, and watch that weird white column again, and the black forms of the three men hovering about it. Not a foot-fall! Not even the sighing of the trees,—the night is so still! It would be less weird and terrible if any thing would cry aloud. But all nature seems to be waiting too.

A halloo from Richards—who comes stalking in, cross, wet, unsuccessful, and uncommunicative.

"No—see nothin'. Knew I shouldn't see nothin'. All darned nonsense of the Cappen's sending me thar. Told him so w'en I started, that she hadn't gone that way, and I knew it as well as he did. Fired my rifle? Yes—fired every charge I had. Didn't have but five and fired 'em all. She didn't hear 'em; no, cos she wasn't there to hear 'em. Hain't you got a chaw of tobacco, Ransom, or give a fellow somethin' to drink. If you was as wet as I be, you'd think you wanted sunthin!"

Wait on, Eunice, wait on. Go back to your lair, and lie upon your couch. Do not listen to Richards's grumbling; try to keep down these horrible imaginings of struggles in water, of struggles with Indians, of faintness and death of cold. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Yes. Poor Eunice thinks all that out. "But is not this moment the very moment when my darling is dying, and I lying powerless here. Why did I not go with them?"

"Too-oo—too-oo—"

"Is that an owl?"

"Hanged if it's an owl. Hark!"

"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo" repeated rapidly twenty times; and then again—"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo" twenty times more, as rapidly.

Ransom seized his gun, fired it in the air, and ran toward the sound. Eunice followed him, gazing out into the night.

"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo"—more slowly, and then Ransom's "Hurra! All right, ma'am. She's here," through the darkness.

And then in one glad minute more, he had brought Inez in his arms,—and her arms were around her aunt's neck, as if nothing on earth should ever part them more.

The White Hawk had brought her in.

And now the White Hawk dragged her to the fire, pulled off the moccasins that were on her feet, and began chafing her feet, ankles, and legs,—while Ransom was trying to make her drink,—and Eunice kneeling, oh, so happy in her anxiety, at the poor girl's side.

CHAPTER XIII.

NIGHT AND DAY.

> "The camp affords the hospitable rite,
> And pleased they sleep (the blessing of the night),
> But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
> With rosy luster purpled o'er the lawn,
> Again they mount, the journey to renew."
> —ODYSSEY.

WITH the first instant of relief, old Ransom bade Harry saddle the bay mare, which Ransom had never before been known to trust to any human being but himself. With an eager intensity which we need not try to set down in words, he bade him push the mare to her best, till he had overtaken the Captain, and told him the lost was found.

Meanwhile poor little Inez was only able to speak in little loving ejaculations to her aunt, to soothe her, and to cry with her, to be cried with, and to be soothed.

"Dear auntie, dear auntie, where did you think I was"—and

"My darling—my darling—how could I lose sight of you?"

And the White Hawk—happy, strong, cheerful and loving—was the one "effective" of the three.

But Ransom had not chosen wrongly in his prevision for her return. "Knew ye'd be cold w'en ye come in, Miss Inez; knew ye warn't drowned and warn't gone far." He had a buffalo skin hanging warming, ready for her to lie upon. He brought a camp stool for her head to rest upon, as she looked into the embers; and when Eunice was satisfied at last that no hair of her darling's head was hurt; when she saw her fairly sipping and enjoying Ransom's jorum of claret; when at last he brought in triumph soup which he had in waiting somewhere, and the girl owned she was hungry,—why then Eunice, as she lay at her side and fed her, and fondled her, was perhaps the happiest creature, at that moment, in the world.

And when words came at last, and rational questions and answers, Inez could tell but little which the reader does not already know, nor could they then learn much more from White Hawk, with language so limited as was theirs.

"Panther? yes, horrid brute! I have seemed to see him all night since. When it was darkest, I wondered if I did not see the yellow of those dreadful eyes."

"Apaches? No, I saw no Indians, nor thought of them. Only my darling 'Ma-ry' here," and she turned to fondle the proud girl, who knew that she was to be fondled. "O Ma-ry, my sweetheart, how I wish you knew what I am saying! Why, Eunice, when I thought it was my last prayer,—when I asked the good God to comfort you, and dear papa"—here her voice choked—"I could not help praying for dear 'Ma-ry.' I could not help thinking of her poor mother, and the agony in which she carried this child along. And then, why, Eunice, it was not long after, that all of a sudden I was lying in her arms, and she was cooing to me and rubbing me, and I thought for a moment I was in bed at home, and it was you—and then I remembered again. And, dear auntie, what a blessing it was to know I was not alone!"

In truth the brave girl had held resolute to her purpose. She would save her voice till, at the end of every fifty sentry turns, she would stop and give her war-whoop and other alarm cry. Then she would keep herself awake by walking, walking, walking, though she were almost dead, till she had made fifty turns more, and then she would stop and scream again. How often she had done this she did not know. Eunice could guess better than she. Nor did she know how it ended. She must have stumbled and fallen. She knew she walked, at last, very clumsily and heavily. All else she knew was, as she said, that she came to herself lying on the ground, while White Hawk was rubbing her hands, and then her feet, and that White Hawk would say little tender things to her—would say "Ma-ry," and would stop in her rubbing to kiss her. Then that White Hawk pulled off those horrid wet stockings and moccasins which she had been tramping in, and took from her own bosom a pair dry and strong. "Oh, how good it felt, auntie." And then that White Hawk made her rest on her shoulder, and walk with her a little, till she thought she was tired, and then sat down with her, and would rub her and talk to her again.

"How in the world did she know the way?"

"Heaven knows. She would stop and listen. She would put her ear to the ground and listen. At last she made me sit at the foot of a tree, while she climbed like a squirrel, auntie, to the very top, and then she came down, and she pointed, and after she pointed she worked always this way. She made this sign, auntie, and this must be the sign for 'fire.'"

The girl brought her hands near her breast, half shut, till they touched each other, and then moved them quickly outward. Both of them turned to White Hawk, who was listening carefully, and they pointed to the embers, as Inez renewed the sign. White Hawk nodded and smiled, but repeated it, extending her fingers and separating her hands, as if in parody of the waving of flame. This part of the gesture poor Inez had not seen in the darkness.

From the moment White Hawk had seen Ransom's white and rosy column of smoke, it had been a mere question of time. By every loving art she had made the way easy for her charge. She would have lifted her, had Inez permitted. "But, auntie, I could have walked miles. I was strong as a lion then!"

Lion or lamb, after she was roasted as a jubilee ox might have been, she said, her two nurses dragged her to her tent and to bed.

"It is too bad, auntie! I ought to thank dear Captain Harrod and all of them. Such a goose as to turn night into day, and send them riding over the world!"

All the same they undressed her and put her to bed; and such is youth in its omnipotence, whether to act, to suffer, or to sleep, that in five minutes the dear child was unconscious of cold, of darkness, or of terror.

And Eunice did her best to resist the reaction which crept over her, oh—so sweetly! after her hours of terror. But she would start again and again as she lay upon her couch. One instant she said to herself:

"Oh, yes; I am quite awake—I never was more wakeful. But what has happened to them?—will they never be here?" And the next instant she would be bowing to the First Consul, as Mr. Perry presented her as his sister, and renewed his old acquaintance with Madame Josephine, once Beauharnais. Then she would start up from her couch and walk out to the fire, and Ransom would advise her to go back to her tent. At last, however, just when he, good fellow, would have had it—for his preparation of creature comforts for the scouting party was made on a larger scale, if on a coarser, than those for Miss Inez—the welcome tramp of rapid hoofs was heard, and in five minutes more Harrod swung himself from the saddle by the watch-fire, and was eagerly asking her for news.

For himself he had but little to tell. Since all was well at home it would wait till breakfast.

"What have you got for us now, Ransom? a little whisky? Yes, that's enough; that's enough. The others are just behind."

Then, turning to Eunice:

"Yes, Miss Perry. All is well that ends well. I have said that to myself and aloud for this hour's gallop. Ransom! Ransom! don't let those fools take her to water. Make Louis rub her dry. Yes, Miss Perry, We found the rascals' fire. God forgive me for calling them rascals. They are saints in white for all I know. But, really,—this whisky does go to the right place!—But, really, when you have been trying to ride down a crew of pirates for a couple of hours, it is hard to turn round and believe they were honest men.

"Yes, we found their fire. And if I ever thanked God, it was then, Miss Perry. Though why, if they were after the girls, why they should have built a fire just there by that little wet prairie, I could not tell myself. Still, there was the fire. Up till that moment, Miss Eunice—up till that moment I believed she was stark and dead under the water of the bayou. I may as well tell you so now," and he choked as he said it, and she pressed his hand, as if she would say she had been as sure of this as he.

"Yes, I thought that the painter there, or the Indians, or both together, had driven her out on that infernal cotton-wood log—I beg your pardon, Miss Eunice. I am sure the log has done me no harm, but I thought we were never to see her dear face again." And he stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

"So I thanked God when I saw their fire, because that confirmed what all the rest of them said. And we got off our horses, and we could see the trail was warm; they went off in a hurry. Why they did not put their fire out I did not know, more than why they lighted it.

"If we could have made a stern chase, as Ransom would say, we would have overhauled them soon; but, this I did not dare. King knew from what he saw this morning how to take us round the edge of that wet prairie—by a trail they had followed by mistake then—and he said we could head them as they traveled, at the sloo where we lunched, if you remember. For we could see that they had one lame mule at least. They seemed to have but few beasts anyway; and, of course, none of them was a match for Bet there, or for that Crow, the bay that King rides. So I took him with me; told the others to keep the main trail slowly; and, sure enough, in an hour, more or less, King had me, just where you and Miss Inez lay under that red-oak to-day.

"And there we waited and waited; not long, not long. We could hear them grunting and paddling along, and beating the mule, till I stept out and struck an old fellow over the shoulder and cocked my pistol. They do not know much, but they knew what that meant. They all stopped meek as mice, for they thought I was an army.

"But, good Heavens! there were but four of them; three old men and a squaw, and these four miserable brutes. It was no war-party, that was clear. I could have talked to them if it were daylight. But now it was as much as ever I could see them or they me. King understood none of their gibberish, nor I. I hoped, perhaps, Adams might; meanwhile, I tied the old fellow hand and foot; he did not resist, none of them resisted. In a minute the others came up, and then we struck a light, and, after some trouble, made a fire.

"Then, when we could see, I began to talk to them in gestures, and now I can afford to laugh at it! Then I was too anxious and too mad.

"I went at the old man. You should have seen me. He said he could not answer because his hands were tied, which was reasonable. So I untied him but told him I would blow his brains out if he tried to run away. At least, I think he knew I would.

"I asked him where the girls were.

"He said we had them with us.

"I told him he lied.

"He said I did.

"I asked him again where they were, and threatened him with the pistol.

"He said he knew nothing of the girl with the long feather, since she sat there with her back to the oak-tree and mended the lacing of her shoe.

"Only think, Miss Eunice, how the dogs watch us!

"As for White Hawk, he said he sold her to Father Andrés for the lame mule he had been riding, and that he supposed Father Andrés sold her to me. That he had not seen her since I mounted you ladies, and White Hawk went on in advance. He said they staid and picked up what dinner the men had left, and ate it, as they had every day.

"I asked him why he left his fire. He said they were frightened. They knew we were in the saddle, and they were afraid, because they had stolen the blacksmith's hammer and the ham-bones. So they mounted and fled.

"Well, you know, I thought this was an Indian's lie—a lie all full of truth. I told him so. I took him and tied him to a tree, and I tied the other man and the big boy. The woman I did not tie. Miss Eunice, applaud me for that. I believe you have a tender heart to the redskins, and I determined to wait till morning. But in half an hour I heard the rattle of the mare's heels, and up came Harry to say that all was well."

"And all's well that ends well."

"Yes, Ransom; no matter what it is. I did not know I should ever feel hungry again."

"But, dear Miss Perry, how thoughtless I am! For the love of Heaven, pray go into your tent and go to sleep. How can we be grateful enough that she is safe?"

Then he called her back.

"Stop, one moment, Miss Perry; we are very near each other now. What may happen before morning, none of us know. I must say to you, therefore, now, what but for this I suppose I should not have dared to say to you, that she is dearer to me than my life. If we had not found her, oh, Miss Perry, I should have died! I would have tried to do my duty by you, indeed; but, my heart would have been broken."

"Yes. I knew how eager you were, and how wretched. Pray, understand, that my wretchedness and my loss would have been the same as yours. Good night! God bless her and you!"

A revelation so abrupt startled Eunice, if it did not wholly surprise her. But she was too completely exhausted by her excitements of every kind even to try to think, or to try to answer. She did not so much as speak, as he turned away, and only bade him good-bye, by her kindly look and smile.

It was late when they met at breakfast. Harrod would gladly have permitted a day's halt after the fatigues of the night, but not here. They must make a part of the day's march, and already all of the train which could be prepared was ready for a start. Inez appeared even later than the others. But she was ready dressed for traveling. The White Hawk welcomed her as fondly and proudly as if she were her mother, and had gained some right of property in her. Eunice was so fond and so happy, and Harrod said frankly that he did not dare to tell her how happy the good news made him when it came to him.

"Woe's me," said poor Inez, hardly able to keep from crying. "Woe's me, that because I was a fool, brave men have had to ride and fair women to watch. You need none of you be afraid that I shall ever stray two inches from home again."

But, as she ate, Harrod drew from her, bit by bit, her own account of her wanderings.

"And to think," said he, "that this girl here, knows how to follow a trail better than I do, and finds one that I have lost. I believe the flowers rise under your tread, Miss Inez, for on the soft ground yonder by the lick we could not find your foot-tread. Could it have been hers that frightened me so?"

Then he told her how they were sure they caught the traces of an Indian boy, and thought he had been stepping with his feet turned outward in her foot-prints.

"And pray what did you think I wore, Captain. I had taken off my shoes, and I was walking in the moccasins the Señora Troviño gave me at Nacogdoches."

"And I did not know your foot-fall when I saw it. I will never call myself a woodsman again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

"I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters."
—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

BUT it is time that the reader should welcome the party of travelers, no longer enthusiastic about camp-life, to the hospitalities—wholly unlike any thing Inez had ever seen before—of San Antonio de Bexar.

The welcome of her dear aunt, of Major Barelo,—indeed, one may say, of all the gentlemen and ladies of the garrison, had been most cordial. The energy of the march made it a matter of nine days' wonder, and the young Spanish gentlemen thanked all gods and goddesses for the courage which had brought, by an adventure so bold, such charming additions to the circle of their society. Donna Maria Dolores was not disappointed in her niece; nor was she nearly so much terrified by this wild American sister-in-law as she had expected. And Inez found her aunt, ah! ten times more lovely than she had dared to suppose.

But the impressions of both ladies will be best given by the transcript of three of their letters,—which have escaped the paper-mills of three quarters of a century,—written about a week after their arrival. True, these letters were written with a painful uncertainty lest they were to be inspected by some Spanish official. They were severely guarded, therefore, in any thing which might convict Nolan or Harrod, or their humbler adherents. For the rest, they describe the position of the ladies sufficiently.

INEZ PERRY TO HER FATHER.

IN MY OWN ROOM, SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR,
Nov. 26, 1800.

DEAR, DEAR PAPA: Can you believe it? We are really here. See, I write you in my own room, which dear Aunt Dolores has arranged for me,—just as kindly as can be. I would not for the world tell her how funny it all is to me; for she has done every thing to make it French or American, or to please what are supposed to be my whims. But if you saw it, you would laugh so, papa, and so would Roland, if he is anything like you.

I shall write Roland a letter, and it will go in the same cover with this. But he must not cry, as you used to say to me, if I write to you first of all.

I have kept my journal very faithfully, as I said I would, and some day you shall see it. But not now, dear papa; for the General—Herrara, you know—is very kind to let this go at all, and it must be the smallest letter that I know how to make, and Roland's too.

I think you were wholly right about the journey, dear papa, and I think if we had it to do over again you would think that this was the way to do it, if you knew all that we have seen and all that we have enjoyed, and even if you knew all the inconveniences. It has been just as you said, that I have learned ever so many things which I should never have learned in any other way, and seen ever so much that I should never have seen in any other way. Dear papa, if you will keep it secret and not tell Roland,—for I am dreadfully afraid of Roland, you know,—I will tell you that I do not think I am near so much of a goose as I was when I left home. I hope you would say that your little girl is rather more of a woman. And I am as well, papa, as I can be. Eunice says I have gained flesh. We cannot find out, though we were all weighed yesterday, in the great scales in the warehouse. But they weigh with fanegas and all sorts of things, and nobody seems to know what they mean in good honest livres. I know I am stouter, because of the dresses, you know. There, pray do not read that to Roland.

Aunt Eunice is writing, and she will tell you all the business,—the important business of the journey. She will explain why we changed the plans, and how it all happened. I know you will be very sorry that we had not Capt. P. all the way. I am sure I was. He was just as nice as ever, and as good as gold to me. If Roland is to be a soldier, I hope he will be just such a soldier. But then I hope Roland is not to be a soldier. I hope he is to come home to me some day. Aunt Eunice will tell you whom we had to escort us instead of Capt. P. When you come home you will know how to thank him for his care of us. I only wish I knew when we are to see him or the Captain again. Papa, if you or Roland had been with us, I do not think there was one thing you could have thought of which he did not think of and do, so bravely and so pleasantly, and so tenderly. I knew he had sisters, and he said he had. I can always tell. I only hope they know that it is not every girl has such brothers. I have; but there are not many girls that do. Why, papa, the night I was lost, he—there I did not mean to tell you one word of my being lost, but it slipped out from the pen. That night he was in the saddle half the night hunting for me. Perhaps you say that was of course. And he tied up some Indians that he thought knew about me. Perhaps that was of course too. But what was not of course was this, that from that moment to this moment, he never said I was a fool, as I was. He never said if I had done this or that, it would have been better. He was perfectly lovely and gentlemanly about it all, always: papa, he was just like you. I wish I knew when we should see him again. He left yesterday with only three men to join the Captain. I wish we could see him soon. When we are all at home again, in dear, dear Orleans, I shall coax you to let me ask his sister to spend the winter with us. There are two of them—one is named Marion,—really after the Swamp-Fox, papa, and the other is named Jane. Jane is the oldest. Is not Marion a pretty name?

But, papa, though there is only this scrap left, I want to tell you earnestly how much I want to take Ma-ry with us when you come home; how much I love her, and how necessary it is that she shall not stay here. Aunt Eunice says she will explain it all, and who Ma-ry is, and why I write her name so. She will tell you why it is so necessary as I say. But, dear papa, only I can tell you how much, how very much, I want her. You see I have a sister now and I do not want to lose her. And, papa, this is not the coaxing of a little girl; this is the real earnest wish of your own Inez, now she has seen things as a woman sees them. Do not laugh at that, dear papa; but think of it carefully when you have read dear Auntie's letter, and think how you can manage to let me have Ma-ry till she finds her own home. Oh dear! what will happen to me when she finds it?

Oh, papa, why is not this sheet bigger? It was the biggest they had. Ever so much love to Roland, and all to you,

From your own little INEZ.

Silas Perry read this letter aloud to his soldier son, as they sat together in their comfortable lodgings in Passy. And then Roland said,—"Now let me try and see how much the little witch explains to me of these mysteries. It is just as she says; she is afraid of me without wanting to be, and we shall find the words are longer, though I am afraid the letter will be shorter. We will fix all that up, when I have been a week on the plantation."

INEZ PERRY TO ROLAND PERRY.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, Nov. 27, 1800.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You have not the slightest idea what sort of a place a Spanish city is, though you have been the subject of our gracious and Catholic King ten years longer than I have. There are many beautiful situations here, and some of the public edifices are as fine as any we have in Orleans; but it is the strangest place I ever saw.

"That is curious," said Roland, stopping to keep his cigar alive, "as she never saw any other place but Orleans. You see that

I have the dignified letter, as I said. I shall be jealous of you if it keeps on so."

Then he continued his reading:

> We have had a beautiful journey through a very interesting country. I am sure you would have enjoyed it; and as we spent three days at Nacogdoches, which is a garrison town, perhaps it would have been instructive in your profession. But perhaps a French military student does not think much of Spanish officers. All I can say is, we saw some very nice gentlemanly men there who danced very well; and we saw those horrid dances, the Fandango and Bolero.
>
> All the escort say that we had a very fortunate journey across the wood country and the prairies. I am told here that I have borne the fatigue very well. There was not a great deal of fatigue, though sometimes I was very tired. One night there was a Norther—so Mons. Philippe called it.

"Does she mean Nolan by 'Mons. Philippe?'" said Roland, stopping himself again. "I thought she said Nolan was not with them? There's a blot here, where she wrote something else at first. Can the man have two names?"

> So Mons. Philippe calls it, but the people here call it Caribinera. What it is is a terrible tempest from the North, which tears everything to pieces and is terribly cold. We were so cold that we needed all our wraps to make us comfortable, and Ransom had to build up the fire again.
>
> I am sure I shall enjoy my visit here. My aunt and Major Barelo are as kind as possible, and all the ladies in the garrison have been very thoughtful and attentive. But how glad I shall be to come home again and meet you and papa.
>
> Dear Roland, do not go into the army.

"What is this? Something more scratched out?" But he held it to the light.

> There is fighting enough to be done here.

"That is what Miss Een thinks, is it?"

"But she did not dare trust that to the post-office in Mexico. That is a prudent girl."

"Is that all?" said his father.

"Yes; all but this."

> Dear Roland, I do want to see you, and I love you always. Truly yours, INEZ.

"I call that a nice letter, sir, and, on the whole, I will not change with you. Of course she has changed a hundred times as much as I have, and I cannot make out that she is anything but a baby. Dear Aunt Eunice will fill all blanks."

EUNICE PERRY TO SILAS PERRY.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, Nov. 26, 1800.

> MY DEAR BROTHER: We are safe here and have a most cordial welcome. Having no chance to write by Orleans, I send this, through General Herrara's kindness, by the City of Mexico, whence there is a despatch bag to some port in Europe.

"Roland, she thinks the letters were to be examined on their way, and I believe this has been."

"I am certain mine has been, sir. Here is the mark which shows what was copied from mine in some Mexican office—this that poor little Een tried to scratch out about fighting."

"Much good may it do them," said his father, and continued reading his sister's letter aloud:

> Inez has borne her journey famously. Indeed, when we were well started and were once used to the saddle it was tedious, but nothing more. She lost herself one night and frightened me horribly, but no harm came of it. As for Indians, we saw but few. From the first post the Spanish officers furnished us escorts of troops on their return to this garrison. Perhaps that frightened away the Indians, as it certainly did los Americanos.

"'As it certainly did los Americanos.' Roland, Phil Nolan found that his room was better than his company. He would never have left them if it were not better for them that he should leave. Eunice knew these letters were to be opened, and she has written for more eyes than mine."

> When you see Mons. Philippe you must express what I have tried to tell,—how much we value his constant and kind attention.

"Who the dickens is Mons. Philippe?—that I shall learn when the 'Hamilton' comes in."

> We have brought with us a charming girl, who makes a dear companion for Inez, being, I suppose, about her age. She is an American girl, whom a Spanish priest found among the Apaches, and bought of them. From the first moment the two girls fancied each other, though at first neither could understand the other's language. But now Mary has learned a great deal of English, and a little Spanish, and dear little Inez is quite glib in Apache! The girl's name is Mary—she calls it Ma-ry, as if it were two words; it is the only word she remembers which her mother taught her.
>
> Inez wants to take her home, and unless I hear from you that you object, I shall agree to this, unless some other arrangement is made for sending her east. Donna Dolores agrees; the garrison is not a very good place for her.
>
> To tell you the truth, the regular lessons which Inez gives her, and the reading which the dear girl undertakes in books you bade her read, keeps them out of mischief for two or three hours every day. The ladies here do so little, and have so little to do in this dull Moor-like life, that this seems very strange to them. But I encourage them both in it. They ride a good deal under dear old Ransom's escort, and sometimes he drives them out in one of these solemn old carriages which I believe were inherited direct from Cortez.
>
> This is an interesting place, such as I suppose you have often seen, but as different from a French city, or from our French city,—do not let Roland laugh at me,—as that is from Squam Bay. But do

not think that we will be homesick here. Donna Dolores is all that you describe her to be, and as happy in her new plaything as she hoped to be, and deserved to be. She persuades herself that she sees Inez's mother's face in hers, and is sometimes startled by a tone of her voice. She delights the dear child, as you may suppose. There are several ladies here who are accomplished and agreeable. I do not know but you have heard the Major speak of the families of Garcia, of Gonzales, and Troviño. Col. Troviño is now at Nacogdoches; he was very civil to us.

We have found two Governors here,—fortunately for us,—for I believe neither of them strictly belongs here. General Herrara is, as you know, a remarkable man; we are great friends. His wife is an English lady, whom he married at Cadiz, and it is a great pleasure to me to see so much of her. He was in Philadelphia when General Washington was President, and spoke to me at once of him. Of course we have been firm friends ever since that. He is Governor, not of this province, but of New Leon, our next neighbor, and is very much beloved there. I hardly know why he resides so much here. Gov. Cordero, whose real seat of government is Monte Clovez, is here a great deal,—for military reasons, I suppose. He is a bachelor,—the more is the pity. He is Spanish by birth, and every inch a soldier.

Young Walker is here from the military school. You remember his mother. He came at once to see me.

But my paper is at an end, and I must let my pen run no longer. Give much love to my dear Roland. This letter is his as much as yours.

Always your own loving sister,
Eunice Perry.

"Governor Cordero is there for military reasons, Roland, and General Herrara is there also. What military reasons but that President John Adams has stirred up the magnificoes a little! But, if I have sent our doves into a hawk's nest, Roland, I do not know how we are to get them out again."

"It is one comfort," he added, after a pause, "that there will be a good strip of land and water between General Herrara and General Wilkinson."

And the father and son resumed their cigars and sat in silence.

What Silas Perry meant by "a good thick strip," will appear from his own letter to Eunice, which shall be printed in the next chapter. He had written it as soon as possible after his arrival in Paris. It had crossed her letter on the ocean. Written under cover to his own house in Orleans and sent by his own vessels, it spoke without hesitation on the topics, all important, of which he wrote.

(To be continued.)

THE VISIONARY FACE.

I am happy with her I love,
  In a circle of charmed repose;
My soul leaps up to follow her feet
  Wherever my darling goes;
Whether to roam through the garden walks,
Or pace the sands by the sea;—
There's never a shadow of doubt or fear
  Brooding 'twixt her and me:—
But through memory's twilight mist,
  Sometimes, I own, in sooth,
Falters the face of one I loved
  In the fervent years of youth;—
The soft, pathetic brow is there,
  With its glimmer and glance of golden hair,
And scarcely shadowed by death's eclipse
  The delicate curve of the faultless lips,
  The tremulous, tender lips I kissed,
  So coyly raised at the sunset tryst,
As we stood from the restless world apart,
'Mid the whispering foliage, heart to heart,
  In the fair, far years of youth.

Yet, the vision is pure as heaven,
  Untouched by a hint of strife
From the passion that moaned itself to sleep,
  On the morning strand of life;
And I know that my living Love would feel
  The tremor of ruthful tears,
If I told of the sweetness, and hope that drooped,
  So soon in the vanished years:
She would not banish the Phantom sad
  Of a beauty discrowned and low;—
Can jealousy rest in the rose's breast
  Of a lily under the snow?
Can the passion so warm and strong to-day,
  Envy a ghost from the cypress shades
    For an hour astray?
Or, the love that waned like a blighted May,
  In the dead days, long ago,
    Ah! long, how long ago!

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. CONROY HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE hot weather had not been confined to San Francisco. San Pablo Bay had glittered, and the yellow currents of the San Joaquin and Sacramento glowed sullenly with a dull sluggish lava-like flow. No breeze stirred the wild oats that drooped on the western slope of the Contra Costa hills; the smoke of burning woods on the Eastern hill-sides rose silently and steadily; the great wheat-fields of the intermediate valleys clothed themselves humbly in dust and ashes. A column of red dust accompanied the Wingdam and One Horse Gulch Stage-coach, a pillar of fire by day as well as by night, and made the fainting passengers look longingly toward the snow-patched Sierras beyond. It was hot in California; few had ever seen the like, and those who had were looked upon as enemies of their race. A rashly scientific man of Murphy's Camp who had a theory of his own, and upon that had prophesied the probable recurrence of the earthquake shock, concluded he had better leave the settlement until the principles of meteorology were better recognized and established.

It was hot in One Horse Gulch—in the oven-like Gulch, on the burning sands and scorching bars of the river. It was hot even on Conroy's Hill, among the calm shadows of the dark-green pines—on the deep verandas of the Conroy *cottage orné*. Perhaps this was the reason why Mrs. Gabriel Conroy, early that morning after the departure of her husband for the mill, had evaded the varnished and white-leaded heats of her own house and sought the more fragrant odors of the sedate pines beyond the hill-top. I fear, however, that something was due to a mysterious note which had reached her clandestinely the evening before, and which, seated on the trunk of a prostrate pine, she was now re-perusing.

I should like to sketch her as she sat there. A broad-brimmed straw hat covered her head, that, although squared a little too much at the temples for shapeliness, was still made comely by the good taste with which—aided by a crimping-iron—she had treated her fine-spun electrical blonde hair. The heat had brought out a delicate dewy color in her usually pale face, and had heightened the intense nervous brightness of her vivid gray eyes. From the same cause, probably, her lips were slightly parted, so that the rigidity that usually characterized their finely chiseled outlines was lost. She looked healthier; the long flowing skirts which she affected, after the fashion of most *petite* women, were gathered at a waist scarcely as sylph-like and unsubstantial as that which Gabriel first clasped after the accident in the fatal cañon. She seemed a trifle more languid—more careful of her personal comfort, and spent some time in adjusting herself to the inequalities of her uncouth seat, with a certain pouting peevishness of manner that was quite as new to her character as it was certainly feminine and charming. She held the open note in her thin, narrow, white-tipped fingers, and glanced over it again with a slight smile. It read as follows:

> "At ten o'clock I shall wait for you at the hill near the Big Pine! You shall give me an interview if you know yourself well. I say beware! I am strong, for I am injured! VICTOR."

Mrs. Conroy folded the note again, still smiling, and placed it carefully in her pocket. Then she sat patient, her hands clasped lightly between her knees, the parasol open at her feet—the very picture of a fond confiding tryst. Then she suddenly drew her feet under her sidewise with a quick, nervous motion, and examined the ground carefully with sincere distrust of all artful lurking vermin who lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she looked at her watch.

It was five minutes past the hour. There was no sound in the dim, slumbrous wood, but the far-off sleepy caw of a rook. A squirrel ran impulsively half-way down the bark of the nearest pine, and catching sight of her tilted parasol, suddenly flattened himself against the bark, with outstretched limbs, a picture of abject terror. A bounding hare came upon it suddenly and had a palpitation of the heart that he thought he

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really never should get over. And then there was a slow crackling in the underbrush as of a masculine tread, and Mrs. Conroy, picking up her terrible parasol, shaded the cold fires of her gray eyes with it, and sat calm and expectant.

A figure came slowly and listlessly up the hill. When within a dozen yards of her, she saw it was *not* Victor. But when it approached nearer she suddenly started to her feet with pallid cheeks and an exclamation upon her lips. It was the Spanish translator of Pacific street. She would have flown, but on the instant he turned and recognized her with a cry, a start, and a tremor equal to her own. For a moment they stood glaring at each other, breathless but silent!

"Devarges!" said Mrs. Conroy in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Good God!"

The stranger uttered a bitter laugh.

"Yes! Devarges!—the man who ran away with you—Devarges the traitor! Devarges the betrayer of your husband. Look at me! You know me—Henry Devarges! Your husband's brother!—your old accomplice—your lover—your dupe!"

"Hush," she said imploringly, glancing around through the dim woods, "for God's sake, hush!"

"And who are you?" he went on without heeding her; "which of the Mesdames Devarges is it now? Or have you taken the name of the young sprig of an officer for whom you deserted me, and may be in turn married? Or did he refuse you even that excuse for your perfidy? Or is it the wife and accomplice of this feeble-minded Conroy? What name shall I call you? Tell me quick! Oh, I have much to say, but I wish to be polite, madame; tell me to whom I am to speak!"

Despite the evident reality of his passion and fury there was something so unreal and grotesque in his appearance—in his antique foppery, in his dyed hair, in his false teeth, in his padded coat, in his thin strapped legs, that this relentless woman cowered before him in very shame, not of her crime, but of her accomplice!

"Hush," she said, "call me your friend; I am always your friend, Henry! Call me anything, but let me go from here. In God's name, do you hear? not so loud! Another time and another place I will listen," and she drew slowly back, until, scarce knowing what he did, she had led him away from the place of rendezvous toward the ruined cabin. Here she felt she was at least safe from the interruption of Victor. "How came you here? how did you find what had become of me? where have you been these long years?" she asked hastily.

Within the last few moments she had regained partially the strange power that she had always exerted over all men except Gabriel Conroy. The stranger hesitated and then answered in a voice that had more of hopelessness than bitterness in its quality,

"I came here six years ago, a broken, ruined and disgraced man. I had no ambition but to hide myself from all who had known me,—from that brother whose wife I had stolen, and whose home I had broken up—from you—you, Julie!—you and your last lover—from the recollection of your double treachery!" He had raised his voice here, but was checked by the unflinching eye and cautionary gesture of the woman before him. "When you abandoned me in St. Louis, I had no choice but death or a second exile. I could not return to Switzerland, I could not live in the sickening shadow of my crime and its bitter punishment. I came here. My education, my knowledge of the languages stood me in good stead; I might have been a rich man, I might have been an influential one, but I only used my opportunities for the bare necessaries of life and the means to forget my trouble in dissipation. I became a drudge by day, a gambler by night. I was always a gentleman. Men thought me crazy, an enthusiast, but they learned to respect me. Traitor as I was in a larger trust, no one doubted my honor or dared to approach my integrity. But bah! what is this to you? You?"

He would have turned from her again in very bitterness, but in the act he caught her eye, and saw in it, if not sympathy, at least a certain critical admiration, that again brought him to her feet. For despicable as this woman was, she was pleased at this pride in the man she had betrayed, was gratified at the sentiment that lifted him above his dyed hair and his pitiable foppery, and felt a certain honorable satisfaction in the fact, that even after the lapse of years, he had proved true to her own intuitions of him.

"I had been growing out of my despair, Julie," he went on sadly, "I was, or believed I was, forgetting my fault, forgetting even *you*—when there came to me the news of my brother's death—by starvation. Listen to me, Julie! One day there came to me for translation a document, revealing the dreadful death of him—your husband!—my brother!—do you hear?—by starvation. Driven from his home by shame, he had desperately sought to hide himself as I had—accepted the hardship of emigration—he a gentleman and a man of letters—with the boors and rabble of the plains, had shared their low trials and their vulgar pains, and died among them, unknown and unrecorded."

"He died as he had lived," said Mrs. Conroy, passionately, "a traitor and a hypocrite; he died following the fortunes of his paramour, an uneducated, vulgar rustic, to whom, dying, he willed a fortune—this girl—Grace Conroy. Thank God I have the record! Hush!—what's that?"

Whatever it was—a falling bough, or the passing of some small animal in the underbrush—it was past now. A dead silence enwrapped the two solitary actors; they might have been the first man and the first woman, so encompassed were they by nature and solitude.

"No," she went on hurriedly in a lower tone, "it was the same old story—the story of that girl at Basle—the story of deceit and treachery which brought us first together, which made you, Henry, my friend, which turned our sympathies into a more dangerous passion! You have suffered. Ah, well, so have I. We are equal now."

Henry Devarges looked speechlessly upon his companion. Her voice trembled, there were tears in her eyes, that had replaced the burning light of womanly indignation. He had come there knowing her to have been doubly treacherous to her husband and himself. She had not denied it. He had come there to tax her with an infamous imposture, but had found himself within the last minute glowing with sympathetic condemnation of his own brother, and ready to accept some yet unoffered and perfectly explicable theory of that imposture. More than that, he began to feel that his own wrongs were slight in comparison with the injuries received by this superior woman. The woman who endeavors to justify herself to her jealous lover always has a powerful ally in his own self-love, and Devarges was quite willing to believe that even if he had lost her love he had never at least been deceived. And the answer to the morality of this imposture was before him. Here was she married to the surviving brother of the girl she had personated. Had he—had Dr. Devarges ever exhibited as noble trust, as perfect appreciation of her nature and her sufferings? Had they not thrown away the priceless pearl of this woman's love, through ignorance and selfishness? You and I, my dear sir, who are not in love with this most reprehensible creature, will be quick to see the imperfect logic of Henry Devarges; but when a man constitutes himself accuser, judge, and jury of the woman he loves, he is very apt to believe he is giving a verdict when he is only entering a *nolle prosequi.* It is probable that Mrs. Conroy had noticed this weakness in her companion, even with her pre-occupied fears of the inopportune appearance of Victor, whom she felt she could have accounted for much better in his absence. Victor was an impulsive person, and there are times when this quality, generally adored by a self-restrained sex, is apt to be confounding.

"Why did you come here to see me?" asked Mrs. Conroy, with a dangerous smile. "Only to abuse me?"

"There is another grant in existence for the same land that you claim as Grace Conroy or Mrs. Conroy," returned Devarges, with masculine bluntness,—"a grant given prior to that made to my brother Paul. A suspicion that some imposture has been practiced is entertained by the party holding the grant, and I have been requested to get at the facts."

Mrs. Conroy's gray eyes lightened.

"And how were these suspicions aroused?"

"By an anonymous letter."

"And you have seen it?"

"Yes—both it and the hand-writing in portions of the grant are identical."

"And you know the hand?"

"I do—it is that of a man, now here, an old Californian—Victor Ramirez!"

He fixed his eyes upon her; unabashed she turned her own clear glance on his, and asked with a dazzling smile,

"But does not your client know that whether the grant is a forgery or not, my husband's title is good?"

"Yes, but the sympathies of my client, as you call *her*, are interested in the orphan girl Grace."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Conroy, with the faintest possible sigh, "your client, for whom you have traveled—how many miles?—is a woman?"

Half-pleased, but half-embarrassed, Devarges said, "Yes."

"I understand," said Mrs. Conroy, slowly. "A young woman, perhaps, a good, a *pretty* one! And you have said, 'I will prove this Mrs. Conroy an impostor,' and you are here. Well! I do not blame you. You are a man. It is well, perhaps, it is so."

"But Julie, hear me!" interrupted the alarmed Devarges.

"No more!" said Mrs. Conroy, rising and waving her thin white hand; "I do not blame you. I could not expect—I deserve no more! Go back to your client, sir; tell her that you have seen Julie Devarges, the impostor. Tell her to go on and press her claim, and that you will assist her. Finish the work that the anonymous letter-writer has begun, and earn your absolution for your crime and my folly. Get your reward, you deserve it; but tell her to thank God for having raised up to her better friends than Julie Devarges ever possessed in the heyday of her beauty! Go! Farewell. No! let me go, Henry Devarges, I am going to my husband. He at least has known how to forgive and protect a friendless and erring woman."

Before the astonished man could recover his senses, elusive as a sunbeam, she had slipped through his fingers and was gone. For a moment only he followed the flash of her white skirt through the dark aisles of the forest, and then the pillared trees, crowding in upon one another, hid her from view.

Perhaps it was as well, for a moment later Victor Ramirez, flushed, wild-eyed, disheveled and panting, stumbled blindly upon the trail, and blundered into Devarges' presence. The two men eyed each other in silence.

"A hot day for a walk," said Devarges, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Vengeance of God! you are right—it is," returned Victor, "and you?"

"Oh, I have been fighting flies! Good day!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GABRIEL DISCARDS HIS HOME AND WEALTH.

I AM sorry to say that Mrs. Conroy's expression as she fled was not entirely consistent with the grieved and heart-broken manner with which she just closed the interview with Henry Devarges. Something of a smile lurked about the corners of her thin lips as she tripped up the steps of her house, and stood panting a little with the exertion in the shadow of the porch. But here she suddenly found herself becoming quite faint, and, entering the apparently empty house, passed at once to her boudoir, and threw herself exhaustedly on the lounge with a certain peevish discontent at her physical weakness. No one had seen her enter; the Chinese servants were congregated in the distant wash-house. Her housekeeper had taken advantage of her absence to ride to the town. The unusual heat was felt to be an apology for any domestic negligence.

She was very thoughtful. The shock she had felt on first meeting Devarges was past; she was satisfied she still retained an influence over him sufficient to keep him her ally against Ramirez, whom she felt she now had reason to fear. Hitherto his jealousy had only shown itself in vaporing and bravado; she had been willing to believe him capable of offering her physical violence in his insane fury, and had not feared it; but this deliberately planned treachery made her tremble. She would see Devarges again; she would recite the wrongs she had received from the dead brother and husband, and in Henry's weak attempt to still his own conscience with that excuse, she could trust to him to keep Ramirez in check, and withhold the exposure until she and Gabriel could get away. Once out of the country she could laugh at them both; once away she could devote herself to win the love of Gabriel, without which she had begun to feel her life and schemes had been in vain. She would hurry their departure at once. Since the report had spread affecting the value of the mine, Gabriel, believing it true, had vaguely felt it his duty to stand by his doubtful claim and accept its fortunes, and had delayed his preparations. She would make him believe that it was Dumphy's wish that he should go at once; she would make Dumphy write him to that effect. She smiled as she thought of the power she had lately achieved over the fears of this financial magnate. She could do all this now—at once—but for her physical weakness. She ground her teeth as she thought of it; that at such a time she should be —— ah!—and yet a moment later a sudden fancy flashed across her mind, and she closed her eyes that she might take in its delusive sweetness more completely. It might be that it wanted only this to touch his heart—some men were so strange—and if it were—oh, God!—she stopped.

What was that noise? The house had been very quiet, so still that she had heard a woodpecker tapping on its roof. But now she heard distinctly the slow, heavy tread of a man in one of the upper chambers, which had been used as a lumber-room. Mrs.

Conroy had none of the nervous apprehension of her sex in regard to probable ghosts or burglars—she had too much of a man's practical pre-occupation for that, yet she listened curiously. It came again. There was no mistaking it now. It was the tread of the man with whom her thoughts had been busy—her husband.

What was he doing here? In the few months of their married life he had never been home before at this hour. The lumber-room contained among other things the *disjecta membra* of his old mining life and experience. He may have wanted something. There was an old bag which she remembered he said contained some of his mother's dresses. Yet it was so odd that he should go there now. Any other time but this. A terrible superstitious dread—a dread that any other time she would have laughed to scorn, began to creep over her. Hark! he was moving. She stopped breathing.

The tread recommenced. It passed into the upper hall and came slowly down the stairs, each step recording itself in her heart-beats. It reached the lower hall and seemed to hesitate; then it came slowly along toward her door, and again hesitated. Another moment of suspense and she felt she would have screamed. And then the door slowly opened and Gabriel stood before her.

In one swift, intuitive, hopeless look she read her fate. He knew all! And yet his eyes, except that they bore less of the usual perplexity and embarrassment with which they had habitually met hers, though grave and sad, had neither indignation nor anger. He had changed his clothes to a rough miner's blouse and trowsers, and carried in one hand a miner's pack, and in the other a pick and a shovel. He laid them down slowly and deliberately, and seeing her eyes fixed upon them with a nervous intensity, began apologetically:

"They contain, ma'am, on'y a blanket and a few duds ez I allus used to carry with me. I'll open it ef you say so. But you know me, ma'am, well enough to allow that I'd take nothin' outer this yer house ez I didn't bring inter it."

"You are going away?" she said, in a voice that was not audible to herself, but seemed to echo vaguely in her mental consciousness.

"I be. Ef ye don't know why, ma'am, I 'reckon ez you'll hear it from the same vyce ez I did. It's on'y the squar thing to say afore I go, ez it ain't my fault nor hiz'n. I was on the hill this mornin' in the old cabin."

It seemed as if he had told her this before, so old and self-evident the fact appeared.

"I was sayin' I woz on the hill, when I heerd vyces, and lookin' out I seed you with a stranger. From what ye know o' me and my ways, ma'am, it ain't like me to listen to thet wot ain't allowed for me to hear. And ye might have stood thar ontel now ef I hedn't seed a chap dodgin' round behind the trees spyin' and list'nin'. When I seed that man I knowed him to be a pore Mexican, whose legs I'd tended yer in the Gulch mor'n a year ago. I went up to him, and when he seed me he'd hev run. But I laid my hand onto him—and—he stayed!"

There was something so unconsciously large and fine in the slight gesture of this giant's hand as he emphasized his speech, that even through her swiftly rising pride Mrs. Conroy was awed and thrilled by it. But the next moment she found herself saying—whether aloud or not she could not tell—"If he had loved me he would have killed him then and there."

"Wot thet man sed to me—bein' flustered and savage like, along o' bein' choked hard to keep him from singin' out and breakin' in upon you and thet entire stranger—ain't fur me to say. Knowin' him longer than I do, I reckon you suspect 'bout wot it was. That it ez the truth I read it in your face now, ma'am, ez I reckon I might hev read it off and on in many ways and vari's styles sens we've been yer together, on'y I was thet weak and ondecided yer."

He pointed to his forehead here, and then with his broad palm appeared to wipe away the trouble and perplexity that had overshadowed it. He then drew a paper from his breast.

"I've drawed up a little paper yer ez I'll hand over to Lawyer Maxwell makin' over back agin all ez I once hed o' you and all ez I ever expect to hev. For I don't agree with thet Mexican thet wot was gin to Grace belongs to me. I allow ez she kin settle thet herself, ef she ever comes, and ef I know thet chile, ma'am, she ain't goin' tech it with a two-foot pole. We've allus bin simple folks, ma'am, though it ain't the squar' thing to take me for a sample, and oneddicated and common, but thar ain't a Conroy thet lived ez was ever pinted for money or ez ever took more outer the company's wages than his grub and his clothes."

It was the first time that he had ever asserted himself in her presence, and even then he did it half apologetically, yet with an unconscious dignity in his manner that became him well. He reached down as he spoke, and took up his pick and his bundle and turned to go.

"There is nothing then that you are leaving behind you?" she asked.

He raised his eyes squarely to hers.

"No," he said, simply, "nothing."

Oh, if she could have only spoken! Oh, had she but dared to tell him that he had left behind that which he could not take away, that which the mere instincts of his manhood would have stirred him to treat with tenderness and mercy, that which would have appealed to him through its very helplessness and youth. But she dared not. That eloquence which an hour before had been ready enough to sway the feelings of the man to whom she had been faithless and did not love, failed her now. In the grasp of her first and only hopeless passion this arch-hypocrite had lost even the tact of the simplest of her sex. She did not even assume an indifference! She said nothing; when she raised her eyes again he was gone.

She was wrong. At the front door he stopped, hesitated a moment and then returned slowly and diffidently to the room. Her heart beat rapidly, and then was still.

"Ye asked me jest now," he said falteringly, "ef thar was anything ez I was leavin' behind. Thar is, ef ye'll overlook my sayin' it. When you and me allowed to leave fur furrin parts, I reckoned to leave thet housekeeper behind, and unbeknowed to ye I gin her some money and a charge. I tole her thet if ever that dear chile, Sister Grace, came here, thet she should take her in and do by her ez I would, and let me know. Et may be a heap to ask, but if it tain't too much—I—shouldn't—like—yer—to turn—thet innocent unsuspectin' chile away from the house thet she might take to be mine. Ye needn't let on anythin' thet's gone; ye needn't tell her wot a fool I've been, but jest take her in and send for me. Lawyer Maxwell will gin ye my address."

The sting recalled her benumbed life. She rose with a harsh dissonant laugh and said, "Your wishes shall be fulfilled—if"—she hesitated a moment—"*I* am here."

But he did not hear the last sentence, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHAT PASSED UNDER THE PINE AND WHAT REMAINED THERE.

RAMIREZ was not as happy in his revenge as he had anticipated. He had, in an instant of impulsive rage, fired his mine prematurely, and, as he feared, impotently. Gabriel had not visibly sickened, faded, nor fallen blighted under the exposure of his wife's deceit. It was even doubtful, as far as Ramirez could judge from his quiet reception of the revelation, whether he would even call that wife to account for it. Again, Ramirez was unpleasantly conscious that this exposure had lost some of its dignity and importance by being wrested from him as a *confession* made under pressure or duress. Worse than all, he had lost the opportunity of previously threatening Mrs. Conroy with the disclosure, and the delicious spectacle of her discomfiture. In point of fact his revenge had been limited to the cautious cowardice of the anonymous letter-writer, who, stabbing in the dark, enjoys neither the contemplation of the agonies of his victim, nor the assertion of his own individual power.

To this torturing reflection a terrible suspicion of the Spanish translator, Perkins, was superadded. For Gabriel, Ramirez had only that contempt which every lawless lover has for the lawful husband of his mistress, while for Perkins, he had that agonizing doubt which every lawless lover has for every other man but the husband. In making this exposure had he not precipitated a catastrophe as fatal to himself as to the husband? Might they not both drive this woman into the arms of another man? Ramirez paced the little bedroom of the Grand Conroy hotel, a prey to that bastard remorse of all natures like his own—the overwhelming consciousness of opportunities for villainy misspent.

Come what might, he would see her again and at once. He would let her know that he suspected her relations with this translator. He would tell her that he had written the letter—that he had forged the grant—that—

A tap at the door recalled him to himself. It opened presently to Sal, coy, bashful, and conscious. The evident agitation of this young foreigner had to Sal's matter-of-fact comprehension only one origin—a hopeless, consuming passion for herself.

"Dinner hez bin done gone an hour ago," said that arch virgin, "but I put suthin' by for ye. Ye was inquirin' last night about them Conroys. I thought I'd tell ye thet Gabriel hez bin yer askin' arter Lawyer Maxwell—which he's off to Sacramento—altho' one o' Sue Markle's most intymit friends and steadiest boarders!"

But Mr. Ramirez had no ear for Gabriel now. "Tell to me, Mees Clark," he said, suddenly turning all his teeth on her, with gasping civility, "where is the Señor Perkins, eh?"

"Thet shiny chap—ez looks like a old turned alpacker gownd!" said Sal, "thet man ez I can't abear," she continued, with a delicate maidenly suggestion that Ramirez need fear no rivalry from that quarter. "I don't mind; and don't keer to know. He hezn't bin yer since mornin'. I reckon he's up somewhar on Conroy's Hill. All I know ez thet he sent a message yer to git ready his volise to put aboard the Wingdam stage to-night. Are ye goin' with him?"

"No," said Ramirez, curtly.

"Axin' yer parding for the question, but seein' ez he'd got booked for two places, I tho't ez maybe ye'd got tired o' plain mounting folks and mounting ways, and waz goin' with him," and Sal threw an arch yet reproachful glance at Ramirez.

"Booked for two seats," gasped Victor, "ah! for a lady, perhaps—eh, Mees Clark?—for a lady?"

Sal bridled instantly at what might have seemed a suggestion of impropriety on her part. "A lady, like his imperance, indeed! I'd like to know who'd demean theirselves by goin' with the like o' he! But you're not startin' out agin without your dinner, and it waitin' ye in the oven? No? La! Mr. Ramirez ye must be in love! I've heard tell ez it do take away the appetite; not knowin' o' my own experense—though it's little hez passed my lips these two days, and only when tempted."

But before Sal could complete her diagnosis, Mr. Ramirez gasped a few words of hasty excuse, seized his hat, and hurried from the room.

Leaving Sal a second time to mourn over the effect of her coquettish playfulness upon the sensitive Italian nature, Victor Ramirez, toiling through the heat and fiery dust shaken from the wheels of incoming teams, once more brushed his way up the long ascent of Conroy's Hill, and did not stop until he reached its summit. Here he paused to collect his scattered thoughts, to decide upon some plan of action, to control the pulse of his beating temples, quickened by excitement and the fatigue of the ascent, and to wipe the perspiration from his streaming face. He must see her at once, but how and where? To go boldly to her house would be to meet her in the presence of Gabriel, and that was no longer an object; besides, if she were with this stranger it would probably not be there. By haunting this nearest umbrage to the house he would probably intercept them on their way to the Gulch, or overhear any other conference. By lingering here he would avoid any interference from Gabriel's cabin on the right, and yet be able to detect the approach of any one from the road. The spot that he had chosen was, singularly enough, in earlier days, Gabriel's favorite haunt for the indulgence of his noon-tide contemplation and pipe. A great pine, the largest of its fellows, towered in a little opening to the right, as if it had drawn apart for seclusion, and, obeying some mysterious attraction, Victor went toward it and seated himself on an abutting root at its base. Here a singular circumstance occurred, which at first filled him with superstitious fear. The handkerchief with which he had wiped his face—nay, his very shirt-front itself—suddenly appeared as if covered with blood. A moment later he saw that the ensanguined hue was only due to the red dust through which he had plunged, blending with the perspiration, that on the least exertion still started from every pore of his burning skin.

The sun was slowly sinking. The long shadow of Reservoir Ridge fell upon Conroy's Hill and seemed to cut down the tall pine that a moment before had risen redly in the sunlight. The sounds of human labor slowly died out of the Gulch below, the far-off whistle of teamsters in the Wingdam road began to fail. One by one the red openings on the wooded hill-side opposite went out, as if Nature were putting up the shutters for the day. With the gathering twilight Ramirez became more intensely alert and watchful. Treading stealthily around the lone pine-tree with shining eyes and gleaming teeth, he might have been mistaken for some hesitating animal waiting for that boldness which should come with the coming night. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning forward peered into the increasing shadow. Coming up the trail from the town was a woman. Even at that distance, and by that uncertain light, Ramirez recognized the flapping hat and ungainly stride. It was Sal—perdition! Might the devil fly away with her! But she turned to the right with the trail that wound toward Gabriel's hut and the cottage beyond, and Victor breathed, or rather panted, more freely. And then a voice at his very side thrilled him to his smallest fiber, and he turned quickly. It was Mrs. Conroy, white, erect, and truculent.

"What are you doing here?" she said, with a sharp, quick utterance.

"Hush!" said Ramirez, trembling with the passion called up by the figure before him. "Hush! There is one who has just come up the trail."

"What do I care who hears me now? You have made caution unnecessary," she responded sharply. "All the world knows us now! and so I ask you again, what are *you* doing here?"

He would have approached her nearer, but she drew back, twitching her long white skirt behind her with a single quick feminine motion of her hand as if to save it from contamination.

Victor laughed uneasily. "You have come to keep your appointment; it is not my fault if I am late."

"I have come here because, for the last half-hour I have watched you from my veranda, coursing in and out among the trees like a hound as you are! I have come to whip you off my land as I would a hound. But I have first a word or two to say to you as the man you have assumed to be."

Standing there with the sunset glow over her erect, graceful figure, in the pink flush of her cheek, in the cold fires of her eyes, in all the thousand nameless magnetisms of her presence, there was so much of her old power over this slave of passion, that the scorn of her words touched him only to inflame him, and he would have groveled at her feet could he have touched the thin three fingers that she warningly waved at him.

"You wrong me, Julie, by the God of Heaven. I was wild, mad, this morning—you understand; for when I came to you I found you with another! I had reason, Mother of God!—I had reason for my madness, reason enough, but I came in peace, Julie, I came in peace!"

"In peace," returned Mrs. Conroy scornfully; "your note was a peaceful one, indeed!"

"Ah! but I knew not how else to make you hear me. I had news—news you understand, news that might save you, for I came from the woman who holds the grant. Ah! you will listen, will you not? For one moment only, Julie, hear me and I am gone!"

Mrs. Conroy, with abstracted gaze, leaned against the tree. "Go on," she said coldly.

"Ah you will listen, then!" said Victor joyfully, "and when you have listened you shall understand! Well, first I have the fact that the lawyer for this woman is the man who deserted the Grace Conroy in the mountains, the man who was called Philip Ashley, but whose real name is Poinsett."

"Who did you say?" said Mrs. Conroy, suddenly stepping from the tree, and fixing a pair of cruel eyes on Ramirez.

"Arthur Poinsett—an ex-soldier, an officer. Ah, you do not believe—I swear it is so!"

"What has this to do with me?" she said scornfully, resuming her position beside the pine. "Go on—or is this all?"

"No, but it is much. Look you! he is the affianced of a rich widow in the Southern Country, you understand? No one knows his past. Ah, you begin to comprehend. He does not dare to seek out the real Grace Conroy. He shall not dare to press the claim of his client. Consequently he does nothing!"

"Is this all your news?"

"All!—ah no. There is one more, but I dare not speak it here," he said, glancing craftily around through the slowly darkening wood.

"Then it must remain untold," returned Mrs. Conroy, coldly, "for this is our last and only interview."

"But Julie!—"

"Have you done?" she continued, in the same tone.

Whether her indifference was assumed or not, it was effective. Ramirez glanced again quickly around, and then said, sulkily:

"Come nearer and I will tell you. Ah, you doubt—you doubt? Be it so." But seeing that she did not move, he drew toward the tree and whispered, "Bend here your head—I will whisper it."

Mrs. Conroy, evading his outstretched hand, bent her head. He whispered a few words in her ear that were inaudible a foot from the tree.

"Did you tell this to him—to Gabriel?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon him, yet without change in her frigid demeanor.

"No!—I swear to you, Julie, no! I would not have told him anything, but I was wild, crazy. And he was a brute, a great bear. He held me fast, here, so! I could not move. It was a forced confession. Yes, Mother of God, by force!"

Luckily for Victor the darkness hid the scorn that momentarily flashed in the woman's eyes at this corroboration of her husband's strength, and the weakness of the man before her.

"And is this all that you have to tell me?" she only said.

"All—I swear to you, Julie—all!"

"Then listen, Victor Ramirez," she said, swiftly stepping from the tree into the path before him, and facing him with a white and rigid face. "Whatever was your purpose in coming here, it has been successful! You have done all that you intended, and more! The man whose mind you came to poison, the man you wished to turn against me, is gone! has left me—left me never to return! He never loved me! Your exposure of me was to him a godsend, for it gave him an excuse for the insults he has heaped upon me, for the treachery he has always hidden in his bosom!"

Even in the darkness she could see the self-complacent flash of Victor's teeth, could hear the quick, hurried sound of his breath as he bent his head toward her, and knew that he was eagerly reaching out his hand for hers. He would have caught her gesturing hand and covered it with kisses but that, divining his intention, without flinching from her position she whipped both her hands behind her.

"Well, you are satisfied! You have had your say and your way. Now I shall have mine. Do you suppose I came here to-night to congratulate you? No, I came here to tell you that, insulted, outraged, and spurned as I have been by my husband, Gabriel Conroy—cast-off and degraded as I stand here to-night—*I love him!* Love him as I never loved any man before; love him as I never shall love any man again; love him as I hate you! Love him so that I shall follow him wherever he goes, if I have to drag myself after him on my knees. His hatred is more precious to me than your love. Do you hear me, Victor Ramirez? That is what *I* came here to tell you! More than that—listen! The secret you have whispered to me just now, whether true or false, I shall take to him. *I* will help him to find his sister. I will make him love me yet if I sacrifice you, everybody, my own life, to do it! Do you hear that? Victor Ramirez, you dog! you Spanish mongrel! you half-breed bastard! Oh, grit your teeth there in the darkness; I know you. Grit your teeth as you did to-day when Gabriel held you squirming under his thumb! It was a fine sight, Victor, worthy of the manly secretary who stole a dying girl's papers! worthy of the valiant soldier who abandoned his garrison to a Yankee peddler and his mule. Oh, I know you, sir, and have known you from the first day I made you my tool—my dupe! Go on, sir, go on; draw your knife, do! I am not afraid, coward! I shall not scream, I promise you! Come on!"

With an insane, inarticulate gasp of rage and shame, he sprang toward her with an uplifted knife. But at the same instant she saw a hand reach from the darkness and fall swiftly upon his shoulder, saw him turn and with an oath struggle furiously in the arms of Devarges, and, without waiting to thank her deliverer, or learn the result of his interference, darted by the struggling pair and fled.

Possessed only by a single idea, she ran swiftly to her home. Here she penciled a few hurried lines, and called one of her Chinese servants to her side. "Take this, Ah Ri, and give it to Mr. Conroy. You will find him at Lawyer Maxwell's, or if not there he will tell where he has gone. But you must find him. If he has left town already you must follow him. Find him within an hour and I'll double that"—she placed a gold piece in his hand. "Go, at once."

However limited might have been Ah Ri's knowledge of the English language, there was an eloquence in the woman's manner that needed no translation. He nodded his head intelligently, said "Me shabbe you—muchee quick," caused the gold piece and the letter to instantly vanish up his sleeve, and started from the house in a brisk trot. Nor did he allow any incidental diversion to interfere with the business in hand. The noise of struggling in the underbrush on Conroy's Hill, and a cry for help, only extracted from Ah Ri the response, "You muchee go-to-hellee—no foolee me!" as he trotted unconcernedly by. In half an hour he had reached Lawyer Maxwell's office. But the news was not favorable. Gabriel had left an hour before, they knew not where. Ah Ri hesitated a moment, and then ran quickly down the hill to where a gang of his fellow-countrymen were working in a ditch at the roadside. Ah Ri paused, and uttered in a high recitative a series of the most extraordinary ejaculations, utterly unintelligible to the few

Americans who chanced to be working near. But the effect was magical; in an instant pick and shovel were laid aside, and before the astonished miners could comprehend it, the entire gang of Chinamen had dispersed, and in another instant were scattered over the several trails leading out of One Horse Gulch, except one.

That one was luckily taken by Ah Ri. In half an hour he came upon the object of his search, seated on a bowlder by the wayside, smoking his evening pipe. His pick, shovel, and pack lay by his side. Ah Ri did not waste time in preliminary speech or introduction. He simply handed the missive to his master, and instantly turned his back upon him and departed. In another half-hour every Chinaman was back in the ditch, working silently as if nothing had happened.

Gabriel laid aside his pipe and held the letter a moment hesitatingly between his finger and thumb. Then opening it, he at once recognized the small Italian hand with which his wife had kept his accounts and written from his dictation, and something like a faint feeling of regret overcame him as he gazed at it, without taking the meaning of the text. And then with the hesitation, repetition, and audible utterance of an illiterate person, he slowly read the following:

> "I was wrong. You *have* left something behind you—a secret that, as you value your happiness, you must take with you. If you come to Conroy's Hill within the next two hours you shall know it, for I shall not enter that house again, and leave here to-night forever. I do not ask you to come for the sake of your wife, but for the sake of the woman she once personated. You will come because you love Grace, not because you care for
>
> "JULIE."

There was but one fact that Gabriel clearly grasped in this letter. That was that it referred to some news of Grace. That was enough. He put away his pipe, rose, shouldered his pack and pick and deliberately retraced his steps. When he reached the town, with the shame-facedness of a man who had just taken leave of it forever, he avoided the main thoroughfare, but did this so clumsily and incautiously, after his simple fashion, that two or three of the tunnelmen noticed him ascending the hill by an inconvenient and seldom used by-path. He did not stay long, however, for in a short time—some said ten, others said fifteen minutes—he was seen again, descending rapidly and recklessly, and, crossing the Gulch, disappeared in the bushes at the base of Bald Mountain.

With the going down of the sun that night, the temperature fell also, and the fierce, dry, desert heat that had filled the land for the past few days fled away before a strong wind which rose with the coldly rising moon, that during the rest of the night rode calmly over the twisting tops of writhing pines on Conroy's Hill, over the rattling windows of the town, and over the beaten dust of mountain roads. But even with the night the wind passed too, and the sun arose the next morning upon a hushed and silent landscape. It touched, according to its habit, first the tall top of the giant pine on Conroy's Hill and then slid softly down its shaft until it reached the ground. And there it found Victor Ramirez, with a knife thrust through his heart, lying dead!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. HAMLIN'S RECREATION, CONTINUED.

WHEN Donna Dolores, after the departure of Mrs. Sepulvida, missed the figure of Mr. Jack Hamlin from the plain before her window, she presumed he had followed that lady, and would have been surprised to have known that he was at that moment within her castle, drinking *aguardiente* with no less a personage than the solemn Don Juan Salvatierra. In point of fact, with that easy audacity which distinguished him, Jack had penetrated the court-yard, gained the hospitality of Don Juan without even revealing his name and profession to that usually ceremonious gentleman, and after holding him in delicious fascination for two hours, had actually left him lamentably intoxicated, and utterly oblivious of the character of his guest. Why Jack did not follow up his advantage by seeking an interview with the mysterious *Señora* who had touched him so deeply I cannot say, nor could he himself afterward determine. A sudden bashfulness and timidity which he had never before experienced in his relations with the sex, tied his own tongue while Don Juan, with the garrulity which inebriety gave to his, poured forth the gossip of the Mission and the household. It is possible also that a certain vague hopelessness, equally novel to Jack, sent him away in lower spirits than he came. It is remarkable that Donna Dolores knew nothing of the visit of this guest, until three days afterward, for during that time she was indisposed and did not leave her room, but it *was* remarkable that on learning it she flew into a paroxysm of indignation and rage that alarmed Don Juan and frightened her attendants.

"And why was *I* not told of the presence of this strange *Americano?* Am I a child, holy St. Anthony! that I am to be kept in ignorance of my duty as the hostess of the Blessed Trinity; or are you, Don Juan, my duenna? A brave *caballero*—who—I surmise from your description, is the same that protected me from insult at Mass last Sunday, and he is not to 'kiss my hand'? Mother of God! And his name you have forgotten?"

In vain Don Juan protested that the strange *caballero* had not requested an audience, and that a proper maidenly spirit would have prevented the Donna from appearing, unsought. "Better that I should have been thought forward—and *Americanos* are of a different habitude, my uncle—than that the Blessed Trinity should have been misrepresented by the guzzling of *aguardiente!*"

Howbeit, Mr. Hamlin had not found the climate of San Antonio conducive to that strict repose that his physician had recommended, and left it the next day with an accession of feverish energy that was new to him He had idled away three days of excessive heat at Sacramento, and on the fourth had flown to the mountains, and found himself on the morning of the first cool day at Wingdam.

"Anybody here I know?" he demanded of his faithful henchman, as Pete brought in his clothes, freshly brushed for the morning toilette.

"No, sah!"

"Nor want to, eh?" continued the cynical Jack, leisurely getting out of bed.

Pete reflected. "Dere is two o' dese yar Yeastern tourists—dem folks as is goin' round inspectin' de country—down in de parlor. Jess come over from de Big Trees. I reckon dey's some o' de same party—dem Frisco chaps—Mass Dumphy and de odders has bin onloadin' to. Dey's mighty green, and de boys along de road has been fillin' 'em up. It's jess so much water on de dried apples dat Pete Dumphy's been shovin' into 'em." Jack smiled grimly.

"I reckon you needn't bring up my breakfast, Pete; I'll go down."

The party thus obscurely referred to by Pete were Mr. and Mrs. Raynor, who had been "doing" the Big Trees, under the intelligent guidance of a San Francisco editor who had been deputized by Mr. Dumphy to represent Californian hospitality. They were exceedingly surprised, during breakfast, by the entrance of a pale, handsome, languid gentleman, accurately dressed, whose infinite neatness shamed their own bedraggled appearance, and who, accompanied by his own servant, advanced, and quietly took a seat opposite the tourists and their guide. Mrs. Raynor at once became conscious of some negligence in her toilet, and after a moment's embarrassment excused herself and withdrew. Mr. Raynor, impressed with the appearance of the stranger, telegraphed his curiosity by elbowing the editor, who, however, for some reason best known to himself, failed to respond. Possibly he recognized the presence of the notorious Mr. Jack Hamlin in the dark-eyed stranger, and may have had ample reasons for refraining from voicing the popular reputation of that gentleman before his face, or possibly he may have been inattentive. Howbeit, after Mr. Hamlin's entrance he pretermitted the hymn of California praise, and became reticent and absorbed in his morning paper. Mr. Hamlin waited for the lady to retire, and then, calmly ignoring the presence of any other individual, languidly drew from his pocket a revolver and bowie-knife, and placing them in an easy, habitual manner on either side of his plate, glanced carelessly over the table, and then called Pete to his side.

"Tell them," said Jack, quietly, "that I want some *large* potatoes; ask them what they mean by putting those little things on the table. Tell them to be quick. Is your rifle loaded?"

"Yes, sah," said Pete promptly, without relaxing a muscle of his serious ebony face.

"Well—take it along with you."

But here the curiosity of Mr. Raynor, who had been just commenting on the really enormous size of the potatoes, got the best of his prudence. Failing to make his companion respond to his repeated elbowings, he leaned over the table toward the languid stranger.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "but did I understand you to say that you thought these potatoes *small*—that there are really larger ones to be had?"

"It's the first time," returned Jack, gravely, "that I ever was insulted by having a *whole* potato brought to me. I didn't know it was possible before. Perhaps in this part of the country the vegetables are poor. I'm a stranger to this section. I take it you are too. But because I am a stranger I don't see why I should be imposed upon."

"Ah, I see," said the mystified Raynor; "but if I might ask another question—you'll excuse me if I'm impertinent—I noticed that you just now advised your servant to take his gun into the kitchen with him,—surely"—

"Pete," interrupted Mr. Hamlin, languidly, "is a good nigger. I shouldn't like to lose him! Perhaps you're right—may be I am a little over-cautious. But when a man has lost two servants by gunshot wounds inside of three months, it makes him careful."

The perfect unconcern of the speaker, the reticence of his companion, and the dead silence of the room in which this extraordinary speech was uttered, filled the measure of Mr. Raynor's astonishment.

"Bless my soul! this is most extraordinary! I have seen nothing of this," he said, appealing in dumb show to his companion.

Mr. Hamlin followed the direction of his eyes.

"Your friend is a Californian, and knows what we think of any man who lies, and how most men resent such an imputation; and I reckon he'll indorse me!"

The editor muttered a hasty assent that seemed to cover Mr. Hamlin's various propositions, and then hurriedly withdrew, abandoning his charge to Mr. Hamlin. What advantage Jack took of this situation, what extravagant accounts he gravely offered of the vegetation in Lower California, of the resources of the country, of the reckless disregard of life and property, do not strictly belong to the record of this veracious chronicle. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Raynor found Mr. Hamlin an exceedingly fascinating companion, and later, when the editor had rejoined them, and Mr. Hamlin proceeded to beg that gentleman to warn Mr. Raynor against gambling, as the one seductive, besetting sin of California, alleging that it had been the ruin of both the editor and himself, the tourist was so struck with the frankness and high moral principle of his new acquaintance, as to insist upon his making one of their party—an invitation that Mr. Hamlin might have accepted, but for the intervention of a singular occurrence.

During the conversation he had been curiously impressed by the appearance of a stranger who had entered, and modestly and diffidently taken a seat near the door. To Mr. Hamlin this modesty and diffidence appeared so curiously at variance with his superb physique, and the exceptional strength and power shown in every muscle of his body, that with his usual audacity he felt inclined to go forward and inquire, "What was his little game?" That he was lying in wait to be "picked up"—the reader must really excuse me if I continue to borrow Mr. Hamlin's expressive vernacular—that his diffidence and shyness were a deceit and intended to entrap the unwary, he felt satisfied, and was proportionably thrilled with a sense of admiration for him. That a rational human being who held such a hand should be content with a small *ante*, without "raising the other players"—but I beg the fastidious reader's forgiveness.

He was dressed in the ordinary miner's garb of the Southern mines, perhaps a little more cleanly than the average miner by reason of his taste, certainly more picturesque by reason of his statuesque shapeliness. He wore a pair of white duck trowsers, a jumper or loose blouse of the same material, with a low-folded sailor's collar and sailor-knotted neckerchief, which displayed, with an unconsciousness quite characteristic of the man, the full muscular column of his sun-burned throat, except where it was hidden by a full, tawny beard. His long sandy curls fell naturally and equally on either side of the center of his low, broad forehead. His fair complexion, although greatly tanned by exposure, seemed to have faded lately as by sickness or great mental distress, a theory that had some confirmation in the fact that he ate but little. His eyes were downcast, or, when raised, were so shy as to avoid critical examination. Nevertheless, his mere superficial exterior was so striking as to attract the admiration of others besides Mr. Hamlin; to excite the enthusiastic attention of Mr. Raynor, and to enable the editor to offer him as a fair type of the mining population. Embarrassed at last by a scrutiny that asserted itself even through his habitual unconsciousness and pre-occupation, the subject of this criticism arose and returned to the hotel veranda, where his pack and mining implements were lying. Mr. Hamlin, who for the last few days had been in a rather exceptional mood, for some occult reason which he could not explain, felt like respecting the stranger's reserve, and quietly lounged into the billiard-room to wait for the coming of the stage-coach. As soon as his back was turned, the editor took occasion to offer Mr. Raynor his own estimate of Mr. Hamlin's character and reputation, to correct his misstatements regarding Californian resources and social habits, and to restore Mr. Raynor's possibly shaken faith in California as a country especially adapted to the secure investment of capital. "As to the insecurity of life," said the editor, indignantly, "it is as safe here as in New York or Boston. We admit that in the early days the country was cursed by too many adventurers of the type of this very gambler Hamlin, but I will venture to say you will require no better refutation of these calumnies than this very miner whom you admired. He, sir, is a type of our mining population; strong, manly, honest, unassuming, and perfectly gentle and retiring. We are proud, sir, we admit, of such men—eh? Oh, that's nothing—only the arrival of the up stage!"

It certainly was something more. A momentarily increasing crowd of breathless men was gathered on the veranda before the window, and were peering anxiously over one another's heads toward a central group, among which towered the tall figure of the very miner of whom they had been speaking. More than that, there was a certain undefined restless terror in the air, as when the intense conscious passion or suffering of one or two men communicates itself vaguely without speech, sometimes even with visible sign, to others. And then Yuba Bill, the driver of the Wingdam coach, strode out from the crowd into the barroom, drawing from his hands with an evident effort his immense buckskin gloves.

"What's the row, Bill?" said half-a-dozen voices.

"Nothin'," said Bill, gruffly, "only the Sheriff of Calaveras ez kem down with us hez nabbed his man jest in his very tracks."

"Where, Bill?"

"Right here—on this very verandy—fust man he seed!"

"What for?" "Who?" "What hed he bin doin'?" "Who is it?" "What's up?" persisted the chorus.

"Killed a man up at One Horse Gulch, last night!" said Bill, grasping the decanter which the attentive bar-keeper had, without previous request, placed before him.

"Who did he kill, Bill?"

"A little Mexican from Frisco by the name o' Ramirez."

"What's the man's name that killed him—the man that you took?"

The voice was Jack Hamlin's. Yuba Bill instantly turned, put down his glass, wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and then deliberately held out his great hand with an exhaustive grin.

"Dern my skin, ole man, if it ain't you! And how's things, eh? Yer lookin' a little white in the gills, but peart and sassy ez usual. Heerd you was kinder off color, down in Sacramento lass week. And it's you, ole fell, and jest in time! Bar-keep—hist that pizen over to Jack. Here to ye agin, ole man! H—ll! but I'm glad to see ye!"

The crowd hung breathless over the two men—awe-struck and respectful. It was a meeting of the gods—Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill. None dare speak. Hamlin broke the silence at last, and put down his glass.

"What," he asked, lazily, yet with a slight color on his cheek, "did you say was the name of the chap that fetched that little Mexican?"

"Gabriel Conroy," said Bill.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. HAMLIN TAKES A HAND.

The capture had been effected quietly. To the evident astonishment of his captor, Gabriel had offered no resistance, but had yielded himself up with a certain composed willingness, as if it were only the preliminary step to the quicker solution of a problem that was sure to be solved. It was observed, however, that he showed a degree of caution that was new to him—asking to see the warrant, the particulars of the discovery of the body, and utterly withholding that voluble explanation or apology which all who knew his character confidently expected him to give, whether guilty or innocent—a caution which, accepted by them as simply the low cunning of the criminal, told against him. He submitted quietly to a search that, however, disclosed no concealed weapon, or anything of import. But when a pair of handcuffs were shown him he changed color, and those that were nearest to him saw that he breathed hurriedly, and hesitated in the first words of some protest that rose to his lips. The Sheriff, a man of known intrepidity, who had the rapid and clear intuition that comes with courageous self-possession, noticed it also, and quietly put the handcuffs back in his pocket.

"I reckon there's no use for 'em here; ef *you're* willin' to take the risks, *I* am."

The eyes of the two men met, and Gabriel thanked him. In that look he recognized and accepted the fact that on a motion to escape he would be instantly killed.

They were to return with the next stage, and in the interval Gabriel was placed in an upper room, and securely guarded. Here, falling into his old apologetic manner, he asked permission to smoke a pipe, which was at once granted by his good-humored guard, and then threw himself at full length upon the bed. The rising wind rattled the windows noisily, and entering, tossed the smoke-wreaths that rose from his pipe in fitful waves about the room. The guard, who was much more embarrassed than his charge, was relieved of his ineffectual attempt to carry on a conversation suitable to the occasion by Gabriel's simple directness.

"You needn't put yourself out to pass the time o' day with me," he said, gently, "that bein' extry to your reg'lar work. Ef you hev any friends ez you'd like to talk to in your own line, invite 'em in, and don't mind me."

But here the guard's embarrassment was further relieved by the entrance of Joe Hall, the Sheriff.

"There's a gentleman here to speak with you," he said to Gabriel; "he can stay until we're ready to go." Turning to the guard, he added: "You can take a chair outside the door in the hall. It's all right—it's the prisoner's counsel."

At the word Gabriel looked up. Following the Sheriff, Lawyer Maxwell entered the room. He approached Gabriel, and extended with grave cordiality a hand that had apparently wiped from his mouth the last trace of mirthfulness at the door.

"I did not expect to see you again so soon, Gabriel, but as quickly as the news reached me, and I heard that our friend Hall had a warrant for you, I started after him. I would have got here before him, but my horse gave out."

He paused, and looked steadily at Gabriel.

"Well!"

Gabriel looked at him in return, but did not speak.

"I supposed you would need professional aid," he went on, with a slight hesitation—"perhaps *mine*—knowing that I was aware of some of the circumstances that preceded this affair."

"Wot circumstances?" asked Gabriel, with the sudden look of cunning that had before prejudiced his captors.

"For Heaven's sake, Gabriel," said Maxwell, rising with a gesture of impatience, "don't let us repeat the blunder of our first interview. *This* is a serious matter; *may be* very serious to you. Think a moment. Yesterday you sought my professional aid to deed to your wife all your property, telling me that you were going away, never to return to One Horse Gulch. I do not ask you now *why* you did it. I only want you to reflect that I am just now the only man who knows that circumstance—a circumstance that I can tell you as a lawyer is somewhat important in the light of the crime that you are charged with."

Maxwell waited for Gabriel to speak, wiping away, as he waited, the usual smile that lingered around his lips. But Gabriel said nothing.

"Gabriel Conroy," said Lawyer Maxwell, suddenly dropping into the vernacular of One Horse Gulch, "are you a blasted fool?"

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, with the simplicity of a man admitting a self-evident proposition. "Thet's so; I reckon I are."

"I shouldn't wonder, blast me!" said Maxwell, again swiftly turning upon him, "if you were!"

He stopped, as if ashamed of his abruptness, and said more quietly and persuasively:

"Come, Gabriel, if you won't confess to *me*, I suppose that I must to *you!* Six months ago I thought you an impostor! Six months ago the woman who is now your wife charged you with being an impostor; with assuming a name and right that did not belong to you; in plain English, said that you had set yourself up as Gabriel Conroy, and that she, who was Grace Conroy, the sister of the real Gabriel, knew that you lied! She substantiated all this by proofs; blast it all!" continued Maxwell, appealing in dumb show to the walls. "There isn't a lawyer living as wouldn't have said it was a good case, and been ready to push it in any court. Under these circumstances I sought you, and you remember how! You know the result of that interview. I can tell you now, that if there ever was a man who palpably confessed to guilt when he was innocent, *you* were that man. Well! after your conduct then was explained by Olly, this woman, without, however, damaging the original evidence against you, or prejudicing her rights, came to me, and said that she had discovered that you were the man who had saved her life at the risk of your own, and that for the present she could not, in delicacy, push her claim. When afterward she told me that this gratitude had—well, ripened into something more serious—and that she had engaged herself to marry you, and so condone your offense, why, blast it, it was womanlike and natural, and I suspected nothing! I believed her story, believed she had a case! Yes, sir! the last six months I have looked upon you as the creature of that woman's foolish magnanimity. I could see that she was soft on you, and believed that you had fooled her. I did, blast me! There! if you confess to being a blasted fool, I do to having been an infernal sight bigger one."

He stopped, erased the mirthful past with his hand, and went on:

"I began to suspect something when you came to me yesterday with this story of your going away, and this disposal of your property. When I heard of the murder of this stranger—one of your wife's witnesses to her claim near your house, your own flight, and the sudden disappearance of your wife, my suspicions were strengthened. And when I read this note from your wife, delivered to you last night by one of her servants and picked up early this morning near the body, my suspicions were confirmed."

As he finished, he took from his pocket a folded paper and handed it to Gabriel. He received it mechanically, and opened it. It was his wife's note of the preceding night. He took out his knife, still holding the letter, and with its blade began stirring the bowl of his pipe. Then, after a pause, he asked, cautiously:

"And how did *ye* come by this yer?"

"It was found by Sal Clark, brought to Mrs. Markle, and given to me. Its existence is known only to three people, and they are your friends."

There was another pause, in which Gabriel deliberately stirred the contents of his pipe. Mr. Maxwell examined him curiously.

"Well," he said at last, "what is your defense?"

Gabriel sat up on the bed and rapped the bowl of his pipe against the bed-post to loosen some refractory incrustation.

"Wot," he asked, gravely, "would be *your* idee of a good de-fense? Axin' ye ez a lawyer havin' experiens in them things, and reck'nin' to pay ez high ez enny man fo' the same, wot would *you* call a good defense?" and he gravely laid himself down again in an attitude of respectful attention.

"We hope to prove," said Maxwell, really smiling, "that when you left your house, and came to my office the murdered man was alive and at his hotel; that he went over to the hill long before you did; that *you* did not return until evening—*after* the murder was committed, as the 'secret' mentioned in your wife's mysterious note evidently shows. That for some reason or other it was her design to place you in a suspicious attitude. That the note shows that she refers to some fact of which she was cognizant and not yourself."

"Suthin' thet she knowed, and I didn't get to hear," translated Gabriel quietly.

"Exactly! Now you see the importance of that note."

Gabriel did not immediately reply, but slowly lifted his huge frame from the bed, walked to the open window, still holding the paper in his hands, deliberately tore it into the minutest shreds before the lawyer could interfere and then threw it from the window.

"Thet paper don't 'mount ter beans, no how!" he said quietly but explanatively, as he returned to the bed.

It was Lawyer Maxwell's turn to become dumb. In his astonished abstraction he forgot to wipe his mouth, and gazed at Gabriel with his nervous smile as if his client had just perpetrated a practical joke of the first magnitude.

"Ef it's the same to you, I'll just gin ye my idee of a de-fense," said Gabriel apologetically, relighting his pipe, "allowin' o' course thet you knows best, and askin' no deduckshun from your charges for advice. Well, you jess stands up afore the jedge, and you slings 'em a yarn suthin' like this: 'Yer's me, for instans,' you sez, sez you, 'ez gambols—gambols very deep—jess fights the tiger, wharever and whenever found, the same bein' unbeknownst ter folks gin'rally and spechil ter my wife, ez was, July. Yer's me bin gambolin' desprit with this yer man, Victyor Ramyirez, and gets lifted bad! and we hez, so to speak, a differculty about some pints in the game. I allows one thing, he allows another, and this yer man gives me the lie and I stabs him!'—Stop—hole your hosses!" interjected Gabriel suddenly, "thet looks bad, don't it? he bein' a small man, a little feller 'bout your size. No! Well, this yer's the way we puts it up: Seving men—*seving*—friends o' his comes at me, permiskis like, one down, and nex' comes on, and we hez it mighty lively thar fur an hour, until me, bein' in a tight place, hez to use a knife and cuts this yer man bad! Thar, that's 'bout the thing! Now ez to my runnin' away, you sez, sez you, ez how I disremembers owin' to the 'citement thet I hez a 'pintment in Sacramento the very nex' day, and waltzes down yer to keep it, in a hurry. Ef they want to know whar July ez, you sez she gits wild on my not comin' home, and starts thet very night arter me. Thar, thet's 'bout my idee—puttin' it o' course in your own shape, and slingin' in them bits o' po'try and garbage, and kinder sassin' the plaintiff's counsel, ez you know goes down afore a jedge and jury."

Maxwell rose hopelessly. "Then, if I understand you, you intend to admit—"

"Thet I done it? In course!" replied Gabriel, "but," he added with a cunning twinkle in his eye, "justifybly—justifible homyside, ye mind! bein' in fear o' my life from seving men. In course," he added hurriedly, "I can't identify them seving strangers in the dark, so thar's no harm or suspishion goin' to be done enny o' the boys in the Gulch."

Maxwell walked gravely to the window, and stood looking out without speaking. Suddenly he turned upon Gabriel with a brighter face and more earnest manner. "Where's Olly?"

Gabriel's face fell. He hesitated a moment, "I was on my way to the school in Sacramento whar she iz."

"You must send for her; I must see her at once!"

Gabriel laid his powerful hand on the lawyer's shoulder: "She izn't, that chile, to know anythin' o' this. You hear?" he said, in a voice that began in tones of deprecation, and ended in a note of stern warning.

"How are you to keep it from her?" said Maxwell, as determinedly. "In less than twenty-four hours every newspaper in the State will have it, with their own version and comments. No, you must see her—she must hear it first from your own lips."

"But—I—can't—see—her jest now," said Gabriel, with a voice that for the first time during their interview faltered in its accents.

"Nor need you," responded the lawyer quickly. "Trust that to me. *I* will see her, and you shall afterward. You need not fear I will prejudice your case. Give me the address! Quick!" he added, as the sound of footsteps and voices approaching the room came from the hall. Gabriel did as he requested. "Now one word," he continued hurriedly, as the footsteps halted at the door.

"Yes," said Gabriel.

"As you value your life and Olly's happiness, hold your tongue."

Gabriel nodded with cunning comprehension. The door opened to Mr. Jack Hamlin, diabolically mischievous, self-confident, and audacious! With a familiar nod to Maxwell he stepped quickly before Gabriel and extended his hand. Simply, yet conscious of obeying some vague magnetic influence, Gabriel reached out his own and took Jack's white, nervous fingers in his calm, massive grasp.

"Glad to see you, pard!" said that gentleman, showing his white teeth and reaching up to clap his disengaged hand on Gabriel's shoulder. "Glad to see you, old boy, even if you have cut in and taken a job out of my hands that I was rather lyin' by to do myself. Sooner or later I'd have fetched that Mexican, if you hadn't dropped into my seat and taken up my hand. Oh, it's all right, Mack!" he said, intercepting the quick look of caution that Maxwell darted at his client, "don't do that. We're all friends here. If you want me to testify I'll take my oath that there hasn't been a day this six months that that infernal hound, Ramirez, wasn't just pantin' to be planted in his tracks! Dern me, gentlemen, I can hardly believe I ain't done it myself." He stopped, partly to enjoy the palpable uneasiness of Maxwell, and perhaps in some admiration of Gabriel's physique. Maxwell quickly seized this point of vantage. "You can do your friend, here, a very great service," he said to Jack, lowering his voice as he spoke.

Jack laughed. "No, Mack, it won't do! They wouldn't believe me! There ain't judge or jury you could play that on!"

"You don't understand me," said Maxwell, laughing a little awkwardly. "I didn't mean that, Jack. This man was going to Sacramento to see his little sister—"

"Go on," said Jack with much gravity; "of course he was! I know that. 'Dear Brother, Dear Brother, come home with me now!' Certainly. So'm I, Goin' to see an innocent little thing 'bout seventeen years old, blue eyes and curly hair! Always go there once a week. Says he must come! Says he'll—" he stopped in the full tide of his irony, for, looking up, he caught a glimpse of Gabriel's simple, troubled face and his sadly reproachful eyes. "Look here," said Jack, turning savagely on Maxwell, "what are you talkin' about, anyway?"

"I mean what I say," returned Maxwell quickly. "He was going to see his sister, a mere child! Of course he can't go now. But he must see her, if she can be brought to him! Can you—*will* you do it?"

Jack cast another swift glance at Gabriel.

"Count me in!" he said promptly; "when shall I go?"

"Now—at once!"

"All right. Where shall I fetch her to?"

"One Horse Gulch."

"The game's made!" said Jack sententiously. "She'll be there by sun-down to-morrow!"

He was off like a flash, but as swiftly returned, and called Maxwell to the door.

"Look here," he said in a whisper, "p'r'aps it would be as well if the Sheriff didn't know I was *his* friend," he went on, indicating Gabriel with a toss of his head and a wink of his black eye, "because you see, Joe Hall and I ain't friends! We had a little difficulty, and some shootin' and foolishness down at Marysville last year. Joe's a good square man, but he ain't above prejudice, and it might go against our man." Maxwell nodded, and Jack once more darted off.

But his color was so high, and his exaltation so excessive, that when he reached his room his faithful Pete looked at him in undisguised alarm. "Bress de Lord God! it tain't no whisky, Mars Jack, arter all de doctors tole you?" he said, clasping his hands in dismay.

The bare suggestion was enough for Jack in his present hilarious humor. He instantly hiccoughed, lapsed wildly over against Pete with artfully simulated alcoholic weakness, tumbled him on the floor, and grasping his white woolly head waved over it a boot-jack, and frantically demanded "another bottle." Then he laughed; as suddenly got up with the greatest gravity and a complete change in his demeanor, and wanted to know, severely, what he, Pete, meant by lying there on the floor in a state of beastly intoxication.

"Bress de Lord! Mars Jack, but ye *did* frighten me. I jiss allowed dem tourists down-stairs had been gettin' ye tight."

"You did — you degraded old ruffian! If you'd been reading 'Volney's Ruins,' or reflectin' on some of those moral maxims that I'm just wastin' my time and health unloading to you, instead of making me the subject of your inebriated reveries, you wouldn't get picked up so often. Pack my valise, and chuck it into some horse and buggy, no matter whose. Be quick."

"Is we gwine to Sacramento, Mars Jack?"

"*We?* No, sir. *I'm* going—alone! What I'm doing now, sir, is only the result of calm reflection; of lying awake nights taking points and jest spottin' the whole situation. And I'm convinced, Peter, that I can stay with you no longer. You've been hackin' the keen edge of my finer feelin's; playin' it very low down on my moral and religious nature, and generally ringin' in a cold deck on my spiritual condition for the last five years. You've jest cut up thet rough with my higher emotions thet there ain't enough left to chip in on a ten-cent ante. Five years ago," continued Jack, coolly, brushing his curls before the glass, "I fell into your hands, a guileless, simple youth, in the first flush of manhood, knowin' no points, easily picked up on my sensibilities, and trav'lin', so to speak, on my shape! And where am I now? Echo answers 'where?' and passes for a euchre! No, Peter, I leave you to-night. Wretched misleader of youth, gummy old man with the strawberry eyebrows, farewell!"

Evidently this style of exordium was no novelty to Pete, for without apparently paying the least attention to it, he went on, surlily packing his master's valise. When he had finished he looked up at Mr. Hamlin, who was humming, in a heart-broken way, "*Yes, we must part,*" varied by occasional glances of exaggerated reproach at Pete, and said, as he shouldered the valise:

"Dis yer ain't no woman foolishness, Mars Jack, like down at dat yar Mission?"

"Your suggestion, Peter," returned Jack, with dignity, "emanates from a moral sentiment debased by love-feasts and camp meetings, and an intellect weakened by rum and gum and the contact of lager beer jerkers. It is worthy of a short-card sharp and a keno flopper, which I have, I regret to say, long suspected you to be. Farewell! You will stay here until I come back. If I don't come back by the day after to-morrow come to One Horse Gulch. Pay the bill and don't knock down for yourself more than seventy-five per cent. Remember I am getting old and feeble. You are yet young, with a brilliant future before you. Git!"

He tossed a handful of gold on the bed, adjusted his hat carefully over his curls, and stole from the room. In the lower hall he stopped long enough to take aside Mr.

Raynor, and with an appearance of the greatest conscientiousness, to correct an error of two feet in the measurements he had given him that morning of an enormous pine tree, in whose prostrate trunk he, Mr. Hamlin, had once found a peaceful, happy tribe of one hundred Indians living. Then lifting his hat with marked politeness to Mrs. Raynor, and totally ignoring the presence of Mr. Raynor's mentor and companion, he leaped lightly into the buggy and drove away.

"An entertaining fellow," said Mr. Raynor, glancing after the cloud of dust that flew from the untarrying wheels of Mr. Hamlin's chariot.

"And so gentlemanly," smiled Mrs. Raynor.

But the journalistic conservator of the public morals of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, looked grave, and deprecated even that feeble praise of the departed.

"His class are a curse to the country. They hold the law in contempt; they retard by the example of their extravagance the virtues of economy and thrift; they are consumers and not producers; they bring the fair fame of this land into question by those who foolishly take them for a type of the people."

"But, dear me," said Mrs. Raynor, pouting, "where your gamblers and bad men are so fascinating, and your honest miners are so dreadfully murderous, and kill people and then sit down to breakfast with you as if nothing had happened, what are you going to do?"

The journalist did not immediately reply. In the course of some eloquent remarks, as unexceptionable in morality as in diction, which I regret I have not space to reproduce here, he, however, intimated that there was still an Unfettered Press, which "scintillated" and "shone" and "lashed" and "stung" and "exposed" and "tore away the veil," and became at various times a Palladium and a Watch-tower, and did and was a great many other remarkable things peculiar to an Unfettered Press in a pioneer community, when untrammeled by the enervating conditions of an effete civilization.

"And what have they done with the murderer?" asked Mr. Raynor, repressing a slight yawn.

"Taken him back to One Horse Gulch half an hour ago. I reckon he'd as lief stayed here," said a bystander. "From the way things are pintin', it looks as if it might be putty lively for him up thar!"

"What do you mean?" asked Raynor, curiously.

"Well, two or three of them old Vigilantes from Angel's passed yer a minit ago with their rifles, goin' up that way," returned the man, lazily. "Mayn't be nothin' in it, but it looks mighty like—"

"Like what?" asked Mr. Raynor, a little nervously.

"Lynchin'!" said the man.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVE AND LIFE WERE ONE."

Much have I mused, if love and life were one,
How blest were love! how beautiful were life!
That now, so oft, are alien, or at strife;
Though each, in bitter wise, makes secret moan
Of lamentation—knowing well its own;
Each seeking each, yet evermore apart;
Here—saddest of the twain—the loving heart,
And there the loveless life. Ah! thus alone,
Existence, empty of its chief delight,
Creeps dully onward to the weary close;
And—like some plant shut up in rayless night—
Love pales and pines,—that, in Life's Summer sun
Had bloomed and flourished like the garden rose.
Would God, I sigh, that love and life were one!

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

I shall strait conduct ye to a hill-side where I will point ye out the right path of a noble and virtuous education.—*Milton's Tract on Education.*

Hancock College might have been the title of this paper had the political friends of Governor Hancock controlled both branches of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, when a name was given to the new Institution in "the vague Orient of Down East." Only one House, however, voted the compliment to that worthy, and the name agreed upon was that of his successor, Governor James Bowdoin. The latter was of French and Huguenot ancestry, and traced his descent from Baldwin, Count of Flanders. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1745. A few years later he took his seat in the Legislature, and soon after became a member of the Council. He was one of the Committee who prepared the answer to the Colonial Governor's arguments in defense of the right of Great Britain to tax the people of the Province. He was chosen a delegate to the first Congress, Philadelphia, and in 1775 was chairman of the meeting of the citizens in which it was decided to surrender their arms to General Gage, provided that officer would allow them to leave the city without molestation. Head of the Massachusetts Council, and President of the Convention which adopted the Constitution of that State, it was fitting that he should be called to the chief magistracy of the commonwealth; and likewise that he should participate in the deliberations of the Convention which agreed to the proposed Constitution for the Federal Union. Parallel with Gov. Bowdoin's political engagements was his literary life. He was a member of various societies abroad, and the first President of the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences. In its Transactions appear several papers which the Governor read before the Society, and his correspondence with Benjamin Franklin was likewise published. The college thus bears the name of one who was a scholar and patriot in troublous times, when learning and liberty were imperiled.

In the College Gallery hangs a portrait of Governor Bowdoin, in which His Excellency stands with serene dignity, dressed in a coat of a bronze shade of velvet, and a pearl-colored satin waistcoat embroidered with gold thread, together with wig, breeches, lace ruffles, and all the imposing items of a full dress of the period. Nor does the "gloss of satin" of the Governor's wife (in a companion picture) dim the fine gold of the Chief Magistrate's magnificence. The Governor's son, James, who was at one time Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, was the special patron and benefactor of the college.

The local habitation no less than the name of the college was for some time a matter of discussion. Portland and other towns contended for the honor, but Brunswick, on the Androscoggin, was finally selected by way of compromise. While the colonies were yet subject to Great Britain, the proposition to found a college in the eastern section of the Province was considered to some extent, but the first practical suggestion, on record, emanated from the Cumberland Association of Ministers in 1788. That body was joined by the County Court of Sessions in petitioning the Massachusetts Legislature to grant a charter for a college to be located in Cumberland County. Two years later, a Committee of the General Court reported favorably on the petition, and in March, 1791, the Senate passed a bill incorporating "The Maine College," to be established at Gorham, near Portland, but the House refused to concur. The next Legislature, however, granted the charter for "Bowdoin" College. Various delays ensued, and the conclusion of the matter was deferred till June 24, 1794, when the bill was approved by Governor Samuel Adams. The date of incorporation thus places Bowdoin among the oldest colleges of the country, sixteen only out of the great number in the land being its seniors. The State donated to the College five townships of land in the wilds of Maine; but it was found difficult to realize on the property, as the choicer territory had been promptly appropriated by previous beneficiaries of the State. A lack of money consequently delayed the formal opening of the college; a want which has followed it all the days of its life.

James Bowdoin recognized the pressing need of the Institution, and gave money and lands to the value of several thousand dollars. But appeals to the friends of the college were not fruitful in large returns. The financial outlook was not inspiring; nevertheless, good courage and hard work made the past secure, and saved to Bowdoin its future, though it was not till 1802 that the first class was admitted. Meanwhile the corporation held regular and special meetings, at which the course of debate seems to have run no more smoothly than in the traditional experience of such bodies. Their deliberations resulted in fixing on the site of the proposed buildings. On these grounds there was erected a three-story brick building; but the process of construction was attended by vexatious delays, and the unfinished walls were the object of many a jest, and the basis of prophecies which happily have been disappointed. At length the Corporation felt justified in making choice of a President of Bowdoin, and the Rev. Joseph McKeen, pastor of Beverly, Mass., was selected. The President-elect was a graduate of Dartmouth (1774), and had commended himself to public regard by his wise, devout and successful administration of the pastoral charge.

John Abbott, A. M., a Harvard graduate, was chosen at the same time Professor of Languages. The first Thursday in September, 1802, witnessed the inauguration of the President and his associate. At the early hour of eight on Inauguration Day the Corporation assembled in the College House, and first of all voted to call that building "Massachusetts Hall." On adjourning, the Corporation and the invited guests proceeded to a grove of pines (in rear of the present line of college buildings), where the simple but impressive ceremonies of inducting the President-elect were witnessed by an interested and curious throng.

The old oak under which the class-day exercises are held sprang from an acorn which dropped from a wreath that decorated the chapel on that festal morning. In justice to a much maligned order of humanity, it should be stated that the tree which has flourished so magnificently was planted by a Freshman! On the day succeeding the inauguration eight men were admitted to college, one of whom came from Boston, six days' journey distant by the "lightning express" of the time. The young traveler, like Wordsworth's wanderer, would meet "perplexing labyrinths, abrupt precipitations, and untoward straits" on his way to examination terrors. The only compensation would consist in the abundant time thus afforded for strengthening the weak points in his "fit."

The Corporation directed that a dwelling-house of wood should be erected for the use of President McKeen. Pending its completion, the President and family were obliged to live in Massachusetts Hall during several weeks; and so it came to pass that, for a time, officers, students, chapel, recitation rooms—in short, the entire establishment was sheltered by a single roof. There are many amusing traditions concerning this novel blending of family and academic life. The President's cane, rapping on the stairs, summoned the men to prayers and recitation. Each student's room in turn was occupied by the classes for recitation, and every man was expected to bring his chair with him. An experience with the unyielding benches of later days makes those primitive appointments seem luxurious indeed. It may readily be imagined, likewise, that the discipline of those weeks was alarmingly prompt. With the Faculty but a few yards away, even the most reckless offenders were restrained.

In 1805 Parker Cleaveland (Harvard, 1799), a man who was to fill a large space in the annals of Bowdoin, and a high position in the world of science, was chosen instructor in mathematics and natural philosophy. His father was a physician of Essex County, Massachusetts, and a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. Graduating at Harvard University, "the best general scholar in his class," he had served as tutor at Cambridge, and came to Bowdoin with a high reputation. He was elected by the Corporation on the nomination of Professor John Abbott, who had been deputed to find a suitable candidate, and who did not "fix," as he expressed it, till he had made "extensive inquiries." The Commencement of 1806 was the only occasion of the kind on which President McKeen presided. He saw one class complete its course, and then came failing health and death. During his administration of five years, there was a decided advance in all the departments of the college. Maine Hall was begun, the number of students increased, and the experiment of supporting a college in the district of Maine was successfully inaugurated. President McKeen governed and instructed with admirable judgment and unquestioned ability, and his death was a grave loss to the college, and to the community at large.

The "sere and yellow" programme of the first graduating exercises shows that every man had a part, while the Salutatorian was twice blessed, the Faculty assigning to him two parts. This first graduating class numbered seven. Among the students of this period were Charles Stewart Davies, subsequently an eminent lawyer, and Nathan Lord, for so many years President of Dartmouth College. A "mass meeting" of Bowdoin students in 1806 would have aggregated twenty-one men, provided there were no absentees.

GENERAL VIEW OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

The Rev. Jesse Appleton (Dartmouth, 1792) succeeded President McKeen, and was inaugurated in December, 1807. Early in President Appleton's term, a grant was obtained from the Legislature at a time of special necessity. James Bowdoin died in 1811, and bequeathed to the college his choice library, a large collection of minerals (arranged by Haüy), a gallery of paintings and valuable apparatus. The Rev. William Jenks, a graduate of Harvard, was appointed Professor of the Oriental and English languages. These and other accessions to the prosperity of the college made President Appleton's administration of twelve years a memorable period in its history. The more distinguished graduates under Dr. Appleton were George Evans, afterward a United States Senator from Maine; the late John A. Vaughn, Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Divinity School at Philadelphia; Rufus Anderson, for many years associated with the American Board of Missions, and Alpheus S. Packard, who was appointed tutor at Bowdoin in 1819, and has been a member of the Faculty since that date—fifty-seven years of devoted service. For forty years Professor Packard was in the chair of Greek and Latin, and during the last few years has been the Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. Addressed to his old instructor, Professor Packard, were certain lines in Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus" (a poem prepared for the semi-centennial of his class, and recited by him at the last Bowdoin Commencement). After speaking of the teachers who had led their "bewildered feet through learning's maze," the poet continues:

> "They are no longer here; they are all gone
> Into the land of shadows—all save one.
> Honor and reverence, and the good repute
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto him whom living we salute."

JOSEPH MCKEEN, FIRST PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN.

In 1819 the second President of Bowdoin died, and in the choice of a successor the Corporation looked again to Dartmouth. The Rev. William Allen, a graduate of Harvard, and at the time President of the Dartmouth University (as it was then called), accepted the appointment as successor of President Appleton.

Dr. Appleton was the model President—learned, devout, guileless, laborious, fearless, gracious. Of commanding presence, he was of more commanding character. President Appleton's Works, edited by Professor Packard, contain many of the sermons and addresses delivered to the students, and these illustrate his clear, strong style, and felicitous adaptation of religious truth to college men. Like Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde,

> "Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught, but first he folwed it himselve."

Associated with President Allen was another Harvard man (most of the earlier appointments were of Cambridge graduates), Prof. Samuel P. Newman. Before this he had been tutor. His department at first was that of Greek and Latin; in 1824 he became Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Sixty editions of Prof. Newman's Rhetoric have made his name familiar to the country; though many may have missed the record of his "innocency of life," elegant culture, and unsparing energy as a teacher and officer.

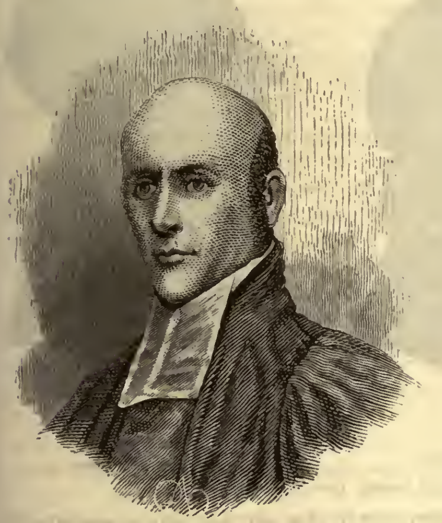
Nineteen years the President and Professor worked together at Bowdoin, and in the same year retired from office; one passed to private life at Northampton, the other to a bed of languishing, and a premature death. Hard work kills few men in these days, but the disinterested and bountiful service of earlier generations was sometimes offered at a costly price.

This era in Bowdoin history was signalized by the opening of the Maine Medical School in connection with the College. Dr. Nathan Smith, Dr. John D. Wells, and Dr. John Delemater were the first Professors. Dr. Smith's name is especially eminent in the profession, and gave to the School at the outset a prominence which it has never lost. An incident shows of what stuff Dr. Smith was made. When he began his career as a Medical Professor (at Dartmouth), certain individuals planned a practical joke which it was expected would entirely demoralize the young instructor. A messenger summoned him to set a broken limb, but on reaching the house the Doctor found that the patient was a goose, whose leg had been broken by some sharp-shooting *gamin*. The "friends" of the "patient" looked to see the Doctor beat a hasty retreat; but he gravely examined the fracture, opened his case, set and bound the limb, promised to call the next day, and bade them good evening. The Doctor duly appeared in the morning and for several succeeding days, till he pronounced the "patient" in a fair way of recovery. At his last visit, Dr. Smith produced a bill of considerable dimensions, and the "family" found that their little joke had cost them dearly. The level-headed Professor escaped further intrusions. From its establishment the Medical College has stood foremost among the "country" schools.

The college had soon outgrown the one building of President McKeen's day, and other structures had overshadowed it. The Faculty was augmented by the appointment of Professors William Smyth and Thomas C. Upham. The Academical students numbered nearly one hundred, while the Medical classes were large from the first. The elastic apartments of Massachusetts Hall received the Medical School, temporarily as it was supposed, but in fact for a tenancy of forty years. As if made of the fabled material, that building grew with the needs of the college.

The names of Smyth and Upham are firmly inwoven in the history of Bowdoin. Prof. Smyth graduated in the class of 1822, of which Chief Justice Appleton of Maine, United States Senator James Bell of New Hampshire, and Dr. D. Humphreys Storer of the Harvard Medical School, were members. He was a tutor for two years, and was then advanced to the Assistant Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He succeeded Prof. Cleaveland in that department in 1828, and continued in it till his death forty years afterward. Professor Smyth was a soldier in the war of 1812, then a clerk in a mercantile house, and in consequence his preparation for college was delayed, and made a matter of peculiar difficulty. His studies came after the day's work was over, and when most boys would have thought only of rest. But out of this "hardness" grew a sturdy, inflexible purpose, and a robust character. He was remarkably successful as a Tutor in Mathematics, and, strange to relate, a class which had finished the regular course in algebra (that usually unpopular study) asked him to hear them in an extra recitation. This surely was an extraordinary compliment, for one year in algebra generally satisfies the most exacting taste.

Professor Smyth had a genuine love for mathematics, and even found use for the study as a narcotic, for after midnight expeditions in search of raiding Sophomores, he would quiet his nerves by plunging into the *Mécanique céleste* or some other light work. His first publication, a work on Plain Trigonometry, was speedily adopted as a text-book at Harvard and other institutions; while his Algebra, Analytical Geometry, and Calculus were standard works. The harder the problem, the greater his delight; and when his students saw the fatal words, "It is easy to see," standing in the midst of a tough proposition, they knew that something exceptionally intricate was at hand. In his enthusiasm, Professor Smyth would discourse of "the poetry of mathematics" at points where his pupils could but faintly enjoy those felicities.



REV. JESSE APPLETON, SECOND PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN.

Professor Upham was a graduate of Dartmouth and Andover Theological Seminary, and was for a time assistant to Moses Stuart, Professor of Hebrew in that Divinity School. For a single year he was pastor of a church in Rochester, N. H., and resigned his charge to instruct in moral and mental philosophy at Bowdoin. He soon issued the first of his extended series of publications. His treatise on Mental Philosophy was read in England and Germany, and criticised favorably by foreign scholars. He invariably gave a theological cast to his speculations, and there was a religious tone throughout his volume that separated it from kindred works. That threefold division of the mind into the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will—which his classes are not likely to forget—was made very prominent by Professor Upham, if, indeed, it were not his original conception, as many have claimed. There are not many things hard to be understood in his writings; surely his were the gift and grace of simplicity in a department where many have chosen to speak in riddles, or in sentences which successfully conceal ideas. In the forty-three years of Professor Upham's teaching, no student ever went away sorrowful because he could not grasp the Professor's propositions, or comprehend his theory of the mind. "The Interior Life," "The Life of Faith," "The Life of Madame Guyon," and his other volumes, to the number of twenty or more, have found a wide circle of readers.

The more conspicuous graduates of President Allen's time were William Pitt Fessenden, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sergeant S. Prentiss, John P. Hale, Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, Jacob Abbott, John S. C. Abbott, John A. Andrew, William Allen of Girard College, Samuel Harris, Henry B. Smith, George L. Prentiss and George B. Cheever. This simple enumeration is a striking commentary on the character of the Bowdoin alumni. Longfellow entered college at the beginning of the Sophomore year, and was at once prominent in his class for his finished recitations, genial and gentle manners, refined tastes and exquisite poetic gift,—for some of his sweetest short productions were written and published while he was in college. One of the class recalls a poetical composition of Longfellow's on the Seasons, in which the poet's tender and graceful imagination finds full play. After fifty years the classmate remembers the lines:

> "Summer is past, and autumn, hoary sire,
> Leans on the breast of winter to expire."

There was a musical club in college of which Longfellow was a member. His instrument, very appropriately, was the flute. One can but fancy that the echoes of that "concord of sweet sounds" have floated down to us, blending with the harmonious measures of his verse.

The Commencement programme of 1825 contains this announcement:

> "Oration: Native Writers.
> Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
> Portland."

The original subject was "The Life and Writings of Chatterton," but that title is

George B. Cheever. Jno. S. C. Abbott. Henry W. Longfellow.

BOWDOIN SOUVENIRS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

erased, and “Native Writers” substituted in Professor Cleaveland's handwriting. When he selected that first subject, did the young poet dream of those golden days when his successors would discourse of the life and writings of Longfellow, and his fame, like Dante's, be “blown about from all the heights, through all the nations?” After Longfellow's name in the triennial catalogue are recorded the degrees he has received from Bowdoin, Harvard, Cambridge, and Oxford Universities, together with the list of his professorships, and titles of membership in certain historical societies. A few lines above, in the class list, stands the simple entry:

“* Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. 1864, 60.”

Hathorne (as the name was spelled in college, and by himself till later in life), was a shy, morbidly sensitive young man, who often “took a dead” in his recitations, but stood first in the class as a writer. In the preface to “The Snow Image” (a book dedicated to his classmate, Horatio Bridge), Hawthorne recalls the days at a “country college,” when the “two idle lads” fished in the “shadowy little stream wandering riverward through the forest,” “shot gray squirrels,” “picked blueberries in study hours,” or “watched the logs tumbling in the Androscoggin.” The author's college life was prophetic of the after years, when he so dwelt apart from the mass of men, and yet stirred so deeply the world's sensibilities and delighted its fancy. His themes were written in the sustained, finished style that gives to his mature productions an inimitable charm. The late Professor Newman, his instructor in rhetoric, was so impressed with Hawthorne's powers as a writer, that he not infrequently summoned the family circle to share in the enjoyment of reading his compositions. The recollection is very distinct of Hawthorne's reluctant step and averted look, when he presented himself at the Professor's study, and with girlish diffidence submitted a composition which no man in his class could equal. He had few intimates among the students. One of his special friends was Franklin Pierce, in the class above him, and this fellowship lasted till that early morning among the New Hampshire hills, when the Ex-President saw the fading moonlight tenderly resting on Hawthorne's dead face. When the class was graduated Hawthorne could not be persuaded to join them in having their profiles cut in paper, the only class picture of the time; nor did he take part in the Commencement exercises. His classmates understood that he intended to be a writer of romance, but none anticipated his remarkable development and enduring fame. It seems strange that among his admirers no one has offered him a fitting tribute by founding the Hawthorne Professorship of English Literature in the college, where, under the tutelage of the accomplished and appreciative Pro fessor Newman, he was stimulated to cultivate his native gift.

John P. Hale, for so many years a leading member of the United States Senate, did not especially distinguish himself as a scholar, but his genial wit made him a general favorite. His jokes had vitality enough to survive the many college generations that have succeeded him. In his Latin not infrequently the author's meaning escaped him, but it was strangely clear to him when he edified the class by rendering Horace's saying: "*Dimidium facti, qui coepit, habet*" ("Well begun; half done"). "He that is well lathered is half shaved."

John Albion Andrew, the Massachusetts War Governor, is remembered by a college friend as exhibiting, when an undergraduate, the same self-poise and confidence which carried him through trying exigencies in that awful crisis. Andrew was "an honest, frank, pure-minded lad," interested in the reforms of the day; and an oration before the Peace Society is recalled, in which his easy indifference in passing from his notes to an "off-hand talk" impressed many experienced speakers who were his auditors. In the dark days, Andrew's "off-hand talks" followed many a Massachusetts regiment into the flame and fury of the fight, or welcomed it back again with grand words for the living and tearful praises for the dead. The Bowdoin catalogue is so rich in suggestive names that others must dwell upon the many college histories which were presageful of subsequent distinctions.

In many regards President Allen's administration was a memorable one, and into his retirement he carried the respect and esteem which are the desert of sincere and laborious service. His friends were grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. Judged by the practical test of the number and character of the graduates and the general progress of the college, the President's term of service was highly fruitful.

The Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., a son of the eminent professor and theologian of that name, and himself a professor at the Bangor Seminary, was the fourth President of Bowdoin. Dr. Woods had translated Knapp's Theology, and done other work which evinced the culture and vigor needed by a college president. In his letter of resignation in 1866, Dr. Woods congratulated himself on the fact that there had at least been "no retrograde" in the college affairs during the twenty-seven years of his official connection with it. A review of that administration, so far as it is necessary to make any, shows that he was justified in that modest claim. His taste in architecture is reflected in the graceful chapel which was built, in a long time and for a long time, from the plans of the senior Upjohn. The audience-room is elaborately decorated, and forms a striking interior. The panels, according to the original design, are to be filled on either side with paintings representing scenes in the Old and New Testament history, and several pictures have been finished, while the vacant spaces are a continual suggestion to graduates and visitors. An exceptional subject was selected by the class of '66, who commissioned an artist to fill a panel with a copy of "St. Michael and the Dragon." In his anxiety to complete his engagement as speedily as possible, the painter approached President Woods with the request that he be permitted to work on Sundays. "Oh, no! that will never do," replied Dr. Woods. "People will certainly think that the Dragon has got the upper hand."

In rear of the audience-room of the Chapel is the spacious apartment occupied by the College Library. Immediately above the Library is the Picture Gallery, while in one of the "wings" of the building are the Library and Collections of the Maine Historical Society. In the vestibule are placed several slabs from Nineveh, the gift of an alumnus, which are said to be very desirable specimens.

ANDROSCOGGIN FALLS, BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

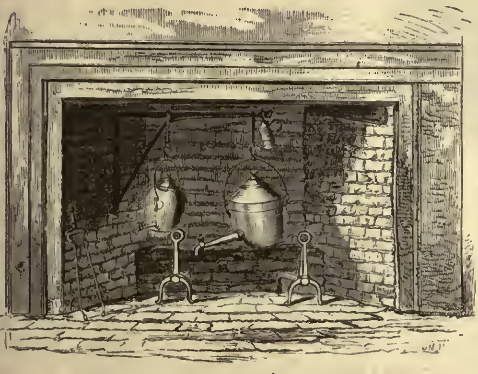
Another building erected in Dr. Woods's time is occupied by the Medical School, and is known as Adams Hall. The Hall

BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1830.

was formally opened in 1862 by a delightful and impressive address from the President, and has since afforded most convenient facilities for the study and illustration of the science. Those present at the dedication of Adams Hall missed the figure of Parker Cleaveland, who died without the sight of the new departure of the Medical School. In the autumn of 1858 the Professor was stricken down and died at his post. Fifty-three years of work in Bowdoin had made him the "genius of the place" in the sphere of his teaching and oversight; while varied honors from home and foreign institutions bore witness to the important work of "the Father of American Mineralogy," as he was often called. An accident directed Professor Cleaveland's special attention to the study of mineralogy. Some laborers in blasting near the river upturned what looked like gold and precious stones, and hurried to the Professor's room with their treasure. To their anxious inquiry he returned a diplomatic response, being in doubt as to the quality of the specimens, and subsequently forwarded the minerals to Professor Dexter of Harvard University, who confirmed Professor Cleaveland's analysis, and in return sent to Bowdoin selections from his own cabinet. At a felicitous moment, Professor Cleaveland printed a work on Mineralogy, which was warmly praised by leading scientists in this country and in Europe. Humboldt, Sir David Brewster, Sir Humphrey Davy, Baron Cuvier, the Abbé Haüy, and many others, welcomed him to the fraternity of investigators, and invitations to teach in the leading colleges of the country showed the home appreciation of his remarkable abilities. Nor did the Professor pass by the science of chemistry; in that department, likewise, he was a proficient. Besides the regular lectures in college he gave courses of popular addresses, fully illustrated, in the towns of the State. A slight drawback to these scientific excursions deserves to be recorded. The Professor's apparatus was moved from town to town by a yoke of oxen. His appearances, therefore, were few and far between; and these visits of enlightenment were finally abandoned. In later years, he devoted less attention to mineralogy, making chemistry his specialty. Year after year, the classes were delighted with his lectures and the accompanying experiments, which he always introduced in a manner that impressed upon every student the importance of the topic under discussion. The most brilliant illustrations were given with a solemn air, which reminded the class that they were dealing with mysterious matters. The Professor seemed at times to stand in awe of his own success with the cumbersome apparatus of his laboratory, and frowned upon any semblance of levity in the presence of nature's subtle activities. As a memorial to Professor Cleaveland, old Massachusetts Hall has been remodeled, and the upper stories have been made over into a cabinet-room, in which are placed the Professor's collections. On the first floor the lecture-room is preserved as he used it, with its deep fire-place, crane, and kettles, wherein were once concocted so many ill-savored mixtures. This enlargement and improvement of Massachusetts Hall was the filial offering of the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston. At the opening of the Cleaveland Cabinet, Nehemiah Cleaveland, of the class of 1813 (the Professor's kinsman), gave a most eloquent and felicitous address. The sum of the many eulogies testified to Professor Cleaveland's unsurpassed record as a teacher and lecturer, and his faithfulness unto the end. The memorial address by Dr. Woods ranks among the choicest utterances of American orators.

"Bowdoin in the War" is the title of a voluminous summary in the Maine Adjutant-General's Report for the closing year of the rebellion. The Memorial Hall (incomplete within, but massive and imposing in its exterior) commemorates the death of forty-one Bowdoin men out of the two hundred and sixty-six whom the college sent to the front. The Roll of Honor includes names which the Republic remembers with gratitude, and which Alma Mater will never cease to cherish. The several armies and squadrons were the richer for the courage and endurance of Bowdoin men, and the pivotal battle of Gettysburg might have gone against the Union Army had not Howard stood at Cemetery Hill, and Chamberlain and others fought desperately to drive back the yet more desperate foe. One of the foremost soldiers from Bowdoin, General Chamberlain, was Governor of Maine for several terms, and is now President of the College.

Since Dr. Woods's retirement from office, he has been engaged in literary projects whose fruit has been of great value. His labors in developing the rich vein of the early New England history—more especially the first settlements on the coast—have been an important contribution to the Historical Society of Maine, and to students in general.


PROFESSOR CLEAVELAND'S FIRE-PLACE.

The Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D. (Bowdoin, 1835), formerly Professor at Bangor Seminary, and now in Yale Theological School, was President for the four years succeeding Dr. Woods's resignation, and then the sixth and present President of Bowdoin was inaugurated. Dr. Harris's reputation as a profound scholar and theologian was enhanced by his residence in Brunswick, and his resumption of a life-long course of study and instruction was a renewed gain to the denomination of which he is a leader. President Chamberlain was, in former years, an accomplished Professor in Bowdoin, and at his accession there was a new emphasis given to scientific study, while the classics have held their old time position. By Dr. Harris's side, when he was President, fell "the indomitable and uncompromising Smyth," after forty years' work in the college, and four years later died Thomas C. Upham, another veteran servant of Bowdoin. Professor Smyth was fatally attacked while at work in the Memorial Hall, which he had planned, and which he had labored to make an enduring embodiment of the patriotic memories of the Alumni. Professor Upham, released from duty, slowly dying away from the scenes of his life-work, lies near his associate, in the shadow of the college pines. Both were links to the swiftly receding past of Bowdoin: one strong, incisive, aggressive, great-hearted; the other shrinking, conciliatory, persuasive, "a wonderful combination of weakness and strength;" one too intense and direct to move except on straight lines; while for the other a natural law was

PROFESSOR PARKER CLEAVELAND.

graciously suspended, insomuch that for him a curved line was the shortest distance between two points. These extremes met in their unshaken devotion to the college. Professor Smyth collected in person a large proportion of the amount expended on the Memorial Hall, and Professor Upham, in the course of his long service, secured nearly seventy thousand dollars for Bowdoin. The memorial addresses by Professor Packard on his colleagues develop facts which the alumni of the college may well study for lessons in practical loyalty to Alma Mater.

PROFESSOR CLEAVELAND ON THE LECTURE PATH.

The Bowdoin of to-day misses a humble retainer (a native of the Isle of Guernsey) who was the general factotum of the college for a quarter of a century, and who wore "the grand old name" of Diogenes. The Freshmen cemented their friendship with the sphinx-like "Curt" by paying the annual tax he imposed, while those who resisted the levy found his "ways dark," and his "tricks vain." He had inherited a little money, which he invested in books. His library was stowed away in boxes amid the rubbish of his den, and from these and other sources he gained a smattering of information which was his working capital among the unsophisticated. The first picture the students obtained of his grim features was taken on the wing, the photographer lying in ambush near the sage's hut. It was a hideous likeness, and finally his vanity came to the rescue of the students, and the excellent photograph from which we engrave our portrait was the result. An air of mystery hung about him which was never wholly dispelled, and the old man's grave (to which Faculty and students alike followed his remains) hides more than any one knows.

The Library and Picture Gallery are first in order in making the circuit of the college. The Library in quality and size is among the foremost of college collections. The fund for increasing it has been small, but the generosity of its friends has supplied its need. The first noticeable addition was James Bowdoin's private library of four thousand volumes, which included publications on the French and American revolutions, and a large number of works in literature and science by French and Spanish authors. Thomas Wallcut, of Boston, presented several hundred volumes, among them Eliot's Indian Bible, Tyndale's Bible, and other rare books. The Vaughn library of twelve hundred volumes, collected by a wealthy West Indian planter, furnished the college with the proceedings of various societies and academies abroad and in this country. General Knox, of the Revolution, gave several volumes. Professor Longfellow has contributed his own works, and the Pisa edition of the early Italian poets. Professor Alexander Agassiz has presented the foreign publications of his father. Mr. Ezra Abbott, of Harvard, has remembered his Alma Mater in gifts which reflect his rare taste and generosity alike, while the public documents, which form a valuable reference library, are fully represented. Across the hall the Maine Historical Library supplements the college collection; while in Maine Hall the literary societies have several thousand volumes available to the students. The Medical Library, modern and quite complete, affords an additional resource. These libraries contain in the aggregate about thirty-five thousand volumes.

The Picture Gallery has on exhibition the paintings purchased by Mr. Bowdoin in Europe, at a time when needy princes were sacrificing choice works of art and other articles of *vertu*. Various schools are represented. Fine copies (if they be not originals) from Titian, Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, and originals by Hogarth and other eminent painters, make the Bowdoin Gallery exceedingly valuable. Gilbert Stuart came here to copy his portraits of Jefferson and Madison, and left his impressions of the treasure the college had obtained through Mr. Bowdoin's munificence.

The cabinets consist of the Cleaveland and Haüy collections of minerals; the Shattuck conchological and Cushman ornithological collections; the Blake herbarium, and the anatomical museum. The Cleaveland cabinet is rich in New England minerals, and from sources now exhausted, and by reason of exchanges, or recent additions in other ways, is well supplied with material for illustrating natural history. The anatomical cabinet is furnished with frozen sections prepared by Dr. Thomas Dwight, and that Professor has also added other valuable preparations. The original museum consisted of specimens procured in Paris, and the entire collection abounds in those ghastly treasures which so gladden the eye of science.

"DIOGENES."

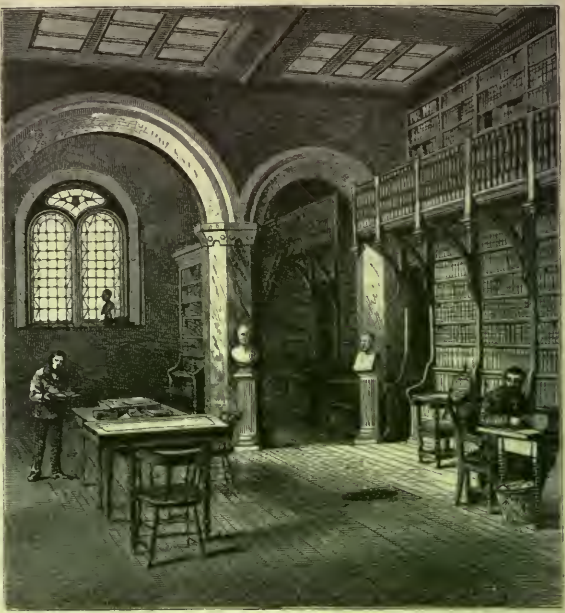
The regular curriculum of the college embraces the classical, the scientific, and the engineering departments. The standard of admission was high at the outset, and has never been lowered. The names of rejected

A MAY TRAINING AT BOWDOIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

candidates for admission to Bowdoin, who have found an asylum in other colleges, would make an extended appendix to the triennial catalogue. Harvard College was the pattern at the beginning, and Bowdoin has kept pace with her, at least in the strict requirements for entrance, and in demanding a full measure of work during the course. A Bowdoin diploma has never been a "glittering generality," and the college has preferred that its graduates should be "weighed," and not simply counted. Beneficiary funds, with quite a number of scholarships, facilitate the progress of poor men. The conventional prizes for composition, declamation, and thorough scholarship, are a further aid, and the tuition charges are very moderate.

The gymnasium and military drill are offered to the choice of the men, and unless the student has been excused for physical or other disability, he is obliged to exercise in one of these ways. A United States army officer is the instructor in tactics for those who prefer that form of physical culture. Base ball and boating receive a proportionate degree of attention. The Bowdoin nine are champions of the State, and the boating record (which includes three races at Springfield and Saratoga), if not marked by victories, has shown that the Bowdoin colors will one day come to the front. No one who saw her boat lead for two miles at Springfield, and then, with one man totally disabled, beat two of the six crews at the finish, can doubt that she will always be a formidable antagonist. Plans for a new boat-house are under consideration, and the class races show that the Bowdoin navy is a permanent feature among the college institutions. The class of '73 has presented an elegant silver cup to the navy to be contended for at the class races. The '77 crew were the first winners in October last. The field day programme also testifies to the athletic accomplishments of the men. The college supports two papers, "The Orient," published fortnightly, and "The Bugle," which appears annually, and contains the list of the various societies, clubs, and general statistics. The Phi Beta Kappa Chapter at Bowdoin has been long established. The secret societies represented are the Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Zeta Psi, and Theta Delta Chi, and the chapters were established in the order mentioned.

The endowment of the college has recently been increased by subscriptions amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. The Corporation consists of two branches: the Trustees and the Overseers, and the alumni are now empowered to nominate one-half of the Overseers. Bowdoin has come to realize (with other colleges) that the surest way to secure the co-operation of the graduates is to invite them to a share in the oversight of its affairs. It is a sorry comment on her nurture of her children that a college is afraid to trust them with a voice and a vote. Many colleges suffer from the imputation that they are only "local" institutions. Bowdoin is national; not only in the dispersion of its alumni, who are at work in every State and Territory, but as well in its present membership, for the North and the West, as well as the East, are represented among the undergraduates. In former years the South sent quite a number of men to Bowdoin. Its real accessibility refutes the notion which formerly obtained, that the college was as far removed from the centers as it could well be. Fifteen hours only from New York, and connected with various points in New England,



THE BOWDOIN LIBRARY.

Brunswick is conveniently located for the college men. The environments of the institution are peculiarly attractive. Three miles away lies Casco Bay, with its hundreds of islands, and scenery which has been likened to that of the Mediterranean. Orr's Island, which a romance has made familiar to American readers, with its magnificent outlooks, abounds in picturesque views which are unsurpassed on the Maine coast. Inland, the country is exceptionally beautiful. These delightful surroundings incidentally contribute to the attractions of Bowdoin. The town of Brunswick, with its broad shaded streets, its mall, its regulation assortment of shops, is like most New England villages; while the river, with its grand falls and charming expanse, has delighted the successive generations of scholars and poets which Bowdoin has sent forth. The College Campus comprises twenty or more acres, bordered by wide lines of hedge and shrubbery, and so diversified as to form a rich setting for the several halls. In the days when the State required every man capable of bearing arms, and not exempt, to appear on a certain day equipped for inspection and drill, the students invariably had a mock "May training" on this ample parade-ground. On this momentous morning there was an amazing diversity of uniform, from the commander down to the meekest Freshman in the extreme rear rank. The tactics were at once extraordinary and impressive, while the addresses of those in command were marvelous forays on all known vocabularies. The law passed away, and with it the pomp and circumstance of the Bowdoin militia. Among the landmarks of the town are the Church on the Hill, where the Commencement exercises have been held for many years, and the Tontine Hotel, which has been the scene of class suppers and reunions so long that the memory of man (if he be not unreasonably old) runneth not to the contrary.

CUP OF THE BOWDOIN NAVY.

PRESIDENT CHAMBERLAIN.

Somewhere near is the spot where (if tradition be true) a Tory citizen in the time of the Revolution was visited with the wrath of the loyal town. It was voted to bury him, all save his head, and leave him to his sober second thought. The man fell into a swoon, and the alarmed executioners, supposing him dead, ran away, and left him to be rescued by his friends. In the volcanic eruption of Centennial facts this anecdote has been thrown to the surface.

The recent publication of the songs of Bowdoin reminds us that in 1840 an edition of "The Bowdoin Poets" was issued. The work contained poems by thirty-one different contributors, among them Longfellow, Claude Hemans, and Ephraim Peabody. In the preface the editor regrets that certain Bowdoin poets declined to furnish specimens of their verse. He mentions especially, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sergeant S. Prentiss. George B. Cheever, and Calvin E. Stowe. Amid the dreary wastes of college poetry there is found occasionally a gem, and these exceptional productions deserve a permanent place in our literature. The thirty-six years that have passed since the book was published have developed more "Bowdoin poets," and a new edition would be cordially welcomed.

The every-day life at Bowdoin is like that at most colleges. In their work and play students are much the same the land over. "Digs" and "college tramps," the "pale student" and the "fast man," classic "slang" and commonplace English, the traditional ways and customs of undergraduates, form the mixture called college life, be it at Bowdoin or elsewhere.

Bowdoin has one "peculiar institution," namely, the "Rope-Pull" between the Freshmen and Sophomores, which develops the latent muscle, and tests the grit of these irrepressible belligerents. The two classes rush from the chapel, seize the rope at either end, and under the impartial supervision of upper-class men, each undertakes to drag the opposing crowd. The usual result is in favor of the disciplined and doughty Sophomores, and the grand finale finds a Freshman or two madly clinging to the end of the rope as the victors rush across the Campus. The field of battle wears a grim look for days afterward, and is furrowed as though it had been upturned by that delicate instrument of the husbandman, the "subsoil plow."

"Early prayers" used to bring men out at daylight on shivery winter mornings, and the champion runner was he who could dress and get to his seat in the chapel after the "last alarm" had rung, a period of two minutes. College men recall the final plunge into the chapel of the last crowd of worshipers, whose disheveled locks and scant attire betokened that their slumbers had been very recently disturbed. The "cramming" of the undevout during the service, together with other distracting sights and sensations, made "early prayers" on a winter morning a very slight means of grace, and they have given place to devotions at a later hour.

The "Hold-in" was another form of the contest between the two lower classes. The "south wing" of the chapel was the hall for general meetings of the students, and when the business of the Committee of the Whole had been transacted, the motion to adjourn sent the Sophomores to form an arch around the door, while the Freshmen rushed to force their way out. Sophomore skirmishers would seize the on-coming Freshmen, and the mélée was suffered to continue long enough to give the upper classmen their needed recreation, and then the battered battalions would retire from the room in light marching order. It is remarkable that no fatal injury ever followed this rough encounter, and that the wounds of the combatants required the tailor's, and not the doctor's, needle. The "Hold-in" no longer exhilarates the looker-on in Brunswick, and the "south wing" is now used for strictly academic purposes.

The Bowdoin of the future will be wealthier, larger, more widely known, but it cannot surpass its past repute for wholesome instruction, a comprehensive course of study, and faithfulness to the traditions of its

THE "ROPE-PULL"—BOWDOIN.

"THE HOLD-IN"—BOWDOIN.

founders. In these luxuriant days, when "universities" spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, it is well that colleges like Bowdoin stand fast by the inherited principles of sound conservatism, refusing to adopt that policy of inflation which would darken the air with diplomas, and rain degrees upon the just and the unjust. When Bowdoin at the next Commencement counts her three-score years and ten, she at least may felicitate herself that she has never been left to persuade young men that "the right path of a noble and virtuous education" is anything less than long and laborious, although it be "full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side."

THE DEFOE FAMILY IN AMERICA.

Among my earliest recollections was a straight-backed, wooden-seated, uncomfortable chair, prized highly by its possessor as one of the two chairs which had been used by Daniel Defoe in his study in England. At the time I was acquainted with it, it was owned by Joseph Trimble, a lineal descendant of Elizabeth, sister of Daniel Defoe, and after his death it was presented by his brother James to the Historical Society of Delaware. My information in regard to it was obtained from different branches of the Defoe family, and from James Trimble's letter of presentation.

From Elizabeth, niece of Daniel Defoe, who came from England in 1718, down to his relatives of the present day, all the family, with a few exceptions, have lived within two miles of Brick Meeting-House, Cecil County, Maryland; all worshiped in the meeting-house which gives this village its name, and all, when called upon to pay the debt of nature, have been brought for interment to the burial-ground attached to this old meeting-house.

In order to explain how it was that his relatives came to be settled in this part of the New World, it will be necessary to go back to the year 1705, when Daniel Defoe, on account of his persistent writing upon the exciting subjects of the times, was compelled to seek an asylum under the roof of his widowed sister, Elizabeth Maxwell, in the city of London. Three years before, he had sent forth his "Shortest Way with Dissenters," for which he had suffered the pillory, fine, and imprisonment. It was on account of this article that the Government offered £50 for the discovery of his hiding-place. The proclamation, as tradition informs us, was worded very nearly thus:

"*Whereas*, Daniel Defoe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet entitled the 'Shortest Way with Dissenters:' (He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hook nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth: was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex;) whoever shall discover the said Daniel Defoe to one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State or any of Her Majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which Her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

On his release, he was again imprisoned for his political pamphlets, and through the influence of Lord Oxford was again liberated; but in his sister's home, secure from his political and pecuniary assailants, he continued to send forth his barbed arrows with impunity. A small room in the rear of the building was fitted up for his private study, and it was there his sister's only daughter (named, for herself, Elizabeth), who was five years of age when her uncle came to make his home with them, received her education under his teaching; and it was there that "Robinson Crusoe" was written, one year after his niece had left her home and him. Perhaps the comparative isolation he endured suggested the wonderful narrative to his mind.

The Defoes were all members of the Society of Friends, and attended a meeting designated by the odd name of "Bull and Mouth," which was often mentioned in the early annals of the Society.

At eighteen, Elizabeth contracted a matrimonial engagement, which was peremptorily broken off by her mother. This caused an alienation from all her friends, and she privately left her home and embarked for America. Being without funds, she bargained with the captain to be sold on her arrival, to reimburse him for her passage; accordingly, in the autumn of that year she, with a number of others, was offered for sale in Philadelphia, and Andrew Job, a resident of Cecil County, Maryland, happening to be in the city at the time, bought her for a term of years and brought her to his home.

In 1725 Elizabeth Maxwell became the wife of Thomas Job, son of Andrew; and now, being happily settled, she wrote to her mother and uncle, giving them the first information of her whereabouts. As soon as possible a letter came from her uncle, stating that her mother was dead, and that a large property, in addition to her mother's furniture, had been left to her by will in case she were ever found alive. An inventory of the goods sent accompanied the letter, and especial attention was solicited for the preservation of such articles as he had used in his private study, "as they had descended to the family from the Flemish ancestors, who sought refuge under the banner of Queen Elizabeth from the tyranny of Phillipe." He also apologized for the condition of two chairs, the wicker seats of which he had worn out and replaced by wooden ones. One of these is the chair presented to the Historical Society of Delaware, because it was in that city that the last thirty years of the business part of Joseph Trimble's life was spent; the other is in the possession of James Trimble.

Two aged maiden ladies, Ann and Hannah Kirk, whose mother was a great-great-niece of Daniel Defoe, and who have lived, ever since I can remember, in a pleasant home by themselves within sight of the Brick Meeting-House, have one of the chairs sent from England by Daniel Defoe, but of different pattern from the two used in his study. They informed me that the chairs were all made with a pocket-knife, and they certainly have that appearance.

All the letters received from her uncle were carefully preserved by Elizabeth until her death, which occurred on the 7th of September, 1782, at the age of eighty-two. One of her grandsons, Daniel Defoe Job, living near her, was almost constantly in her society. She took delight in relating reminiscences of her early days; of how she used to bother her uncle meddling with his papers, until he would expel her from his study. Daniel spoke of his grandmother as a little old yellow-looking woman, passionately fond of flowers, and retaining her activity of mind and body until the close of her life. Another of her grandsons, also named Daniel Job, died at a very advanced age, within my remembrance, and his funeral was the first I ever attended.

There was an Andrew Job, brother of this Daniel, a bachelor, who became a hermit, and for upward of fifty years lived entirely alone. The greater part of that time his home was in a forest belonging to his estate, about two miles from Brick Meeting-House. His little habitation consisted of two rooms, one above and one below, and I do not know that he ever left it during the whole time. He is said to have been very tall in youth; but when I saw him he was upward of eighty, and stooped much. His hair and beard were long, and of a reddish hue, and, though he was so old, but slightly gray. He scorned the style of clothing worn by men, and winter and summer was robed in a blanket, his only covering. Although a man of abundant means, he would not leave his retreat to provide the necessaries of life; and, since he would have but little to do with his relatives, they engaged some one in whom he had confidence to take his groceries to him. His wheat and corn he ground himself, by pounding. For a long time, my father, whom he had known for many years, went twice a year to take him such things as he required. I accompanied him once when a child, and was kindly treated by the recluse. I remember that he gave me a drink of cider, manufactured by himself, by pounding the apples and squeezing them through his hands. The goblet in which he presented it was a huge gourd, and he stirred the sugar in with his fingers. Children, as a general thing, are not very fastidious, and I did not slight the old man's hospitality.

After we had left him, and gone through his woods to the road, I found I had forgotten my sun-shade, which was about the dimensions of a good-sized saucer. I was loth to leave it behind me, and, at the same time, a little afraid to return for it; but my father re-assured me, and very gingerly I wound my way back to the door, where Andy stood holding it with a helpless expression of having something left upon his hands that bid fair to prove a burden. He handed it to me in perfect silence, and I received it at arm's length in the same lugubrious manner.

He did not, as a general thing, take kindly to visitors; they bothered him, coming to see him out of curiosity, and when he caught sight or sound of them, he hastened in-doors, and refused them entrance. He evinced but little curiosity as to the doings of the great world around him, from which he had withdrawn; though intelligent, he conversed but little, and that in a subdued tone, scarcely intelligible to one unaccustomed to it. He was upright and honorable in his dealings with my father, and seemed desirous of giving as little trouble as possible. He kept no money about him, but gave orders upon those who had his property in trust. He himself kept control of his forest, and not a stick did he allow any one to cut from it. He lived in this way, until a log, falling out of his fire-place, set his house on fire and burned it down, when he was compelled to live with his two nieces and his nephew, children of his brother Daniel, who were of middle age and unmarried. Here he remained eleven years, until his death, which occurred on the 1st day of April, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

In him were conspicuous the characteristics of the Defoe family, from Daniel down to the relatives of the present day,—remarkable longevity, a disposition to remain unmarried, or to marry late in life, and the indomitable independence of spirit which was so prominent in the character of Daniel Defoe, and of his niece Elizabeth.

He was very discontented for several years after he left his solitude; however, as years and infirmities wore upon him, he became more reconciled; but, until the time of his death, he occasionally spoke of going off again to live by himself.

It is a subject of regret that no likeness of him is in existence. A traveling photograph gallery once stopped for a short time in the road opposite his nephew's house. Andy took great pleasure in looking at it, and remarked that "it would be a nice little house for a man to live alone in if it was off the wheels;" but no persuasion could induce him to enter it.

Joseph and James Trimble, whose mother was a great-great niece of Daniel Defoe, lived at that time in a lonely, romantic place, half a mile from this village. Joseph was a bachelor; he was wealthy and eccentric, and made his home with his brother James, who was married, but childless. Their large old-time stone house, faultlessly clean inside and out, surrounded by lovely grounds, had an ancient, stately grandeur, seldom found in this changeful country. Like his maternal ancestors, James was passionately fond of flowers, and his beautiful gardens and green-house of choice plants were a great attraction to the rural neighborhood. Their home was a sweet, quiet, restful place, and he was a genial, intelligent, liberal man, never too busy to entertain even children with the properties and names of his pets. One great curiosity to the little folks was three distinct foot-prints on one of the rafters in the garret of his house. Whose were they, and how they came there, was the mystery. His idea was, and no doubt he was correct, that while the house was in process of building, over one hundred years before, and while the smooth rafters were lying on the ground, some one, perhaps an Indian, stepping in some indelible fluid, had walked on the rafter. They are the prints of a large flat foot, bare, each toe showing separately and distinctly, and each print as far apart as a tall man would naturally step.

CHAIR OF DANIEL DEFOE.

In my childhood, the walk to his place of a pleasant summer evening was too lovely to be forgotten. On passing up the one street of our village, and leaving the houses behind us, we ascended a gentle slope, crowned by the Friends' meeting-house, and looking in the evening light, surrounded by its willow and poplar sentinels, solemn and majestic—the very embodiment of peace and repose. Six roads meet near the meeting-house, and, taking the left-hand one, we turned abruptly round past the old log school-house, long since replaced by a more jaunty affair, then through the woods belonging to the meeting-house by a narrow brown path, fringed on each side by wiry grass, and leading across a stile into the most fragrant of pine woods; here the evening breeze whispered and sighed, and the soft turf was carpeted with wild strawberries and tiny wild flowers; then we climbed over another stile into another woods, which gently descended to a "run" (as we call it in Maryland; it would be called a "brook" in the North), crossed by the most rustic of little bridges, the air redolent with the perfume of wild flowers, and echoing with songs of the oriole and lark; then we followed the green lane up to the dwelling, where we were sure to have a kind reception. But time has changed much that was so pleasant; the march of improvement has leveled the pine woods. I doubt if the orioles, feeling the change, make the woods melodious with their singing notes; James Trimble and his family years ago removed to Pennsylvania, where Joseph died at a very advanced age, and where James still resides.

The tract of forty acres upon which the meeting-house stands was deeded to the Friends, or Quakers, by William Penn, to have and to hold forever, and the deed was confirmed by patent in 1765. When the State line was established between Pennsylvania and Maryland, subsequent to revolutionary war times, it cut through East and West Nottingham townships. The southern part was attached to Cecil County, and the inhabitants became citizens of Maryland. This was given under the great seal of the State of Maryland, on the 13th of February, 1792, as a confirmation of Penn's deed.

It is a beautiful property, and is known as East Nottingham Friends' Meeting (Hicksite). The first building upon the property was a log meeting-house, built in 1709. In 1724, it was purchased by Lacy Rowles, and removed to his place for an out-house of some kind. In the same year the brick part of the present meeting-house was built (for one half is brick and the other half stone), being one year after the marriage of Elizabeth Maxwell, and where my ancestors worshiped with her and her family.

This building was something of a wonder in its day. Thomas Chalkley, a minister, speaks in 1738 of holding a large meeting at the "Great meeting-house at Nottingham." In 1751, the "great" house was partly destroyed by fire, and the stone end was then added, the south wall of the brick part being removed to throw the whole structure into one large room. Again, in 1810, the sturdy old walls had another battle with the fiery element, but came off victorious, being to-day firm and sound.

HEARING WITH THE EYES.

NODES AND VENTRAL SEGMENTS OF A VIBRATING STRING.

"TELL time it is but motion," commanded the ancient poet, sending his soul upon the "thanklesse arrant" of flinging contradiction in the face of all the world,—

> "Goe, since I needs must dye,
> And give the world the lye."

Not content with saying with the moralizing bard of to-day, simply that things are not what they seem, he would have his departing "bodie's guest" declare things to be reverse of what they seem:

> "And wish them not reply,
> Since thou must give the lye."

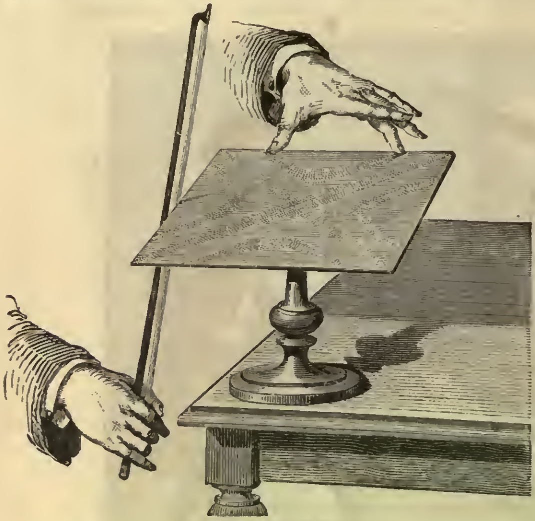
Modern science takes up the song, telling not time only, but everything, it is but motion. The forces of nature are resolved by dint of reason into phases of matter, and matter into points of force, whose motions alone affect our senses. We see motion, hear motion, smell motion, taste and feel motion; we can perceive nothing but motion, and mayhap perception itself is only motion.

Is it surprising, then, that the jurisdictions of the senses overlap sometimes? That the motions which belong to the domain of the ear by right of prior discovery should be seized upon by the eye? Strange or not, such is the case; the eye has learned to do the ear's work—some parts of it at least—and to do it better than the ear can!

"A deaf man might have seen the harmony," wrote Professor Le Conte in his description of the pulsating gas-jet, whose rhythmic motion in unison with the music of a band first drew attention to the phenomena of sensitive flames. The music made direct appeal to the eye, as it had done often enough before; but all of the observers save one were blind to its message.

It was another of those occasions when an occurrence, of no significance to the mass of men and women, gave to a thoughtful observer a clue to fruitful investigation, and became—like the swinging chandelier that set Galileo a-thinking, or the twitching frog-legs that turned Galvani's attention to animal electricity—the leading term of a long series of important discoveries.

What would seem less worthy of notice than a jumping gas-light, so long as its flicker did not hurt the eyes? Even when their attention was called to the evident coincidence of the pulsations of the light and the beats of the music, the multitude were satisfied with pronouncing it "curious." The philosopher could not be so easily satisfied. Why does the flame keep time with the dancers? he asked himself; and he did not rest until he was sure it was the sonorous impulses sent through the air by the musical instruments, not the vibration of the floor from the impact of many feet, that the flame translated into visible harmony. A new field of observation was thus opened up, and a wonderfully sensitive instrument discovered for the optical study of sound; but we shall not enter upon its achievements here. There are simpler means of investigating sounds, as deaf men might, with the eyes; and to these our attention is to be directed.


CHLADNI'S EXPERIMENT.

Let us *see* what it is that we usually take cognizance of by the sense of hearing,—the outward cause of the inward sensation we call sound.

"What am I to look for?" asked that prince of observers, Faraday, when invited to witness an experiment; for, though observation was the business of his life, he knew he was not likely to look to purpose unless he had a purpose in his looking.

In like manner it may be asked here, What are we to look for in trying to "see" sounds?

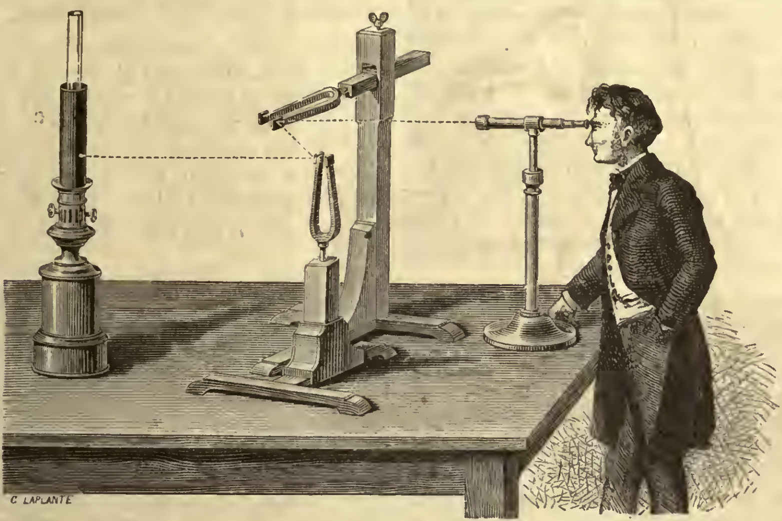
Sound assails the ear through the medium of air, and air is invisible. We cannot see its motions, nor the motions produced by it in our organs of hearing. We must pursue the quest beyond the air, to the body which sets the air in motion.

I strike a sharp blow on my writing-desk with the top of my penholder, and a sharp report is the result. The arrest of motion seems to be the cause of the sound. I strike the glass-shade of my Argand burner. A clink attends the blow, there follows a clear ringing note; and while it sounds, the bell-shaped shade trembles visibly. I mark the glass with a pen-point and watch the spot through a magnifying-glass. The spot oscillates less and less visibly as the sound dies away. The motion has manifestly some relation to the sound. Can the relation be made out?

I snap the tightened string of a musical instrument, or make it sound by drawing across it the bow of a violin. Its sharp outlines are lost in the tremor that ensues, and in the middle it swells into a hazy spindle. The eye retains impressions so long that it is incapable of discerning the swiftly changing positions of an object in such rapid motion. The string appears to be everywhere, within certain limits, at once; and

VIBRATIONS OF A METAL BELL.

the result is a blur. The ingenious device of Dr. Young's renders it possible to use this troublesome persistence of vision in making clear the motion of the string. He reflected a thin sheet of light across the string he wished to study, obtaining at the intersection a brilliant dot, which by the motion of the string is drawn out into a luminous line like that we have all delighted to make in childhood by twirling a lighted straw. The figure described by the luminous dot revealed the character of the vibration as distinctly as the note produced. The experiment is easy to imitate, and the results amply sufficient to pay for the trouble.



LISSAJOUS' APPARATUS.

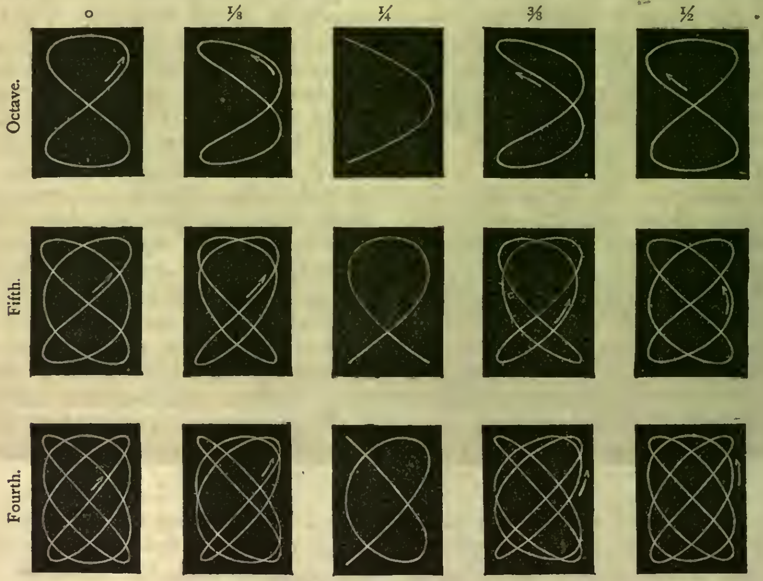
Besides the vibrations of the string as a whole, which show themselves in curves and involutions of beautiful complexity, there are partial vibrations which reveal themselves, as loops and sinuosities, and change with every change in the pitch and quality of the sound. Several systems of vibrations may thus be observed together in the same string, reminding one of the complex undulations presented by the surface of a lake when deep swells caused by last night's wind, the waves propagated from passing vessels, and the gusty ripples of the morning's breeze all cross each other in different directions,—each system maintaining its integrity, though subject to the disturbing influence of all the others.

Is a rigid body similarly affected when it is made to ring?

I have a flat glass ruler which gives a clear ring when suspended by a thread and struck. I support it so that it is horizontal, and cause it to sound. I can hear it when its vibration is invisible; but the dancing of a few grains of sand sprinkled on its upper surface shows that the motion is well sustained. This is the original experiment of Chladni, who pursued the investigation to great length to see whether the varying sounds of plates had any visible cause. Spreading a thin layer of sand over a plate of glass or metal fixed at its center, he caused the plate to sound by drawing a fiddle-bow across its edge. Immediately the sand grains began to dance tumultuously. Then they gradually arranged themselves in regular and symmetrical lines; every distinct sound which the plate would give reporting itself in a distinct figure, the more acute the note the more complicated the pattern. The patterns were found to change also with the form and thickness of the plate and the point of attachment, each of these changes manifesting itself likewise by a change of note. These sound-figures remained a standing puzzle to philosophers for many years; the last element of the enigma being explained by Faraday.

We have seen how a sounding string describes a hazy spindle when allowed to vibrate freely. If the motion of the middle be damped, or arrested by placing a finger on it, the string on being struck describes two spindles, giving at the same time a sound higher by an octave than the fundamental note. By touching the string at a point, distant one-third its length from the end and drawing the bow across the smaller portion, a still higher note is given and the string visibly divides into three equal parts, vibrating separately. A string can thus be divided into two, three, four, five or more equal vibrating parts, separated by still points called *nodes*, producing, with each successive division, notes of increasing acuteness called harmonies. A similar phenomenon occurs when a plate is sounded. It divides itself into vibrating segments and nodes; the sand is tossed away from the moving portions and accumulated along the boundaries of opposing motions; the higher the note the smaller the segments of vibration, and consequently the more complicated the resulting sand-figure.

Savart added to the sand a powder which gave a permanent print of the figure when a damp paper was laid upon it. But when very light powder is used the figure is complicated by the powder remaining in little heaps in the centers of the vibrating segments. Faraday was the first to suspect the cause of this singular action to be the little whirls of air set in motion by the vibration of the segment; and he proved the correctness of his suspicion by repeating the experiment in a vacuum, when the light powder, no longer sustained by the miniature cyclones, follows the sand to the nodal lines. When a stretched membrane, like a drum-head, is sprinkled with sand and allowed to vibrate in sympathy with a sounding body brought near to it, a similar distribution of the sand takes place.

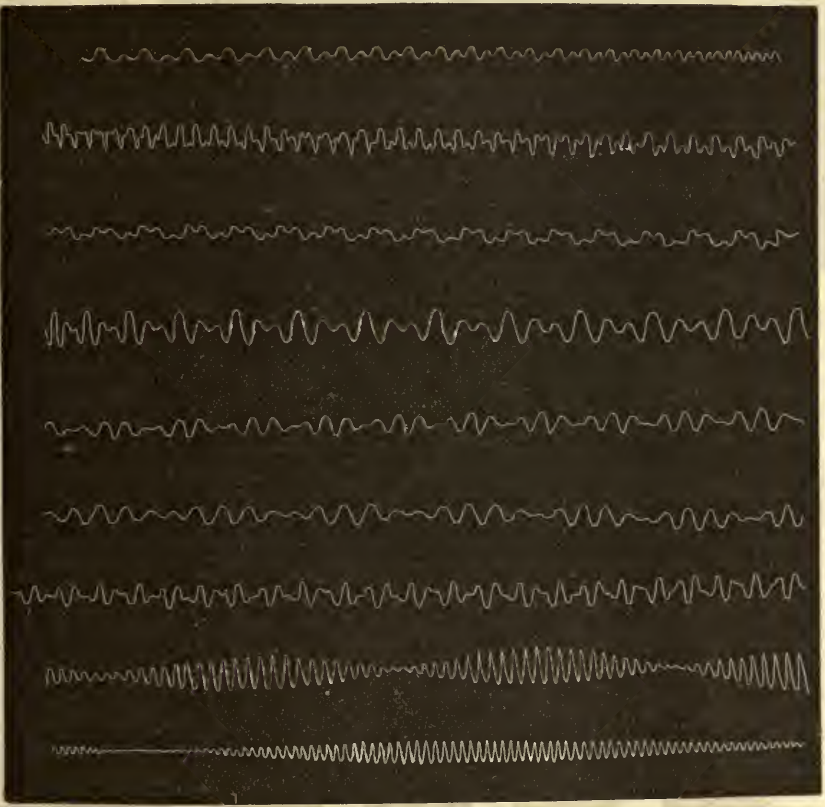


OPTICAL CURVES: OCTAVE, FOURTH AND FIFTH.

The vibrations of a sounding bell may be plainly shown by the dancing of a ball placed within it, as in our illustration. That sounding bells are likewise divided into vibrating parts and nodal lines, can be neatly shown by turning the bell upside down and filling it with water, whose rippling surface plainly indicates the points of greatest motion. A wide-mouthed glass dish, across the edge of which a fiddle-bow is drawn, exhibits this phenomenon very handsomely, especially when the water is covered with a lighter liquid, like ether or alcohol. When the agitation is great the ripples are tossed into spray; and if the liquid is sufficiently volatile to surround each drop with an atmosphere of vapor, the falling drops do not coalesce, but dance as separate spherules in visible music over the surface.

But these results, though extremely beautiful to witness, are too complicated to aid much the optical analysis of sounds. Simple methods must be adopted. I thrust a slender elastic pin (such as entomologists use for impaling their unlucky captives) firmly into my table. It utters, when snapped, a shrill note like the cry of an insect, and its silver head seems drawn out into a luminous band, which swells into an ellipse, then slowly dies away as the impulse is expended. A knitting-needle fixed at one end describes a larger curve, and shows much more plainly the complex motion of the free end, especially if a bright bead is attached to it to reflect the light. By arranging a number of such rods, each having its peculiar mode of vibration, Sir Charles Wheatstone contrived an instrument by which all the combinations of musical intervals may be visibly illustrated.

But a much more brilliant and effective device for the optical study of sound is that known as Lissajous'. By this contrivance, the most delicate peculiarities of vibratory movements are made so plain to the eye that a deaf man is enabled to compare sounds with a precision and accuracy unattainable by the acutest hearer guided by the ear alone.

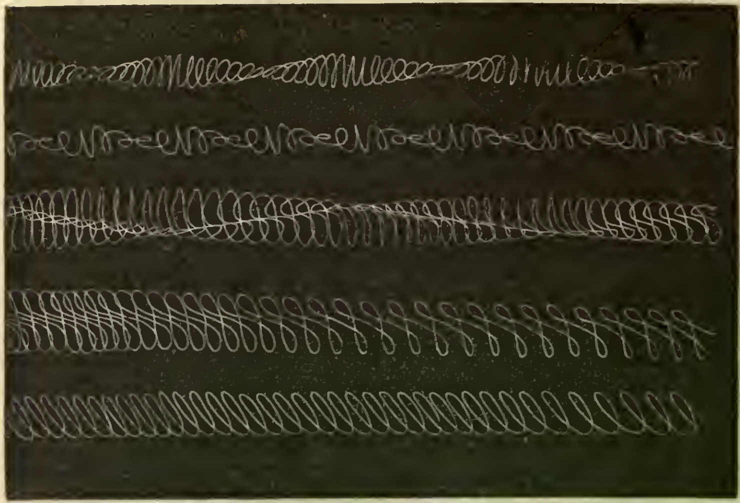


AUTOGRAPHS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS: PARALLEL MOVEMENTS.

There is probably not a school-boy in the land, nor a man who has been a school-boy, who has not amused himself and annoyed "the master" by dancing on the ceiling of the school-room a spot of sunshine reflected from a bit of broken looking-glass. A scarcely perceptible rocking motion given to the glass shows itself in a rapid oscillation, extending perhaps over an arc of many feet; while an invisible tremor in the glass is magnified and made plainly apparent in the motion of the "shadow," as the children miscall it.

Mons. Lissajous employs the same method in making visible the vibrations of sounding bodies. He attaches to the sound-producer—say the prong of a tuning fork, that simple but indispensable instrument of the musician—a small mirror, or converts the free end of the fork itself into a mirror by careful polishing. As the sun-spot on the ceiling reports the motion of the school-boy's glass, so the reflection of a luminous point in such a mirror describes the movements of the vibrating fork, making the note write its own history with a pencil of light. If, while the fork is sounding, it is turned slowly on its heel, the luminous image is drawn out into a sinuous line of indescribable beauty, the undulations and involutions of the line showing exactly the character of the fork's vibration. For the comparison of notes of different pitch or quality, two reflecting forks are combined at right angles, as shown in our fourth illustration, and their motions are observed directly through a telescope, or indirectly upon a screen, to which the luminous image is reflected from a large mirror.

Suppose both forks to be still. It is plain that the observer will see only a bright dot, the reflection of the orifice whence the light proceeds. Let the upright fork be sounded. Immediately the dot turns into a vertical line of light. Stop that fork and sound the other, and a horizontal line of light is the result, as when a burning stick is swung quickly back and forth. Sound both forks together and the dot travels up and down by the motion of one, and right and left by the motion of the other, producing an image which is the resultant of the two motions; hence its form declares with unmistakable precision the relation which the one system of vibration bears to the other.



AUTOGRAPHS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS: RECTANGULAR MOVEMENTS.

Let the vibrations of the two forks be equal and simultaneous in starting. The dot is carried from left to right by one fork, and vertically the same distance by the other: it will therefore describe the diagonal of a square whose sides are equal to the amplitude of vibrations. If one fork leads, the diagonal becomes an ellipse which broadens according to the time which separates the beginnings of two consecutive vibrations made by the two forks, until one fork leads by a quarter of a vibration, when the ellipse becomes a circle.

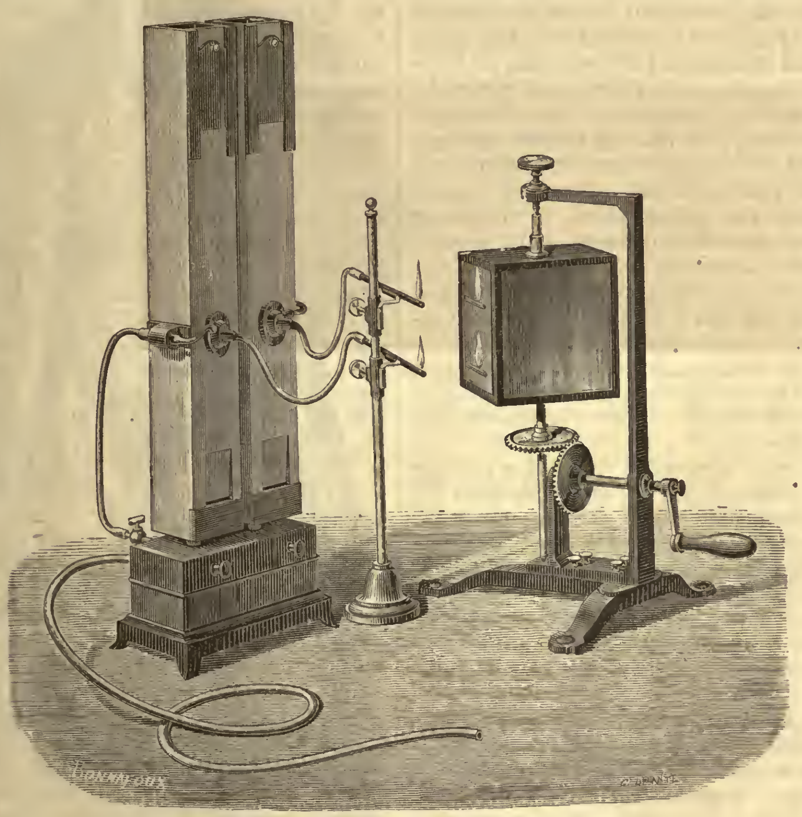
With perfect unison the curve first given remains unchanged, except as it diminishes by the dying away of the vibrations. But such unison is rarely or never obtained in practice. Even when the ear can detect no difference in the sound—that is in the rate of vibration—one fork may steadily gain on the other so as to make, say, a hundred and one vibrations while the other makes a hundred. In such cases there is a constantly increasing difference of phase, and the resultant figure runs through all the possible curves between a straight line and a circle, and back again, repeating this course with greater or less rapidity according to the difference of speed in the forks, the interval between the recurrence of a given figure marking the time it takes one fork to gain a complete vibration on the other.

When the interval between two forks is an octave—that is, when one vibrates twice as fast as the other—the figure described is a more or less perfect figure of 8, according to the difference of phase, as shown in our fifth illustration. This, of course, when the harmony is perfect; if imperfect, the variations of the figure manifest it with a certainty unknown before this beautiful discovery, detecting degrees of dissonance utterly imperceptible by the ear. For example, if the harmony of two forks be complete and rigorous, it may be visibly disturbed simply by bringing a light near one of the forks; the heat expands the fork, retards its motion, and produces an instant modification of the luminous curve. By causing one of the forks to rotate slowly as before, the figure may be drawn out into a luminous scroll or other involution of marvelous brilliancy and beauty.

But it is use rather than beauty that chiefly commends this admirable discovery, since it enables us to tune our standards of musical comparison to an accuracy and certainty of pitch never before attainable. The eye beats the ear on its own ground!

Not only may sonorous bodies thus report their vibrations to the eye, but they can be made to *register* them, converting the transient wave of sound into a permanently visible record.

If, while holding my pen to the paper, I cause my hand to swing back and forth like the tip of a vibrating bar fixed at one end, the pen point travels over and over a short space describing a dash, thus ——— . If while the first motion is going on I slowly draw the paper from under the pen at right angles to its motion, the point traces a sinuous line whose form describes the character of the hand's motion.



KOENIG'S APPARATUS FOR THE OPTICAL STUDY OF SOUNDS.

Applying the same principle, the French experimenter, Duhamel, constructed a vibroscope, by means of which the motions of sounding bodies are made to record themselves. To do this, two things were requisite—a pen so light that it would not materially affect the vibration it was to describe, and a surface on which a tracing could be made with the least possible friction. For a pen Duhamel employed a slender style of quill or bristle, which was fastened to the vibrating body, generally a tuning-fork.

The writing surface finally adopted was smooth paper blackened with smoke, the paper being carried by a cylinder arranged to turn freely with any desired rate of motion. Bringing the point of the style in contact with the cylinder and causing the fork to sound, the light soot is brushed from the paper so as to leave a clean space the length of the maximum vibration. Sounding the fork and turning the cylinder at the same time, the tracing becomes a wavy line, whose sinuosities mark the amplitude of their successive vibrations, and the rate of their recurrence,—the former showing the loudness of the note and the latter its pitch. As intensity and pitch are the principal characteristics of musical sounds, we have in the tracing a perfectly legible autograph record of the given sound. By dipping the paper in ether the tracing can be fixed for preservation and subsequent study as the experimenter may desire.

For the comparison of two notes sounding together, a compound tracing can be secured by simply attaching the smoked paper to one fork and the style to the other, the resulting figure showing with perfect clearness their harmony or dissonance. Facsimiles of the tracings given by different forks vibrating in the same direction and also at right angles, are shown in the accompanying engravings. Forks vibrating at right-angles to each other give figures precisely like the drawings of Lissajous' luminous scrolls.

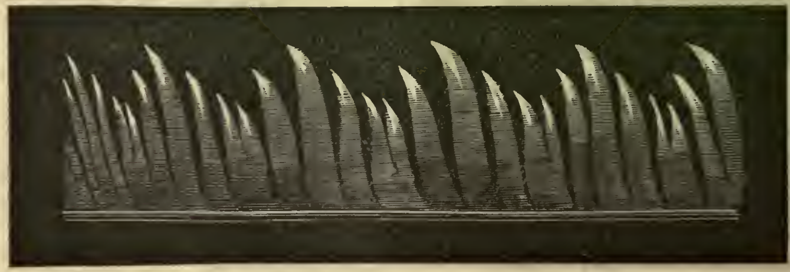
Another and more comprehensive sound-writer is the phonautograph invented by Leon Scott. In this the style is carried by a membrane stretched across the smaller orifice of a sort of artificial ear, the waves of sound transmitted through the air causing the membrane to vibrate and record its motions after the manner of the vibroscope. Unfortunately, the tracings are not very legible, and the hope at one time entertained that this instrument might prove an efficient substitute for stenographers in reporting speeches proved a delusion. Dr. Koenig succeeded in writing a musical air of seven notes with it, but it lacks the scope and delicacy requisite for more complicated reporting.

But we have wandered from our subject, which was not sound-writing but sound-seeing; or, if stricter accuracy is insisted on, *optical hearing.*

The most impressive means for making sound visible is the apparatus devised by the experimenter just referred to, Dr. Koenig,—an apparatus which makes hearing an almost useless accomplishment in the study of sounds, by enabling the eye to estimate the value of musical notes, and to study the obscurer laws of harmony with a precision and delicacy utterly unapproachable by the ear.

We have seen how the sonorous impulses sent through the air by a sounding body may be made to move a style attached to a membrane. Suppose such a membrane to form one side of a gas chamber from which issues a small burning jet. Every vibration of the membrane will necessarily affect the flow of the gas, by increasing or diminishing the pressure; and every variation in flow of gas will show itself in the slender flame. Such a sensitive chamber is the basis of Dr. Koenig's apparatus. There may be one chamber or more, according to the complexity of the sound to be studied. In the analysis of the tones of the human voice a single chamber is employed, and the palpitating flame is observed in a revolving mirror, by means of which it is drawn out into a serrated ribbon, which varies with every variation in the tone pronounced. In the study of musical notes the chambers—or manometric capsules, as the inventor calls them—are connected with organ pipes in such a way that the alternate condensations and dilations of the air column by the sonorous impulses shall act like a bellows on the elastic membrane, and through that upon the flame; and when several notes are to be examined simultaneously, the flames are so arranged that they will give in the revolving mirror bands of light one above another. Our illustration shows a compound series of flames produced by a single burning jet connected with two tubes, whose interval is a *third.* Different ratios of vibration give different flame-pictures, which are invariable for each ratio so long as the harmony is sustained. If either pipe is the least out of tune, however, the integrity of the image is destroyed by a flickering up-and-down motion of the flames produced by the discordant note.

This apparatus, especially when combined with a series of resonators, has been exceedingly serviceable in the elucidation of that obscure quality of sounds by which we are enabled to distinguish different voices and instruments, even when the pitch and intensity of the notes are the same.



MANOMETRIC FLAMES OF TWO TUBES OF A THIRD.

JOHN GUTENBERG

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF JOHN GUTENBERG.

Just two hundred years ago, a governor of Virginia thanked God that there was no printing-press in his colony; and he "hoped that there would be none for a hundred years, for learning had brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged these and other libels." The sour old royalist had not forgotten the mischief made in England by Pym and Prynne, and the printers who stirred up people to sedition. He had high authority for his pet aversion. Berthold, Archbishop of Mentz in 1486, had denounced the printers, who, through vainglory or greed of filthy lucre, were applying their art to the spiritual ruin of the race; and Pope Alexander VI. had launched a bull against the promoters of this deplorable evil; and all the powers and principalities, from the regents of the Sorbonne to the High Court of the Star Chamber, had joined in the denunciation of scandalous and schismatic printers. To no one were the pestilent fellows, the printers, more detestable than to the friend of Governor Berkeley, Roger L'Estrange, "surveyor of the imprimeries," who assures us that the craft of printer giveth more trouble to the courts than any in the realm.

The fatality which seems to have made printers of all countries the subjects of judicial authority was fairly foreshadowed in the record of John Gutenberg, the inventor of typography. Not, it is true, for the same cause, for the mischiefs of printing were not then felt, yet the remark holds good. It is not from his printed books, but from the records of courts of law, that we have to glean the great events of his life. He came from a turbulent family. One of his ancestors was put under ban for burning a convent, and for fomenting civil strife. At different times the family had been obliged to leave Mentz to escape the wrath of the burghers they had offended. Gutenberg himself, sharing the fortunes of his father, was for many years an exile at Strasburg. There his father died, leaving a widow dependent on the scant pension grudgingly allowed by the magistrates of Mentz for the sequestration of the family estate. The pension was not regularly paid. In 1434, John Gutenberg, then about 36 years of age, caused to be arrested Nicolaus, clerk of the city of Mentz, who chanced to be in Strasburg, and, according to the law of the time, held him in jail as a delinquent debtor. The magistrates of Strasburg, fearing that this violent act would endanger the friendly relations between the two cities, begged Gutenberg to relax his hold on the unfortunate clerk. The readiness with which Gutenberg complied with the request, thereby indefinitely postponing the collection of his claim, is our first revelation of that generosity and credulity which subsequently brought down on him the gravest misfortunes.

Two years after, Gutenberg again appeared before the city judge of Strasburg, but this time as defendant, for Ennel of the Iron Gate had sued him for breach of promise of marriage. The judgment of the Court is not on the record. It is supposed that the suit was withdrawn, and the case closed by marriage. As Gutenberg did not write out a statement of the case for publication in a future *Volksblatt*, let us forgive him at least this much. It does not appear, however, that Ennel exerted any marked influence on his life. She did not follow him when he went to Mentz. It is not certain that she was living in 1444.

The records of these cases tell us nothing about Gutenberg's education or aptitudes. As the son of a once wealthy patrician (for the Gutenbergs and Gensfleisches were, to use the German phrase, well-born), it may be presumed that he was fairly educated for his time. That he was obliged to earn his living is obvious; but whether he worked with hands or head, at art, trade, or profession, does not yet appear. These deficiencies are supplied by the judge's record of a suit at law, in which Gutenberg again appears as defendant. It was a curious case.

George Dritzehen, in the year 1439, brought suit to compel the return to him of moneys paid by his deceased brother Andrew to John Gutenberg for a small partnership share in an unnamed enterprise; or, in lieu of this, to compel Gutenberg to invest him (George) with all his brother's rights in the partnership. Gutenberg's answer was frank and convincing as to his financial liability, but unsatisfactory in its concealment of the object of the partnership. He was stubbornly and angrily resolved on excluding George Dritzehen from the partnership, and on keeping secret its operations and object.

The testimony of the eleven witnesses who appeared on the trial sets Gutenberg before us in a clear light. He had a reputation in Strasburg as a man of genius and of probity, as the inventor or possessor of valuable knowledge in mechanical arts. He did not seek for partners or pupils; they came to him. Among the number we find Hans Riffe, the mayor of Lichtenau, and Anthony Heilmann, a lender of money, whose confidence in Gutenberg, after three years of partnership, is implied in their testimony. The action of the judge, in accepting Gutenberg's oath as conclusive, proves that he was a man of established character. The deference paid to him by all the witnesses shows that he was not merely a mechanic or an inventor, but a man of activity and energy, a born leader, with a presence and a power of persuasion that enabled him to secure ready assistance in the execution of his plans. His reputation had been made by success. George Dritzehen said that his brother had received a good profit from his connection with Gutenberg. The eagerness and the faith of Andrew, the pertinacity with which his brother pressed his claim as partner, the solicitation of Heilmann on behalf of his brother, are indications that the men were sanguine as to the success of Gutenberg's new invention.

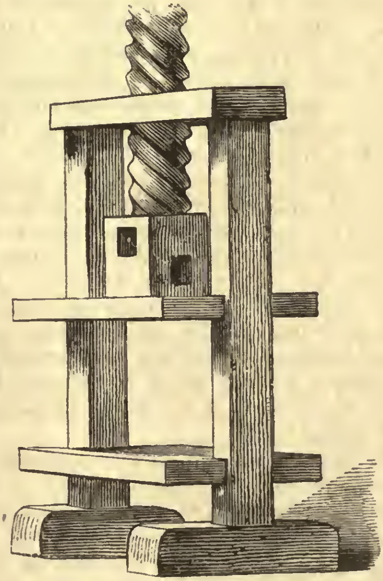
In that century it was not an easy matter to learn an art or trade of value: no one could enter the ranks of mechanics even as a pupil, without the payment of a premium in money; no one could practice any trade unless he had served a long apprenticeship. These exactions hopelessly shut out many who wished to learn; but men who had complied with all the conditions were often unwilling to teach, or to allow others to practice. Many trades were monopolies, protected by legislative enactments. So far as it could be done, every detail of mechanics was kept secret, as may be inferred from the old phrase "art and mystery," which is still retained in indentures of apprenticeship of all countries. One of the consequences of this exclusiveness was, that some mechanical arts were invested with unusual dignity. The sharply defined line which, in our day, separates art from trade and mechanics, did not then exist.

The testimony shows that Gutenberg had a knowledge of three distinct arts. The one earliest practiced was the polishing of stones or gems; the second was that of making mirrors. Gutenberg was not the inventor of the latter art, but he seems to have been the first to practice it in Strasburg. The third art was the secret, the wonderful invention which raised the expectation of his partners to a high degree of enthusiasm. And this was the beginning of it.

It seems that Gutenberg's partners and pupils in the enterprises of gem-cutting and mirror-making visited him unexpectedly in a retreat which he had secured, for the sake of entire seclusion, in the deserted convent of Saint Arbogastus, a ruin not far from the walls of Strasburg. To their chagrin, they found Gutenberg working at a secret art which he had not bound himself to teach his partners. They begged hard to be admitted, and to be taught the new secret, and to have a share in its profits. After some debate, Gutenberg consented. He then told his pupils that the money he had already spent on the development of this secret was almost as much as he was about to ask them to pay for their shares; but the art was incomplete, and it would be necessary to expend more money before it could be made perfect. It was agreed by the new association then formed, that the work should be pushed with diligence, so that the products of the new art should be ready for sale at the great fair of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1439. This fair, held every seventh year, beginning on the 10th of July and lasting fourteen days, drew together a large body of purchasers, especially of the devout; for Aix-la-Chapelle was a place of sacred pilgrimage, and claimed to have in her churches the swaddling-clothes of the Saviour, his body-cloth at the crucifixion, the dress worn by Mary at his birth, and the cloth on which St. John was beheaded.

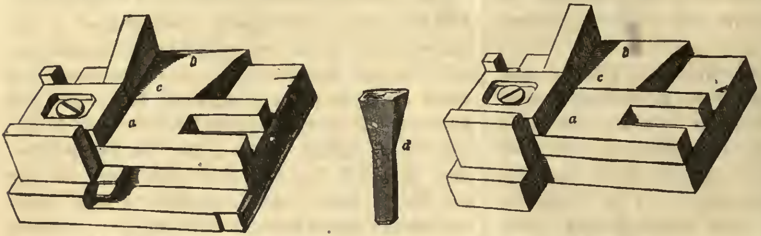
Andrew Dritzehen was not able to pay to Gutenberg the money he had promised, but he tried to make up this deficiency with excessive diligence. He worked early and late at his own house on some undescribed task given him by Gutenberg. Gossipy Madame Zabern, one of the witnesses, testified that, on one occasion, she begged Andrew to stop work and get some sleep. He replied to her, "It is necessary that I first finish this work." Then the witness said, "But, God help me, what a great sum of money you are spending! That has, at least, cost you 10 guilders." He answered, "You are a goose; you think this cost but 10 guilders. Look here! if you had the money which this has cost over and above 300 guilders, you would have enough for all your life; this has cost me at least 500 guilders. It is but a trifle to what I will have to expend. It is for this that I have mortgaged my goods and my inheritance."—"But," continued the witness, "if this does not succeed, what will you do then?" He answered, "It is not possible that we can fail; before another year is over, we shall have recovered our capital, and shall be prosperous: that is, providing God does not intend to afflict us." Alas for Dritzehen! Before Christmas of that year he was on his death-bed, lamenting that he had been connected with the association.

Gutenberg was thoroughly alarmed when he heard that Dritzehen was dead. Fearing that Andrew's brothers would take possession of his tools, and thereby get an inkling of the secret, he sent his servant to the man "who made the press, and who knew all about the matter," begging him to take out of the press an unnamed and mysterious tool of four pieces, held together by two buttons, and disconnect the pieces so that no one could divine its use. Another partner, equally alarmed, had anticipated Gutenberg's order, and had removed this mysterious tool of four pieces and "the forms," all of which were put in the melting-kettle by Gutenberg. This destruction of valuable tools was a rash act which Gutenberg sub-



THE MEDIEVAL PRESS.

sequently regretted; but his anger against George Dritzehen was hot, and he was bent on putting the tools beyond the possibility of reprisal.



The Left Half. The Right Half.

THE TYPE-MOLD OF GARAMOND, A FRENCH TYPE-FOUNDER OF 1540.

a, The place where body of the type was founded. *b c*, The mouth-piece in which the fluid metal was poured. *d*, The type as cast, with the metal formed in the mouth-piece adhering to it.

Although the processes of the new art were kept secret, the object of the partnership was not. Hans Dünne, the goldsmith, blurted it out in his testimony. He said that "within the past two or three years he had received from John Gutenberg about 100 guilders for work connected with printing." That this printing was not printing from engraved blocks is fairly indicated by the testimony of other witnesses concerning the purchase of lead and the melting of the forms. Nor can it be supposed that Gutenberg was employing a goldsmith to assist him in making the imaginary and impossible types of wood which bibliographers have told us he used for his earliest books. It is plain that Gutenberg worked in metal and not in wood. Whatever practice he may have had with engraving on wood, he had reached the conclusion that printing could be done on types of metal only before he revealed his plans to his partners. The lively enthusiasm he had excited can be fairly explained only by the hypothesis that he had invented an entirely new method of printing—a method which he rightfully believed would work a revolution in the arts of book-making.

The key to this new method was not, as is generally believed, the discovery of the value of movable types, for movable letters had been known and used for centuries. It was in the mechanism for making the types—the mechanism by which they could be made more cheaply than letters engraved on wood, and so accurate as to body that they could be combined and interchanged with facility. Simple enough the mechanism required for this work may seem to the reader; simple enough, no doubt, it seemed to Gutenberg when the idea first presented itself, but it was a problem in mechanics over which he seems to have labored for years. The key to the secret was in the invention of the adjustable type-mold, with its appliances of punch and matrix,—a very circuitous and artificial method of making types, it must be confessed, but it was the method first invented, and the only method now in use.

It was not invented in a day. It is only in fables that Minerva leaps in panoply from the brain of Jupiter; that Cadmus sows dragons' teeth to reap an instantaneous crop of alphabetical letters; that Coster cuts letters for the amusement of his grandchildren, and discovers, to his astonishment, that he has invented typography. To use the sound language of an old German chronicler, Gutenberg's invention was thought out and wrought out. The story of Gutenberg is not unlike that of Palissy and Watt, of Jacquard and Morse—a story of patience as well as of genius, of fruitless experiments and disheartening failures, of wearied partners and disgusted friends, of debts and suits at law; but, in every phase, the story of a life-long devotion to a grand idea—a devotion ending in triumph.

Gutenberg was completely successful in defending himself against the claim of George Dritzehen, but he was not successful in satisfying the expectations he had raised in the minds of his partners. The fair of Aix-la-Chapelle, postponed for a year, came and went, and yet the invention was not ready. The record of the trial shows that the money contributed by the partners had been collected with difficulty. When this had been spent, without result, the partners were unable, or unwilling, to contribute any more. They abandoned Gutenberg and his invention. We read no more of Riffe and Heilmann and Dritzehen in connection with typography.

Soon after the trial, Gutenberg sold out the last remnant of his inheritance. The money he received gave him only temporary relief. The tax-books of the city show that he was in arrear for taxes between the years 1436 and 1440. In the tax-book for 1443, it is plainly recorded that Gutenberg's tax was paid by the Ennel Gutenberg who is supposed to have been his wife.

There is no book, not even the leaf of a book, printed from metal types, which can be offered with confidence as the work of Gutenberg at Strasburg. In the National Library at Paris are two engravings on wood, of pages of a child's Latin grammar, which, from the marked resemblance of their letters to those of the Mazarin Bible, have been declared the work of Gutenberg before he began to print with types. But this resemblance, real or fancied, is too slender a support for the statement. It is possible that he printed nothing. The reply of Schaab to the man who boasted that Strasburg was the cradle of printing is to the point: "Most true, but it is a cradle without a baby."

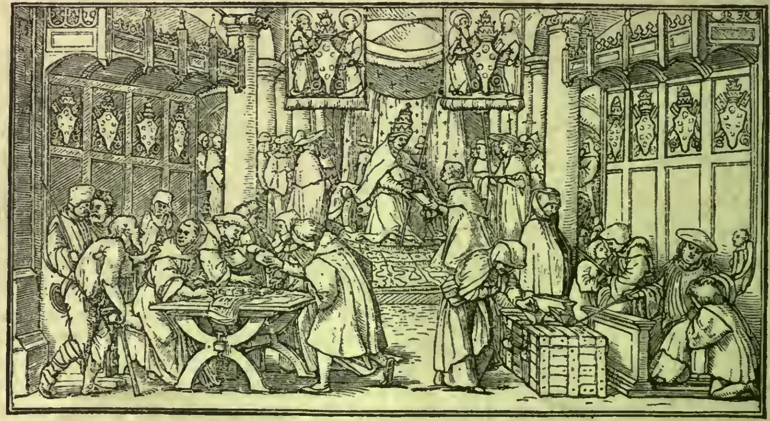
Gutenberg had reason to be disheartened at his failure. He had spent all his money, had alienated his partners, and had apparently wasted a great deal of time in fruitless experiments. He had damaged his reputation, and, to all appearance, was really further from success than when he revealed his plans to his partners. It was, no doubt, the conviction that he could get no more help in Strasburg which impelled him to Mentz.

The first evidence we have of his return to his native city is the appearance of his name in a record of legal contracts under the date 1448. And here he comes before us as a borrower of 150 guilders from a kinsman, who mortgaged his house to oblige Gutenberg. It appears, also, that he was sheltered, and room was made for his printing materials, in the house of his old and rich uncle, John Gensfleisch. But the borrowed money was spent in less than one year, and his work was incomplete. There can be no doubt that Gutenberg deceived himself quite as much as he had deceived his Strasburg partners, in his false estimate of the difficulties connected with the practice of printing. The brilliant success which Andrew Dritzehen hoped to have "within one year," or in 1440, had not been attained in 1450. If Gutenberg had been an ordinary dreamer about great inventions, he would have abandoned an enterprise so hedged in with mechanical and pecuniary difficulties. But he was an inventor in the full sense of the word, an inventor of means as well as of ends, as resolute in bending indifferent men as he was in fashioning obdurate metal. After spending, ineffectually, all the money he had acquired from his industry, from his partners, from his inheritance, from his friends,—still unable to forego his great project,—he went, as a last resort, to a professional money-lender of Mentz. "Heaven or hell," says Lacroix, "sent him the partner John Fust."

The character and services of John Fust have been put before us in strange lights. He has been alternately represented as the inventor of typography, and the instructor, as well as the partner, of Gutenberg; as the patron and benefactor of Gutenberg, a man of public spirit, who had the wit to see the great value of the new art, and the courage to risk his fortune with that of the needy inventor; as a greedy, crafty, and heartless speculator, who took a mean advantage of the necessity of Gutenberg, and robbed him of his invention.

Fust was, no doubt, allured, as the Strasburg partners had been, by the hope of great profit, but he knew that there was some risk in the enterprise. It is probable that he had heard of the losses of Dritzehen, Riffe, and Heilmann. In making an alliance with Gutenberg, Fust neglected none of the precautions of a money-lender. He really added to them. He made, in 1450, a strange contract with Gutenberg, from which he expected to receive all the advantages of a partnership without its usual liabilities. These terms were hard, but Gutenberg had the firmest faith in the success of his invention. In his view, it was not only to be successful, but so enormously profitable that he could well afford to pay all the exactions of the money-lender. The object of the partnership is not explicitly stated, but it was, without doubt, the business of printing and publishing text-books, and, more especially, the production of a grand edition of the Bible, the price of a fair manuscript copy of which, at that time, was 500 guilders. The expenses incurred in printing a large edition of this work seemed insignificant in comparison with the sum which Gutenberg dreamed would be readily paid for the books. But the expected profit was not the only allurement. Gutenberg was, no doubt, completely dominated by the idea that necessity was laid on him, and that he must demonstrate the utility and the grandeur of his invention. It must be done, whether the demonstration ruined him or enriched him. After sixteen years of fruitless labor, he snatched at the partnership with Fust as the only means by which he could accomplish this great purpose of his life.

It may be assumed that Gutenberg must have printed something before he printed the Bible. It is not probable that Fust would have lent him money before a practical demonstration of Gutenberg's ability. Peter Schoeffer said that four thousand crowns of gold were spent before the third section of this Bible was completed. But Fust had not, at that date, advanced to Gutenberg so large a sum, and we have no evidence that Gutenberg borrowed money from any other person. It is probable that he had reached the end of borrowing. We can account for the expenditure of this large sum only by the hypothesis that Gutenberg, even as early as 1451, was successfully engaged on practical work, from which he derived an income. The curious pieces of printing known as the "Letters of Indulgence," the first typographically printed work with printed dates, are properly regarded as his work.



FAC-SIMILE OF HOLBEIN'S SATIRE ON THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

The canon at the right absolves the kneeling young man, but points significantly to the huge money-chest into which the widow puts her mite. Three Dominicans, seated at the table, are preparing and selling indulgences: one of them, holding back the letter, greedily counts the money as it is paid down; another pauses in his writing, to repulse the penitent but penniless cripple; another is leering at the woman whose letter he delays. The pope, enthroned in the nave, and surrounded by cardinals, is giving a commission for the sale of the letters.

The circumstances connected with the publication of these "Letters" present to us the first specific indication of the need of printing. They also give us a glimmer of the corruption of some of the men who sold these indulgences—a corruption which, in the next century, brought down on the sellers and the system the scorn of Holbein and the wrath of Luther. A plenary indulgence of three years had been accorded by Pope Nicholas V. to all who should properly contribute with money to the aid of the alarmed King of Cyprus, then threatened by the Turks. Paul Zappe, ambassador of the King of Cyprus, selected John de Castro chief commissioner for the sale of indulgences in Germany. Theodoric, Archbishop of Mentz, gave him full permission to sell them, but held the commissioner accountable for the moneys collected. This precaution was justified. When the alarming news of the capture of Constantinople (May 29, 1453) was received, John de Castro, thinking that Cyprus had also been taken, squandered the money he had collected. De Castro was arrested, convicted, and sent to prison, but the scandal created by the embezzlement greatly injured the sale of the indulgences. As the Pope's permission to sell them expired by limitation on May 1, 1455, Zappe, the chief commissioner, made renewed and more vigorous efforts to promote the sale. The old process of copying was altogether too slow. There was, also, the liability that a hurried copyist would produce inexact copies; that an unscrupulous copyist or seller would issue fraudulent copies. These seem to have been the reasons which induced Zappe to print the indulgences, which was accordingly done, with blank spaces for the insertion of the name of the buyer and the signature of the seller.

Eighteen copies of these "Letters of Indulgence" are known, all bearing the printed date of 1454 or of 1455. The places where they were sold having been written on the document by the seller, we discover that they must have been sold over a large territory, for one was issued at Copenhagen, another at Nuremberg, and another at Cologne.

The original print from which the fac-simile is taken is in the National Library at Paris. An almost obliterated annotation on the margin shows that it was sold to the happy buyer for the small consideration of three florins. "Thy money perish with thee," said the indignant Apostle to the Magian who would buy the divine favor. "Thou canst not buy absolution with money," said stern Bishop Ambrose to the Emperor Theodorus. But here we see the anointed occupant of the chair of St. Peter commissioning men to peddle policies of insurance against the eternal burning at the rate of three florins a soul. There was need, even then, of Martin Luther.

JOHN FUST.

Gutenberg's fame as a great inventor is not at all justified by the trivial work attributed to him, which may have been first in order of time, but not of merit. His fame as the first printer is more justly based on his two editions in folio of the Holy Bible in Latin. The breadth of his mind is clearly indicated by his selection of a work of such formidable nature. There is an admirable propriety in the circumstance that he introduced his new art to the world of letters by the book known throughout Christendom as "The Book."

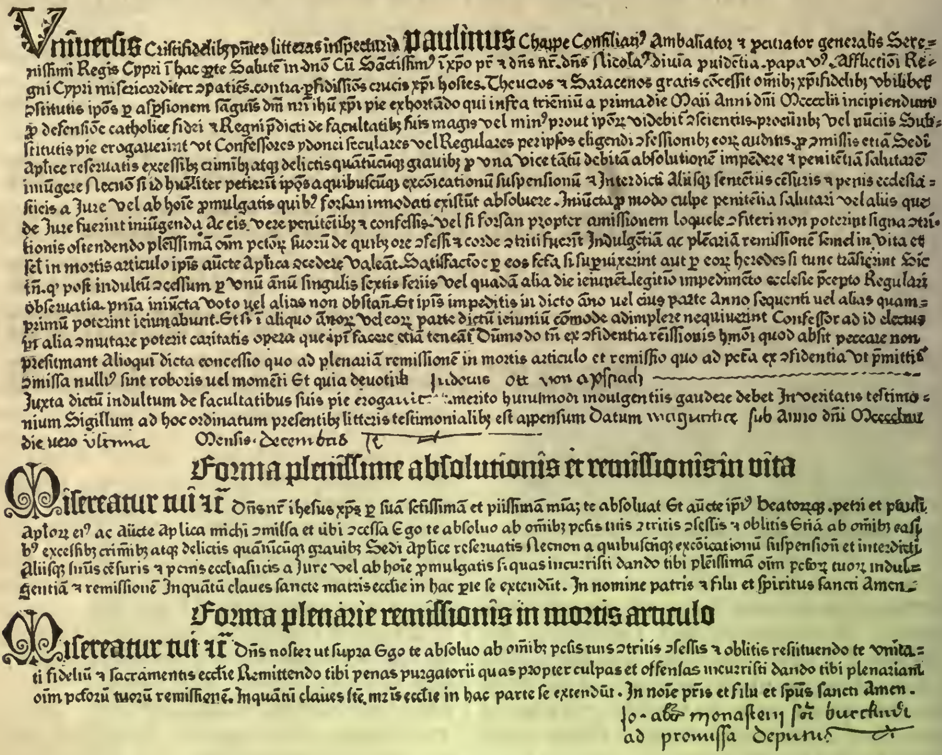
These two editions of the Bible are best defined by titles which specify the number of lines to the column in each book; one is the *Bible of 42 lines*, sometimes described as the *Mazarin Bible*, because the librarian of Cardinal Mazarin was the first to identify the book as the work of Gutenberg; the other is the *Bible of 36 lines*, also known as the *Bamberg Bible*, as *Pfister's Bible*, and as the *Schelhorn Bible*. It is not certainly known which is the earlier edition, but the weight of bibliographic authority inclines to the selection of the *Bible of 42 lines*, chiefly because one copy of this book contains the certificate of the illuminator, that he finished his work in 1456.

The Bible in folio would be a great undertaking for any printer. In the infancy of printing, the difficulties were of a more formidable nature, for Gutenberg had to make the types before he could begin to print. Fust did not aid Gutenberg as he should have done. Instead of furnishing 800 guilders in one sum, and in one year, as was implied in the contract, he allowed two years to pass before this amount was paid. As a necessary consequence, the equipment of the printing office with new types was delayed. At the end of the two years, when Gutenberg was ready to print, he needed for the next year's expenses, and for the paper and vellum for the entire edition, more than the 300 guilders which were allowed to him by this contract. Fust, perceiving the need of Gutenberg, saw also his opportunity for a stroke in finance, which would assist him in the ulterior designs which he seems to have entertained from the beginning. He proposed a modification of the contract—to commute the annual payment of 300 guilders for the three successive years by the immediate payment of 800 guilders. As an offset to the loss Gutenberg might sustain, Fust proposed to remit his claim to interest on the 800 guilders that had already been paid. Gutenberg, eager for the money and credulous, assented to these modifications.

PETER SCHOEFFER.

It is not known how many copies were printed. We may infer from the custom of

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER OF INDULGENCE BEARING THE PRINTED DATE 1454.



Vniuerſis Criſtifidelibꝫ p̄ntes litteras inſpecturis **Paulinus** Chappe Conſiliari⁹ Ambaſiator ⁊ pcurator generalis Sereniſſimi Regis Cypri ī hac ꝑte Salutē in dn̄o Cū Sāctiſſim⁹ ī xp̄o pr̄ ⁊ dn̄s nr̄ dn̄s Nicola⁹ diuīa ꝓuidētia papa v⁹ Afflictiōi Regni Cypri miſericorditer ꝯpatiēs contra ꝑfidiſſiōs crucis xp̄i hoſtes Theucros ⁊ Saracenos gratis ꝯceſſit omib; xp̄ifidelib; vbilibet ꝯſtitutis ipōs ꝑ aſpſionem ſāguīs dn̄i nr̄i ihū xp̄i pie exhortādo qui infra trienīū a prima die Maii anni dn̄i Mcccclii incipiendum ꝓ defenſiōe catholice fidei ⁊ Regni p̄dicti de facultatib; ſuis magis vel min⁹ prout ipōꝝ videbit ꝯſcientiis procuratorib; vel nūciis Subſtitutis pie erogauerint vt Confeſſores ydonei ſeculares vel Regulares per ipſos eligendi ꝯfeſſionib; eoꝝ auditis ꝓ ꝯmiſſis etiā Sedi aplīce reſeruatis exceſſib; criminib; atq; delictis quātūcūq; grauib; ꝑ vna vice tātū debitā abſolutionē impēdere ⁊ penitētiā ſalutarē iniūgere Necnō ſi id huīliter petierīt ipōs a quibuſcūq; excōicationū ſuſpenſionū ⁊ Interdicti Aliiſq; ſentētiis cēſuris ⁊ penis eccleſiaſticis a Iure vel ab hoīe ꝓmulgatis quib⁹ forſan innodati exiſtūt abſoluere. Iniūcta ꝓ modo culpe penitētia ſalutari vel aliis que de Iure fuerint iniūgenda Ac eis vere penitētib; ⁊ confeſſis vel ſi forſan propter amiſſionem loquele ꝯfiteri non poterint ſigna ꝯtritionis oſtendendo pleniſſimā oīm pctōꝝ ſuoꝝ de quib; ore ꝯfeſſi ⁊ corde ꝯtriti fuerīt Indulgētiā ac plenariā remiſſionē ſemel in vita et ſemel in mortis articulo ipis aūcte aplīca ꝯcedere valeāt Satiſfactiōe ꝑ eos facta ſi ſupuixerint aut ꝑ eoꝝ heredes ſi tunc trāſierint Sic tn̄ q⁹ poſt indultū ꝯceſſum ꝑ vnū ānū ſingulis ſextis feriis vel quadā alia die ieiunēt legitīo impedimēto eccleſie p̄cepto Regulari obſeruātia penitētia iniūcta voto vel alias non obſtan̄ Et ipis impeditis in dicto āno vel eius parte Anno ſequenti vel alias quamprimū poterint ieiunabunt Et ſi ī aliquo ānoꝝ vel eoꝝ parte dictū ieiuniū cōmode adimplere nequiuerint Confeſſor ad id electus in alia ꝯmutare poterit caritatis opera que ipi facere etiā teneāt Dūmodo tn̄ ex ꝯfidentia remiſſionis hmōi quod abſit peccare non preſumant Alioquī dicta conceſſio quo ad plenariā remiſſionē in mortis articulo et remiſſio quo ad pctā ex ꝯfidentia vt ꝑmittit ꝯmiſſa nulli⁹ ſint roboris uel momēti Et quia deuotus Judocus Ott von Apſpach Iuxta dictū indultum de facultatibus ſuis pie erogauit merito huiuſmodi indulgentiis gaudere debet In veritatis teſtimonium Sigillum ad hoc ordinatum preſentib; litteris teſtimonialib; eſt appenſum Datum Maguntie ſub Anno dn̄i Mcccclīiii die uero vltima Menſis Decembris

Forma pleniſſime abſolutionis et remiſſionis in vita

Miſereatur tui ⁊c Dn̄s nr̄ ihesus xp̄s ꝑ ſuā ſctiſſimā et piiſſimā miā te abſoluat Et aūcte ipi⁹ beatoꝝq; petri et pauli aploꝝ ei⁹ ac aūcte aplica michi ꝯmiſſa et tibi ꝯceſſa Ego te abſoluo ab omib; pctīs tuis ꝯtritis ꝯfeſſis ⁊ oblitis Etiā ab omib; caſib⁹ exceſſib; criminib; atq; delictis quātūcūq; grauib; Sedi aplice reſeruatis Necnon a quibuſcūq; excōicationū ſuſpenſionū et interdicti Aliiſq; ſniis cēſuris ⁊ penis eccliaſticis a Iure vel ab hoīe ꝓmulgatis ſi quas incurriſti dando tibi pleniſſimā oīm pctōꝝ tuoꝝ indulgentiā ⁊ remiſſionē Inquātū claues ſancte matris eccl̄ie in hac ꝑte ſe extendūt. In nomine patris ⁊ filii et ſpiritus ſancti Amen.

Forma plenarie remiſſionis in mortis articulo

Miſereatur tui ⁊c Dn̄s noſter ut ſupra Ego te abſoluo ab omib; pctīs tuis ꝯtritis ꝯfeſſis ⁊ oblitis reſtituendo te vnitati fideliū ⁊ ſacramentis eccl̄ie Remittendo tibi penas purgatorii quas propter culpas et offenſas incurriſti dando tibi plenariam oīm pctōꝝ tuoꝝ remiſſionē. Inquātū claues ſc̄e mr̄is eccl̄ie in hac parte ſe extendūt. In noīe pr̄is et filii et ſpūs ſancti Amen.

Jo. abb̄ monaſterii ſc̄i burckardi
ad promiſſa deputatus

(Translation.)

To all the faithful followers of Christ who may read this letter, Paul Zappe, Counselor, Ambassador, and Administrator-General of His Gracious Majesty, the King of Cyprus, sends greeting:

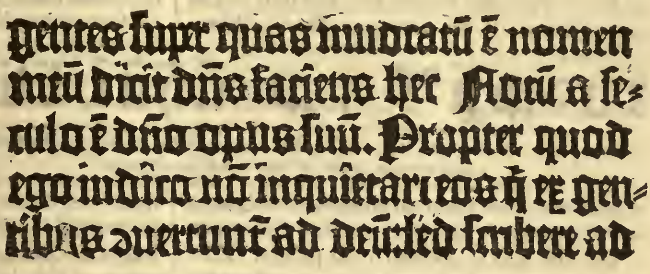
Whereas the Most Holy Father in Christ, our Lord, Nicholas V., by divine grace, pope, mercifully compassionating the afflictions of the kingdom of Cyprus from those most treacherous enemies of the Cross of Christ, the Turks and Saracens, in an earnest exhortation, by the sprinkling of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, freely granted to all those faithful followers of Christ, wheresoever established, who, within three years from the first day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1452, should piously contribute, according to their ability, more or less, as it should seem good to their own consciences, to the procurators, or their deputies, for the defense of the Catholic religion and the aforementioned kingdom,—that confessors, secular and regular, chosen by themselves, having heard their confessions for excesses, crimes, and faults, however great, even for those hitherto reserved exclusively for the apostolic see to remit, should be licensed to pronounce due absolution upon them, and enjoin salutary penance; and, also, that they might absolve those persons, if they should humbly beseech it, who perchance might be suffering excommunication, suspension, and other sentences, censures, and ecclesiastical punishments, instituted by canon law, or promulgated by man—salutary penance being required, or other satisfaction which might be enjoined by canon law, varying according to the nature of the offense; and, also, that they might be empowered by apostolic authority to grant to those who were truly penitent, and confessed their guilt, or if perchance, on account of the loss of speech, they could not confess, those who gave outward demonstrations of contrition—the fullest indulgence of all their sins, and a full remission, as well during life as in the hour of death—reparation being made by them if they should survive, or by their heirs if they should then die: And the penance required after the granting of the indulgence is this—that they should fast throughout a whole year on every Friday, or some other day of the week, the lawful hindrances to performance being prescribed by the regular usage of the Church, a vow or any other thing not standing in the way of it; and as for those prevented from so doing in the stated year, or any part of it, they should fast in the following year, or in any year they can; and if they should not be able conveniently to fulfill the required fast in any of the years, or any part of them, the confessor for that purpose shall be at liberty to commute it for other acts of charity, which they should be equally bound to do: And all this, so that they presume not, which God forbid, to sin from the assurance of a remission of this kind, for otherwise that which is called concession, whereby they are admitted to full remission in the hour of death, and remission, which, as it is promised, leads them to sin with assurance, would be of no weight and validity: And whereas the devout *Judocus Ott von Apspach*, in order to obtain the promised indulgence, according to his ability hath piously contributed to the above-named laudable purpose, he is entitled to enjoy the benefit of indulgence of this nature. In witness of the truth of the above concession, the seal ordained for this purpose is affixed. Given at *Mentz* on the *last day of December* in the year of our Lord 1454.

THE FULLEST FORM OF ABSOLUTION AND REMISSION DURING LIFE: May our Lord Jesus Christ bestow on thee His most holy and gracious mercy; may He absolve thee, both by His own authority and that of the blessed Peter and Paul, His apostles; and by the authority apostolic committed unto me, and conceded on thy behalf, I absolve thee from all thy sins repented for with contrition, confessed and forgotten, as also from all carnal sins, excesses, crimes and delinquencies ever so grievous, and whose cognizance is reserved to the Holy See, as well as from any ecclesiastical judgment, censure, and punishment, promulgated either by law or by man, if thou hast incurred any,—giving thee plenary indulgence and remission of all thy sins, inasmuch as in this matter the keys of the Holy Mother Church do avail. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE PLENARY FORM OF REMISSION AT THE POINT OF DEATH: May our Lord [as above]. I absolve thee from all thy sins, with contrition repented for, confessed and forgotten, restoring thee to the unity of the faithful, and the partaking of the sacraments of the Church, releasing thee from the torments of purgatory, which thou hast incurred, by giving thee plenary remission of all thy sins, inasmuch as in this matter the keys of the Mother Church do avail. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Joseph, abbot of the Monastery of Saint Burckard,
Duly qualified to make this engagement.

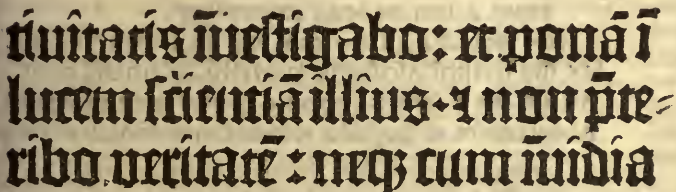
later printers that the edition was small. At the close of the fifteenth century, three hundred copies of a book in folio were rated as a very large edition. We have no knowledge of the price first asked for the book. Unbound copies were sold at different times and places, not long after its publication, for various sums ranging from twelve guilders to sixty crowns.* Nor do we know anything about the reception the book met from the book-buyers of Mentz.


gentes ſup̄ quas inuocatū ē nomen
meū dicit dn̄s faciens hec. Notū a ſe-
culo ē dn̄o opus ſuū. Propter quod
ego iudico nō inquietari eos q̄ ex gen-
tibus ɔuertunt ad deū. ſed ſcribere ad

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE BIBLE OF 42 LINES.

On the 6th of November, 1455, John Fust brought a suit for the recovery of the money advanced to Gutenberg. As Gutenberg was unable to pay the demand, we may suppose that the Bible had not been completed, or, if completed, had not met the ready sale that had been anticipated. The defenders of Fust, who are few, have to admit that Fust here appears as a keen man of business, destitute of sentiment and of generous impulses. Sympathizers with Gutenberg denounce Fust as a cunning schemer, who made the terms of the partnership rigorous with the secret determination to get possession of the invention through Gutenberg's inability to keep his contract.

The suit brought by Fust was, apparently, a surprise, for it cannot be supposed that Gutenberg would have been so completely unprepared to meet his obligation if he had not been led to believe that Fust would postpone the collection of his claim. Gutenberg's defense before the court was very feeble; it was that of a man who knew he had no hope of success. He did not appear in person, but trusted his case to his workmen. Fust was more adroit; he was voluble and positive, and his relative, Jacob Fust, was one of the judges. The fates were against Gutenberg; the hard terms of the contract he had signed compelled adverse decision.


tiuitatis īueſtigabo: et ponā ī
lucem ſcīentiā illius. ⁊ non p̄te-
ribo veritatē: neq; cum īuidia

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE BIBLE OF 36 LINES.

That Fust did Gutenberg a grievous wrong is very plain; that Gutenberg had managed the business of the partnership with economy and intelligence is not so clear. At no period of his life did the great inventor show any talent for financial administration. He was certainly deficient in many qualities that should be possessed by a man of business, and Fust may have thought that he was fully justified in placing his money interests in the hands of a more careful manager. A copy of the oldest engraving known of Gutenberg, in the National Library at Paris, presents him to us as a man of decided character, not to be cajoled or managed by a partner in business. The thin, curving lip and pointed nose, the strongly marked lines on the forehead, the bold eyes and arrogant bearing of the head reveal to us a man of genius and of force, a man born to rule, impatient of restraint, and of inflexible resolution. We have but to look at the portrait of Fust to see that he, also, was accustomed to having his own way, and that he and Gutenberg were not at all adapted to each other as partners.

But Fust would not have broken with Gutenberg if he had not been prepared to put a competent successor in his place. In Peter Schoeffer, a young man twenty-six years old, who had been employed in the printing office, Fust discerned an intelligent workman who gave promise of ability as a manager. Schoeffer, who then hoped to win the hand of Fust's daughter Christina, was, no doubt, more complaisant than the irascible Gutenberg. As he was afterward married to her, it may be supposed that she approved his suit in its beginning, and that her influence with her father was used to its utmost in favor of the removal of Gutenberg and the advancement of Schoeffer. It was fully understood by the three conspirators that Gutenberg could make no proper defense; it was determined that he should be expelled from his place in the partnership and that Schoeffer should succeed him in the management of the printing office. When everything had been arranged, Gutenberg was summoned to appear before the court.

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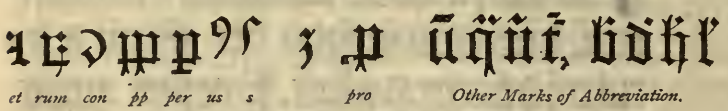
* At the sale of the Perkins library near London, June 6, 1873, a copy of the *Bible of 42 lines*, on vellum, was sold for £3,400, and a copy on paper for £2,600.

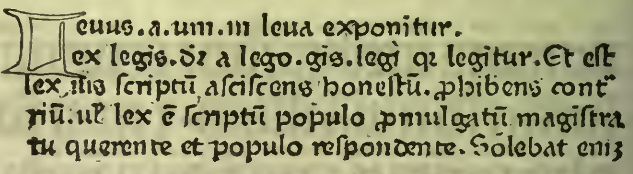


et
rum
con
pp
per
us
s
pro
Other Marks of Abbreviation.

CONTRACTIONS USED IN THE BIBLE OF 36 LINES.

The plot was successful in all points. Fust won the suit, almost without a struggle: under the forms of law, he took possession of all the materials made by Gutenberg for the common profit, and removed them to his own house. With the types, presses and books, went also many of the skilled workmen, and Peter Schoeffer was at their head. From an equitable point of view, Fust was amply recompensed. He got the printing office that he coveted, and, with it, the right to use the newly discovered art of Gutenberg. It appears that he was content. There is no evidence that he afterward made any attempt to collect the claim which was legally unsatisfied, even after the surrender of Gutenberg's printing materials and the printed books.

Gutenberg was legally deprived of his printing office and of the exclusive right to his great invention, but he was not left friendless and utterly impoverished. Nor was his spirit broken by this great calamity. The reflection that Fust was owner of his printing materials, and had a full knowledge of the new art, and was about to enjoy its profits and honors, aroused this man of energy and combativeness to active opposition. He was nearly sixty years old, but he had lived a life of industry and integrity; he was vigorous in mind, if not in body, and evidently retained all his old power of persuasion. When he determined to establish a new printing office, he found helpers. Some of the workmen who had aided him in printing the *Bible of 42 lines* came over to join his fortunes. Conrad Humery, a physician, and clerk of the town of Mentz, provided him with the means.



euus.a.um.in leua exponitur.
ex legis.dr a lego.gis.legi q̃ legitur.Et est
lex ius scriptū asciscens honestū.ꝓhibens cont᷑
riū.uł lex ē scriptū populo ꝓmulgatū magistra
tu querente et populo respondente.Solebat enī

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE CATHOLICON OF 1460.

It is not unwarrantable to suppose that Gutenberg, hot with anger at the bad faith of Fust, in wresting from him the honor and the profit of printing the first Bible, would have tried to print a rival edition of the same book. If we suppose that he began work on the *Bible of 36 lines* in 1456, he could have completed the book in 1459. Unfortunately for us, this book has no history. It is without printed date, name, or place of printer; it has not been described by any contemporary writer; the little we know about its origin is based on presumptive and circumstantial evidence; but it is clear, almost at a glance, that the types of this Bible were designed, and probably made, by the workman who made the types for the *Bible of 42 lines*. We have evidence that Gutenberg's printing office was in active operation in 1458, and that he had then acquired reputation as a printer.

We have evidence, also, that he was embarrassed by his debts. After the year 1457 he was unable to pay the four pounds annually to the chapter of St. Thomas at Strasburg, as he had agreed to do in 1441.

The silence of Gutenberg concerning his services and the merits of his invention, is remarkable—all the more so, when this silence is contrasted with the silly chatterings of a multitude of printers all over Europe, during the last quarter of the fifteenth century—of whom Peter Schoeffer may be regarded as the first, and Trechsel of Lyons the last—each insisting that he, whatever others might have done before him, was the true perfecter of printing. There is no other instance in modern history, excepting possibly that of Shakspere, of a man who did so much and who said so little about it.

The only allusion to the invention which can be attributed to Gutenberg is found in the closing note, or colophon, of a large folio, a combination of a Latin grammar and dictionary, otherwise known as the "Catholicon of 1460."

"By the assistance of the Most High, at whose will the tongues of children become eloquent, and who often reveals to babes what He hides from the wise, this renowned book, the 'Catholicon,' was printed and perfected in the year of the Incarnation 1460, in the beloved city of Mentz (which belongs to the illustrious German nation, and which God has consented to prefer and to raise with such an exalted light of the mind and of free grace, above the other nations of the earth), not by means of pen, or pencil, or stencil plate, but by the admirable proportion, harmony and connection of the punches and matrices. Wherefore to thee, Divine Father, Son and Holy Ghost, triune and only God, let praise and honor be given, and let those who never forget to praise [the Virgin] Mary, join also through the book in the universal anthem of the Church. God be praised."

Gutenberg's name is not mentioned, but it is generally admitted that he must have been the printer of this book. The modesty, dignity and reverence of the language of this colophon, so unlike the vainglorious and commonplace assertions of other printers, is almost enough to prove that it could have been written by no one but Gutenberg. Its chief value, however, is in its specification of the vital feature of printing, which was not the idea of movable types, but in "the admirable proportion, harmony and connection of the punches and matrices,"—or, in other words, the mechanism for making types, so that they could be combined with facility. It was for the invention of this mechanism that an imperfect practice of printing had been waiting for centuries.

No chronicler of Mentz before 1462 has put on record even so much as a mention of the fact that a new method of making books had been invented. We have, however, abundant evidence that printing was done with zeal and diligence, not only by Gutenberg, but by Fust and Schoeffer, and, according to some authors, by rival printers whose names are unknown. Twelve works, large and small, have been attributed to Gutenberg; and there are enough of relics of early printing in Mentz before 1462 in the shape of handbills, calendars, and religious tracts, to prove that the people of that city must have bought them freely. But the art was born in a troubled time. The hopes of honor or profit which the early printers may have had were destroyed by the sack of Mentz in 1462. The city of Mentz then held the first place in the league of the free cities of the Rhine, but her prosperity was declining. Unceasing strifes between the nobles and the common people, between the people of all orders and the clergy, and between the rival archbishops, had driven away the more feeble part of her population. In 1461 it was but the wreck of its earlier greatness; it had but 50,000 inhabitants and was over-burdened with debt. By virtue of his office as archbishop, Diether of Isemburg was the elector of the city, with the approval of the majority of the inhabitants; but the rival archbishop, Adolph II., supported by Pope Pius II., claimed the electorate, and made war on Diether. On the night following the 27th day of October, 1462, Adolph, aided by the treachery of some of the residents, effected an entrance into the city. Then followed a night and a day of horrors. The city was given up to be sacked, and there was no respect for age, rank, or sex. The noble citizens who were not murdered were robbed and driven beyond the walls. The booty was sold in the cattle-market and the money divided among the soldiers. The house and types of Fust were destroyed. As he and Schoeffer had their lives spared, and as they soon after were encouraged to establish a new office, and printed proclamations for Adolph, it is supposed that they did not suffer as severely as many others.

During the three years that followed, no books of value were printed in Mentz. We do not know how Gutenberg was affected; we find no authoritative statement that his printing office was destroyed; it is not even certain that his office was then in the city of Mentz. In the year 1466 the printing office which contained his types was in active operation at Eltvill, a village not far from the city. As this was the place where Gutenberg's mother was born, and where she had an estate, it is possible that Gutenberg found some advantage in making it his residence, soon after his separation from Fust. Eltvill was also the place which Adolph II. had selected for his residence before he made his attack on Diether, and it may be presumed that Eltvill was the place where Adolph first knew of Gutenberg and his works.

In 1465 Adolph made Gutenberg one of the gentlemen of his court, "for agreeable and voluntary service rendered to us and our bishopric." The nature of the service is not explained, but it is the common belief that the archbishop intended to recognize the utility of Gutenberg's invention. Very comforting it is to learn, from the document certifying his appointment, that the man who had invented an art which promised to renew the literature of the world, and had made Mentz famous forevermore, was thus rewarded by the first ecclesiastical dignitary of Germany: "by accepting him for life as our servant and courtier; by clothing him with a court suit, as we clothe our noblemen; by the annual gift of twenty mout of corn and two voer of wine, free of tax, on condition that he shall not sell it nor give it away." How delightful it is to be told by one of the dry-as-dust chroniclers of Gutenberg's life, that there was no reason why Gutenberg should not have been happy. Was he not provided with everything for a comfortable old age? He was allowed to follow the princely court. He had free table and fodder for his horse. He had ineffable pleasure in wearing an aristocratic mantle known as the *tabard*, and—could anything be more satisfactory?—he could carouse at court—could, if he chose, go with an empty and return with a full cup. Think of it! the man who had printed two Latin Bibles and a Latin dictionary and many books of religious character,—the greater part of whose life had been spent in solitary studies over the secrets of mechanics,—whose thoughts and aspirations were far above and beyond his fellows,—was to find his pleasure in sitting down at a table between the maudlin Baron Schlangenbad and the driveling Count of Pumpernickel, and in listening to the profound remarks of the Osrics and Bobadils of a German principality!

Here Gutenberg's work ends. If not disqualified by the infirmities of age from the management of his printing office, his position as courtier must have compelled his attendance at the court of the archbishop. Possibly the rules of the court required Gutenberg to withdraw from active business. Whatever the reason, we see that the printing office at Eltvill passed into the hands of his relatives by marriage, the brothers Henry and Nicholas Bechtermüntz. Gutenberg could not have abandoned his printing office with much regret. He had abundantly demonstrated the utility of his invention and his own ability as a printer. His art had been adopted in five German cities; it was then making its entry in Rome; it was eagerly sought for by the King of France; a future of unbounded popularity and usefulness was before it. The young men to whom Gutenberg had taught the practice of printing had so improved that they were his equals and superiors, and the old man of quite seventy years could not cope with these competitors. His ambition for preëminence in his own art, or for the wealth that should have been derived from its practice, if he ever had such aspirations, had to be given up. It was time that he should quit the stage.

That Gutenberg had a clearer idea than any man then living of the value of his invention, and of the work that could be done by it, is probable. Did he have a full warning of its marvelous future? Did he, like the old Hebrew prophet, have visions of the wheels within wheels which his types had put in motion? In those visions did he hear the clash and roar of countless presses for which there was no night and scarcely any Sunday of rest? Did he see the books and newspapers, the libraries and schools, which his art had created? Could he foresee that in a world then unknown, millions should rise up and call him blessed? Probably not. Not even that wild dreamer, the Marquis of Worcester, in his book about a *Century of Inventions* has told us anything so wonderful as the results that have flowed from the invention of types.

Gutenberg did not long enjoy the leisure of a courtier. In February, 1468, he was dead. Nothing is known of the cause or the circumstances of his death, nor is there any mention of a surviving family. We have to conclude that John Gutenberg, the inventor of the greatest of modern arts, died, weighed down by debts, and unattended by wife or child. The appreciation which he and his art received after his death seems tardy and scant, but it was as much as could have been expected from his age.

The archbishop requested that the types of the dead printer should always remain in Mentz. All the printers of that period recognized the fact that Gutenberg's method of making the types, or the type-mold, with its connections, was the proper basis or starting-point of the invention. Schoeffer, who first printed a notice of the new art, speaks of it as the "masterly invention of printing and also of type-making," implying that the art of printing was inseparably connected with that of type-making. Gelthus, the relative who mortgaged his house to lend Gutenberg money, put up a tablet in the Church of St. Francis, "in perpetual commemoration of his name, as the inventor of the art of printing—deserver of the highest honors from every nation and tongue." He properly described Gutenberg's invention as *the* art of printing. Compared with other methods, this was first, and there was no second.

Equally instructive is the pithy inscription on a second tablet, put up by Ivo Wittig, then professor of history in the university, and probably the most learned man in Mentz: "To John Gutenberg, of Mentz, who, first of all, invented printing letters in brass [matrices and molds], by which art he has deserved honor from the whole world." Wittig, who had probably known Gutenberg, and who clearly understood his process, is not content with a paraphrase of the Gelthus inscription. In plain words, he specifies the key of the invention. Gutenberg, first of all, made types in brass molds and matrices. In other words, it was only through the invention of the type-mold and matrices in brass that printing became a great art.

This tablet, which escaped the barbarity of the Swedish soldiers, who occupied Mentz at intervals between 1632 and 1636, was destroyed by the conscripts of the French republic, who were lodged in the vicinity between the years 1793 and 1797. It is probable that these ruffians suspected John Gutenberg of aristocratic tendencies. They did not know that the old citizen of Mentz was, unwittingly, the leader of all democrats, revolutionists, and reformers, the man, above all others, who, by his invention, had paved the way for the French Revolution.

Considered from a mechanical point of view, the merit of Gutenberg's invention may be inferred from its permanency. His type-mold was not merely the first; it is the only practical mechanism for making types. For more than four hundred years this mold has been under critical examination, and many attempts have been made to supplant it. Contrivances have been introduced for casting fifty or more types at one operation; for swaging types, like nails, out of cold metal; for stamping types from cylindrical steel dies upon the ends of copper rods; but experience has shown that these and other inventions in the field of type-making machinery are not better methods of making types. There is no better method than Gutenberg's. Modern type-casting machines have molds attached to them which are more exact and more carefully finished, and which have many little attachments of which Gutenberg never dreamed, but in principle and in all the more important features, the modern molds may be regarded as the molds of Gutenberg.

"Why," says Madden, "should we speak of monuments of bronze or stone to commemorate the services of Gutenberg? His monument is in every quarter of the world: more frail than all, it is more enduring than all: it is the book."

THE WEDDING AT OGDEN FARM.

The improvement of Ogden Farm was undertaken in 1867, and among the gang of immigrants sent from Castle Garden to do the drainage work, came a bibulous Teuton named Haas, from the flat country of North-western Hanover. His chief claim to notice lies in the fact that through him we became the possessors of a bound apprentice, born in Aurich, in East Friesland, who came, at the tender age of thirteen, to begin his career as boy-of-all-work on the farm, and to grow into a free and independent American citizen.

It has been interesting to watch the manner in which our institutions and the characteristics of our country people have modified his crude Teutonic nature, and developed in him the leading qualities of that class of the universal Yankee nation with which the island of Rhode Island is peopled. Seven years ago Hinderk was Hinderk—"Dutch" of the "Dutch"—with clumsy sabots, entirely ignorant of English, and hardly deft even at German. The Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter was his mother tongue, and seemed peculiarly fitted to his uncouth manners and customs. From the outset he had a sort of uncultivated intelligence and shrewdness that marked him for a successful New Englander; and as in those days our farmer and his wife were natives of the island, he took on, even from the beginning of his career, certain local peculiarities which contrasted oddly with the traditions he still held of the Fatherland.

How he translated his name and became Henry; how he spoke Platt-Deutsch in a shamefaced way and struggled to gain our own vernacular; how he shed his sabots and learned the use of leather, and how gently he glided into the use of the paper collar, it was curious to watch. Within two years he showed a still deeper influence of the surroundings of his daily life, and very early developed a talent for the arts of traffic which put even his native-born schoolmates to the blush, and caused him to be regarded with caution by all who had jack-knives to swap. With his advancing years he directed his talents to a wider field, and watches, chains, and even decrepit horses were made to contribute to his waxing prosperity. As he had not been born to the shrewdness that characterizes the people of our neighborhood, he was early but wrongly accused of Hebraic origin. Keen at a bargain he certainly was, and even his lawful guardian has more than once fallen a victim to his trading propensities; all of his possessions, even those given him for his amusement as a child, being valued solely as material for the increase of his private fortune.

It was a happy day for Hinderk when the Narragansett Gun Club was organized. This club devotes itself to the industry of pigeon-shooting, and Hinderk raises pigeons. The shooting-ground being on the farm adjoining ours, and in full sight of his dovecot, it was quite natural that he should become a chief source of supply, furnishing birds for the slaughter at a regular tariff. The Narragansett Gun Club seems to have a fair proportion of members who are hardly, as yet, expert in their art. As a result, a goodly number of Hinderk's pigeons are released from the trap only to return, generally unwounded, to their ancestral nests; and he tells, with evident satisfaction, of one peculiarly marked bird which he has now sold eighteen times.

These qualities, however, relate to the less serious side of his life. Leaving apart certain infirmities of temper which are not rare in his race, and a disposition, which is by no means confined to him, to set things by the ears generally, and to enjoy the entire disruption of the *entente cordiale* which all employers desire to see among their servants—a disposition that is only entirely happy when the whole household is at sixes and sevens—he has been throughout eminently satisfactory; faithful, industrious, honest (after the manner of honesty of his class), and intelligent in the performance of his work; so that, although it would be safe to say that he has never made a suggestion that had not a direct bearing on the advancement of his own interests or the gratification of his own whims, he has been, on the whole, a useful and satisfactory apprentice. He was soon to become of age, and to emerge into manhood and independence, carrying with him the cordial good wishes of all who knew him.

Our experience of German labor made it early evident that the most satisfactory market at which we could engage our farm hands generally would be the immigrant landing station in New York, and for seven years past we have employed few others than Germans. First came Bardelt and Antje Eden, uncle and aunt to Hinderk, who, without being very satisfactory, held the position of chief authority, by reason of the aunt's eminent skill in the making of butter, which has always been our chief industry. A year before they left the service, we made a wholesale importation of a man, wife, and six children, just landed from the classic hamlet of Dudeldorf in the Rhenish Provinces.

The law of the survival of the fittest effected the discharge of Hinderk's avuncular relatives, and the enrollment of the Haubrich family in their stead. In time, Haubrich's comely and useful daughter became corrupted, as all German maidens do, and degenerated into a servant in the town, with double her farm wages. Then came the most earnest appeals for a house-maiden to take her place, and several importations were made with a view to filling the vacancy; but the temptations of the town were too much for all of them, and we despaired of success with any one who should be eligible to domestic service in Newport.

Haubrich represented Dudeldorf as the one spot in all Europe whence entirely capable and reliable farm hands might be brought, and recommended especially a young married couple, with two children, whom he had known from their childhood; and, more in despair than in hope, I went in person to Dudeldorf, to give the re-inforcement of personal solicitation in urging my service as worthy of acceptance.

When we reached Trier on the Mosel, I telegraphed for Hinderk's friend to come to town and meet me at the house of a certain butcher, whose son had formerly worked for me, and who, according to the custom of his craft in that section, combined beer and beef in his traffic. On one side of the entrance hall was the odd little shop, where were displayed the nameless products of the knife which make up the meat diet of the German people. Opposite this was a long, low, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, but comfortably warmed room, where bread and cheese, and wine and beer, were served out to the more numerous customers of that department. The family kitchen was near at hand, and cooked meat was prepared to order. In a little room adjoining the refectory lived a sumptuous artillery sergeant, who was quartered on the family.

Among the frequenters of the place, I was especially struck with a book-binder and a shoemaker. They were both old men, and the shoemaker was married. For many long years they had eaten their supper of bread and cheese and passed their evenings in this room, the wife coming with her husband, and entering with zest into his share of the entertainment. Business and curiosity took me several times to the place, and when I called in the daytime these inseparable friends of the house and its fortunes were summoned from their work, and had their copious wine-glasses filled with wine. My coming (from America) was an event which they had a prescriptive right to enjoy. I learned to know them pretty well, and more soundly intelligent men, or better informed in their homely way on the common topics of the day, one does not often meet. They showed great interest in America, and more knowledge about it than you can always be sure of meeting in much higher grades of society in Europe. To them Nicolas Martzen's bier-halle is the center of the world, but they try to make it an intellectual center, and one may make much worse use of an evening than in listening to their sapient talk. I found it the best place to seek the traditions of their town, which is the oldest in Germany.

Finally, Hinderk's friend arrived. We drank our bottle of good Moselwein (twenty cents), and talked business. I liked him well enough to want to see his wife and his establishment, and we arranged to go together to Dudeldorf that afternoon. The distance was about twenty-five miles, and as I wanted to see as much of the people as possible, I went with him into the third-class car, which was quite full of peasant men, women, and children—remarkably decent and well-behaved people. When my nationality became known, great interest was manifested, for it is seldom that an American travels third-class, or brings himself in any way into contact with the peasantry. I was besieged for information about Canada, and asked if I knew, perhaps, "my son Friedrich Grebe, who is a farmer in Buenos Ayres;" but this man was informed by a scornful neighbor that I was from *Nord* America, from Chicago and Wisconsin.

We left the train at Philipsheim, and took a dilapidated old coach to Dudeldorf, two and a half miles up hill. The road was well graded and macadamized, and had just been built (at the sole cost of the village). In Rhode Island, a manufacturing town of ten times its size (and a hundred times its wealth) would trudge forever over rocks, sand, and "thankee ma'ams."

It was quite dark when we arrived, and my impressions of the place were gathered entirely by candle-light. I was said to be the first American who had ever been seen there; a little village of small farmers on the top of an unwooded mountain, and on the road to nowhere in particular, having no attraction for tourists. We entered the single street by a sharp turn through an archway under an old tower, which was built by the Romans two thousand years ago, and drew up at the door of the only hotel, kept by the Widow Saarwatsius. The village consists mainly of a single street, rather a wide one, which serves not only as a street, but as a sort of common farm-yard, with carts, wagons, smaller implements, heaps of manure, and one or two stacks of hay.

My man, Michel Bühl, lived half way down the short street, in a house consisting of two rooms below stairs, and probably three above—small rooms, with absolutely no furniture beyond the barest needs. But for the scrupulous neatness and shining polish on everything, it would have seemed poverty-stricken. As it was, "frugal" seemed the more appropriate adjective. The wife was a very bright and active-looking young woman, with as well-kept a dairy as one could wish to see; the "incumbrances" were a couple of boys, who will be useful in time. The house is built, so to speak, *within* the barn, and opens from its drive-way. The cows, horse, and pigs are on the same floor with the living-rooms, but separated from them by massive stone walls. The vehicles and implements stand in the passage-way in front of the house door. House, passage, and stables are covered by a well-filled mow of hay, oats, wheat, lucerne and clover. There was also a good store of roots and potatoes. The three cows looked well, but as they are used in the yoke (as is the universal custom of the country), their milking quality is inferior. Except for work, they never leave their stalls, "the soiling system" being compulsory here, where Bühl's farm of thirty-two acres consisted of seventeen different tracts within two miles of his house, and not fenced off from his neighbor's land. Calves are born and bred to working age without seeing the open sky, except when led out at rare intervals. A nice penful of pigs had never been out in their lives. The nearness of the family quarters made it imperative that the stables should be kept well cleaned and well ventilated.

Looking through this establishment, with its almost penurious economy in every detail, it was easy to see why a German "gets on" when he is transplanted to the rich soil of America, and why he makes a good farm hand when taken unspoiled from his native village.

I engaged this family on the following terms: The man—about twenty-eight, and a very intelligent and active fellow, known as an industrious and skillful farmer—was to give his whole time and his best services in any part of the farm-work to which he might be assigned, either as manager or as laborer. The wife was to take charge of the stable, and to be a sort of herdswoman to the stock, feeding, milking, cleaning, nursing, and tidying up; being, in fact, the constant attendant in the stables. She was not to work in the field unless in an emergency. The two children were to do the little they might. They were to pay their own expenses to Newport, and were to receive four hundred dollars per annum and board. In one sense this is not particularly low, but, when the quality of the people is considered, it is not too high. We have never succeeded in getting (and keeping) good hands, even from Germany, at much less than the "going" rates of our neighborhood.

The bargain concluded, we went, at about six o'clock, to Wittwe Saarwatsius's for dinner; and this was an experience to remember. As in the case of the farm-house, the entrance was by the barn passage; from this, down two steps, into the kitchen. Through this we passed into the public-room, where wine and beer are sold to plebeian customers, and where many a father and mother pass their evenings after the children have been put to bed, saving fire and light, and gaining the advantage of such information as the community may become possessed of. This room is, in fact, a more comfortable substitute for "the store" in our country neighborhoods, with the advantage that wives accompany their husbands—an advantage to both of them, which those can best appreciate who know the sort of talk that goes on at "the store," and the companionless character of the living-room at home.

From this room we were shown into a larger inner apartment, where the better class of strangers are entertained. Alone, at a large table, sat the village doctor, sipping wine and water and reading a newspaper. He greeted us pleasantly, and, on learning that I came from America, became much interested in our conversation; the more so, as his son formerly lived on Long Island, and was now living in Brid-gue-poort (Conn.). Our dinner party consisted of Bühl, another friend of my man at home, the son of the "Widow" (who was by turns guest and waiter), myself and my son. The table-cloth and napkins were quite fresh, and the furniture was generally in good order. We had soup, fish, three well-served dishes of meat (with vegetables, preserves, etc.), a pudding, cheese, coffee, and fruit, and three bottles of good wine; sitting an hour and a half at table, and talking as we ate. There are, so far as I know, no places in America, in towns of ten thousand inhabitants or under, where such a dinner can be had, nor many Americans, of the class of my guests, who would sit half the time over it. The food, the cooking, and the service were better than one is likely to find in a second-rate eating-house in New York. The bill for the whole entertainment for five persons, including wine, was one dollar and a half. It was hard to keep the conversation away from America, but I found these men well-informed on their own national matters, and especially so concerning the French war. The doctor, who was a man of education, deferred to their opinion, and treated them as equals in conversation, to a degree that showed that whatever hardships may tend to drive them away to newer lands, they would gain nothing socially by the change. Materially, they seemed to have everything to gain. Their life is laborious, and their living and dress are plain in the extreme, and they must look on the fabled lands of our Far West as on a real El Dorado. As we trundled out under the ancient archway and down the long hill to the station, I thought what a capital thing it would be if we could bring these people to America without losing the effect of what is good in the civilizing influences under which they have grown up.

I have drawn this sketch of peasant life with only the idea of showing that what would here be considered almost abject poverty, is not incompatible with intelligence and good manners, and that the "Dutchmen," on whom we look down when they come into our neighborhood as farm laborers, are not so much behind our own people in some desirable evidences of civilization. Their training is somewhat different from ours, but it is not in *all* respects inferior.

One of the more curious elements entering into the composition of the average German immigrant is an inherited desire to compass for himself the good fortune of another, and a corresponding fear that another may capture his good fortune. This has been, and probably always will be, one of the most apparent traits of the foreign place-holders at Ogden Farm. Eden was never happy until he had got himself into the managerial shoes of our American Mr. Spooner; and on the arrival of the *famille* Haubrich, Haas trembled in *his* sabots, and the new-comers were never happy during their whole year's tutelage until they had fairly undermined their superior, and secured their own promotion. Later, when Haubrich's Dudeldorfer bosom friend and his much-lauded wife had grown fairly warm in their seats, the old story was revived *da capo*, and the end of another year saw the Bühls replace the Haubrichs. Frau Bühl's beloved sister, engaged at her earnest solicitation, came with her able-bodied young husband fresh from the little *dorf* on the hill, and the struggle was renewed; this time to the discomfiture of the later arrival, who sought consolation in a farm at the West. And now the small seed that produces this crop of dissension will germinate again, and our recent acquisition of a bride is tolerably sure to end sooner or later in a change of management.

Regarded as a study of human nature, the various devices, mendacious and otherwise, with which these struggles have been marked, are amusing and instructive. Regarded with the eye of a peaceful agriculturist, who has no special fondness for seeing his farm household at loggerheads for a large part of the time, and whose anticipations for the future depend very largely on the harmonious working of his force, they are not especially enlivening, and whenever I have wished that Ogden Farm might sink beneath the waters of the ocean which it overlooks, my despair might usually be traced to the torture of uncertainty which my Teutonic dependents were so ingenious in inflicting.

Happily, from the beginning of our work, every change has thus far been for the better; but I am already groaning in anticipation of a further change that is quite sure to come, sooner or later, and which has grown out of our daring solution of the servant-girl question.

A dairy farm must, of course, have a dairymaid, and the variety that wears hob-nailed shoes and speaks with a strong brogue, universal though it is getting to be, would be entirely inadequate to the nicer work that we strive to accomplish. The resources of Dudeldorf are clearly exhausted. Two maids engaged there in person, the bargain having the sanction of the parish priest and of the village doctor, and being attested by a libation of Brauneberger, proved false to their promise, and returned their passage-tickets unused. Frau Bühl's cherished sister was the last effort of this highland walled village, and when she failed us, despair settled upon the household. It was clearly useless to make another attempt with Germans; the good girls who come to this country come consigned to friends, and those not so consigned are, all things considered, best let alone by prudent farmers.

In a moment of brilliant inspiration, our thoughts were turned to the plentiful supply of Italians, and a man and his wife from Napoli were added to the establishment. A kind consideration for the feelings of the reader leads me to pass over with a light pen the trials of the cruel month of their stay. They came, they stayed, and they went away, —entire satisfaction resulting only from the last of these events.

The native shrewdness of an East Frieslander, cultivated by seven years of contact with the New England mind, seemed to awaken Hinderk's instinct to the fact that the day of his triumph had now come. Watching his opportunity, when I was peculiarly overborne by the hopelessness of the situation, and harassed to the last limit of endurance by the clamors for a dairymaid, he accosted me in my own library with an air of the meekest exultation, and stated his view of the situation, modestly in his expression, but with an obvious certainty that the game lay in his own hands.

"What be you going to do about a girl for the farm? I s'pose you got to have one."

"I don't know; hav'n't made up my mind; something."

"I 'spect you know I've got a girl?"

"Yes, I was glad to learn it. I hope she is a good girl, and will keep you straight."

"Oh, yes; she's a good girl. She's a smart girl too; she can work first-rate."

Then a period of silence, giving time for the suggestion to develop its fruit in my mind.

"You see, I thought p'r'aps you might give me a shance."

"What do you mean? I don't see what your having a girl has to do with my getting a dairymaid."

"Well, I guess she'd come."

"No; I think that would be rather close quarters; I don't think it would do."

"Well, you know, if you didn't mind, we might get married, you know."

"Married! How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"How old is the girl?"

"Eighteen."

Novel as the proposition was, I caught at it with the eagerness of one drowning, and bade him bring the damsel for inspection on her next Sunday out. In the meantime due inquiry showed that the young woman (a Swedish servant girl) was a person of excellent character, amiable disposition, and tidy habits, and industrious and faithful. Personal inspection, a few days later, showed her to have that very desirable element in a dairymaid,—an unusual amount of good looks.

Perhaps this rash step promised at best only a temporary relief, yet a relief it certainly did promise, and it needed but little time to decide that, all things considered, this East Frisian ward, who, by the terms of his indenture, must remain nearly another year in service, might marry, on the understanding that during the remainder of his apprenticeship his bride should be unto us a faithful and cheerful handmaiden, with the proviso, however, that Frau Bühl, the reigning, and decidedly the ruling, spirit of the household, should give her free and willing consent.

The submission of the idea to her I undertook in person, and brought to bear upon it all the diplomacy that many years' experience had shown to be so necessary with persons of her nation and her class. I approached her as she was skimming the milk on a sunny and cheery afternoon in the breezy milk-room, singing as she worked, and evincing a happiness that an angel of an assistant could hardly have increased. Her husband, who was familiar with her temper, and who knew the arts by which a novel suggestion might be least offensively placed before her, had schooled me how to proceed. He had schooled me, but also he had warned me.

It would be idle to attempt here the imperfect but suave German in which I tried to lay before her my scheme for solving the dairymaid problem. From the first word her suspicions took alarm, her eager black eyes became brighter, her ruddy cheeks heightened their color, and an incipient panting slowly took possession of her chest, gathering force as for a rising storm. Turning from her work, brandishing her ladle, and wiping her brow with her apron, she proceeded to recount the trials and tribulations through which she had passed since her first coming; how this one had stolen; how that one had lied; how untidy was such a one; and how everything in her experience had shown that no house is large enough for two families, especially the little house at Ogden Farm. Her anticipations of agony and disaster, poured forth with a volubility far too great for my unpracticed interpretation, made it seem for the moment quite evident that the proposed plan must be abandoned, and the hopeless search for help prosecuted in some other quarter. Gradually, as her force expended itself, she grew less vehement in her protestations, and added to all that she had said the eloquence of copious tears, and I turned sadly away, planning how I should tell Hinderk of the blasting of his hopes.

Lester, my friend and associate, while managing the butter-making the next day, underwent the same experience, and came to me in town late at night to say that he had been able to defer the instant flight of the Bühls only by the assurance that under no circumstances would I consent to the marriage without their approval.

A day or two later Hinderk came to me with his usual satisfied manner and asked me to fix the day for his nuptials. I gently intimated that Frau Bühl raised insuperable objections.

"Oh, she's got over that. She didn't mean nothing; she always does that way."

I took an early occasion to visit the farm and learn, if possible, the true state of the case. Frau Bühl was as mild as a May morning, gentle and smiling, and quite confident that the only way out of our difficulties lay in the execution of the very scheme whose suggestion had so roused her ire. This was about the middle of May. The bride's privilege had been accorded to me, and, as immediate action was necessary, I set the 2d of June for the Hochzeit. Invitations were sent out, music was engaged, the minister selected, and all preparations well advanced, when I found that I should have occasion to be away from home on that day, and suggested that the ceremony should take place without my presence.

This project met with general disapproval. As the guardian of the groom, it was supposed that my official countenance would be indispensable. As beer would flow, my official presence seemed desirable; and so, by a second exercise of my prerogative, I postponed the affair until the next day.

The intervening time was one of active preparation. The cattle had eaten to the bottom of the mow, and the whole barn floor, eighty feet by forty feet, could be cleared for the entertainment. Lester undertook the duties of master of ceremonies, and by dint of several days of untiring activity, during which the work of the farm was reduced to the least possible amount, such a holiday air and outlook was given to all of its rude and unpicturesque features as only the German mind can compass. Whatever the town had to offer, in the way of bunting and yacht signals, was brought into requisition, and the woods contributed green boughs enough to transform our bare-walled barn into a verdant bower. In the parlor of the farm-house—an uncarpeted and somewhat unlovely room—two barrels set on end carried a board, over which was thrown a table-cloth set out with a small wealth of pressed glass and britannia-ware, betokening, in its simple but expressive way, the wide regard in which the bride and groom were held among those whose good-feeling was not to be measured by their ability for costly expression. In the dining-room a long table groaned under an inviting mass of bride-cake, kartoffel-salat, cold ham, pumpernickel, Ogden-Farm butter, and schmierkäse. German confectioners in the town contributed good pastry and abundant ice-cream, and one huge Alsatian restaurateur from the main street expressed his congratulations in nothing less than actual champagne. The utensils of our ordinary frugal board were supplemented by requisitions upon the kitchen closets of neighbors.

At last the sun was getting low, the cows had been milked, and all work of preparation was over. Neighbors from far and near, led, some by friendly feeling, and some by a curiosity as to the manner in which weddings are managed among the Germans, flocked to the entertainment. In my own party was a dignified counselor, formerly of the New York bar, but now retired to an easy and dignified agricultural position, the father of a family, and a leader in his county and his church. His gray beard and his thoughtful and kindly brow seemed well suited to his name—Bonhomme.

The first serious business of the occasion was my interview with the minister, who explained the intricacies of the Rhode Island matrimonial law, and compelled me to fulfill its requirements by inscribing the full names of the bride and groom, their place of birth, the name and residence of the fathers, and the maiden names of the mothers, etc., etc., etc., to the end of a long chapter, and to witness the signatures of Hinderk Johann Haas and Alma Christina Hesselgren.

Hinderk, who had never before worn aught else than the gray or brown suited to his position, appeared in the full splendor of black broadcloth, white linen, white cravat, and such a breadth of white glove as only his sturdy hand could fill. At the last moment the bride came blushing down the narrow staircase, arrayed in satin marvelously frilled and fluted in its trimmings, and drawn tight to her person, after the manner of the last issue of "Harper's Bazar." White kid slippers and gloves, veil and flowers, completed her adornment, and made one unreservedly admire the spirit of genuine good-sisterhood that holds its sway over the little society of Swedish servants in Newport; for months of hard-earned wages, and the needle-work of many hands, must have gone to make up this gorgeous array. The same society contributed four courtesy bridesmaids—fair-haired Scandinavian damsels, arrayed in white, and good to look upon.

At the last moment Hinderk bashfully asked me to stand for him as "best man," and, on consultation with the minister, we decided upon the Methodist form of the Episcopal marriage service, the use of the ring to be included, and no sentence of the somewhat long ritual to be omitted. Passing over the reverend gentleman's inexperienced handling of Continental names, one can have only words of praise for the interested and feeling manner in which he performed his office. His example in saluting the bride, as he wished her all happiness in life, seemed, on a second look, by no means hard to follow, and the best man followed it accordingly.

The ceremony over, what might be called the "bridal party" was formed, and marched to the supper-room. It consisted of the bride and groom, the groomsman and actual bridesmaid (a sister of the groom, in gray silk, and mistress of the pantry during the evening), and Bonhomme and Lester, each with a double allowance of fair young Swedes. After our places had been taken, the remaining seats were occupied by such of the guests as were fortunate enough to secure them.

Two professional German waiters, in full dress (which became less full as the evening and the heat waxed later and greater), had borrowed themselves from their masters, and served our modest refreshments with all the grave dignity of the Avenue itself. We were mainly of a robust and hearty class, and fuller justice was done to the varied cheer than is usual with those who labor amid the excitements of a high wedding. The abundant repast over, the bride cake was cut and passed, and champagne flowed to the health of the chief personages of the event.

We then withdrew in good order to the dancing-hall, which was well lighted with large stable lanterns, well swept, sufficiently seated, and really very cheery and pretty. The orchestra loft was occupied by Teutonic members of the band of the Fifth Artillery, and the deftest beer-barman from Newport kept his counter filled with foaming glasses of lager. Some of us, after the custom of our native land, and others of us as a token of respect to those customs, quaffed brimming beakers of the refreshing tap, all unmindful of the heavy eating and drinking from which we had but now arisen. On leaving the house there had been an evident disposition for a natural selection, according to comeliness, from among the Swedish sisters, and Bonhomme, with a keenness born of his craft, came in, a dignified first winner; but even the least of the bevy was by no means unattractive, and it is not always that four such blonde beauties are found in the same quadrille in a barn, as first danced in honor of Hinderk's Hochzeit. The "man to call off" seems an indispensable aid in festivities of this class, and ours was stentorian and ingenious; he not only devised figures that were marvelous to behold and still more marvelous to perform, but he introduced sudden and startling combinations that were little else than confusing. However, confusion detracted nothing from enjoyment, and the element of "turn your partners" ("whirl your partners" would have been more appropriate), consisting here of a semi-embrace and a dizzying swing three times about, seemed to give the most general satisfaction.

The quadrille was followed by round dances, which began in a most active manner with a double revolution for each bar of the music, and which reminded one later in the evening of Gautier's description of the dancing Dervishes. Seeing that all hands were well under way, I attempted a quiet departure, pleading as an excuse that Bonhomme, who was aged, must be taken home to rest; but Bühl hereupon expressed serious alarm lest the ball, which had literally begun to roll, should acquire such impetus as to get beyond his control, and great as was his confidence in Lester's dignity, he feared that nothing short of my absolute authority would lead to the successful and quiet termination of the rout.

Promising, therefore, to return, I left the barnful of young men and maidens in the most gleeful and animated state of delight, performing already, as it seemed to me, all that the clad human frame is capable of in the way of dancing. But when I returned, an hour or two later, I found that what I had left was, as compared with what I had returned to, as water unto wine; or, in view of the cause that had produced the effect, as water unto beer. Happily, the supply had run low, and the last glasses were being slowly and regretfully drained, with no worse effect than an excess of good nature —a good nature, however, of the most buoyant and demonstrative character. The bride's bouquet, still clutched with a lasting fondness, had suffered from serious contusions; her veil, no longer fresh and full, had sadly disturbed her golden hair and the flowers entwined in it, and her white kid slippers had bitten deep of the water-sprinkled dust with which years of barn use had filled every crevice of the floor. The groom, whether to enjoy his gyrations with greater comfort, or whether for the preservation of his new-found elegance, had doffed his coat, and was dancing stoutly in his shirt-sleeves. Dodging about here and there among the throng, our sturdy herdsman plied the well-filled bucket, splashing water with his hand as skillfully as he might between the dancers. A slight spattering of a white dress or of a polished boot was readily forgiven, and it was not until Lester, with a vigorous Swedish partner, slipped in the too copious flood, to the sad disfigurement of her dress, that it was thought necessary to check this profuse outpouring. The chief bridesmaid and pantry-girl, whenever she could get relief from her dish-washing and waiting, dropping her apron, ran to the barn for a giddy turn, and then back to her hospitable duties. Frau Bühl, sturdy and upright, handsome and strong, all unmindful of her apprehensions and agonizing appeal of three weeks before, joined in the maddening dance with an *abandon* that must have recalled the festivities of the Hotel Saarwatsius, renewing, with her good-man, their own happy hochzeit in Dudeldorf.

The fun had grown "fast and furious," and there was only delight on every hand; but, toward eleven o'clock, it seemed that the limit was being approached beyond which an undisciplined human nature might perchance assert itself and lead to strife; so the bride was secretly smuggled away, the last dance was played, the lights were slowly turned lower, and the company gradually strolled out into the moonlight with that appetite for further entertainment that gives its best zest to entertainment received.

So ended Hinderk's Hochzeit, and the next day found the farm restored to its usual quiet and industry. But the bridal couple must needs have their bridal tour, and, doubtless, they made a happy round in the butter-wagon with which Hinderk next day visited his customers to the far end of the Avenue and along the shores of Narragansett Bay. I met them at dusk driving happily home, all unheeding the slothfulness of their ponderous mule, who seemed loth to bring to an end this last phase of their youth, and to return them to their labors, and to their plots for ascendency and mastership.

The Bühls seem content and patient; but their interest in the state of agriculture at the Far West, and their frequent reference to that *plaisir* which finds its fullest development in Dudeldorf, and to which they hope to return when their fortunes shall mend or change, indicate a dawning apprehension of their insecurity.

LOUISE.

I do not weep for thee, my darling lost,
  Though He who knows my heart can see its grief.
I cannot weep at this most monstrous thing;
  I shrink away from it, with unbelief

That thou, my sunshine and my light of life,
  Art gone forever out of touch and sight,
From any recognition of my sense,
  Into a black, impenetrable night.

How can I fathom this enough for tears!
  How can I compass it, or make it seem
Anything but a vision, born of pain,
  An unreality—a nightmare dream!

And yet, Oh God! I see the tender leaves;
  The flowers bloom, and softly blows the wind;
But thou, as young, as beautiful, as sweet,
  Thy face is absent—thee I cannot find.

And still the days, the days, the endless days,
  Monotonously long, drag slowly on,
A dull, dead, dreary waste of nothingness,
  Empty and void of hope, since thou art gone.

Lost to me! buried! height of human woe;
  I dash myself against that cruel wall.
Beyond it may be peace, and rest, and heaven,
  But here is blank despair, and that is all.

April 22d, 1875.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

FIFTH PAPER: JOHN FENNO.

OUR earliest knowledge of John Fenno, the pioneer printer, begins with the year 1789, when he went from Boston to New York, and there started a paper called "The Gazette of the United States." The seat of Government was then at New York; hence its establishment at that place, for it was eminently a Government organ. When, in 1790, Congress removed to Philadelphia, Fenno and his paper followed. The name of the paper after a time underwent a slight alteration, and was called "The United States Gazette," under which name it continued till, in 1847, its existence was merged in what is now known as the "North American and United States Gazette," which has absorbed no less than nine other papers. As has been stated in a previous article, John Ward Fenno succeeded his father in this publication. It afterward passed through the hands of Wayne, Chauncey, Bronson, and lastly Chandler, who yielded it up to the "North American." Such, in brief, was the career of "Fenno's Gazette," to which, amid innumerable discouragements, he gave the strength of his best days. Receiving the report of Fenno's death in 1798, Fisher Ames said of him:

"Alas! poor John Fenno, a worthy man, a true patriot, always firm in his principles, mild in maintaining them, and bitter against foes and persecutors. No printer was ever so correct in his politics."

The letters here given were addressed to Colonel Joseph Ward, and throw much light upon the early history of both American journalism and American politics.

BOSTON, 15 Nov., 1779.

DEAR SIR: Your highly agreeable favor of Nov. 3d is now before me. I sincerely thank you for it, as it contains moral, political, and friendly intelligence. Your reflections on the Penobscot Exhibition and other public misfortunes are worthy of the patriot and man of virtue. I trust the war and its concomitant evils are drawing to a period. Our sufferings have been great, but I wish our difficulties were not greater. For my part, I never thought that we had paid half the price that Freedom ought to be estimated at, though I live in the midst of a vile race who lust after the leeks and onions of Sodom, eternally complaining of evils that are comparative blessings. My happiness is that these wretches cannot set aside, by their ingratitude, the great designs of Omnipotence, which are fraught with benignity to America. You say the path of duty is plain. I suppose you mean taxation. I cannot see the perspicuity of it. Tax the countryman, and he will enhance his produce in proportion; tax the merchant, and his merchandise will rise; and between them both the Continent remains *in statu quo* and the poor are crushed. Here difficulties rise insurmountable except by patriotism or coercion. Patriotism is a shade and force is confusion. Oh, may Heaven prevent the necessity of another campaign ——!

I cannot purchase you a steel-mounted sword, but Captain Hallett has a very beautiful silver-mounted, gilt, open-worked one, with a white Chagrin scabbard, which he asks twenty-four silver dollars for, or three half Joes.

It is the cheapest one I have seen; but, as hard money now sells, will turn out more than seven hundred dollars. Your two tickets in the second class of the Continental Lottery are both blanks, which I am sorry for. I think you are now out of the lottery. I am to desire you to purchase for me as many *sable* skins as will make three muffs and three tippets: if you cannot get so many, as many as you can. I should think they might be had of some person in Gen. Sullivan's army, or perhaps they may be brought down the North River. You may buy them dressed or undressed and give a pretty good price, as no such thing is to be had here. You may give as high as three hundred dollars. I long to hear of the Count's complete success and his coming northward, though I fear the latter will not take place. If that nest of bipeds could be routed at York, how great would be our triumph! I should be glad to give you a few portraits in the female way; and were I not married, could do it entertainingly, as I see so many sparklers daily, but form no acquaintance with them. I think the town never exhibited a greater number of handsome girls. You must come and choose for yourself. Old Time will sow his wrinkles by and by, when even good sense and youthful sprightliness may not be able to save you. Adieu.

Ever yours,
J. F.

Ten years pass, and we come to the time when the "Gazette" was first offered to the public. The editor has left his family behind him, and is flying about between New York and Philadelphia making his preparations for publication. Room cannot be found; type is wanting; there is plenty of competition and no money. The printer is too wise to count wholly upon success.

He makes a twofold calculation, and provides for failure as well. Ten years of struggling he hopes will end his labors. Then he proposes to spend the remainder of his years in a delightful quietude, which, alas! he was not destined to enjoy. Death found John Fenno still at work.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1789.

DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure to hear last evening that you were recruiting after an attack of your old complaint. You must take care. There is a season in our lives when we reel off our years two threads at a time. I am now come to a point, and the appearance of the paper will determine its fate. We shall, as you observe, have many good men in Congress, and some so-so. You will perceive the House has chosen a Speaker from Phila. and a Clerk from Virginia. Mr. Otis was a candidate for the last, and is now pushing for Clerk to Senate, but has powerful competitors. There are applicants from all parts—a dozen for an office. As soon as I begin, which will be in eight or ten days, I shall offer my services, and hope for a *slice* from the printing loaf, if no more. Should I fail, the paper shall be prosecuted under every advantage that will produce the *ready*. Among other projects that have occupied my mind, should I fail of publick patronage as a printer, I have thought of advertising myself as a residuary agent at the seat of the National Government, and in that character offer my services to those individuals, through the Union, who may have business to transact with Congress that may be done by an agent. What think you of the idea as a *Corps de reserve?* I think the features of Mr. L. are strongly impressed upon several recent publications. If our men of sense, property, and principle would unite, they would be like a whirlwind that would sweep the chaff of antifederalism, juntoism, idolatry, and nonsense into nonentity. Thank you for all your great and unmerited favours to me and mine. My love to your love and to your children; and pray, take care of yourself, for I hope to come and spend many happy years with you, after the necessary is done here—and that will be in less than ten years, I hope. However lightly we may have thought of laying our bones among the dust of our ancestors, I think differently now. The very dust of New England is dear to me; therefore take care of yourself, and do not think of quitting us this twenty or thirty years, that to all the good advice you have given one profitable to *live* by, I may (should Providence so ordain) have my education finished by being taught how to die. Adieu, my dear Sir, and accept the ardent wishes, for the happiness of you and yours, of

your old friend and servant,
JOHN FENNO.

The printer has been getting deeper and deeper into debt. His creditors are coming upon him for payment. It is the old story, and need not be detailed. He here sets in a very clear light the troubles then existing among the common schools.

NEW YORK, July 5, 1789.

DEAR SIR: Your inestimable favour of the 30th ult. I recd. last evening. I perceive you began, "also some queries from ———." Why did you not continue the sentence? There are not many things which I am not prepared for. If it respects the debt I owe him, please tell him that, when by the dint of a course of labour and application, the severity of which he can form no conception of, I shall be in such a situation as to get bread for my children, I shall then think of him,—although there is *something* sometimes found in the heart of a *stranger* which would preclude an application for a debt circumstanced as this is. This demand certainly ought to be absorbed in the enormous rent which was paid for nearly three years; the demand, however, is *legal*, and must be paid. * * * * Your account of the poor schoolmaster's fate anticipates an answer upon this subject to some queries I wrote to ——. "It is astonishing to me that the great mass of the citizens should suffer their dearest interests to be destroyed by a few men, who themselves would not suffer if every free school in the town was annihilated. Do the middling and poorer classes of citizens realize the advantages they enjoy? The expense that my parents were put to for the education I obtained in the Town-school was not two dollars a year, exclusive of the very small tax upon that account. So good a chance for learning cannot be had out of New England under twenty dollars a year, and equal taxes into the bargain. I look to the *institution*, independent of the masters. Good men certainly ought to be employed; and if the institutions are not supported properly, they will fall to the ground, or, which is as bad, you will have none but the refuse of the world for the preceptors of your children. Whether sufficient attention has been paid to this point I will not determine. Discouraging the *free* schools is encouraging *private*, and shutting the door to learning in the face of the poor. The encrease of private schools has diminished the emoluments of the public masters of late years, which renders it necessary that their salaries should be higher than formerly. The whole expense of the public schools does not amount to so great a sum as the town pays to certain hungry creditors (who urge the reduction of the salaries) for interest upon interest upon paper-money debts." These observations may be made a paragraph if you think proper. I perceive by some of your papers that the leaven of iniquity is beginning to work. The publishing of Gerry's speech, *solus*, is a barefaced violation of impartiality, and is evidently designed to make an impression that shall forestall the public sentiment. The printer that can be made the tool of a party in so flagrant a manner merits universal contempt. I should equally reprobate similar conduct on the other side. * * * May confusion cover the restless sons of discord and anarchy. I hope you will properly notice this—— We yesterday celebrated independence, I mean the citizens. For my part, I am nix except in my paper; I endeavored to make that speak *Shibboleth*, as my good friend "How are ye" says.

I attended St. Paul's to hear Col. Hamilton, but did not get a good seat. What I heard was fine. Congress have got through with the import and tonnage bills. Gerry has his politics, and is very obstinate, though generally deep in the minority. I expect matters will move with greater celerity in future. I congratulate you on the prospect of the ensuing harvest.

Your Ever obliged and Affectionate
JOHN FENNO.

A hiatus of four years occurs between the next two letters. Fragments only of this correspondence are accessible, and such selections are made from these as best show the circumstances surrounding the printer in the pursuit of his work.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favour by Mr. Harback is now before me. Your exertions to promote my interest are the result of the purest benevolence, for at present there is very little prospect of your ever meeting with adequate returns. I am greatly obliged by the advance, for I have got in debt one hundred dollars for paper. My subscriptions in the city come in tolerably well, rather better than is usual for goods of the kind. No debts are considered in a more unproductive view than those for newspapers, and this idea will operate unfavorably for me in the minds of those who make no difference between the Gazette and papers in common. You observe that a number have paid a quarter, and have dropped the paper. I am sorry for their purses; hope the wrinkles will be taken out by being replenished. Some folks in Boston complain of the price of the paper; but I believe it may be affirmed that, at the end of the year, a greater quantity of matter, and chiefly original, will be had than ever was sold for the same money. Magazines in octavo contain about five hundred pages, and are sold at about $2.50 a year. The Gazette will contain four hundred and sixteen pages in *large* folio, more closely printed than any kind of book ever is. I wish to be an auxiliary to good government. The Constitution is the only ark of safety to the liberties of America. Viewing matters in this light, it will be a pleasing task to me to enter into a hearty and spirited support of the administration so far as they appear to be influenced by its genuine principles. Here is plain sailing; and conscience, duty, and patriotism would unite in promoting my exertions. I should have one great object, and that object would confer dignity upon the paper, and give me a reputation upon a solid basis. But such a plan, I fear, can never be supported by public opinion. The public mind will with difficulty be brought to coalesce in such manner upon so novel a subject as to supersede the necessity of assistance (where there are no funds) from some other quarter. In this case, the powers that be must step in; but how is this to be done? There is the rub. It would be unpopular for Government to establish a State paper, or give a printer a salary. I am very much puzzled to pioneer myself out of this dilemma. The management of the paper is a task of such magnitude that few persons ever before undertook its equal. It employs all my time; it absorbs my *whole* attention in such manner that I have not known a pleasing moment of relaxation since you were here. This seems to be sufficient for one without engaging in anything in addition; and yet some public business appears to be the only counterbalance to those deficiencies which will inevitably take place, and which would be sufficient to defeat my designs, were my subscribers much more numerous. In addition to these considerations, I should find it difficult to undertake any additional business of any consequence, from the imperfection of my office, to complete which it would require $500. Your idea is the only competent one; but I have no reason to suppose that there is one person to the Southward of Boston that thinks as you do. There seems to be one alternation left if I continue in this business, and that is, to embark in a general scheme and commence a publication to embrace every species of speculation, public and private, serious, comic, satirical, personal, and political. There appears to be an opening of this kind here, and such papers have succeeded. But this plan I should deprecate a necessity of adopting. Nothing but a dire necessity shall compel me to abandon the present; but there is no fighting against accumulating evil. I hope I shall have grace, wisdom, and fortitude to persevere as long as perseverance shall be a virtue. * * * As soon as the Government begins to operate, I expect it will be assailed. There has lately been two disappointments to one appointment; these persons will kick, and they must be counter-kicked. * * * * Ere this I have reason to fear the worst respecting my sister. This will be a severe stroke; but God is wise and just. Your reflections upon life and its enjoyments are in point,—time is sweeping all away; and, independent of futurity, there is nothing but the name of happiness left. I thank you for your account of my father. * * * * My compliments to Mr. Edes. Thank him for his honorable distinctions. Tell him it is not in my power *publicly* to acknowledge his *goodness*. My friends need be under no apprehensions. I think I have got the gauge of that party exactly, and it will not be to their satisfaction to find, as they surely will, that their chagrin and mortification is inseparably connected with the happiness, glory, and prosperity of their country, and those measures which *will* be pursued notwithstanding all their bellowing.

Write me much and often.
Adieu.
J. F.

PHILA., May 26, 1793.

* * * * With respect to French affairs, our ideas I know run parallel. Alas, that the best cause that can engage the attention of mankind should be so shockingly marred in the making up.

A gentleman once observed to me that it was his opinion that the writings of Mr. Adams would, in time, become the political bible of the United States. I think his remark is in a fair way of being verified, not only there, but throughout the world. My most earnest wish is, that France may eventually establish a free and just government; but I fear the period is remote when this will be realized. I thought the constituent assembly did many things amiss, and many that were excellent; but the convention have run retrograde to the goal of real freedom and peace, from the first moment they met. Our government is critically situated; but I rest firmly persuaded that the result of the deliberations of the executive, which are frequent, will be founded in wisdom. A strict and decided neutrality will be preserved, notwithstanding all the arts used by the Sons of mischief to stir up dissention. I am exceedingly happy in your approbation of the essays and paragraphs which the Gazette contains. Truth, righteousness, and common-sense have a scurvy time of it in these days; but they must prevail. How long the cause of reason and right will be suffered to have any advocate, I know not; but this you may depend upon, that the *whole* truth cannot be spoken at the present day. I skim about the edges, and sometimes dip a little; but many ideas and remarks are suppressed. * * * *

PHIL., Nov. 14, 1793.

* * * * Whatever may be the issue of my career in life, whether my sun may set in splendor or in clouds, my experience testifies that some of the brightest beams of divinity irradiate the human heart. Your very, very generous tender of fifty dollars, permit me to decline receiving. I have already made too large drafts on your bounty. * * * I discontinued my paper, the 18th Sept., since which time, my receipts from my subscribers in arrears, have been paltry indeed. So much so, that without receiving some assistance long since promised, and recently solicited with all the pathos I am capable of giving to an application, my career as a printer will be long suspended if not closed forever. I am waiting in hope. My debts are reduced to about two thousand dollars. I have now due for the Gazette four thousand, but scattered in small sums from Savannah to Portland in the district of Maine. My future plan is, to publish a daily paper, and to furnish myself with an office sufficient to carry on the printing business extensively. For this purpose, I requested a stationer here, to import for me the requisite types. They are now arrived; and if I can but get under way again, I hope by remembering that charity begins at home, to do better for myself and family in the future. The printing business carried on upon an extensive scale, may be made productive, and I wish not to change again. I have sacrificed my proportion. * * * *

Your ever devoted friend and servant,

J. F.

The following long epistle of date September 14, 1794, is full of the strong sense, the quiet, thorough understanding of his own and foreign nations, which made Mr. Fenno so valuable an assistant in all that was wise and good, during his uneasy generation. We are reminded anew of Mr. Ames's words before quoted: "No printer was ever so correct in his politics."

PHIL., Dec. 18, 1793.

* * * * We now hire No. 3 South Fourth Street, where I have recommenced business with a daily paper; and, in addition to this, Mrs. Fenno has taken three members of Congress into the house as boarders, so that you will perceive we have our hands full of business. I snatch a moment to write you; for my paper leaves no waking interval of labor or thought. I have about two hundred subscribers; but this number is not half sufficient to support the publication. They are however increasing. To get going again, I have made another loan, but have not yet received one-half that is necessary, and which was promised me.

PHILA., Sept. 14, 1794.

* * * * I observe the various articles you touch upon, in which you have my acquiescence; particularly in respect to printers. With a few exceptions, if the enemies of their country had chosen their agents of mischief, they could not have employed better than the printers of newspapers in the United States. The press was generally engaged on the right side (I mean that of order and just government), during the time the Constitution was on its passage; but ever since it has been in operation, our newspapers have constantly teemed with publications hostile to the Government they before advocated, subversive of the principles upon which civil liberty is founded, degrading to our character as freemen, and as an independent nation. So far as this has been done by exiles from Europe, and through the agency of other foreigners, it may be attributed to two causes. The first is, that these exiles supposed that they should get rid of all restraint in this free and happy country. The majority of this class, are persons that cannot be quiet under any government whatever; and we shall find that they will oppose the just and wholesome laws of this country, as long as they can do it with impunity. The other cause originates in a vile spirit of envy and malignity. There are wretches among us who will never forgive or forget our successful efforts to throw off foreign domination: but that we should become a great, a flourishing, and important component part of the great whole, is what they cannot tolerate. But, sir, the times are changing. Printers, I trust, will in future see that it is not for their interest to be the tools of men who seek their own advantage at the expense of the peace and honor of the country. * * * * Your Governor A. has, all his life long, been the bubble of credulity, and I wish he may not turn out something worse. To countenance, in his situation, and at his time of life, the principles and conduct of those wretched politicians who have never done any *good*, and whom the good sense of the people alone prevents from doing unspeakable mischief,—is worse than dotage; it is abominable

impotency, to use the mildest term. The appointment of Monroe was, I believe, one of those compromises that must take place in all governments. I abhor the policy, but wish it may turn out well in the end. I know little of him, and, as you do know something, I wish you would give me some idea of the man. Your approbation of Mr. Adams's appointment, is a thing of course. I know he feels himself an American, and will do honor to his country and himself. * * * * You express your approbation of my mode of conducting my paper. When it was published twice a week, I was obliged to select with more attention; consequently, excluded a great deal of trash that I now find it convenient to take in.

Independent of the advantage you suggest, it furnishes a good pretext for introducing speculations in which the truth is more freely told than has hitherto been the case; and I am determined in future to give currency to lucubrations which shall take many rampant public errors by the horns. * * * * There is one point in which you and I do not so perfectly coincide as we do in all others; and that is, the affairs of France. The origin of the revolutions in that country (for there have been many), I care little about; it will not bear investigation; there was no virtue, consequently no merit in it. The Court began it through necessity. In its progress, it produced principles honorary to human nature; but those principles and the men who brought them forward, are no more. It has appeared to me for a long time, that the principal agents there, have been much more solicitous to exterminate the Christian religion than to establish a free government. Long since they have lost the track to freedom. I see no approaches toward it, but directly the reverse. * * * * Adverting to the present principles in France, I do not see how any man can wish them to prevail. There is but one thing they merit eulogium for; and that is for fighting well. As to their principles, there is not a civilized country under heaven where they can be introduced, which would not immediately be turned into just such an Aceldama. Robespierre appears to me to be the soul of the present revolution. Examine well his speeches and reports. Blood is the predominant idea; conformable to which, in April, May, and June, the executions in Paris were almost innumerable. I do not depend on English papers. I have a great number of Paris papers for April and May, and their principal contents are the names of the victims executed daily. Every species of merit was swept away by the guillotine. It appears that numbers were executed for words and actions uttered and done long before the year 1789.

I do not mean by the foregoing, to be understood as favoring the views of the combined powers against France. The subversion of the old despotism, I thought a good work; but, if no better government is introduced than the present, it will prove to be the worst thing that could have been done. The neighbors of the French had infinitely better left them to themselves. A free government I heartily wish them; but I deprecate their external successes while the same lust of power appears predominant, which actuated that execrable tyrant Louis the Fourteenth.

Respecting the Insurgents, you will have seen a Mr. White's speech, with a list of the grievances complained of. Take it for data, and a most wretched hash it is. The troops will march. The business appears to me to have been badly managed, but is working right on the whole. The democrats are as scarce as musketers in December. There was a great schism in the Demo Club, a night or two since. Some member brought forward resolutions approbating the President's conduct.

Some of the devil's brands took fire. The President of the Club, as I am informed, left the chair. He was forced in again. He objected to the votes. Uproar ensued; some say bloody noses and broken shins. The votes were carried thirty to eighteen. Poor Creatures! The troops must now march at all events; for, if they do not, the world itself would not contain the lies that will be told. * * * *

Ever yours, J. F.

The next and last letter, must have been written shortly before the author's death (of yellow fever) in the year 1798.

PHIL. Aug. 30, 1798.

DEAR SIR: I write to relieve you in some degree from that anxiety which you may feel on our account. Through the signal favor of Providence, we continue in usual health. Mrs. Fenno is now with me. Our eldest son is at Newport, our oldest and two youngest daughters are at Bethlehem. We have five children at home. The city is now deserted and desolate. There are but three or four parts of families left in Chestnut street, and that seems to be a sample of the rest. The disorder we have is a most terrible one, and makes tremendous ravages. Few lie longer than four or five days—many die sooner. You will see by the papers that the proportion of the dead to the sick is very great. Sixty-nine new cases were reported this day. The deaths for three or four days average about forty each. Considering the thin population, this mortality is considered almost as great as in 1793. This disease is not confined to Phila.; it is in Wilmington and in New York. As it is my duty to continue here so long as other printers remain at their posts, I shall do so, trusting in that Almighty power which has so graciously protected me and mine heretofore. Should sickness invade, we shall not abandon one another; and as much depends on circumstances of this nature, we have more to hope than fear. The late news from Europe you will have heard ere this. I think the general complexion of it augurs well for the United States. Wishing that we may see universal peace, righteousness, justice, and truth prevail through the earth,

I remain, as ever,
your affectionate friend,
JOHN FENNO.

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN CO-OPERATION.

FIRST PAPER.

PEOPLE are divided into two classes,—those who have labor to sell, and those who have money to sell. All men and women either sell the labor of their hands or brains for wages, or their money for a price, called interest. They dig or write, keep house, sew, navigate, sell goods, teach, guide men or machinery for money or other consideration, commonly called wages. These are the workers. The others sell or lend their money for dividends—or interest, and they are the capitalists, so called. It makes no difference that the larger part of those who work for wages have more or less capital. The distinction of lenders and workers holds equally good, and naturally divides the world. The workers without capital represent a large part of the people. The lenders who do not work represent a very small fraction. The workers, who are also lenders, outnumber both of these.

These two great parties, laborers and capitalists, are essential to each other. Capital without labor comes to a dead stop, and considers itself ruined because its interest money is extinguished. Labor without capital starves. The capitalist may consume his capital, but it perishes in the using, and he ultimately comes to want. The laborer can do nothing, and starves at once. They must, therefore, work together, and when they do so harmoniously, the best results are reached. They do not always work together in entire harmony, hence strikes, lockouts, bad times, quarrels and general confusion and disaster on both sides. Here is a case in hand. A certain manufacturer employs a large number of work-people, and pays them $400 a day in wages. Suddenly he finds he is losing $50 a day by the operation. If he is selfish, he turns upon his best friends, discharges them all, and saves his $50 a day which represented his interest or profits. The work-people lose everything—starve perhaps. It may happen that, being wiser, he retains the workers and pays them $350, and thus protects himself. This is better for the work-people, but commonly they are unwise, and, feeling aggrieved, they strike, and refuse to work at all. The manufacturer is perhaps inconvenienced, but the workers starve just the same. Altogether, the position is unhappy.

This is the war between labor and capital. Capital continually withdrawing itself from healthful work because it is afraid of losing its price, continually at difference with its one friend, without whom it must perish. Labor striking, demanding shorter time, more wages, dictating imperious rules about piece-work and apprentices; quarreling with its one friend, without whom it must die or seek the poor-house. To adjust these differences is the problem of the day.

One way out of the difficulty is to make the laborer a capitalist. The savings bank is the chief aid in this direction. Let the worker put a part of his earnings in a bank, and he becomes a capitalist in a small way. He learns to view the subject of interest and dividends with the eyes of a lender, and he is straightway jealous of his capital and its rights. He joins the other party, and, belonging to both, he the more readily sees that it is for the interest of both to work together. Education is offered as another solution. Give the workingman a business education, and he learns to see and understand the laws that govern the movements of wages and interest. Finally, comes the idea of co-operation—the giving the laborer a share in the guidance and profits of the work, the union of capital and labor in any particular undertaking. Co-operation is, in theory, the most sensible and the most just solution to this question that has been offered. In practice, it has been attended with every imaginable degree of success and failure. It has been repeatedly tried in every branch of business, both here and in Europe. In a certain way, it is already in active operation through the agency of savings banks, loan, friendly, and building associations, and insurance companies. But, as these are usually managed, they are not wholly co-operative in a commercial sense. In the case of savings banks, the laborers contribute to the capital and have no control over it, while capitalists manage the funds for a salary, or an extra dividend, or other consideration, over and above the interest paid to the real owners of the money.

Co-operation means the actual union of workers and lenders in one manufacture, trade, business, or other venture. It means giving the laborers in a shop, mill, foundry, ship or farm a share in the direction, profits, and losses of the business, either in whole or in part. This divides co-operation into three kinds—co-operation where the workers merely have a share in the profits; co-operation where the workers share in the control and the profits and losses, and co-operation where capital merely concedes certain incidental advantages to labor. Co-operation is also divided into kinds—distributive co-operation, and productive co-operation. The first concerns itself with the distribution of goods of various kinds, in such a way as to bring the dealer and purchaser into close business co-operation, and includes co-operative purchasing companies, and co-operative stores, mills, and retail shops of all kinds. Productive co-operation implies the union of laborer and capitalist in some manufacture or productive pursuit. Working a farm and garden on shares is an instance of complete co-operation. The land owner contributes his land, which is his capital, and the worker contributes his skill, and the labor of his horses and his hands, and the use of his tools, and both share in the resulting harvest.

Another instance may be found in the equipping and manning of vessels in Great Britain and elsewhere, and particularly in our Eastern States. A number of people, farmers, sailors, mechanics, women, contribute their savings, build, launch, and equip the schooner, and each receives a certificate of stock in the craft. Some of them ship as officers or men, and offer places to others, for the voyage. Fishermen and sailors are taken on shares, and the crew is made up. The schooner sails and makes a trip to the Grand Banks. On returning, the catch is sold for so much cash. The expenses are taken out, and the balance is divided pro rata among crew and owners according to agreement. This is real co-operation. Capital contributes the boat, lines, stores, and bait. Labor contributes its labor and skill. No wages are paid, but each earns his share. In fact, it often happens that all the workers are also owners. In case the voyage results in loss, the sailors lose their labor, the owners lose the interest on the money invested. If boat and crew are lost, the widows draw their life insurance, the owners have their marine insurance.

Participation in the profits that result from any manufacture in which labor and capital are employed together, that is, the giving the laborer a share in the profits, with or without wages, and with no share in the control of the business, and no liability in case of loss, is the most simple kind of co-operation, and has been tried with success in every branch of business. Stores that give their salesmen a percentage of the profits, mills and foundries that divide a portion of their earnings among the workers employed in the business, illustrate this useful and readily understood co-operation.

Capitalists who of their own accord have given to the labor they employed certain advantages in the way of houses, rents, educational, social and domestic facilities, have shown what can be done in this interesting department of co-operation. Instances may be found in nearly every branch of business, and in every instance of any magnitude we believe it has been proved to be a mutual benefit to both capital and labor.

It is the purpose of this paper, and perhaps of others, to examine these various kinds of co-operation, and to see how far each may be of value in solving the capital and labor question. It is proposed to examine a number of actual experiments in the various phases of co-operation, to consider the causes of their success or failure, and to discover, as far as possible, the best methods of procedure in each. It may be incidentally mentioned here, that there has been a very great variety of experiments in this field. Some of these have been visionary and absurd, some have been badly conceived and improperly conducted. Others have been eminently just and wise, and have failed through distrust, a want of patience, or a lack of common honesty among the members. Others have endured for years, have survived panics and dull times, and have been sources of great profit to their members, be they capitalists or laborers. Some have been of great moral as well as material benefit to both parties, teaching the one justice and the other patience. From each experiment some lesson may be learned.

The most radical form of industrial co-operation is that in which the workers are the capitalists, the men or women who perform the labor having contributed the money whereby their labor is paid or made productive. Many experiments have been made in this direction, both here and in Europe. The great majority of these experiments have been failures. To discover the reason of this involves the examination of many questions in social life, business, and education, which may be eventually considered. At first it may be better to examine the actual working plans and methods of a few really practical and successful co-operative shops and foundries now in operation in this country.

In January, 1872, a number of machinists and other workingmen met in the town of Beaver Falls, Pa., and under the laws of that State formed an incorporated company under the name of the "Beaver Falls Co-operative Foundry Association," for the purpose of manufacturing stoves, hollow-ware, and fine castings. The capital was fixed at $25,000, with the right to increase it to $50,000, and the affairs of the company were placed under the government of a president, a treasurer, and five directors. Articles of agreement and appropriate by-laws were drawn up and signed, and the first officers were elected for one year. The number of members was quite limited, and all the capital they could command did not reach $4,000. On this basis the association went into operation, and it has prospered steadily ever since. Full time has been constantly maintained (except during brief stops for repairs), and wages have been paid once a week to every member employed. The amount of the wages thus earned was the same as for similar work in the same line of business. A few desirable members have since been added. Each took as many shares as he was able to purchase, and the association has now a membership of twenty-seven, with a paid up capital of $16,000. Each share has regularly earned an annual dividend, over and above all expenses and interest on plant, of from twelve to fifteen per cent. The goods produced last year were valued at $40,000, even at the present low prices. A few outside hands are employed, but in the apportionment of the labor the members have the preference. In the control of the association each member has one vote only, and each is obliged to attend the regular quarterly meetings of the stockholders. The larger part of the stockholders are regularly employed in the foundry, and are paid wages for the time employed. Other stockholders merely receive dividends on their stock.

In the fall of 1867 a number of workingmen in the town of Somerset, Mass., united under the laws of that State, for the purpose of starting an iron foundry, in the belief that the co-operation of their money and labor might be of mutual advantage. Thirty men contributed their money and collected a capital of a little more than $14,000, and with this started the "Somerset Co-operative Foundry Company," in the manufacture of ranges, parlor and cooking stoves, and hollow-ware of all kinds. The ownership of five shares entitled a man to work in the foundry at regular wages. Each member had one vote in the election of the officers in whom the government of the company was vested. The details of the government were very simple, and it has proved efficient. The experience of the company during its nine years of business life has been satisfactory, in spite of the dull times that recently have fallen upon the iron trade. Since it began work the stockholders have been paid dividends to the extent of forty-four per cent., either in cash or in new stock. Within the last five years it produced material to the value of $340,000 and paid $151,000 in wages, while its total sales since it began have reached almost half a million dollars. The company spent within the last two years $5,400 for new flasks and patterns, and still showed a net gain of $11,914 for the two years. It has now a capital of $30,000, partly paid in cash and partly earned, and a surplus fund of $28,924. There are now fifty-three members of the association, of whom thirty are employed in the foundry. Of the other shareholders, all save five or six are mechanics employed in other shops in the neighborhood.

Another instance of the practical working of co-operation is shown in the experience of the "Equitable Co-operative Foundry Company of Rochester, N. Y." This company was started under the general manufacturing law of New York in 1867 with a capital of $30,000. This was divided into shares of $100 each, and of the forty-five contributors to the capital all save two or three immediately obtained work in the foundry. The by-laws by which this company was to be governed, and is still conducted, are worthy of examination, as showing its working methods. The first article appoints the time and place of the annual meeting of the stockholders and directors, and provides for vacancies in the board of directors caused by death or otherwise. The second article places the government of the company in a board of nine directors, who elect annually a president, treasurer, secretary, and manager or superintendent. The salaries of these officers are fixed by the board of directors, and they are at all times subject to their direction. The third article states that it shall be the duty of the president to preside at all the meetings of the directors, sign all important papers, bonds, contracts, stocks, etc., and make an annual report of the doings of the association in detail. The fourth and fifth articles define the duties of the treasurer and secretary, who are both under bonds to the company for the faithful discharge of their duties. The sixth article defines the form and wording of the certificates of stock and the transfers of the same, both of which are in very simple language. Article seven declares that applications for stock must be made in writing, with the name, address, and occupation of the intending purchaser, and must be presented by some officer of the company before the board of directors. Any one objecting must file his written objections in detail within five days after the presentation of the application for stock. If the objections are not conclusive, and if the applicant is accepted by a two-thirds vote, the shares, to a number not exceeding fifty, may be assigned to him on payment of the money and an entrance fee of one dollar. Article eight defines the manner of transferring stock. Articles nine and ten define the place and time of all meetings, and the method of conducting the business at such meetings. Article eleven may be given in full, as follows: "Dividends shall be declared annually from the net profits of the business after paying all expenses, and deducting a proper percentage to form a contingent fund, and shall be apportioned as follows: To stockholders a dividend of twelve per cent. on the capital stock; the remainder, if any, shall be a dividend on labor and apportioned to the members in proportion to their general earnings, said dividend to be paid only to the shareholders in person or their legal representatives." Article twelve concerns members, and may be given in full. "Members employed by the company are to conduct themselves properly and for the general interest of the company, failing to do which they will subject themselves to the liability of dismissal by the foreman or superintendent. In case of dismissal, the dismissed member may appeal to the directors at their next meeting; if, upon a vote, two-thirds of the members present sustain the action of the foreman or superintendent, the offending member shall remain debarred the privilege of receiving employment until such time as the directors or stockholders at a regular meeting may decide." The next article makes the president, secretary, and treasurer a board of business management, and gives them power to act during the recess of the board of directors, and to settle questions at dispute between the members and the company, but if any member desires, he may appeal to the directors, whose decision in every case shall be final. The remaining article refers merely to the order of business at the meetings.

Upon these articles of agreement the company was formed, and has steadily prospered, until now it holds a capital of $100,000, which, as reported by the secretary, is almost wholly made up of the profits of the business since it started nine years since. No member holding less than $5,000 in stock has been allowed to draw his dividends in cash, and this must in part account for the rapid advance of the capital. The limit of the stock now being reached, hereafter all dividends are to be paid in cash. The dividends declared each year ranged from 10 to 33 per cent., except during the year of the Chicago fire, when the company lost heavily at their warerooms in that city. The dividend that year was only 6 per cent. The limit of the dividends is now placed at 17 per cent., and all over that is divided among all the members, according to their several earnings. The dividend this year being 12 per cent., there is nothing to divide. The business of the company has greatly increased, and it now employs 125 men at full time. Of these, very few besides the original number are stockholders. The others merely receive wages each week, precisely as do the members at work in the same molding-room, and watching the same glowing fires. In every respect the company declares itself satisfied with its co-operative experiment. Its first president held office four years, and is now at the head of its Chicago branch, an establishment quite as large as the home foundry at Rochester. The company has taken high prizes at exhibitions for its stoves, and is in every sense prosperous and successful.

Next may be considered an experiment in co-operation in another branch of business, and one that offers so many features of interest that it has been made the subject of personal examination, and is here presented in every detail.

Springfield, Vermont, is very much like many another New England town. The Black River, roaring over the falls, furnishes ample water-power to a number of shops, mills, and factories, that cling to its steep banks under the shadow of the wooded hills that stand round about. Wood-working, lumber-sawing, children's carriages, toys, and tool-handle-making employ the people's time and money; and thrift, industry, and prosperity abound. The few rich families of the place own the mills—the majority of the people work in them. All have prospered more or less, and none are desperately poor. There is homely comfort in abundance, and even a taste of elegance and luxury. That the place, in the long run, has been prosperous, is evidence of the good sense, economy and industry of the people, and nowhere could better material be found for an experiment in co-operation. The original promoter of the enterprise had lived here for a number of years, and had often employed both the labor and money of the people. He had even tried co-operation, and, though by reason of mismanagement it had been a failure as a business venture, he was willing to try again. With four others, and a trifle over a thousand dollars in money, he hired a small shop with water-power and began the manufacture of toys and wooden-ware on a co-operative basis. Trade they had none. They must first make something, then sell it. Fortunately, the founder was familiar with the toy trade, and it did not take long to find a market for their goods. They soon discovered that to hold together they must have some definite articles of agreement. Accordingly, something like the following was drawn up and duly signed The capital stock was fixed at $5,000, in shares of $5 each. These shares were not transferable, except to the company. Every member, male or female, must work in the shop at certain fixed wages. Each man on joining the company must take twenty shares in the capital stock, and each woman must take at least five. Each member must return to the company one-fourth part of his earnings, the same to be considered as capital, for which he shall receive certificates of stock according to its amount. No person can join the company without having first worked for wages in the shop for three months, and then only by the consent of a majority of all the members. Any person may apply for admission on trial, whether familiar with the business or not, provided he is frugal, does not use intoxicating drinks, is civil and respectful in manners, and of a good moral character. Any person may be discharged without delay for sufficient cause by a vote of the majority of the members at a regular meeting called for the purpose. In such case, the company returns the full value of his shares in legal funds. Any member may withdraw at any time, and may take out his capital by giving a six months' notice to that effect. An account of stock and a statement of the business done must be made every six months. Members withdrawing must have the value of their stock estimated from the statement next preceding, and, in place of dividends, they are only to receive interest at six per cent. from that time. Once a month the directors must present at a meeting of all the members a statement of the company's affairs and prospects, with a trial sheet from the books. Any member may then examine the books, and at such meeting a majority of the members may instruct the directors concerning any and all of the affairs of the concern. Each member is entitled to one vote at such business meeting. In election of officers, each share has one vote. The officers consist of a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a board of directors not less than three in number, and each shall receive such compensation as the majority may decide—such compensation to be by the day, and for working days only. These officers also constitute a board of managers, whose duty it is to purchase the material required, sell the manufactured goods, select the foreman for each department, arrange the work and wages of each member, see that the orders of the company are executed, and keep full and accurate accounts of all its transactions. Any member dissatisfied with his or her wages may appeal to a majority of the members, and their decision shall be final. No member shall be discharged from the company on account of dullness of trade, but, if the company finds itself unable to give full employment to all its members and hold its goods, the hours of labor shall be reduced *pro rata* for all. These articles of agreement can only be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members at a special meeting called by a majority of the members.

These articles of agreement make a valuable contribution to the literature of co-operative industry. It may be worth while to examine them, to see how far this experiment has realized its own theory in practice.

In the first place, the capital is contributed by the actual workers. Here the capitalist and laborer are one, they unite in real co-operation. If the worker is a man and has no money, he cannot join. This might seem exclusive, but it must be remembered that hardly a young man of steady habits and good character can be found, who cannot in some way command two or three hundred dollars. If he cannot, he is almost sure to be an idler, or a spendthrift, and unsuited to have a voice in the control of an industrial establishment of any kind. Girls and women must contribute to the capital, if possible, on entering the association; but, in case they cannot, and have shown themselves able and willing workers during the three months' trial, they may pay for their five shares out of the twenty-five per cent. discount on their wages. The division of the stock into small shares enables the members to acquire it easily, and the fact that the shares cannot be transferred excludes the mere capitalist. The withholding a fourth part of the wages is the chief point. The great difficulty with laboring people is, that they cannot, or do not, save their earnings. The temptation to spend is too great; they save a little in an irregular way, but it is doubtful if many workingmen or women steadily lay aside a quarter of their incomes. Here they must, for the company simply keeps it and invests it in the very business in which the worker is employed. The practice in these works is to pay the wages on account in small sums. There is no weekly or monthly pay day when all are paid in full. At the end of each quarter, each account is examined and adjusted. The wages for the three months are added together, a fourth part is subtracted, and, the balance, less the sums paid on account, is paid to each worker in money. For the money held back, each receives as many certificates of stock as the money will buy at $5 each. Though it cannot be sold, except to the company, it is real property, represents the worker's savings and earns a dividend every six months, according to the business done. On the other hand, the company, standing in the position of capitalist, finds constant employment for its money. Moreover, its capital continually grows, and each quarter it issues new shares. As its business increases, its capital increases with it. New capital is ever flowing in, growing in exact proportion to the needs of the business. The more hands ready to work, the better the ability to pay them.

The fact that one man contributed a thousand dollars to start these particular shops, makes no difference. It was essential, as the experiment was entirely original. There was not even a trade started. The thousand dollars was only an incident peculiar to this one establishment. Now that it has proved a success, it might be repeated with a more equal division of the financial burden. Neither does it make any difference that, more recently, the entrance fee has been raised to $300 for men and $100 for boys, while it remains at $25 for girls and women. It has been estimated that it costs $500 to provide shop-room, tools, material, and power for each new hand in a mill or shop. This has induced the Industrial Works to make this advance in their entrance fee. In some other manufacture, in a small mill, or store, the entrance fee might be less, according to the demands of the business.

It may here be noticed that all the members of these Works (with one exception), are young people. Only three of the men are married, and, in these cases, the wives are also members. Such a reduction in the wages can only be made by young single men or women of simple habits, or married couples without large families. Several men with families did join, but withdrew, as they found it impossible to support their families with such a drawback on their incomes. Had these men been able to work in the shop a year or two previous to marriage, their accumulated stock might have aided them in the matter. We hope to show from the statement of wages earned in these shops that this view is correct, and to show that this large reduction of the actual money wages paid is not a disadvantage, but an immense gain for the married workingman.

It may be asked how people could be induced to put their money into such a venture, without testing the thing for themselves. Each member on entering receives a note, with good security, for the whole amount contributed. If during the first three months he wishes to withdraw, he can do so, and the note will be promptly paid with interest at six per cent for the time it was employed. At the end of this time, if he remains, he surrenders the note and receives certificates of stock instead. In this case no interest is paid, as the stock participates in the next dividends declared.

No one can join the association without working in the shop for at least three months. For admittance to this period of probation, the candidate applies to the Direction. If the officers think the applicant likely to make a good member, if he can come up to the requirements in regard to habits, manners, and ability to work, he is taken on trial at nominal wages. The novice need know nothing of the business. If he is willing to be instructed, the association will teach him the trade, or such parts of it for which he may display special aptitude. This is thoroughly American in idea, and stands in high contrast with the position of the Trades Unions upon the subject of apprentices. The beginner then takes his or her place in the shop under the eyes of his future co-laborers and employers. If he displays a willingness to learn and to work, it will soon be discovered. If he shows the slightest taint of ill-manners, shiftless habits, or a disposition to shirk, some sharp-eyed young woman or quick-witted boy will mark it, and it will quickly spread through the shop, to the ruin of his prospects. Every man tending a machine, the girls painting toys at his side, the clerks in the office, the salesmen and lumbermen, high and low, those at the next bench, those in the other shop, all his fellow-workers, in fact, are his masters.

Even after a young man has passed the trial months and been admitted, he is always under the eyes of his employers. The over-looker is at his right hand and on his left. If he lags behind at the morning hour, some one will make a note of it. If he drops his tools at the noon bell with that singular celerity displayed by Trades Union people, some one at his elbow will offer the resolution that results in a polite "leave to withdraw." No master in shop, mill, or foundry, ever invented such an irresistible motive for constant and steady work. No employer ever so won to his interest such a company of workers. None dare waste their employers' time or material, for they, the workers, are the employers of the time, the owners of the materials. Moreover, the hope of reward is ever before them. If by reason of industry or skill they show an aptitude for better work and better pay, there is every opportunity for them to win both.

It has been said that labor is suspicious of capital, that it always resents a reduction of its wages, because it thinks the reduction dictated by selfishness. In the Industrial Works, each member is compelled to take part in the regular monthly business meetings of the company. He hears the balance sheet read, he is told of all the doings of the concern, he has a voice in the control of affairs, and, in spite of himself, he must get something of a business education. Thus, hearing the financial affairs discussed, and having free access to the books, he learns to see and understand the causes that bring about a reduction of wages, and, with it all, learns patience and wisdom. If the expenses are too heavy or the goods produced too few or too costly, he will see that more exertion must be made at the bench, that a more strict economy of time and material must be enforced, or the wages account will suffer. He comes to see the folly of a strike, and finds out for himself the plain and simple path every industry must follow, if it is to declare good dividends.

This much for theory. What has been the actual outcome of the experiment? How did it work on trial? The first step was taken in July, 1874, when the shop and water-power were hired for one year on the personal security of the original founder. The articles of agreement were signed, and the five associates went to work. A circular was printed inviting others to join the company. The first new member, a young woman from Providence, R. I., was admitted on the first of August. The second, a Massachusetts man, joined August 7th. On the 19th a New Hampshire man was admitted, and on the fifth of the following month another young woman from Rhode Island was admitted. On the first of January, '75, there were seventeen members and a number of novices on trial. As the months passed, they gradually learned their business, and prepared a stock of goods. These were tried on the market, and met with a profitable sale. This was encouraging, and the first examination of the affairs of the Works in January, 1875, showed a small profit over expenses. All the people were strangers to one another and to the business; a portion of them were merely apprentices, and that the members should have earned good wages, saved twenty-five cents on the dollar, been constantly employed, and actually conducted the business at a profit, was certainly remarkable.

In April, 1875, one shop was burned to the ground. It seemed at first as if the enterprise could not recover from this blow. However, the company had tried the experiment, and at once began to look about for new quarters. A neighboring town in New Hampshire offered another shop upon very favorable terms if the association would move. The people of Springfield, hearing of this, at once called a public meeting, and volunteered to raise a fund to enable the association to rebuild. Money sufficient to set the company on its feet was offered at this meeting, and at once accepted, and the next morning the workmen, under the guidance of a practical builder, proceeded to erect a four-story shop, 100x40. In sixty days the turbine was merrily spinning the machinery, and the men were at work again in a shop erected by their own hands.

The second account of stock, made in the following July, showed that the Works could declare no dividends on account of the fire. However, every member had been steadily employed, each had saved twenty-five per cent. of his wages, and the business had survived the disaster. From that time the association entered upon a career of unexpected prosperity. The land on which the shop stood was bought on favorable terms; and on the first of January, 1876, the association had forty-five names on its books as members or apprentices on trial. The pressure of business has compelled many extra hours of labor for all, and even extra hands (outsiders) have been sometimes employed for a few weeks. The stock produced found a ready sale, and the business reported for September, October, and November, '75, amounted to $13,600. A dividend of four per cent. was declared in January, 1876, but it was voted to retain it and re-invest it in new machinery. Eight per cent. a year is guaranteed on the stock, and if the business cannot pay this, the sum is made up by assessing the wages account. Not a day has been lost, nor have the wages been cut down. On the contrary, they have steadily advanced as the workers improved in skill. The number of holidays and "off days" has been small. One of the workmen remarked: "The circus never gets any of our money." The number of applications for admittance has been something wonderful.

This association has another feature that, though it has proved a success and is intimately connected with it, has nothing to do with its commercial aspects, and is not essential to its business prosperity. The company keeps house for all its members. It hires two large dwellings, and all the work-people, from the superintendent to the youngest boy on trial, live together. Each pays board, and all have the advantage of a good home at a very reasonable price. Concerning this boarding-house feature, it must be said that it has nothing to do with these Works, considered as an industrial experiment. The fact that they get better lodgings and a better table for less money than at an ordinary boarding-house; the fact that they have a large reading-room supplied with the best periodical literature without extra charge; that they have the free use of a parlor and piano-forte; that nursing, in case of sickness, is free,—has nothing to do with the shop, viewed as a contribution to the labor question. That some of the female members prefer house-work in the Industrial Home to machine-tending in the Industrial Works; the fact that the Home keeps a cow or two, a poultry-yard, a kitchen-garden, which produces all the vegetables required by the table; even the fact that the house pays a regular dividend of ten per cent., has nothing to do with the manufacturing experiment. If these young people choose to conduct their household affairs on this principle; if they find it a good speculation, let them do so by all means. The members will eventually discover that it works well for a time among young unmarried people, but the natural desire for a separate home will soon scatter such a family.

The two wooden shops, standing on the brink of the river, and just above the village, are pleasantly located in a clean, quiet, and healthful neighborhood. Each is three stories high, and about 100x40 feet in area. A bridge connects the two, and both are neatly and simply painted and finished. There is ample water-power, with room for another turbine if needed, with a large lumber yard. On entering the shops, one finds large, lofty rooms, warm, well lighted, clean and comfortable. Each room is a department, and has a foreman over it. On the wall is a card with the names of the work-people in that room and with blanks for the days of the week. On this the foreman keeps a record of the days and hours each one is at work, and from this the wages account is made up. It also serves as a guide in estimating the value of each one's services, for it is used as a monitorial list or record of good conduct. Each can see what he has done, and all may observe if the foreman fails in justice or courage in making up his daily report.

At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, distributed according to the demands of the work or their own ability. Precisely as in any manufactory, there is a regular system of work and a perfect subdivision of labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suited to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one cannot fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rigid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working-people in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy that characterize some of the workers. Not a trace of this can be seen in the Industrial Works.

The sun goes down, the lamps are lighted, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice the energy of a clock. The whirling shafts spin steadily, the shavings fly from the planers, the paint brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. It is work, work, work with a jolly persistence. The six o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in the company.

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well-dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and courteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

In wages the men receive from $7.50 to $16.50 per week, the girls from $6 to $7.50 (from which the deduction of one-fourth is made). As these figures are set by a majority of their own members, they may be taken as an expression of what people in their position think themselves worth. At the same time, they freely admit that all are comparatively unfamiliar with the business. Nearly all the young women were originally school-teachers, and a majority of the men came from farms. For board the men pay $4, and the women $3 per week. This is less than the usual rate, and, at the same time, they get more for their money than they could obtain elsewhere. The house also pays a dividend, in which each has a share, according to his or her stock.

The individual experience of some of the members is as instructive as the story of the Works. A few accounts are here presented as taken from the books of the company.

One young man, aged twenty, came directly from a farm; he had never worked in any shop, and joined in January, 1875, paying $100 for twenty-five shares of the stock. His wages the first year amounted to $478.28. From this was taken $119.57. He paid $208.53 for board and received $150.18 in cash. He therefore found constant employment, and made a saving of $269.75, Part of this must have been used for incidental expenses, clothing, etc., and part, no doubt, found its way into the savings bank. Six weeks of the time he was idle, being disabled, but, in spite of this, he did well, and had property in the Works to the value of $219.57, that will have a share in all the dividends declared by the company. In case of death, the stock can be readily realized on, after six months' notice, with six per cent. interest from the time he ceased to work.

Among the first members, one man contributed $50 in August, 1874, and worked in the shops up to January, 1876. His total earnings amounted to $1,021.42. His board bill was $293.10, and he received stock to the value of $98.63 during the first six months. He then gave notice of withdrawal, and after that no more capital was reserved. On leaving the Works he received his original $50, the cash value of his stock with interest and all his unpaid earnings, or something over $500 in cash.

Another member bought stock to the value of $100 in August, 1874. January 1st, 1876, he had earned $774, of which he held $193.50 in stock. His board expenses at the Home amounted to $281.96, so that he supported himself, received $298.54, and held stock to the value of $293.50.

A man and wife, each about twenty-three years old, joined in March, 1875. The wife earned, up to January, 1876, $223.05, and held stock to the value of $55.76 The husband put in $100 as stock on entering, and earned wages to the amount of $484.10. Of this he received stock to the value of $121.02, and the balance was paid in board or cash. Their joint earnings amounted to $707.15; their joint expenses at the Home reached $272.99. They thus supported themselves, held jointly stock to the value of $276.78, and received the remainder of their wages in money.

It is impossible to say what will be the final outcome of this experiment. It must be noticed that the Industrial Home, aside from the Industrial Works, shows no taint of socialism or communistic ideas, and cannot be classed with such experiments. It is purely a joint-stock co-operative boarding-house, and nothing more. The most valuable features of the Industrial Works are the peculiar plan of paying its members in stock, in compelling them to save money, in giving them all a voice in the direction of the business, and in so far making the co-operation of labor and capital a practical success.

LE COUREUR DES BOIS.

"OUT of the beaver trade rose a huge evil, baneful to the growth and the morals of Canada. All that was most active and vigorous in the colony took to the woods, and escaped from the control of intendants, councils, and priests, to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great, but in the pursuit of them there was a fascinating element of danger and adventure. The bush-rangers or *coureurs des bois* were to the King an object of terror. They defeated his plans for the increase of the population, and shocked his native instincts of discipline and order. Edict after edict was directed against them, and more than once the colony presented the extraordinary spectacle of the greater part of its young men turned into forest outlaws."—Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a cottage of the better class, but that is not saying that it was either elegant or very comfortable, for Canada at that time was very young and poor—in short, was still New France. The cottage was, however, a picture in its way, both without and within. Over the thick stone walls clambered a hardy vine, which was willing to be beautiful and thrive through the brief summer, and not become utterly discouraged during the six months its roots were covered with snow. It had pulled itself up to the roof, holding on to the rough stones; though that was no great feat, for the children who lived in the cottage often did the same, and had even coaxed a gaudy scarlet bean up too, and together they waved in the summer wind and basked in the summer sun. Within there was a cheery homeliness, which obscured bare walls and scanty furniture. It was so late in the afternoon, that the slanting rays of the sun fell in through the door across the newly scoured floor, drying the white planks before a speck of dust found an abiding place there, and leaving the grain of the wood sharply defined in the dampness.

There were three persons in the room—mother, daughter, and baby boy. The first was a woman of perhaps forty, whose face, though filled with lines drawn by care, hard work, and a bleak climate, still retained much of the beauty of her youth. Her dark eyes, clear and untroubled now, rested fondly upon the baby she rocked in her arms and softly sung to. He was not really a baby, or would not have been if another had come to take his place; still, as he was the youngest, he had for two years reigned over the family absolutely. Even now, as his tired mother hoped to see the long lashes sink in sleep upon his rosy cheeks, the white lids slowly lifted from the merry brown eyes, and he looked saucily at her. She stooped over him, kissed his pretty mouth, then putting him down, said to her daughter:

"He will not sleep, Marie, and I will not give any more time to the rogue. Take him with thee when thou goest for the cows, and see if thou canst weary him for once."

Marie looked at her mother with a dismayed face, and said protestingly:

"But, maman, he wearies me the most; he makes me carry him, and stoop with him that he may pick every marguerite he sees, and when I set him down he runs so close to the cows' legs."

"Well, well, Marie, do as thou wilt," answered her mother, with an easy indulgence, strange in those days when parents spoke to be obeyed. But between her and this only daughter was an affection almost like that existing between sisters. There had been five years of lonely married life before Marie was born, when the silent, hard-working husband had neither time nor thought to banish the gloom and homesickness of his young wife, who could not forget old France and the happy home she had left there. For she was one of the many peasant girls who had come out to Canada in obedience to the order of the King, that the colonists should have French wives in their new home. And when the baby girl was born, the mother's heart beat with a happiness it had not known at sight of the two boys who had come before. From the day the little hands had first offered themselves to assist with an irksome task, the mother looked upon her daughter not only as a help, but as a friend and companion. Marie had hurried through with her childhood, instinctively recognizing the want and need of her mother's heart, and had long shared the cares of the house and the crowd of noisy boys. Happiness and contentment came more fully each year to the cottagers. They prospered, and their farm this afternoon was smiling to the river's edge with swiftly ripening grain.

Marie took up her cap and looked toward the door, then, turning, she said:

"I will take him, maman."

But her mother answered:

"No, Marie; thou art always a good, willing girl; go alone. The walk through the forest will rest thee. Only come back quickly; thy father and brothers will soon be in and hungry for their supper."

"Maman," cried Marie, dropping upon her knees beside her mother and hiding her face upon her bosom, "do not call me good. The word fills me with shame. I am not so good a daughter as you deserve."

"Ah, little one, thou hast been a comfort to me all thy life," said the mother caressingly. "Thou art a good modest girl. Now go. See! little Jacques is wondering at thy tears, and so is thy mother."

Marie still knelt.

"I have been thinking all day of my sins—of how often I have pained you and given you trouble. Maman, can you forgive it all, and believe that I sometimes sin because I do not know which of two things it is right to do? And will you love me always, even if I should sometimes be far away from you?"

"Always, always, Marie," answered her mother, kissing her, and thinking that her grief meant no more than that which had prompted a hundred similar confessions.

"My sweet maman," said the girl, as she arose.

Patting the baby's waving hair and kissing his warm cheek, she started across the fields toward the forest, a corner of which she must cross to reach the pasture.

As she entered the dense shade, she began to look anxiously around, and as soon as she became accustomed to the dusk, she saw coming toward her, under the trees, a young man. She ran hastily to him, as if fearing that that which she had to say would be left unsaid, unless she spoke at once.

"I cannot go with thee, Antoine, I only came to say adieu. Oh, forgive me for disappointing thee, but I cannot go."

"Cannot go!" he exclaimed, stepping back and looking at her angrily. "Thou art jesting with me, Marie; thou wilt not break thy promise."

"Indeed, I am not jesting, Antoine, dear Antoine. Forgive me, and try still to love me a little. I will always be true to thee, and never love, never marry, another, but I cannot go with thee," she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

He shook it off impatiently.

"Marie, I have risked my life—or my liberty, and that is more than life to me—to come here. I have waited day after day for thee to decide which thou didst love best, thy mother or me, and now, after keeping me here until thy vanity is sufficiently flattered, thou sendest me away—thou stayest behind to laugh at me—to——"

"Oh, Antoine, how canst thou speak so cruelly? Let me go back to my mother. Forget the forest and its wild life. Come back to us. Come back to the church and proper ways, and soon the dislike of my parents will vanish; they will give their consent to our marriage."

"I cannot go back to be treated like a forgiven outlaw. Come with me if thou wouldst save my soul. With thee—in another place—I will try to live as thou wishest. But if thou forsakest me now, I will go my own way; I will live the life I prefer," and Marie's lover stood darkly regarding her.

Standing together, they formed a picture, Rembrandtesque in its lights and shades. The girl, in the simple dress of her class, with the sunshine of the meadows seeming still to rest in the waves of her bright hair, and a broad expanse of golden light reaching into the forest after her. Facing her the hunter stood, picturesque at any time in his half-civilized, half-savage dress, but doubly so now, the centering point of the deep shadows. He, his dress and his manner harmonized with the forest; his strong right arm was thrown impatiently up to keep back a green branch which would have swept against his handsome face, while his left hand was extended—waiting for the next word—either to grasp or thrust away the little hard hands she held out to him. There was no sound except the summer wind, which was too languid to come far into the wood, and only stirred the berry bushes and tall grass which grew along its edge. His eyes never left her face, save when she turned her head to look back at the sunny meadow, the little stone cottage, whose roof she could see, and the shining river beyond. Then she turned to her lover again, and to the silent forest which stretched behind him, and her eyes drooped to the mosses and lichens which grew at his feet, while she tried to find an answer for him. But she was too unused to self-decision to find one, so she at last only looked up, and, reaching out her hands, said with a helpless sob:

"Oh, Antoine!"

He took her hands and said softly:

"Come, Marie."

"If I go with thee now, Antoine, when wilt thou bring me back to my mother?"

"When thou hast made a good man of me, Marie, and that will not be long, I promise thee. For how could I be wicked or reckless when I have thee always with me? Come, Marie, thy mother is good, she does not need thee, while I—well, I have told thee often that without thee I cannot and will not be good. Thy mother will perhaps weep——"

"Oh, Antoine, I know how she will weep for me! I know how lonely the long summer days and the dreary winter days will be for her without me, and poor baby Jacques, he will weep for me too. Oh, Antoine!" and she clung to him as the tears overflowed her face.

He pressed her bright head close to his breast, only answering for a time with his kisses. Then he said:

"My own little one, I know how thou lovest thy mother, and how much she is to thee, but cannot I be more? And, Marie, thy mother does not think so badly of me as all the others do. When she learns that thou art with me, she will say, 'Poor Antoine, he has now some one to live for, some one to help him escape from hell.' Marie, if I go away alone," he continued, "I will return to men like myself, even worse, and then I will have no strength, while if thou art with me—with all thy purity and goodness—thou wilt keep evil spirits away, thou wilt in time teach me how to become good, and draw me back to 'proper ways.' And then we will return and live as thy father and mother do."

"Ah, if I could know all that would come true. But, Antoine, how will my mother know what has become of me?"

"I will let her know. Not far from here at an Indian village is good Père Geauteau, and, after he has married us, I will pray him to write and tell them all."

"And when shall we be married, Antoine?"

"As soon as our feet can carry us to the priest. Come, come."

"But it will soon be dark in the forest," said the girl, drawing back.

"Never fear the darkness, I know every foot of the ground between here and the great lakes. Come, my darling, and when thou art weary I will carry thee."

"And, Antoine, thou wilt love me well enough to keep all thy vows?"

"I swear by everything thou believest holy that I will," and, holding her hand tightly, he hurried her away.

The last dampness had dried from the white floor, little Jacques had laid down in a sunny spot and fallen asleep, the mother was commencing supper and wondering why Marie did not come. When the table was set, and still no Marie came, she walked anxiously to the door and looked across the meadow. The sun was sinking, and already lay in a softly rounded hollow of the mountain range, sending his last level rays across field and river. All was tranquil, warm, and fair, and yet over her heart crept such a chill as had never rested there before. She gazed steadily toward the forest, longing for the first glimpse of Marie when she would emerge with the cows. As she stood, the sun dropped behind the mountains, and the shadows deepened around the wood, and stretched out across the meadow. Where could Marie be? She lifted the sleeping baby from the floor, and laid him on the bed, mended the fire, and then hurried out along the path which led to the pasture. It was useless to chide herself for her fears. Marie had never idled nor tarried when she had been bidden to hurry. Something must have happened. Perhaps one of the usually gentle cows had become unruly and rushed upon her, or perhaps she had sat down to rest in the forest,—she was tired, poor child,—and had fallen asleep. At the edge of the forest she paused and looked into its black depth for a sight of the familiar dress. She tried to lift up her voice and call, but there was such an oppression upon her that, as in a horrible dream, the sound was scarcely more than a whisper. She stood a moment irresolute, listening to the strange sounds that came to her. A bird darted past her, and made her heart leap until the blood thundered in her ears. Then she dashed forward, looking to the right and left, but breathing not a word. She had still one hope, still one fear, that when she reached the opening she would find the missing one. The way was short; she was soon there. As she stumbled over the last fallen branch and reached the clearing, the soft lowing of the patient cows smote upon her heart with the dull, incomprehensible pain, that the unreasoning tranquillity of a dumb brute always has when every pulse is bounding and the brain is whirling with excitement.

Marie had not been there. She hurriedly

opened the gate and let the creatures through, then recrossed the forest. As she passed the spot where two hours before Marie and Antoine had stood, and caught sight of the river with its melancholy mists rising over it, she broke into loud sobs and cried out:

"Marie, Marie, where art thou?"

But her voice only died away among the trees, and no welcome answer came.

When she reached home little Jacques was still sleeping, and the father and tired boys were standing about the door, with that bewildered look which takes possession of the men of a family when they come home and find the mother gone. She rushed to them, breathless and frantic.

"Marie is gone!" was all she could say as she sank upon the step. But they soon gathered what little there was to tell. Each had his suggestion to make, which neither satisfied himself nor another, and, leaving the supper untasted and the cows unmilked, they started toward the woods.

The mountains ceased to glow as the clouds above them grew dull, and from softest blue vanished into darkest purple; banks of misty clouds settled into the valleys about their summits; the light wind died away; the river lay a silent roadway; the vast forests took on a denser shade, and the whole world of nature slept as the mother watched.

CHAPTER II.

The summer days dragged through their long hours at the little cottage. Every morning and every night, the mother looked toward the forest as she opened or shut the door. But the girl for whom she looked did not come. The summer ended; the vine on the wall turned scarlet, and the gaudy bean fainted to the ground under a cruel frost, the fields were bronzed and the woods all aflame for a few glorious days, then the winter was with the cottagers.

In the forest the summer had passed like a happy dream to the two wanderers. Marie's fears that her mother would have no clue to her whereabouts, were quieted by the promise of the priest, to whom she and Antoine had gone, that he would send a messenger to the curé of her parish, and thus clear away the mystery of her absence. And, not knowing that the message never reached her home, she, after her first hours of remorse and self-reproach, gave herself up to the happiness of wandering alone with the lover from whom she had been separated—save for a few stolen meetings—so long. And the days passed far more swiftly with them than in the saddened home.

After leaving the Indian camp to which Antoine had first directed their steps, it seemed to Marie that they wandered aimlessly on. But the spell of the forest was upon her, and she did not care how long they lingered under the rustling trees, or darted in their bark canoe down flashing streams, whose rocky walls echoed the sound of the foaming rapids, and the wild forest songs of Antoine. They two, it seemed to her, were alone in an uninhabited world—a world into which they had come as from another life. So totally were they separated from the past, that the silence and distance of death seemed to spread between them and the home she had left. But the short summer burned itself out in the forest as well as in the fields. The rich, sweet fragrance of the dying leaves, and the melody of the busy departing birds filled the air; their happy, dreamy summer was over, and it was time to prepare for winter.

There was a trading-post not far away, Antoine had said one autumn afternoon, as they sat talking of the coming winter, and to it he argued they had better go. There he could sell his furs to the traders, and there Marie would be secure from at least a part of the suffering the winter must bring her with its many hardships. But with the thought of the companions awaiting her there, came the fear that she would lose him if he once more felt the wild lawless influence that had drawn him from his early home.

"Do not go, Antoine. Let us live here in this happy loneliness where we have each other."

"My poor little Marie, thou dost not know what the winter will be here," he answered.

"But I do know what it will be there. Oh, do not take me. I would rather freeze or starve here with thee, than have thee go with those men," and she clung to him, weeping

It was in vain that he reasoned, and at last she prevailed. Further up the stream was a hunting-lodge, comfortable for its rude build, but deserted by the trappers in consequence of a rumor that it was haunted by the spirit of a murdered Indian. To that they had better go, since Marie obstinately preferred cold, hunger, and disembodied spirits, to the company of the reckless band to which her husband had once belonged.

The hut stood a mere foot-print in the wilderness. It was belted around by a bounding stream that even the chains of winter could not fetter, and which now chanted loudly as they looked into its shady depths. In front of them, behind them, everywhere spread the forest, which spoke only of nature, which held back the slender thread of civilization which fringed its border along the great river. And here was to be their home, until Marie's influence should bring under control the wild nature of the *coureur des bois*, and draw him back to ways of peace and prosperity.

The hut was empty, save for a few pieces of roughly constructed furniture, which the hunters had left behind them. But, desolate as it was, it soon took on a look of homeliness under Marie's skillful hands. Against the wall they hung Antoine's gun and other hunting and fishing implements. A bed of fragrant pine branches was made in one corner, from the canoe Antoine brought an armful of soft furs, which he spread upon the floor, and when Marie had filled the empty fireplace with crimson and golden boughs, their home was furnished.

It had not been too early chosen, for the leaves soon fell, the short, wonderful Indian summer was over, the bleak wind roared loudly through the high tree-tops, the snow and rain combated for victory, and a six months' winter had commenced.

In the morning Antoine would go out to hunt and trap, and return at nightfall laden with game. Upon two or three occasions he had gone to the trading-post where he had exchanged his furs, and Marie saw her dress of civilization gradually replaced by the habiliments of a squaw, and her life shaping itself to the requirements of the present.

They were far into the winter before any feet but their own had crossed their threshold. Antoine was on the eve of a visit to the traders, and had flung himself down upon a wolf-skin before the red fire which filled the little cabin with light and heat. Marie sat beside him, talking first of his journey, and then of the spring which was now but a few months away, and as ever urging her husband to return with her, as soon as the winter was over, to the old home, and turn forever from the forest. He listened with a smile which prefaced a promise, yet he argued negatively for the pleasure of hearing her soft persuasive tones. The months she had been with him had wonderfully softened his nature, and made him long to live a life worthy of her love. Something of this he was about to tell her, when his purpose was arrested by the unusual sound of voices upon the clear night air. Starting up, he flung the door open wide, and saw in the bright starlight two hunters approaching over the glistening snow. The fire-light and the open door offered a welcome of which they availed themselves, without waiting for words to second it. And a few moments later they were unfastening their snow-shoes, and laying aside their guns within the bright room.

As Antoine and his guests stood regarding each other, a look of recognition came into their faces, and with an exclamation of pleasure he clasped the hands of two old comrades. With a few words he accounted for Marie's presence, and after the hunters had partaken of the supper their hostess provided for them, they sat late into the night talking over old adventures. Marie listened silently, and watched her husband with troubled eyes, as, his face glowing with pleasure and excitement, he recalled their exploits of danger and daring. And her heart grew heavy as she heard them plan their journey for the next day together to the trading-post.

Next morning before day they were astir and preparing for their journey, and, as they were about to start, one of the hunters said to Marie:

"Do not be surprised if Antoine does not come back to thee to-night. He is too gay a comrade to lose, now that we have found him. We are going to take him with us, and perhaps thou'lt not see him again until spring."

"What wouldst thou do, little one, if I left thee here alone?" asked her husband, taking her hand.

"I would die, Antoine," she answered, her eyes filling with tears.

"But let me take thee to the settlement, and leave thee with the other women there, while I go away and gain wealth for thee. I will go with Henri and Jules, where the furs are rich and plentiful, and by spring, Marie, thy husband will be a rich man."

"Ah, Antoine, thou dost but try me. I know thou wilt not leave me," she said, laying her head upon his breast.

"Why canst thou not consent, Marie?" he asked, lifting her face and looking into it, while his own clouded with disappointment. For with the advent of his comrades the old passion had come back to him, almost too strong to be resisted.

"Oh, Antoine, thou dost not love me any longer," she cried, as she interpreted the look his face wore.

The impatience of disappointment and the galling sense of restraint were upon him, and he felt the jeering mood of his companions as he listened to her reproach.

"Marie!" he exclaimed angrily, "thou art a foolish child!"

"Come, come, Antoine," laughed his friend. "Thou art much too tender with this baby wife; thou shouldst never have married, to be held a prisoner. What has become of thy brave spirit, which thou once didst boast could be controlled by no will but thine own?" and he took up his gun and led the way to the door, looking back at the two as they stood together—Marie tearful, and Antoine flushed and baffled.

"Antoine, do not let us part in anger, even if it is but for a day."

It irritated him that she should feel so sure of his return at night, and he replied:

"How dost thou know it will be but for a day? Thou demandest much of me."

"Do I require more of thee than thou hast required of me, Antoine?" she asked, turning away from him.

"But thou art unreasonable, Marie," he said more softly, as he remembered her sacrifice. "Thou art childish, to weep when I talk of leaving thee for a few weeks. Thou wouldst make a fool of me before my friends."

"Forgive me, Antoine, and go. I will trust thee," she replied, brushing away her tears and throwing her arms about him.

He kissed her in silence, and, catching up his load of furs, hurried after the others.

"Which has conquered, Antoine, thee or thy wife?" was the question as he joined them.

"Never mind which," he answered sharply, "and I want no more of thy ridicule, Jules."

When they reached the camp Antoine found a crowd of his old companions gathered there. They greeted him uproariously, and questioned him closely as to his long desertion of them. They listened to the story of his tyrannical wife as told by his late guests with many embellishments, and all joined their entreaties that he would bring his wife to the camp, and go with them upon a long expedition they were now planning. The temptation to yield was great, but when he looked around upon the drunken, reckless, half-savage band, and the women who found them agreeable companions, and thought of leaving his pure, helpless Marie with them, even the fascination of the long, dangerous hunt failed.

The day was almost done before he had disposed of his furs, and shaken off the last friend who followed to persuade him. And, when at last he lifted his purchases to his shoulders and slipped on his snow-shoes and turned homeward, the sun was sinking into its early bed of wintry clouds.

He struck briskly out through the forest, caring not for the darkness, and breathing more freely as the last sound from the camp died away in the distance. His heart grew warmer as each step took him nearer to his wife, and he forgot the darkness and cold, as he pictured her joy when he would take her in his arms, and tell her that she had reclaimed him.

At home Marie had spent a wretched day of fear and doubt. It was in vain that she assured herself that he loved her, that he had always been true to her; she was forced to remember that he had never been so tried before. And, further, she knew that his vanity had been sorely wounded, that she had subjected him to the ridicule of his friends. Why had she not exercised more tact and shielded him from this? Why had she, in short, shown herself to be a child, making him perhaps indeed feel her to be a burden? She tormented herself with these self-reproaching queries throughout the day. But, when evening came, the hope that he might soon be with her, cheered her, and she brightened the fire, and tried to give the little cabin an air of welcome against the time of his return. But the dusk turned to darkness, and the darkness was in its turn dispelled by the late rising moon, and yet he did not come. Again and again she wrapped a blanket about her, and ran up the river bank in the direction he had gone, in the hope of meeting him. And, not daring to lose sight of the light in her cabin, she would stand and listen, until, benumbed with cold and fear, she would fly back to her shelter, only to be driven remorselessly out again.

During the early part of the night, the knowledge that his heavy burden would make his progress slow sustained her. But when time, and far more than time for his return had elapsed, and he did not come, the horrible fear that he had deserted her, and the dread that he was kept away by some terrible accident, by turns took possession of her mind.

Midnight was passed, and the moon slid slowly along the sky, muffled in the heavy snow which fell in feathery flakes. The last hours of the night were made endurable only by the resolve to go in search of him as soon as day came. When the east showed signs of dawn, something of the comfort which light always brings after a night of suffering came to her. And she consoled herself with many a good reason why he had not come, as she hurriedly made preparations for her departure; he had not disposed of his furs until too late, or perhaps he had really been angry with her, and had stayed away just to give her this anxious night. She did not know her way to the camp; all she could do was to go in the same direction he had gone the day before. Only the day before! What an eternity lay between her and the time he had given her that half-angry, half-reconciling kiss, and hurried away!

CHAPTER III.

For a time after Antoine left the camp, he made good progress. As he sped over the ground, absorbed in his thoughts and plans for the future, he found his way more by instinct than care, and before night was really upon him, he was several miles on his way toward his home. He whistled softly to himself as a picture of the bright, warm room, with Marie for its center, arose before him. And he resolved that before he slept he would tell her what he had so nearly told her the night before. Yes, as soon as the spring opened, they would once more take up their wandering life, but this time with their faces toward civilization. During the last twenty-four hours he had seen how impossible a continuation of their present life would be for any time. The unsettled, homeless existence which they must lead in the forest, he now, for the first time, thought of as a wrong to Marie. To him, *the forest* meant wild, happy freedom—freedom from care, law, or duty, while the life toward which he was forcing himself meant prosaic virtue, and impulse forever controlled. And, although his every feeling rebelled against the change, the determined will which had always made him so uncontrollable, and the broad, generous nature which had once made him break away from all rule, now made him see a duty which he had brought into his life, and seeing which compelled him to perform it.

The moon rose at last and mottled his way with brilliancy and gloom as its light by turns fell through the naked boughs, or was intercepted by the shade of the pines. The silence of the night was unbroken, save by the low shuffling of his snow-shoes as he made his way through the trackless waste. Now and then he would pause for rest, and then press on, indifferent to the night and its loneliness. The way was long, he was tired from his day of excitement and travel, and he began to feel some misgivings about reaching home in time to save Marie from a night of watching. There was a different trail from the one taken by himself and companions that morning, which would cut off a mile or two of his journey, and into that he would turn. He shifted his course, and was soon at the stream which marked the new trail. Following its guidance a short distance, he came to a pine-tree which a late storm had uprooted, and which now lay across the frozen river. The sight of the tree decided him to cross and follow the path on the other side. And, yielding to a desire to feel something more solid than crumbling snow under his feet, he shook off his shoes and climbed upon the fallen trunk. As he did so, he noticed that the ice had been shattered by the tough branches, and the water was running swift and cold through the green leaves. He strode forward along the ice-incrusted bark with a free, careless step. In the middle of the stream, he sprang lightly past an interfering bough, slipped as he regained his footing, clutched at the branches overhead, crashed through the wiry tree, and an instant later felt the icy water sweeping over his feet.

The fall, when he realized it, seemed only the interruption of a moment, and the slight inconvenience of a pair of wet moccasins which would soon freeze and cease to trouble him. He threw his arm up for a supporting branch by which to extricate himself, but it fell back powerless, and sent a sickening thrill through his frame. Still, even now, he reasoned, his accident could be nothing serious, and he struggled up to free himself from the close-lapping branches. But the short struggle showed him how vain it was. He could neither rise nor sink. The heavy burden on his shoulders held him firmly down. Beneath, his only foot-hold was the rushing water, and he seemed bound about by a thousand firmly fixed cords in the slender, tough branches. More than the slightest movement was an impossibility, and by degrees the horrible truth that he was chained in a prison, in a spot which might not be traversed for years by human feet, and from which he could only be released by the hand of death, forced itself upon him. He did not submit to the discovery quietly, for, with all the strength of his slender athletic frame, he struggled: but after each fruitless attempt he paused, only to find himself held more firmly in the pine-tree's embrace. The toils which encompassed him were seemingly so slight, that to be baffled by them filled him with fierce rage, and he shook them and beat wildly about him with his left hand to break them away. But the branches only gave out a bruised fragrance as they cut sharply through the cold air and swayed against his face; and, after an hour or more of combat, he sank back hopeless, to wait. Save for the pain which his arm gave him when he moved it, he was not suffering; or, if suffering, his mental anguish made him insensible to it. And, as he stood upright in his trap, his mind supernaturally clear, he thought until his imaginings became torture almost unendurable.

Again the picture of his lowly home arose before him. Again, more vividly than ever, he saw Marie, pale and tearful, listening for the step she would never again hear. Oh, why had he parted from her so coldly? Why had he not told her his partially formed plans that last night as they sat before the fire? How plainly he remembered her answer when he asked her what she would do without him—"I would die, Antoine." As he repeated the words, they brought him a strange joy to know that without him she could not live, that they would meet again ere long, when he could tell her that he had always been true to her, that even when death came to him he was hastening to her.

With the certainty of death came thoughts of the future. His life, in the sight of the church and the world, had been one of outlawry and disobedience to the laws of God and man. What hope was there for him now? What a vast distance would separate him from Marie, even after they were both dead. Would they ever meet? Or, would she look as immovably upon him from her saintly heights, as the cold moon now looked upon him from the wintry sky? How could a dying man repent and be forgiven without the aid of a sanctified prayer? If only he could see Marie! She was his church, his priest, his heaven. And, with the remembrance of her love, there came an undefined feeling that if she, in her pure heart, could find him worth loving and saving, God—infinitely purer, holier, and more pitying—would receive his blackened soul and make it white and clean.

As the first gleam of light penetrated the darkness of her long night, Marie prepared for her journey. During the night she prayed as fervently as her distracted heart would allow, that her search might be successful, that the welcome sight of Antoine might greet her eyes before another night. She believed that she would be guided to him, wherever he was, and so she started out to find him, or perish in the wilderness.

Through the slowly dawning day she passed toward the camp. The snow of the night still lay thickly upon the trees, obscuring the pale light and giving the forest a weird, gloomy aspect she had never seen before.

Her wanderings of the summer had taught her some things necessary to know of forest travel. She had learned the signs by which Antoine recognized a trail. So she found her way without great difficulty, though her progress was slow and she often sank down exhausted and unhappy, to rest. But there was comfort in action, and she would soon spring up again and hurry forward.

It was late in the afternoon before she reached the trading-post; she found it deserted by the hunters, for they had that morning started on their long expedition. But the permanent settlers were there, and, although they could give her little news of her husband, they could at least relieve her of the haunting fear that he had gone with his old companions. They comforted her, too, with many reasons for Antoine's disappearance. He had, perhaps, come upon the track of some valuable game, which he had followed, and thus been delayed. She had better return to her cabin and wait patiently for him. And there was a shorter trail than the one by which he had come, which she had better take on her return. She would probably find Antoine at the cabin before her.

Refreshed and comforted by her visit to the camp, she turned away from it with a far lighter heart than that with which she had entered it. The dwellers there had laughed at her fears, and she felt that she was foolish to dread for him. He knew the forest as well as she knew the meadows at home. He was armed for any encounter with wild animals; and from man, she knew he feared nothing. And in her short stay at the camp she had heard how it was believed that her husband bore a charmed life, that woodland dangers always faded before him, and foes always gave him the trail.

Upheld by these reflections, she followed the path which he had taken the night before. At first she flitted like a bird over the snow, thinking how in happy hours to come, she would tell Antoine of her adventurous search for him. But it was not long before she felt the depressing effect of weariness. And as she entered the new trail the day was done, and she sat down to wait until the rising moon would show her the way.

Wrapping her blanket around her and muffling her chilled face in it, she nestled beside a great tree for what warmth its shelter might give. The day and preceding night had been wonderfully mild, but now the night was growing intensely cold, and she begrudged every moment of inaction. But to go forward she did not dare, for, if she once strayed from her way in the darkness, she was hopelessly lost. The chill air benumbed her mentally and physically, and she had not been long in her sheltered nook before she succumbed to the sleep which anxiety had banished the night before.

Whether she slept for a long or a short time she did not know, for her sleep was as heavy and dreamless as death. She only knew that she sprang to her feet, wide awake, after the first moment of confusion, hearing her name called loudly, as if from empty space. She listened breathlessly for a repetition of the sound, but the forest was perfectly silent. A superstitious feeling that it was an unearthly voice which had called her, came over her and filled her with awe which made her silent. And, crossing herself and murmuring a prayer, she once more went forward through the moonlit woods. But all her buoyancy and hope were gone. It was hard to keep back the tears which loneliness, fear, and cold forced into her eyes. For the first time in her life, she had to depend entirely upon herself, and never before had she been so helpless, so defenseless.

She walked heavily on, benumbed by the cold, with only consciousness sufficient to keep upon the river, which she had been told was her nearest way home.

A short distance before her she saw her path obstructed by a fallen tree, and she was about to scramble up the bank and make her way around it when her heart gave a great bound of fear as she saw the green boughs suddenly moved. The certainty that she now had a fierce, starved animal to face, broke down all her courage, and in an instant the woods rang with a loud cry of despair. At the sound, the green screen was put swiftly aside, and a human face, haggard and pale, looked out at her. Looked blankly at first, then the eyes lit it up and the warm blood flushed over it, and her cry was answered by one of joy and triumph.

"Marie, Marie, art thou here?"

Where was the loneliness and coldness of a moment before? That cry peopled the world for her, and filled the forest with the glory of summer. In an instant she was upon the tree, her arms were around her husband's neck, her kisses upon his lips. For some moments words were not needed; it was enough that they were together once more. Then Antoine, with his head drooping weakly upon her breast, said:

"Marie, I knew that thou wouldst come. I could not die without thee."

"Die, Antoine! Do not speak of dying. But why art thou here?" and for the first time she looked about her for the cause.

"I cannot move, Marie. I have been here since last night. My arm is broken. These boughs hold me fast."

"Oh, Antoine!" and the horror which he felt when he first realized his fate was now felt by her. Still she would not believe the hopelessness of his situation, and, seizing his bonds, tried with all her strength to sever them, and together they fought his strange captor; but the struggle was short, and Antoine said:

"It is hopeless, Marie. My strength is all gone. I cannot aid thee. I must die here. Take the heavy burden from my shoulders. Sit down beside me, Marie. Let me feel thine arms once more around me, and with thee near me I will not be afraid to die."

Marie quickly undid the fastenings of his pack and laid it aside, and at once renewed her endeavors to release him. She broke away the slender branches, and then with the knife from his belt began to cut the stronger ones. But just as her labor seemed about to succeed he called out to her:

"Stop, Marie. The ice is broken beneath me. If you release me I shall fall. The current will carry me under the ice and I shall drown. Only let death come to me in thy presence and I am resigned."

Once more she crept back to him, this time heart-broken and despairing.

"Let me go back to the camp, Antoine, and bring thee aid."

But he only shook his head, and drew her more closely to him, saying:

"Do not leave me. I should not be alive when thou wouldst return. The sight of thee has given me a respite, but it will not be a long one. I am faint from pain and hunger, and the night is growing fiercely cold. Thou wilt only have to watch with me a short time, little one. * * * * What wilt thou do without me, Marie?" he asked once more, this time his voice full of love and tenderness, all the old impatience gone from it.

"Antoine, do not ask me. Without thee I cannot live. If thou diest here I will never leave this spot. I will stay with my arms around thee, and when death comes to thee it will come to me."

"No, my sweet Marie. Thou must leave me when I am dead. Go to the camp, and when spring comes some one will take thee to thy mother, for there are kind hearts among my wild comrades, and for my sake, as well as thine, they will be good to thee."

"Oh, Antoine, life without thee will be nothing. Do not bid me seek it; let me lay it down with thine," she implored him passionately.

"I want to tell thee, Marie, all the good resolutions I was forming as I hurried toward thee, that thou mayest have none but kind remembrance of me in the years to come."

Then he told her all, and told her timidly and falteringly of the hope that had come to him when he found he must die—of the almost assured belief which her love had taught him to dare to hope for through the infinite love of God. Sobbing wildly, she listened to him and comforted him. Then at last they were silent, she chafing and caressing his cold hands with her almost equally icy ones, and he watching her with happy, patient eyes. The breathless night grew colder and colder, and the far-off stars glittered through the trees. At length Antoine's arm loosened its pressure; he leaned heavily against Marie and slept.

With a low, piercing cry which could not reach his dulled brain, the moon, stars, and trees whirled in a labyrinth around her, as she fainted from the consciousness of her woe.

The snow was melting from every sunny slope when Marie looked at the world again. The scene upon which she opened her eyes was so unfamiliar to her, that she thought it all a dream, until a face bent over her which seemed to belong to the winter day, long, long ago, when she had gone in search of Antoine. She looked into the coarse but kindly face, and the past came back to her. With a groan, she turned away.

"Do not tell me; I know it all. Antoine is dead."

The girl leaned over her and said softly:

"Joy is sometimes harder to bear than sorrow. Canst thou bear it?"

Marie turned quickly back.

"Tell me! Tell me!"

"I will let another tell thee," and she hurried away.

Marie fell back in silent happiness, and a moment more Antoine clasped her in his arms. Presently he told her how death had been frightened away. After Marie had left the camp that winter day, seeing how cold the night was growing, and fearing that she could not make her way alone, two of the settlers had followed her, and soon after the dull slumber had wrapped Antoine in its fatal sweetness, and while Marie was insensible to everything, the hunters found them. It was short work for their strong arms to release the prisoner, and, before daybreak, rescued and rescuers were safe in camp. Antoine's recovery was far more speedy than Marie's, and for many weeks he feared that it was he who would have to go through the world alone. But now the two who had parted in death met in life, and life—whose other name is happiness—beamed with loving welcome for them. They watched the coming of spring, and when it burst upon them in its northern swiftness and beauty, they started out under the tender whispering leaves, and wandered toward the great river.

One evening in early midsummer, as the mother stood at the cottage door looking toward the forest, she saw two forms emerge from its shade and cross the meadow. She watched them as they came along the path toward the cottage; then she staggered down the little garden walk as one of the wanderers, seeing her, bounded to her with outstretched arms, and Marie and her mother were together once more.

THE TWO GREETINGS.

I.—Salve!

Scarce from the void of shadows taken,
  We hail thine opening eyelids, boy!
Be welcome to the world! Awaken
  To strength and beauty, and to joy!

Within those orbs of empty wonder
  Let life its starry fires increase,
And curve those tender lips asunder
  With faintest smiles of baby peace!

Sealed in their buds, the beauteous senses
  Shall gladden thee as they unfold:
With soft allurements, stern defenses,
  Thy riper being they shall mold.

Far-eyed desires and hopes unbounded
  Within thy narrow nest are furled:
Behold, for thee how fair is rounded
  The circle of the sunlit world!

The oceans and the winds invite thee,
  The peopled lands thy coming wait:
No wreck nor storm shall long affright thee,
  For all are parts of thine estate.

Advance to every triumph wrested
  By plow and pencil, pen and sword,
For, with thy robes of action vested,
  Though slaves be others, thou art lord!

Thy breath be love, thy growth be duty,
  To end in peace as they began:
Pre-human in thy helpless beauty,
  Become more beautiful, as Man!

II.—Vale!

Now fold thy rich experience round thee,
  To shield therewith the sinking heart:
The sunset-gold of Day hath crowned thee:
  The dark gate opens,—so depart!

What growth the leafy years could render
  No more into its bud returns;
It clothes thee still with faded splendor
  As banks are clothed by autumn ferns.

All spring could dream or summer fashion,
  If ripened, or untimely cast,
The harvest of thy toil and passion—
  Thy sheaf of life—is bound at last.

What scattered ears thy field encloses,
  What tares unweeded, now behold;
And here the poppies, there the roses,
  Send withered fragrance through the gold.

Lo! as thou camest, so thou goest,
  From bright Unknown to bright Unknown,
Save that the light thou forward throwest,
  Was fainter then behind thee thrown.

Again be glad! through tears and laughter,
  And deed and failure, thou art strong:
Thy Here presages thy Hereafter,
  And neither sphere shall do thee wrong!

To mother-breasts of nurture fonder
  Go, child!—once more in beauty young:
And hear our *Vale!* echoed yonder
  As *Salve!* in a sweeter tongue!

◆

MY BIRTHRIGHT.

If I was born the helpless heir,
  Ah me, to some vague foreign place,
Somewhere—and is it not *somewhere?*—
  In the weird loneliness of Space,
Why is my native grass so sweet,
And tangled so about my feet?

If I, without my will, must take
  Immortal gifts of pearl and gold,
And white saint-garments, for the sake
  Of my fair soul, why must I hold
The jewels of the dust so dear,
And purple and fine linen here?

If One has been for love of mine
  Willing, unseen of me, to die—
A Prince whose beauty is divine,
  Whose kingdom without end—ah, why
Would I forsake his face and moan,
Only to kiss and keep your own?

If I, unworthy of my dower
  Among the palms of Paradise,
Would give it for a funeral flower
  (In folded hands, that need not rise),
Why may not some true angel be
Rich with estate too high for me?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Remedy is with the People.

THERE was nothing so humiliating in all our terrible civil war as the recent discovery that there was corruption of the lowest character in the high places of the Government. This corruption has come from a cause which we have pointed out again and again, and faithfully protested against, viz., the placing of low-toned men in office. It is the natural and legitimate result of the rule of politicians as contra-distinguished from that of statesmen. General Grant was elected to the Presidency in the interest of a political party because he was a soldier, and not because he was a statesman. The men he has gathered around him are naturally, in the main, like him. No man wishes to be the nominal head of a Government of which, intellectually and morally, he is the tail. We have no right to expect a President to be wiser in his own policy than the constituency that placed him in power, or to be actuated by a higher motive. And as if Schenck, and Babcock, and Belknap were not enough, we have been still further disgraced by a Senate that willingly listened to the voice of notorious demagogues, and insulted one of the purest names ever presented for its approval. It really seems as if the powers at Washington were trying to see how deeply they can humiliate the nation, and how contemptible and detestable they can make it in the eyes of the world.

With a Government in disgrace, with commerce paralyzed and industry starving, what do we find in Congress to give us hope and courage? Nothing; literally nothing. We see the representatives of two great political parties pitted against each other, governed by no high principle, and only bent upon outwitting each other with reference to the next Presidential election. Not a motion or a speech is made that is not canvassed mainly with reference to party capital. The currency, the tariff, the Southern difficulties—even the corruptions of the Government itself—are treated as party questions.

There is some comfort in the thought that we have arrived at a point where intelligent people can see that they have not been governing themselves at all—that, instead, they are under the rule of politicians. This is well; and if we do not now have a change, it will be the fault of the people themselves. We look around and see the traps that are preparing for us. There is not a candidate named in connection with the Presidential office by either of the two great parties, that has not been named through the direct or indirect agency of the candidate himself. There has been no waiting for invitations—no modest reliance upon personal excellence or popular choice. The names of the self-constituted candidates are printed upon banners and flaunted in our faces. It is perfectly well known what gentlemen are after General Grant's place, and the politicians are canvassing their prospects rather than their claims and their qualifications. The matter is a grand game of intrigue, low cunning, bold engineering, diplomacy.

Now, if any man has observed the influence of the head man of a corporation, he will understand and appreciate what we are about to say in regard to the influence of a President, in molding to himself the men around him. As is the president of a railroad, so is every officer and employé, by rule. The loose or the sound morals begin at the top, and run down through the whole. As is the editor-in-chief of a great newspaper, so are the subordinates. Men who stand at the head of great organizations or great interests, bring around them naturally men of their own kind, who take their cue in action, and their tone in character and motive, from them. Like master, like man—an old proverb, based upon old and mature observation. Now, it is just as impossible to have a high-toned Administration, with a low-toned President, as it is to have a high-toned household with a loafer at its head. The thing is unnatural and impossible. In the next Presidential election, the people really desire, we believe, to vote for, and elect, a gentleman and a statesman—a man who will associate himself in Government only with gentlemen and statesmen, and who will send only such to represent the Government abroad. The political and social tone at Washington is disgustingly low. It does not represent the people of America. It represents the party politicians of America, and them only. They are our bane and our disgrace; and if they are permitted to hold their influence through another Administration, we shall have ourselves to blame.

The people have two points of practical, aggressive action in the premises. They can attend the primary meetings everywhere, and make their wills and wishes felt there; and they can exercise the grand, inalienable right of bolting. Let every decent man swear that he will never again vote to place an unworthy, low-toned man in the Presidential chair, even as an alternative, and the thing will be done. The politicians always fix a trap for us, and thus far they have succeeded in catching us. Two demagogues, or two wrong men, are placed in nomination, and then the people are called upon to elect the least objectionable. Let us have no more of this wretched jugglery. If we do not find good men in nomination, let us bolt, and vote for the right man. This process will soon cure the evil, provided it is sufficiently general in its use and application. As soon as it ceases to be easy to deceive and handle the people, their wishes will be respected, and not before.

Double Crimes and One-Sided Laws.

A LITTLE four-page pamphlet has recently fallen into our hands, entitled "Crimes of Legislation."

Who wrote it, or where it came from, we do not know; but it reveals a principle so important that it deserves more elaborate treatment and fuller illustration. These we propose to give it, premising, simply, that the word "crimes" is a misnomer, as it involves a malicious design which does not exist. "Mistakes in Legislation" would be a better title.

There are two classes of crimes. The first needs but one actor. When a sneak-thief enters a hall and steals and carries off an overcoat, or a man sits in his counting-room and commits a forgery, or a ruffian knocks a passenger down and robs him, he is guilty of a crime which does not necessarily need a confederate of any sort. The crime is complete in itself, and the single perpetrator alone responsible. The second class of crimes can only be committed by the consent or active aid of a confederate. When a man demands, in contravention of the usury laws, an exorbitant price for the use of money, his crime cannot be complete without the aid of the man to whom he lends his money. When a man sells liquor contrary to law, it involves the consent and active co-operation of the party to whom he makes the sale. He could not possibly break the law without aid. The same fact exists in regard to a large number of crimes. They are two-sided crimes, and necessarily involve two sets of criminals.

In the face of these facts, which absolutely dictate discriminative legislation that shall cover all the guilty parties, our laws have, with great uniformity, been one-sided for the double crime as well as for the single. The man who lends money at usurious rates is accounted the only guilty party in the transaction. The borrower may have come to him with a bribe in his hand to induce him to break the law—may have been an active partner in the crime—and still the lender is the only one accounted guilty and amenable to punishment. The man who sells intoxicating liquors contrary to law could never sell a glass, and would never buy one to sell, but for the bribe outheld in the palm of his customer; yet the law lays its hand only upon the seller.

Now, if we look into the history of these one-sided laws for double crimes, we shall learn that they are precisely those which we find it almost, or quite, impossible to enforce; and it seems never to have been suspected that, so long as they are one-sided, there is a fatal flaw in them. Our legislators have seemed to forget that, if liquor is not bought, it will not be sold; that if usurious rates for money are not tendered, they cannot possibly be exacted; that if irregular or contingent fees are not offered to the prosecutors of real or doubtful claims, the prosecutors are without a motive to irregular action. So powerful is the sympathy of confederacy in crime between these two parties, although the confederacy is not recognized by law, that it has been almost impossible to get convictions. The rum-buyer will never, if he can help it, testify against the rum-seller. Unless the victim of the usurer is a very mean man, he will keep his transactions to himself. It is really, among business men, a matter of dishonor for a borrower to resort to the usury law to escape the payment of rates to which he had agreed, and it ought to be. Usury is a double crime, if it is a crime at all. Rum-selling contrary to law is a double crime, and no prohibitory law can stand, or ever ought to stand, that does not hold the buyer to the same penalties that it holds the seller. The man who bribes the seller to break the law is as guilty as the seller, and if the law does not hold him to his share of accountability, the law cannot be respected, and never ought to be respected. It is a one-sided law, an unfair law, an unjust law. Men who are not able to reason it out, as we are endeavoring to do here, feel that there is something wrong about it; and it is safe to predict that, until the moral sentiment of a State is up to the enactment of a two-sided law that shall cover a two-sided crime, no prohibitory law will accomplish the object for which it was constituted.

Prostitution is one of the most notable, and one of the most horrible, of the list of double crimes. It is always a double crime by its nature; yet, how one-sided are the laws which forbid it! Is a poor girl, who has not loved wisely, and has been forsaken, the only one to blame when beastly men press round her with their hands full of bribes enticing her into a life of infamy? Yet she alone is punished, while they go scot free. And yet we wonder why prostitution is so prevalent, and why our laws make no impression upon it! Some ladies of our commonwealth have protested against a proposed law for some sort of regulation of prostitution—putting it under medical surveillance. And they are right. If men who frequent houses of prostitution are permitted to go forth from them to scatter their disease and their moral uncleanness throughout a pure community, then let the women alone. In a case like this, a mistake of legislation may amount to a crime. We do not object to medical surveillance, but it should touch both parties to the social sin. No law that does not do this will ever accomplish anything toward the cure of prostitution. We have some respect for Justice when she is represented blindfold, but when she has one eye open—and that one winking—she is a monster.

Our whole system of treating double crimes with one-sided laws, our whole silly policy of treating one party to a double crime as a fiend, and the other party as an angel or a baby, has been not only inefficient for the end sought to be obtained, but disastrous. The man who offers a bribe to another for any purpose which involves the infraction of a law of the State or nation is, and must be, an equal partner in the guilt; and any law which leaves him out of the transaction is utterly unjust on the face of it. If it is wrong to sell liquor, it is wrong to buy it, and wrong to sell because, and only because, it is wrong to buy. If prostitution is wrong, it is wrong on both sides, and he who offers a bribe to a weak woman, without home or friends or the means of life, to break the laws of the State, shares her guilt in equal measure. Law can never be respected that is not just. No law can be enforced that lays its hand upon only one of the parties to a double crime. No such law ever was enforced, or ever accomplished the purpose for which it was enacted; and until we are ready to have double laws for double crimes, we stultify ourselves by our unjust measures to suppress those crimes. Our witnesses are all accomplices, the moral sense of the community is blunted and perverted, and those whom we brand as criminals look upon our laws with contempt of judgment and conscience.

Cheap Opinions.

THERE is probably nothing that so obstinately stands in the way of all sorts of progress as pride of opinion, while there is nothing so foolish and so baseless as that same pride. If men will look up the history of their opinions, learn where they came from, why they were adopted, and why they are maintained and defended, they will find, nine times in ten, that their opinions are not theirs at all,—that they have no property in them, save as gifts of parents, education, and circumstances. In short, they will learn that they did not form their own opinions,—that they were formed for them, and in them, by a series of influences, unmodified by their own reason and knowledge. A young man grows up to adult age in a Republican or Democratic family, and he becomes Republican or Democrat in accordance with the ruling influences of the household. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the rule holds good. Like father, like son. Children are reared in the Catholic Church, in the Episcopal, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist Church, and they stand by the Church in whose faith and forms they were bred. They become partisans, wranglers, defenders on behalf of opinions, every one of which they adopted without reason or choice. Touch them at any point, and they bristle with resistance, often with offense; yet they borrowed every opinion they hold! If they had all been changed about in their cradles, we should have the same number of partisans, only our present Republican would be a Democrat, our Roman Catholic would be our Methodist, and so on through all the possibilities of transformation.

Opinions acquired in the usual way are nothing but intellectual clothes left over by expiring families. Some of them are very old-fashioned and look queerly to the modern tailor; but they have the recommendation of being only clothes. They do not touch the springs of life, like food or cordial. Certainly they are nothing to be proud of, and they are not often anything to be ashamed of. Multitudes would not be presentable without them, as they have no faculty for making clothes for themselves. The point we make is, that opinions acquired in this way have very little to do with character. The simple fact that we find God-fearing, God-loving, good, charitable, conscientious, Christian men and women living under all forms of Christian opinion and church organization, shows how little opinion has to do with the heart, the affections and the life. Yet all our strifes and all our partisanships relate to opinions which we never made, which we have uniformly borrowed, and which all Christian history has demonstrated to be of entirely subordinate import—opinions often which those who originally framed them had no reason to be proud of, because they had no vital significance.

When we find, coming squarely down upon the facts, what cheap stuff both our orthodoxy and our heterodoxy are made of; when we see how little they are the proper objects of personal and sectarian pride; when we apprehend how little they have to do with character, and how much they have to do with dissension and all uncharitableness; how childish they make us, how sensitive to fault-finding and criticism; how they narrow and dwarf us, how they pervert us from the grander and more vital issues, we may well be ashamed of ourselves, and trample our pride of opinion in the dust. We shall find, too, in this abandonment of our pride, a basis of universal charity,—cheap, and not the best, but broad enough for pinched feet and thin bodies to stand upon. If we inherit our opinions from parents and guardians and circumstances, and recognize the fact that the great world around us get their opinions in the same way, we shall naturally be more able to see the life that underlies opinion everywhere, and to find ourselves in sympathy with it. We heard from the pulpit recently the statement that when the various branches of the Christian Church shall become more careful to note the points of sympathy between each other than the points of difference, the cause of Christian unity will be incalculably advanced; and that statement was the inspiring word of which the present article was born.

We can never become careless, or comparatively careless, of our points of difference, until we learn what wretched stuff they are made of; that these points of difference reside in opinions acquired at no cost at all, and that they often rise no higher in the scale of value than borrowed prejudices. So long as "orthodoxy" of opinion is more elaborately insisted on in the pulpit than love and purity; so long as dogmatic theology has the lead of life; so long as Christianity is made so much a thing of the intellect and so subordinately a thing of the affections, the points of difference between the churches will be made of more importance than the points of sympathy. Pride of opinion must go out before sympathy and charity can come in. So long as brains occupy the field, the heart cannot find standing room. When our creeds get to be longer than the moral law; when Christian men and women are taken into, or shut out of, churches on account of their opinions upon dogmas that do not touch the vitalities of Christian life and character; when men of brains are driven out of churches or shut away from them, because they cannot have liberty of opinion, and will not take a batch of opinions at second-hand, our pride of opinion becomes not only ridiculous, but criminal, and the consummation of Christian unity is put far off into the better future.

With the dropping of our pride of opinion—which never had a respectable basis to stand upon—our respect for those who are honestly trying to form an opinion for themselves should be greatly increased. There are men who are honestly trying to form an opinion of their own. They are engaged in a grand work. There are but few of us who are able to cut loose from our belongings. Alas! there are but few of us who are large enough to apprehend the fact that the opinions of these men are only worthy of respect, as opinions. We can look back and respect the opinions of our fathers and grandfathers, formed under the light and among the circumstances of their time, but the authors of the coming opinions we regard with distrust and a degree of uncharitableness most heartily to be deplored. We are pretty small men and women, anyway.

Is it Poetry ?

MR. WALT WHITMAN advertises, through his friends, that the magazines send back his poetry. Why do they do it? Is it because they are prejudiced against the writer? Is it because they have no respect for his genius, no admiration for his acquirements? No; on the whole, they like him. They believe him to be manly, bright, and erudite, but they have a firm conviction that his form of expression is illegitimate—that it has no right to be called poetry; that it is too involved and spasmodic and strained to be respectable prose, and that there is no place for it, either in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. If we could, by any sort of chemistry, mix the rhapsodical passages of Carlyle's and Emerson's prose together, we should have a pretty near approach to Walt Whitman's verse. It is simply rhapsodical prose, with a capital letter to head the lines. There is no attempt at rhythm, no attempt at rhyme, which would bring it within the domain of "numbers," and no even strength and flow that would make good its claim to be elegant prose. What is it? Is it prose-poetry or poetic prose? Is it something outside of both—a new thing, as yet unnamed, the outgrowth of a new genius, and the inauguration of a new era of expression?

Let us try a little experiment. We have before us two of Mr. Emerson's books—his latest, and his "Conduct of Life." From these most excellent productions let us cull a few passages in Walt Whitman's style.

> "Our Copernican globe is a great factory or shop of power;
>
> "With its rotating constellations, times, and tides.
>
> "The machine is of colossal size; the diameter of the water-wheel, the arms of the levers, and the volley of the battery,
>
> "Out of all mechanic measure; and it takes long to understand its parts and workings.
>
> "This pump never sucks; these screws are never loose; this machine is never out of gear.
>
> "The vat, the piston, the wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing.
>
> "Is there any load which water cannot lift?
>
> "If there be, try steam; or, if not that, try electricity.
>
> "Is there any exhausting of these means?
>
> "Measure by barrels the spending of the brook that runs through your field.
>
> "Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature.
>
> "She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.
>
> "What spaces! what durations! dealing with races as merely preparations of somewhat to follow."

And again, Emerson:

> "A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.
>
> "It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender.
>
> "The great are not tender at being obscure, despised, insulted.
>
> "Such only feel themselves in adverse fortune.
>
> "Strong men greet war, tempest, hard times, which search till they find resistance and bottom.
>
> "Periodicity, reaction, are laws of mind as well as of matter.
>
> "Bad kings are generous helpers, if only they are bad enough."

And again:

> "To this material essence answers truth in the intellectual world;
>
> "Truth, whose center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere; whose existence we cannot disimagine—
>
> "The soundness and health of things, against which no blow can be struck, but it recoils on the striker.
>
> "Truth, on whose side we always heartily are."

Even Walt Whitman's propensity for catalogues can be matched in Mr. Emerson's prose, as witness:

> "In Boston, the question of life is the names of eight or ten men.
>
> "Have you seen Mr. Allston, Dr. Channing, Mr. Adams, Mr. Webster, Mr. Greenough?
>
> "Have you heard Everett, Garrison, Father Taylor, Theodore Parker?
>
> "Have you talked with Messieurs Turbinewheel, Summit-level, and Locofrupees?
>
> "Then you may as well die."

And again the catalogue:

> "You shall not read newspapers, nor politics, nor novels;
>
> "Nor Montaigne, nor the newest French book.
>
> "You may read Plutarch, Plato, Plotinus, Hindoo mythology, and ethics.
>
> "You may read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton—and Milton's prose as his verse.
>
> "Read Collins and Gray, read Hafiz and the Trouvers,
>
> "Nay, Welsh and British mythology of Arthur, and (in your ear) Ossian."

We have said that if we could, by some sort of chemistry, mix Carlyle's and Emerson's rhapsodical prose, we could come very near to an imitation of Walt Whitman's poetry, for the man has a strong individuality, and is more robust than Emerson. He is not so fine of constitutional fiber, not so fine of culture. He has a rough vigor, and a disposition to involutions of language quite characteristic of Carlyle and never witnessed in Emerson; yet, as we quote Walt Whitman hereafter, we think the reader will be surprised with the resemblance which his work bears to the passages we have quoted from Emerson's prose—passages which mount toward poetry, and which, as they burst out from the even flow of his graceful pen, remind one of the occasional blowing of a whale on a sunny sea, while the great fish keeps steadily on in his element. If he were to lie still and blow all his life-time, and say to the nations, "lo! this is poetry!" the nations would pretty unanimously declare that there was something the matter with the fish. Particularly would this be the case if he had already put into form some of the most beautiful poems in the language, and thus declared what he considered true poetry to be.

Before Walt Whitman, let us try a little of Carlyle, in order to justify our statement, once repeated, concerning the analogies existing between the works of the two men. This from "Sartor Resartus":

> "Who am I? What is this me?
>
> "A voice, a motion, an appearance;
>
> "Some embodied, visualized idea in the Eternal Mind?
>
> "*Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas! poor cogitator, this takes us but a little way.

"Sure enough, I am, and lately was not; but whence, how, whereto?
"The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail.
"In thousand-fingered, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature.
"But where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning?
"We sit in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto.
"Boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest country, lies not even nearer the verge thereof," etc.

And again, Carlyle:

"Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery,
"Does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep!
"Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane;
"Haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane.
"Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up in our passage.
"Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive?
"On the hardest adamant, some footprint of us is stamped in.
"The last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van.
"But whence! Oh, Heaven! whither?"

And now, having given a taste of Emerson's and Carlyle's poorest prose—for this is what it really is—a prose which should never be chosen by any young man for a model, let us dip into the pages of Walt Whitman, and see if it be any better or greatly different. We think it will be found that what Whitman calls in his own verse "songs," is very like these passages in form, and possibly inferior to them in quality. We quote Whitman:

"How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!
"How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or woman's look!
"All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears;
"A strong being is the proof of the race, and of the ability of the universe;
"When he or she appears, materials are overawed.
"The dispute on the soul stops;
"And old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid away."

Again Whitman, in a complete poem, which he entitles "Thoughts:"

"Of ownership; as if one fit to own things could not at pleasure enter upon all, and incorporate them into himself or herself.
"Of water, forests, hills;
"Of the earth at large, whispering through medium of me;
"Of vista. Suppose some sight in arriere, through the formative chaos, preserving the growth, fullness, life, now attained on the journey.
"(But I see the road continued, and the journey ever continued;)
—"Of what was once lacking on earth, and in due time has become supplied, and of what will yet be supplied.
"Because all I see and know I believe to have purport in what will yet be supplied."

And now, for a purpose, we quote one of Whitman's latest "songs:"

"TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.

"Thee for my recitative!
"Thee in the driving storm, even as now—the snow—the winter day declining;
"Thee in thy panoply, thy measured dual throbbing, and thy beat convulsive;
"Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel;
"Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods gyrating, shuttling at thy sides;
"Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar—now tapering in the distance:
"Thy great protruding head-light, fix'd in front;
"Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple;
"The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack;
"Thy knitted frame—thy springs and valves—the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels;
"The train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
"Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering:
"Type of the modern! emblem of motion and power! pulse of the continent!
"For once, come serve the Muse, and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
"With storm, and buffeting gusts of wind, and falling snow;
"By day, thy warning, ringing bell to sound its notes,
"By night, thy silent signal lamps to swing.

"Fierce-throated beauty!
"Roll through my chant, with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night;
"Thy piercing, madly-whistled laughter, thy echoes rousing all;
"Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding;
"(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine),
"Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
"Launch'd o'er the prairies wide—across the lakes,
"To the free skies, unpent, and glad, and strong."

The reader will notice how much more rhythmical this is than the quotations that preceded it—how much better it is, in every respect, in consequence, and how fine and strong the last three lines are, which are good, honest, decasyllabic verse. The man is capable of poetry, and always ought to have written it. The best that he has done has been to set down, in the roughest condition, the raw material. Other men have done the same thing better, and never dreamed that they were writing "songs." Even a "chant" has to be rhythmically sung, or it cannot be sung at all. The materials in a butcher's stall and a green-grocer's shop contain the possibilities and potencies of a dinner, but we do not see any poetry in them until they are cooked and served to handsomely dressed men and women, and come and go upon the table in rhythmical courses, yielding finest nutriment and goodliest flavors. There is no melody without rhythm, and a song must be melodious. Emerson says that "meter begins with the pulse-beat," and quotes Victor Hugo as saying: "An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant; the iron becomes steel." Here is a distinction, certainly, between prose and verse. He quotes, too, one who says that Lord Bacon "loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactyls and spondees;" while Ben Jonson said "that Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging." If he had only quoted these sayings to Walt Whitman in that early letter, should we not all have been richer by the sum of a poet?

We are, perhaps, giving too much space to this article, but the idea is sought to be conveyed by Walt Whitman's friends that he is badly used—that a great genius is sadly misunderstood or neglected. We have written this because no one else has written it. We have refrained from citing, or even alluding to, those portions of his early book which are most open to criticism, and especially those portions of which, in the subsidence of his grosser self, he must now be ashamed. We have desired to represent him at his purest and best, and with none but the kindliest feelings toward him, and the heartiest wishes for his good fame. We believe that in his theories and performances he is radically wrong—that he is doing nothing but advertising himself as a literary eccentric, and that he ought to have, and will have, no following.

* * *

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the curving shell
  That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
  A jewel that was carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis a tear, that fell
  From the great poet's hidden ecstasy:
  A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes it is a tolling funeral bell.

This is the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
  The solemn organ whereon Milton played;
    And the clear glass where Shakspere's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
  For like a narrow fjord the floor is laid
    Mid-ocean deep to the sheer boundary walls.

NOT a little has been said in favor of simplicity and against obscurity in poetry. It is hardly possible to insist too strongly upon the quality which Milton mentions first in his famous trio of "simple, sensuous, and passionate." But, on the other hand, a great deal of honest scorn is wasted by persons who fail to make the distinction between obscurity in their own minds and obscurity in the mind, or in the expression, of the poet. It is the fashion with such persons to say that all the great poetry is perfectly clear and understandable. It is difficult, however, to see how this position can be maintained in face of the fact that much of the poetry that has taken strongest hold of the imagination and the affection of mankind is extremely difficult of apprehension. This is true, for instance, of Shakspere's sonnets, of Dante's poetry, a great deal of the poetry of the Bible, and, in our own day, of the poetry of Emerson.

"An Author is obscure," says Coleridge, "when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved." It would seem that the rule should be for the poet to express his thought as clearly as language can express it, taking care not to lose the poetic color. In order to be clear, he must not, of course, be unpoetic —for then he would not be true to his thought. Taking for granted that he is a genuine and a discriminative poet, it follows that the thought itself is a poetic, and not a prose thought; therefore the reader has no right to demand that the poetic color should be sacrificed. For poetry can better excuse itself for lack of clearness than lack of beauty. Lowell quotes this from Dante:

> "Canzone, I believe those will be rare,
> Who of thine inner sense can master all,
> Such toil it costs thy native tongue to learn;
> Wherefore, if ever it perchance befall
> That thou in presence of such men shouldst fare
> As seem not skilled thy meaning to discern,
> I pray thee then thy grief to comfort turn,
> Saying to them, O thou my new delight,
> 'Take heed at least how fair I am to sight.'"

If the poet brings to us a song from a rare mood, but one none the less human and valuable because it is not usual,—are we wise in condemning him? Should we not rather wait, no matter how long, till a similar experience reveals to us the hitherto obscure signification? Or, if we fail altogether to catch the meaning, should we not accept the testimony of others more successful, when they give evidence from the secret places of their own experience and mood, to the truth, directness, and simplicity of the poet's statement? An unskillful chemist has no right to deny the reputed success of another's experiment, merely because he himself fails to produce the same result. When Thomas Moran first brought back from the Yellowstone country that marvelous sketch-book, which revealed a new wonderland, many persons refused to believe that nature ever spread such a wild fantasy of color—till the pictorial reports were confirmed by the mouths of many witnesses. But the strangest thing of all was that among the early explorers there were some who returned with stories of geysers and hot-springs, and gigantic water-falls, but not one word about the extravagances and splendors of tints—they simply did not "see color."

And yet nothing could be more dangerous for a young writer than to assume such a defense against obscurity, as did Coleridge, when he hinted that the deficiency was "in the Reader:" for there are several chances to one that the deficiency is in the Author himself, who either is mixed in his own mind, or is so familiar with the country that he forgets that strangers have need of guide-posts; or, perhaps, is guilty of downright affectation and of straining after effect.

THE readers of "The Old Cabinet" may remember a hortatory appeal here made some time ago to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, the American publishers of Rossetti's poems, in behalf of an American edition of "Dante and His Circle." That the appeal was effectual, is proved by the book before us.*

If it is true that "an Englishman Italianized is the very devil incarnate," it does not follow that an Anglicized Italian is a bad fellow. We do not find in Rossetti's own poetry the silly imitation of the Italian that has made such dreary and ridiculous reading of so many pages of English verse. What of Italian we find there is there by rightful inheritance. But let the verdict of time be what it may with regard to this poet's original work, there can be little question as to the permanent value of his translations from the Italian. In the preface to the first edition of this collection, the author says: "I know there is no great stir to be made by launching afresh, on high seas busy with new traffic, the ships which have been long outstripped, and the ensigns which are grown strange." It is probably true that to very many both the spirit and the form of the poetry of "Dante and His Circle" will be foolishness and a stumbling-block, while to others they will reveal a new world of everlasting beauty. A few pieces will show those unfamiliar with the literature something of the charm which the English poets from the first have found in the poetry of the Italians, and which, we believe, no English poet has before brought bodily into the language. This is from Dante's "New Life":

"My lady carries love within her eyes;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter;
Upon her path men turn to gaze at her;
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
And of his evil heart is then aware:
Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshiper.
O women, help to praise her in somewise.
Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,
By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
And who beholds is blessèd oftenwhiles.
The look she hath when she a little smiles
Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought;
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle."

And this is from a love-song by Fazio Degli Uberti, the original of which, Rossetti says, "is not, perhaps, surpassed by any poem of its class in existence":

"Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork
Straight on herself, taller and statelier:
'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir
For ever in a womanly sweet way.
'Open thy soul to see God's perfect work,'
(My thought begins afresh), 'and look at her;
When with some lady-friend exceeding fair
She bends and mingles arms and locks in play.
Even as all lesser lights vanish away,
When the sun moves, before his dazzling face,
So is this lady brighter than all these.
How should she fail to please,—
Love's self being no more than her loveliness?
In all her ways some beauty springs to view;
All that she loves to do
Tends alway to her honor's single scope;
And only from good deeds she draws her hope.'"

Next we quote a catch "On a Fine Day," by Franco Sacchetti; his still more delightful catch "On a Wet Day" has already been quoted here.

"'Be stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
And don't be fools,—
To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you!' So, one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can,
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,
They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;
And the merry-go-round
Carries them at a bound
To the mill o'er the river.
'Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady
And this other. Now, steady!'
'You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two.'
'Why, dear, you do get stout!'
'You think so, dear, no doubt:
Are you in a decline?'
'Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine.'
'Come, girls.' ('O thank you, miller!')
'We'll go home when you will.'
So, as we crossed the hill,
A clown came in great grief
Crying, 'Stop thief! stop thief!
O what a wretch I am!'
'Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?'
'O Lord, O Lord! the wolf has got my lamb!
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so
That if wolf had but shown himself, maybe
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me."

To all who desire such acquaintance with Dante as can be gained from translation and comment, at least four invaluable books are now easily accessible: Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy," Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Dante and His Circle," Miss M. F. Rossetti's "The Shadow of Dante," and Lowell's last book containing his essay on Dante. This essay is the most complete and satisfactory study of the subject, we suppose, to be found in English. The most devout worshiper of Dante's high and solitary genius could, we should think, discover here but few omissions. There may be—we think there are—one or two points of importance not touched upon; but we doubt if there is any living writer who could bring to the study of Dante so much of scholarship, combined with so much of poetic and spiritual insight. A critic could have no praise higher or more comprehensive than that of writing worthily of the great Italian. This is the praise that Mr. Lowell has from those best qualified by education to judge, as well as from those who speak from insufficient knowledge, but profound sympathy.

WE read lately a thoughtful and very bright paper on criticism, which said a needed word on the side of the Critic. It has been very much the habit of late to abuse the Critic. He deserves, doubtless, nearly all the harsh things that are said about him; but, like pretty much every other criminal, he too has a case which, in the hands of a good pleader, seems a very strong one.

The paper of which we speak did not, however, mention one curious thing about criticism, namely, the feeling of superiority inseparable from the office. There seems to be no escape whatever from this feeling. Yesterday the writer was looking up to the author or the artist as a man of genius, a creator;

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* Dante and His Circle: With the Italian Poets Preceding Him. (1100—1200—1300.) A Collection of Lyrics, edited and translated in the original meters, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Revised and re-arranged edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

a person totally separated from himself by natural gifts or intellectual acquirements. To-day he *reviews* him from an eminence. Of course there are plenty of cases where the Critic is superior to the person or thing criticised. But, on the other hand, there is hardly a case in which the Critic, no matter how elevated his subject, does not, while performing the functions of his office, cherish a sense of superiority, little or great. The amusing thing about it is, that the most modest man, when called upon to write a criticism, has the same superior sense. His relation to the person or thing criticised is reversed forthwith. He cannot reason or laugh himself out of it, until he drops his pen and resumes his proper place in the intellectual scale.

There is another curious thing about criticism. The Critic and his friends are strenuous in defense of the right to "tell the truth," forgetting that all that this can mean is, the right to the public statement of a private opinion. In point of fact, the Critic's opinion may be very far from the truth. Nor are we so sure that the telling of the so-called truth is always permissible. Good manners are to be observed in criticism as in other departments of literature and life.

THE world is to the poet what the musician's score is to the musician: he reads the music from it, and makes us tremble.

SOME people are like telegraph wires. They set themselves high up in the air and congratulate themselves upon their subtlety, their fine-drawn sympathies. One might think that they held all the electricity in the universe. But below them stretches the great earth from which they were digged, giving little heed either to them or to their electricity, or to the mightier currents that run to and fro beneath its serene surface.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Home-Uses of the Exposition.

BY this time the Centennial Exposition is occupying the attention of most of our readers, even that class which turn with especial interest to this department,—the mothers, the housekeepers, and the home-makers of the country. We leave to others the consideration of our great anniversary in its historical, political, scientific, or artistic aspects, but we have a word to say in regard to its relations to these our own friendly hearers. No such opportunity of education has ever been offered to children and young people in this country. We have no doubt that Philadelphia will be visited by the majority of our readers some time during the Exposition. And to those who cannot come, it will be brought closer by innumerable reports, pictures, etc., etc. We wish to remind thoughtful parents that it is not, so far as they are concerned, an occasion for a gush of patriotism, or a magnificent show to pass before them like a brilliant panorama, vague and unreal as one of Aladdin's visions, and to be speedily forgotten. It is a chance which will certainly not occur again during their life-time, of impressing upon the minds of children the events of our early history. Making the birth of the Republic and its hundred years' growth a real, tangible fact, to be seen by them pictorially, as it were: not learned from the dry pages of text-books. If there be any virtue in the example of the great men who made us a nation, any influence in their honor, integrity, or earnestness beneficial to young people, now is the time to make them live and speak again. The boy who sees the nations of the earth paying homage to the birthday of our independence, is likely to understand better all his life the worth of that independence; or when he finds people from all parts of the country coming to look with reverence at a plain brick building and a cracked bell, he will never forget the meaning of the events which made them honorable. There is a chance, too, for the school-boy and girl to gain a knowledge which no book can afford, of countries which they in all probability will never visit. The boys who have seen the Japanese goods, or watched their workmen building their bamboo houses, using plane and saw in a manner altogether their own, who have noticed their skill, shrewdness, good-temper, and discipline, who have observed them at meals, or at prayer, or play, will have a more accurate idea of that far-off people and their status in civilization, than they could gain from a year's study of other men's travels. The same remark will apply to every other country represented in the Exposition. Here are Europe and the East within our gates,—not to be studied through pages of map questions, or historical tables of dates. But to comprehend these living pictures, a child will require an intelligent guide, and the mother who proposes to help her children in this opportunity for a liberal education to be obtained through the eyes, will find books and hard study very necessary to herself. We only throw out the suggestion; the mother, enlightened and zealous enough to accept it, will best know how to carry it into practice.

In Moving-Times.

THE most important thing to remember when you move from one house to another is not to lose your head. This being well secured, you may verify the adage and find the ordeal not worse than three fires; but if your head goes, and your temper follows suit, a Chicago conflagration is nothing to what your experiences will probably be. At the best of times, and under the most favorable conditions, to pack up, remove, and re-arrange your household goods and gods is as trying an infliction as we need wish for our worst enemy; but when this situation is complicated by a family moving into your old house, and another moving out of the new; when it is prolonged by workmen who paint where you are to sleep, paper where your pictures wait to go, and mend locks in the doors through which you must pass, a woman may have some excuse if she would like to say something, perhaps too expressive, but soothing to herself.

But when you have to move, it is well to try and bring a little forethought and judgment into the matter. The great trouble in re-arranging is the difficulty of finding anything you want. You do not remember where such and such an article was put, and so there comes a hunt and a rough misplacement of everything. The kitchen china is found in the front bedroom, the winter clothes are in the bath-room, and the precious Sèvres cups and saucers half unpacked in the nursery. If everything could be packed at one's leisure, it could be arranged well enough; but, order as you will, there comes a climax of rush the day you move. The bed you are to sleep in to-night is the one you are just out of, and the supper-plates were used at breakfast-time; and when you pack so much at once, who can remember whether it was the pickle-jar or the molasses-jug that was put in a water-pitcher in the green tub?

But one thing you can do. You can carry a soft black pencil, or a piece of chalk, and even in the last moment can label as you pack. You need not mix the goods beyond a certain limit, and you can try to pack with some judgment. It will be found an excellent plan to make some good, strong, big bags for all kinds of odds and ends, for soiled clothes, for patches and bundles, for everything that will go into a bag, and to be sure to mark them. For the kitchen articles, use barrels, and for books and breakables, boxes. All of these mark plainly in this way:

"KITCHEN, *pots and frying-pans.*" "KITCHEN, *tins.*" "SITTING-ROOM, *books for large book-case,*" etc.

Of course you will need boxes for brackets, for ornaments of all kinds; these you have in your bureau drawers. Under-clothes, and most of the ordinary contents of a bureau, you can make into neat packages, and so save the drawers for other uses. Of your books be careful. If you cannot box them, do not allow the carmen to pile them loosely in the wagon. The china will generally go into washing-tubs and clothes-baskets. Save old towels and newspapers with a view to packing the china. In one basket or tub ought to be placed a complete service for the first meal in the new house, including knives; then another should have the provisions, and these should go by one of the first loads. Of course, meat ought to have been roasted, ham boiled, coffee ground, and milk and groceries secured. The first days of moving give but little time for cooking, and there is no ignoring the appetite you will get, nor the strength you will need.

If you want to "get fixed" soon, and with comfort, do not fail to have your carpets taken up, shaken, altered, and put down in your new house before you move even a nutmeg grater. When they are down, the house will not only seem half arranged, but will be. The moving of furniture, to enable the men or yourself to fit and put down carpets, is so troublesome and useless that no one who has a head, and is able to use and follow it, will submit to anything so absurd. Of course, the hall and stair carpets are left until the furniture is all placed. In arranging your order of moving, do not allow the carmen to take the goods helter-skelter; but, as far as possible, move a room, a floor, at one time. This gives less chance of confusion, prevents running over the house, and is easier for the men. As to the order of moving, it is best to get your bedsteads and beds off by the first loads, so that you may be sure of a place to sleep. If anything happens to prevent your finishing in one day, you can do without your parlor furniture better than your bedding. Tie up the furniture of each bed in separate bundles, and mark each. You will find that mattresses in the room and in the wagon are very different in appearance, and if they are not marked, they will be very apt to get into the wrong rooms.

Do not trust too much to the judgment and care of your carmen. It is not easy to feel one's self master of such a situation as this; but it is best to try and make your people believe that you fancy yourself in power. And, speaking of carmen, if you have very fine furniture or pictures, it will pay you to engage a professional mover of such articles, if only for one load. The merit of the ordinary carman lies in his muscle, not his knowledge. Pianos, of course, demand special care.

And, finally, don't be discouraged by the general shabbiness of everything. It is a question whether Solomon's throne would have shown to advantage in a furniture wagon, and even if your sofas are torn, and your chairs scratched, they have lost nothing in comfort or association, and you will probably find that they will settle down into their new places, and be as snug and cozy as of old.

Rural Topics.

HEDGES, PEARS, GRAPES, AND VEGETABLES.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.—There are comparatively few owners of small places who consider it worth the time or expense of employing the services of a skilled landscape gardener before planting trees or hedges for ornamental purposes. This being the case, it is not strange that blunders are made at the outset, and of the kind that grow worse from year to year, as trees or hedges approach their full growth. The choice of ornamental trees is often made without any regard to their habits of growth, their size, or their general appearance at maturity. As a natural consequence, unfitness to the place and surroundings is the rule, instead of the exception. It is an every-day spectacle to see a Norway spruce, White or Scotch pine, planted in cramped quarters, close up to the front of the house, shutting off the view, and hindering the sunshine and free circulation of air in places sadly in need of both, while the trees, from want of room, are nothing but distorted specimens at best, the result of putting first-class trees in fifth-rate places. The same remarks will apply with equal force to evergreen hedges. The mistake is frequently made of selecting a rank and strong-growing variety, when a dwarf sort, tardy in growth, would be more suitable. Evergreen hedges, well kept and in proper places, are very desirable; but, neglected and out of place, they soon become abominations. Every new feature in landscape gardening seems to have its day and run with us, and planting evergreen hedges inside of the front garden fence seemed for a time just the thing to do. Such want of foresight is not quite so common as it was a dozen years ago. For those hedges have grown up, and it is easy to see that they only make an ambush for the house and the front-yard, and that without them the general appearance would be materially improved. When judiciously located, evergreen hedges may be made attractive. Where unsightly objects are to be hid from persons approaching the house, or the vegetable and fruit gardens are to be shut off from the lawn, or breaks to be formed against the prevailing winds, then hedges can be turned to a good account, both in a practical and ornamental way, and will pay liberally for the outlay in planting and care.

Kinds to Plant.—There are half a dozen or more kinds of evergreens that are in general use for fancy and practical hedging purposes. Among these, the American arbor vitæ and Norway spruce take the lead, and both of these have been extensively planted for screens, hedges, and wind-breaks. The severe winter of three years ago did serious damage in all quarters to the arbor vitæ, killing thousands of hedges that had been planted from five to fifteen years, to the great surprise of those familiar with the habits and hardiness of evergreens. Since then, the Norway spruce has become more popular for hedging. It is of more vigorous habits than the arbor vitæ, but bears cutting back and shaping quite as well, and, when properly trained, forms a compact and attractive hedge. Besides these two, the hemlock, when planted closely and pruned freely for three or four years, makes a hedge of rare and exquisite appearance. For fancy hedging, the Golden or Chinese arbor vitæs, with their rich colors, and dwarf and bushy habits of growth, are of superior excellence.

Planting.—The best time to plant an evergreen hedge is early in the spring—in the latitude of New York, any time from the 20th of April to the 20th of May. For garden or ornamental hedges, always select small and stocky plants, in height from fifteen to twenty inches, such as are well "furnished" near the ground. With lank or spindling plants, it is a hard matter to get a well-formed hedge; but, with low and bushy plants, the task is an easy one. Set them out in line at distances varying from fifteen to eighteen inches apart in the row according to the size of the plants with the lower branches interlacing, planting no deeper than the depth at which the roots were covered in the nursery row. When set in place, press the soil firmly around the roots, then, with a common garden trimming shears, cut off some of the straggling branches on either side of this new hedge, and trim off the tops to get a uniform height. This cutting back has to be repeated each succeeding spring, more or less at a time, as the case may require.

Dwarf and Standard Pears.—The superiority of a little experience over a great deal of theory is nowhere better exemplified than in the culture of dwarf pears in this country. This method of growing pears both in the garden and orchard was warmly recommended by those high in authority. For a long time no one thought it worth while to question this plan of raising fruit, and, in the meantime, hundreds of thousands of these dwarf pear-trees were planted. The only good thing about the dwarfs is, that they are easily propagated, and, on the strength of this, many men reaped a rich harvest. The writer, among others, was led into planting several thousand dwarf pears, and recalls but too vividly the sad and expensive failure. This conclusion he was slow to accept, but now is convinced, with fifteen years' experience, that dwarf pears, and dwarf apples, are unworthy a place in the garden or orchard. Plant standard pears and let dwarfs alone!

Varieties to Plant.—There are only a few varieties of pears that succeed well in any wide range of territory; soil and climate have such a marked effect on their growth and productiveness. With the amateur, the object is to select such a list of varieties as will furnish the table with pears from early summer until the middle or latter part of winter. There is a large range of summer and fall varieties of a high standard in quality, but of good winter pears there is a meager supply. For garden planting, or home consumption, in a lot of twenty-five trees, a selection can be made with safety from the following list.

Summer.—Bloodgood, Doyenne d'Été, Dearborn's Seedling, and Rostiezer.

Fall.—Bartlett, Clapp's Favorite, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Beurre Bosc, and Seckel.

Winter.—Beurre d'Anjou, Lawrence, and Winter Nelis.

These should be "standards" (or pear-trees with pear-roots), the trees not more than two years old, purchased, if possible, from some responsible nursery firm. Some few of this list may not do well on account of soil and climate, and, for this reason, it will save time and expense to make inquiry of some one who has had experience with pears in the same neighborhood, before ordering the trees.

How to Plant.—Pear-trees will do best in a heavy soil with a clay subsoil. There is nothing gained in making such a soil very rich. A soil that will yield a fair crop of white potatoes will answer every purpose, provided that the ground is mellow and freed from stagnant water. It is money thrown away to plant pears on wet or soggy ground. When ready for planting, dig large holes three feet in diameter and two and a half deep, separating the surface soil from the subsoil at the time of digging. Then fill these holes with the best surface soil to within, say, eighteen inches of the surface. Mix with this soil in the hole some ground bones, wood ashes, or superphosphate of lime. The trees may then be set in place. It is important that each root should be drawn out to its full length and in its natural position, and that some fine surface soil should be thrown in among the roots, with a small quantity of the fertilizers named. Keep on in this way until the roots are all covered and the hole filled up. Then press the loose soil firmly around the roots, which should not be buried any deeper than they were in the nursery row. Soon after the trees are planted, prune back the tops from one-third to one-half; and, in doing this, start with the object of encouraging an upward and outward growth, and keep this in sight at each spring pruning, building the trees into pyramidal shape, the most desirable for either garden or orchard. In pruning, thin out the branches, leaving the head of each tree open to air and light. If this part of the early training is overlooked, and the heads of the trees become crowded with too much wood, the specimens of fruit on the inner branches will be worthless.

GRAPES TO PLANT.—Grapes will grow and bear when planted on ground of medium fertility. It is a serious mistake to make the soil very rich for grapes. Such a condition would be likely to produce much wood and little fruit. When the ground is once prepared, and the vines set out, the main part of the work is over. Of course, the vines will have to be pruned back once every winter or early spring, and trained on trellises or stakes every summer; but, to any one fond of fruit or its culture, this is only diversion.

Beginners often fall into the error of buying old grape-vines from tree venders, in the belief that they will get more fruit, and get it much sooner, by starting off with old vines. Two or three years' experience never fails to correct this error. It is simply a waste of time to transplant old grape-vines. Even if one had such stock, it would be better to throw it into the brush heap and buy young vines for planting. For home use and garden culture, the following list, comprising sorts that will not need professional care or supervision, but will grow and bear with ordinary treatment, will be found reliable, say for a dozen of vines: 6 Concords, 2 Hartford Prolifics, 1 Iona, 2 Delawares, 1 Clinton. These may be planted fourteen feet apart in the row, and, when in place, the young wood should be cut back to three eyes. When these eyes are well started, two of the weaker buds may be rubbed off, and only one shoot allowed to grow from each vine the first year, and this should be kept fastened up to some support from time to time during the growing season.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—April and May are the two busy months in a well-managed vegetable garden. During these months, the most important work of the season has to be hurried through, for planting time is short, and there are many small matters that need prompt attention. First of all is the selection of choice garden seeds of recent growth, and such as will be found true to name. The surest way is to select from each year's crop a few of the best specimens of the same to raise seed from. For the rest, send to some responsible seed merchant, and don't depend on the kind of stock found in small boxes in the country grocery stores.

As a matter of reference for those not familiar with the best sorts of vegetable seeds and plants, I append the following list, naming two or three kinds of each to select from.

Dwarf Beans.—Early Valentine and Refugee.

Pole Beans.—Large White Lima and Horticultural Cranberry.

Beets.—Dark Red Egyptian and Long Smooth Blood.

Cabbage.—Jersey Wakefield (early), and Premium Flat Dutch and Drumhead Savoy (late).

Cucumber.—White Spine and Long Green.

Carrot.—Bliss's Improved Long Orange.

Corn.—Moore's Early and Stowell's Evergreen.

Cauliflower.—Early and late Erfurt.

Celery.—Dwarf Incomparable and Boston Market.

Egg Plant.—Improved New York.

Lettuce.—Curled Silesia and Butter.

Musk Melon.—Skillman's Fine Netted.

Water Melon.—Mountain Sweet.

Onions.—Wethersfield Red and White Portugal.

Parsnips.—Long Smooth.

Peas.—Philadelphia Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, Champion of England, and White Marrowfat.

Peppers.—Large Squash and Bull-nose.

Radishes.—Turnip Scarlet, Long Scarlet, and White Spanish.

Squash.—Summer Crookneck, Boston Marrow, and Hubbard.

In this brief list will be found the leading kinds grown both by market and private gardeners near large cities. With bush beans, peas, and radishes, it is best to repeat the sowings every two or three weeks, until the middle of June. By following this plan, a fresh supply of these sorts will keep coming on for table use until late in the season.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Swinburne's "Erechtheus." *

IN what might be termed his special line of Greek research, Mr. Swinburne comes again before the public with a more ambitious performance than heretofore. "Atalanta in Calydon," a work in the same field to which one naturally reverts, had no such daring flights; it was a beautiful study in the Greek antique, but did not aspire, like this, to a place beside the Antigone, or the Alcestis. A point is made of Greek research as opposed to Gothic, for that is another specialty of Mr. Swinburne, and the other of the two great streams which he seems determined to explore. The English language, composed of Gothic and Greco-Latin, would naturally suggest to a student the two branches indicated, and, curiously enough, Swinburne appears to take a certain pleasure in publishing alternate volumes in one and the other direction. "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" was followed by "Atalanta in Calydon;" then came "Chastelard," and after it, "A Song of Italy;" next, "Bothwell," with "Erechtheus" in its wake. Among the "Songs before Sunrise," there are some which show that his studies have taken a flight toward India, although the work in this case looks as if he had been content with material at second hand, instead of going, as usual, direct to the originals. Such fertility as this, and such work of a hard laborer in the field of foreign literatures, in history, and in literary art, must leave Swinburne little time for the reckless habits of life for which he is censured.

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* Erechtheus; A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, importers.

For the last fourteen years he has been before the public as a poet, and, during that time, has had his ups and downs of favor. As it often happens, his poorest works have called forth most attention, while much of the clamor raised against certain of his writings is indiscriminate and foolish. Thus, the two dramas, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," with which he entered the literary arena, were barely noticed, yet, compared to some of his much praised later work, they are more powerful and self-contained, more picturesque, truer. With the exception of the clown, all the chief characters in "The Queen Mother" are strongly drawn. Again, much rubbish has been talked about Swinburne's immorality, the greater part of the charges being the personal immorality of the author, rather than the moral effect of his writings upon the reading world. Many critics, and among them not a few good ones, are openly or secretly hostile, because they cannot quite divest themselves of the common fallacy that a man can only write about what he has himself actually experienced. They forget that the brilliant and feverish imagination of a man like Swinburne will take a better grip on something wholly imaginary, than on actual facts, touchable, and to be experienced. Whether what he then writes will live is a very different matter; but the truth seems to be that the bald reality is apt to disgust such a mind by a thousand trivial surroundings and belongings.

After all the outcry against the poems, which in the American edition are labeled, and somewhat libeled too, with the name of the first in order—"Laus Veneris,"—perhaps the careful reader will find that they contain the best of Swinburne's genius, albeit he will not fail to take for good truth what the poet himself says of them:

> "Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
> When sleep, that is true or that seems,
> Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
> O daughters of dreams?"

"Daughters of dreams"—that is the phrase which exactly fits them. With such a parentage, stern moralists need not fear that they will do much harm, except perhaps to very immature intellects, which they may stimulate with vague excuses for vice; they are not real enough to do great execution, and the melodious meters in which they are rendered, the flexible words which are arranged to fall agreeably on the ear, will give much delight to the seeker of pleasure, and no little profit to the student of poetry.

Not only can more genius be detected in the short poems, but they form, as it were, the germs of Swinburne's later and larger work. One may say that he has gone on amplifying the germs,—at least in some cases, such a process can be observed—a process, by the way, perfectly legitimate, and one which is not for a moment to be held derogatory to a writer. Thus, "Faustine" relates a cruel, insatiable, blood-thirsty love, and "Laus Veneris" an uncanny, barren one, a love which might be irreverently termed an epileptic love. In "Rosamond," again, we find in the Queen some echo of the same, and in "Chastelard" Mary, Queen of Scots, hints something of a like nature in her mode of love—only hints it. In "Bothwell" however, she steps forth a full-fledged, or rather an overgrown *belle dame sans merci*, a royal witch, a northern Lamia, a Gothic Venus, sitting on a modern throne and enjoying the struggles and deaths of her successive lovers. In his early poem of "Phædra," the chorus is made by Swinburne to say:

> "This is an evil born with all its teeth,
> When love is cast out of the bond of love;"

and the motto over against the title-page of "Bothwell," is a long quotation from Æschylus, of which the purport of the last two lines is this:

> "Love, which is not love, swaying woman,
> Drags in the mire both monsters and men."

"Chastelard" repeated this idea artistically and in beautiful words, but it was certainly hard to ask a reader to accept a duplication and reduplication of the theme in "Bothwell;" it certainly looks like bad art when a man does not know when he has said enough. And this peculiarity brings Swinburne in comparison with a brother poet.

Great as is the difference between Browning and Swinburne, yet they are alike in more than one particular. Reference is not made here to expressions and words which the younger poet has caught or taken (for either is perfectly proper) from the elder, but to a more general likeness. It is the quality called wordiness, a redundancy of words, the expression of an idea and immediately afterward a return to repeat the same thought in a different way. In Browning, this has the look of a willful playing with his subject for his own amusement; in Swinburne, it is not so. Browning is always fully alive to what he means. He is at least clear in his own mind. Let all bold readers follow, and may the devil take the hindermost! But Swinburne appears at times only half-conscious of what he would like to express. We may say that the difference lies partly in the kind of ideas the two men dwell upon. Browning, even if his ultimate object be a great thought, is apt to be minute of statement; he says one small vivid thing after another. Swinburne sweeps about on the clouds of generalities, and can hardly avoid vagueness. This may be one secret of his fine singing meters, or sounding meters, as they would be better called: what he loses in exactness, he gains in music. Rizzio's song in "Bothwell" furnishes a good illustration of this. Here the first two stanzas say all that is to be said, and the remaining six, which are not here quoted, merely repeat the idea. Yet all are musical:

"Love with shut wings, a little ungrown love,
A blind lost love, alit on my shut heart,
As on an unblown rose an unfledged dove;
Feeble the flight as yet, feeble the flower.
And I said, show me if sleep or love thou art,
Or death or sorrow or some obscurer power;

Show me thyself, if thou be some such power,
If thou be god or spirit, sorrow or love,
That I may praise thee for the thing thou art.
And saying, I felt my soul a sudden flower
Unfledged of petals, and thereon a dove
Sitting full-feathered, singing at my heart."

But to revert again to Browning's wordiness: whatever his mental involutions may be, he has a sturdy, knotty plan about his work. Swinburne not infrequently appears to have cast down upon a table a certain number of favorite words and phrases which he is pleased to arrange in given rhythmic variations, or which he shakes artfully like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope. He has moments when he is overcome by the intoxication bred of words; he is drunk with phrases. He will reduplicate for effect and so weaken the effect; he often mistakes obstreperousness for force, and, what is worse, applies the power at the wrong point. This is the reason why in reading his dramas one trembles when a crisis is approaching, because one fears the terrible climax to such strong minor parts. But the crisis is cold, after all, for the minor interests have been treated at such fever heat that a singular lameness befalls the dash of the verse, and the tragedy droops. This is a more charitable supposition than that a man of Swinburne's genius should not have the real inherent force to rise to the level of a crisis.

But to the writer redundancy has its profitable side. Mass is not art, but the public thinks it is. Only a select few can be found to criticise the new Post-Office building in New York city—it is so immense! But let that building be reduced to one-sixth its size, and its nonentity and lack of beauty will be apparent to every passer by. In like manner the writer who could not get much attention to a drama of real beauty like "Atalanta," to a little gem like "Chastelard," is canvassed in all the papers as soon as he issues a bulky volume on practically the same subject and calls it "Bothwell." One is an artistic little drama; the other, Scotch history cast into a dramatic form, in which long tirades alternate between queen, maids of honor, nobles, preachers, and burgesses, all in much the same key, and mostly in the same set of words. There are beauties, fine passages; as has been said in another case, it is all work by a man of genius, but it is not a work of genius.

Something has already been said of Swinburne's indistinctness of thought, and one cause suggested in the great sweep of his imagination. Of course, that is merely a secondary explanation; it does not touch the root, for one may well ask why should he allow his imagination such unfixed bounds, why does he prefer to speak indistinctly of a mountain, rather than accurately of a mole-hill? Perhaps the secret cause lies in the fact that he has never trained his mind to minute observation of things. If one looks for it, one is struck with the absence of anything like a love for natural history in his work. He has plenty of images drawn from nature, but they are generalizations, like almost everything else. This may lead an author into absurdities such as are found in the above quoted song of Rizzio. A man accustomed to observe would not place a dove on a rosebud, and much less combine a rose with an unfledged dove, at which stage of life a bird of the dove kind is simply ludicrous.

But, fortunately, with "Erechtheus" it is different. Here that plague of wordiness which befalls Swinburne must give way to models of real art, the Greek. Like Browning when translating a Greek play, Swinburne's headlong qualities being once well checked, make his restrained work all the greater and more beautiful. But, notwithstanding the benefit Swinburne derives from the chaste Greek model, this last and most ambitious work of his suffers from his prevailing faults. Putting aside the question,—and it is a most important one, which posterity will answer in a summary manner,—as to the use of applying so much talent and erudition to the blowing up of the embers of that art which is shown at its highest in the Greek drama, putting aside the *raison d'être* of "Erechtheus," one is forced to confess that, with all its beauties, it would be twice as effective if it were half the size. Words are used as counters in the usual manner. Fire, love, buds, breasts, mouths, meet us at every line with an iteration which is only not damnable because it is so cleverly managed. Certain images, as those drawn from the sea—Eumolpus the Phœnician is a son of Neptune—and those from hunting, are repeated again and again. The battle-piece, where Eumolpus invading and Erechtheus defending Athens fall face to face, contains as much horse as the pictures of Wouvermans.

"With a trampling of drenched red hoofs and an earthquake of men that meet,
* * * * * * *
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as they gnash
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and glitter, the mouths of the mad steeds champ,
Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot rings in their tramp.
* * * * * * *
White frontlet is dashed against frontlet, and horse against horse reels hurled,
* * * * * * *
And the heads of the steeds in their head-gear of war, and their corsleted breasts,
Gleam broad as the brows of the billows that brighten the storm with their crests,
* * * * * * *

So dire is the glare of their foreheads, so fearful the fire of their breath,
And the light of their eyeballs enkindled so bright with the lightnings of death;
And the foam of their mouths as the sea's when the jaws of its gulf are as graves,
And the ridge of their necks as the wind-shaken mane on the ridge of the waves:
And their fetlocks afire as they rear drip thick with a dew-fall of blood
As the lips of the rearing breaker with froth of the manslaying flood.

* * * * * * *

Thou hast loosened the necks of thine horses, and goaded their flanks with affright,
To the race of a course that we know not on ways that are hid from our sight,
As a wind through the darkness the wheels of their chariot are whirled,
And the light of its passage is night on the face of the world."

Then we have hunting repeated again and again, to mar the wonderful beauty of many passages, of which those quoted are by no means the finest.

"A noise is arisen against us of waters,
A sound as of battle come up from the sea.
Strange hunters are hard on us, hearts without pity;
They have staked their nets round the fair young city,
That the sons of her strength and her virgin daughters
Shall find not whither alive to flee.

* * * * * * *

Hear, highest of gods, and stay
Death on his hunter's way
Full on his forceless prey his beagles hounding;"

* * * * * * *

It is true enough that Eumolpus is sea-sprung, and that Erechtheus defending Attica is land-sprung, and that the first continues the old fight of Neptune against Pallas Athenæ for the possession of Attica. We see the aptness, but somehow it grates against the sense of real beauty to be reminded so often of these facts.

The only passage in "Erechtheus" which shows the fleshliness of Swinburne, is a description of the North Wind in a storm of amorous godhead. It is noticeable that this blast of magnificent song, like so many others, is put in the mouth of the chorus, and relates not to any actor in the tragedy, not to Erechtheus or Praxithea, who know that their daughter must die for Attica, not to the daughter Chthonia herself, but to a sister whom the myths married to the North Wind. Chthonia is willing to be a sacrifice to appease the gods and keep the Neptunian Eumolpus from the land of Pallas Athenæ; but she is hardly up to the level of the occasion. She is not Alcestis or Iphigenia, although she reminds one of them. Yet it is hard to ask one, for such and like reasons, to resist the rush of Swinburne's bold versifications, the whirling crowd of his gigantic metaphors, and the swing and roar of his lines. Only at times this becomes oppressive from its very resistlessness and breathlessness. It seizes and carries one along protesting, as some music does. It is an orchestra of words.

Let us dwell on this term, orchestra, and read over "Erechtheus" for *sound*. Has he not borrowed from a neighbor art, and sought to bring the crash, the melodies which alternate in an opera into the limits of words and a book? Is he not the counterpart, or the accomplice of Wagner in music? Wagner is striving to make music into words, Swinburne to convert words into music. Impatient of restraint, and with nothing in the way of worldly obstacles to restrain him, Wagner often mistakes noise for force, just as Swinburne will sometimes rave instead of being strong. Wagner no more than Swinburne will study the minute; he deals in musical generalizations, alternating with attempts to literally translate music into words. And as the admirer of Wagner picks out of an opera delicious passages and says: "Aha, is not this genius?" so the devotee to Swinburne picks out one melody after another, and says: "This is the genius of the century."

Music in his verse is Swinburne's greatest strength and greatest weakness. It gives those sounding lines so interesting to the student of literature, so novel in our language, so delightful to many minds for its quality of putting to sleep the unwary intellect. But we doubt whether single lines or passages of Swinburne's published works will ever become of popular use. Emerson, whom Swinburne has not read in vain, despite the low estimate he has of the sage of Concord, has lines which have gone into the language, and Longfellow, with a fraction of Swinburne's imagination, has been honored in the same way. Swinburne is not human in the sense of admiring the human individual; the only leaning toward that quality in his verse being a kind of adoration of personified cities, that is, of great agglomerations of human beings, and in that he may have taken a leaf from Victor Hugo. No, he is a study poet, writing in a study for the study-table, and in that light is an amazing success, and a man whose value cannot well be overrated. Readers of the Greek drama will be delighted with "Erechtheus" for the skillful blending of classicism and Gothicism, and the strong perfume of the antique from which the modern poet has withdrawn every suspicion of mustiness. But will the greater reading public, which does not care a fig for Greek, find the other qualities sufficiently attractive? Were the question put to Swinburne himself, he would probably answer that he did not care.

Professor Blackie's "Songs of Religion and Life."*

THE music of Professor Blackie's songs is mainly of the bag-pipe order. In other words, he is not sensitive to melody, and those who are will have their sensibilities rasped in reading his verses. In spite of that, and by force of a sturdy intellectual and moral valor, a true Scotch wit and vim, many of these rhymed dissertations and exhortations of his have a genuine lyric ring. The Professor is seldom poetic when he tries to be; but when he rides hard against some philosophic or theologic folly: when he makes his plea in favor of manliness, and freedom, and religion, and honest mirth, there is a rhythm, a music, and a breezy swing to his gallop that either is, or takes the place of, poetry. Here is some of Professor Blackie's blank verse. There is not much of the charm of poetry in the passage, but it gives a good idea of the way he hits:

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* Songs of Religion and Life. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"There's my apology for the poor Hindoos:
Convert them, if you can, but do not damn;
Curse not the beggar when you dole your doit;
Preach, like St. Paul, in gentlemanly wise,
And do not swear that brindled hides are black
To make yourself look whiter. I believe
There is much high and holy wisdom hid
In what you damn wholesale."

And this is another sample of both the poet's verse and philosophy:

"Go to! You know nor this, nor that;
Man has no measuring rod
For Nature, Force, and Law, and what
The wisest men call God.

For law and life, and all the course
Of lovely-shifting Nature,
Are but the play of one wise Force
Which Moses called Creator.

Think on your knees: 'tis better so
Than without wings to soar;
What blinking Reason strains to know
We find when we adore."

Among the most agreeable and successful of the lyrics, we think, are "The Musical Frogs," who sing

"Around the green pond's reedy ring,"

and "A Song of St. Socrates," which is at once the most musical and amusing lyric in the book. In "Farewell to Summer," we come upon this pleasing passage:

"And suns shall shine, and birds shall sing,
And odorous breezes blow,
And ferns uncurl their folded wing
Where star-eyed flowerets grow;
And surly blasts shall cease to bray,
And stormy seas to roar
On Oban's warm sun-fronting bay,
And green Dunolly's shore."

"Advice to a favorite Student on leaving College" is a capital little sermon that it would be well if every young man, about starting in life, could hear and heed. But in some respects the best, as it is certainly one the most characteristic, of all these lyrics "Of Religion and Life," is "The God of Glee."

* * * * *

"Fools may rant and fools may rave,
Loudly damn and loudly save,
With a solemn sounding swell,
Sweeping honest souls to hell,
With church-blasts of mimic thunder
Turning every over under;
Thou from wrath of man art free,
God of gladness, God of glee!

* * * * *

"Oh! it is a hard assay
For the reach of human clay,
And yet every fool will mount
Thee to number, Thee to count,
With a plummet and a square
Meting out the pathless air;
Teach me how to think of Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee!

"If my tongue must lisp its lay,
I will speak what best I may:
I will say, Thou art a Soul,
Weaving wisely through the whole;
I will say, Thou art a Power,
Working good from hour to hour;
I will say, Thou art to me,
Light and Life, and Love and Glee.

"Thou art each, and Thou art all
In Creation's living Hall,
Every breathing shape of beauty,
Every solemn voice of duty!
Every high and holy mood,
All that's great, and all that's good,
All is Echo sent from Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee!"

King's "French Political Leaders."*

WE are glad to welcome volume three of the Brief Biographies edited by T. W. Higginson. It is written by an approved journalist and author, whose minute study of his own land, notably of the Southern States in papers contributed to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, makes him all the better as a judge of France. But Mr. King has had exceptional chances besides: during the French war, and again, since, he has studied his characters in their own surroundings.

Like the biographies in the preceding volumes, the spirit which pervades this book is generous and unpartisan. Even the detested Napoleon III. is fairly treated. The sketch of Victor Hugo is especially good.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Whiteladies." †

IN her latest novel Mrs. Oliphant is, more than ever, Mrs. Oliphant. It is a novel according to the old meaning of the word. There are here no profound discussions of character or of social problems, few studies of extraordinary situations or people, no artistic setting forth of the exceptional or typical. The author says in one place, apropos of a staid maiden lady who in distress suddenly leaves her serious books and takes to novels, that one reads this sort of literature when one has too much to think about, or too little. "Whiteladies" is a book for those who wish to divert themselves from unpleasant thoughts, or to fill the vacuum of a lack of thought. The characters are generally well-drawn and diverting. There are no very able people in the book and no fools, no unselfishly good people, and no very bad ones. One would think that the author had said to herself, "I will exclude all people of phenomenal character, and see what can be done with mediocre English and French folks." As a study of ordinary people, the book evinces a skill almost wonderful. Madame de Mirfleur is a Frenchwoman whose absolute moral and mental mediocrity is so well poised, that it rises almost into something great. Reine, the heroine, if there be any heroine, is the most attractive person in the book. Her general goodness is well spiced with a little badness of temper. Giovanna, who is a lazy blackmailer, offsets all this by a certain sense of gratitude, and some traits that bring her up to the same level of doubtfulness with the rest. The praying saint in the book is too sincere to be other than lovable, but even here one finds such curious moral and mental idiosyncrasies, that she too is left not much, if any, above the average. The best character of all, in other respects, commits the crime on which the whole plot turns. It would be a relief to find that Mrs. Oliphant is a believer in real goodness or thorough badness. But even Farrel-Austin, the worst of all, is not so very bad. One feels, at least, that he could not well help it. As for the other men, they are not of much consequence. Mrs. Oliphant's women are never very great, her men are all wholly and hopelessly ordinary. Indeed, they are never quite men. She sees men objectively, and notes well their little foibles, and vanities, and vices; but neither in their goodness nor their badness is she able to understand them from within.

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* French Political Leaders. By Edward King. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Whiteladies. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

To sum up, this is one of those stories that will be read and enjoyed by the novel-reader. It is light reading, depicting truly though not deeply the people one sees every day; it reads especially the riddle of womanhood in its milder forms, and is very good of its kind.

"Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress." *

"MISS HITCHCOCK'S Wedding Dress" is an impossible story, with some very painful incongruities, and not a few betrayals of intellectual feebleness on the part of the author. And yet we imagine that there are many respectable three-volume English novels without half its brightness, and ingenuity, and readableness; many novels, of apparently much more thought, without anything like the natural quality, the insight, and even the poetry of this entertaining little book.

Jarves's "Glimpse at the Art of Japan." †

IF Mr. Jarves wields to-day less authority in the realm of art criticism than he may be thought entitled to wield, he has his literary style to blame for it in a measure, though he has, no doubt, hurt himself as much in the public estimation by the aggressive way in which he constantly alludes to the religion and politics of his countrymen and of Europeans, mixing up acrid discussions of these subjects with discussions of his subject proper in a way to destroy all continuity of impression, besides putting his reader, even when he is inclined to agree with him, in a hostile state of mind by the temper in which he writes. In fact, after reading all that Mr. Jarves has written, we find ourselves thinking of him, not as an art critic at all, but as a Radical of a rather morbid type, who makes his art studies a stalking-horse from behind which he shoots his arrows at his enemies in Church and State. We are by no means inclined to take issue with Mr. Jarves on many of his conclusions, and indeed there is very little in his views of modern society in Europe and America that has not been pointed out by others, and accepted by a great many people, not only Liberals and Radicals, but by Conservatives as well. Why these same views, as announced by Mr. Jarves, excite antagonisms and repel the people who would perhaps not be repelled by them in another, is, we think, partly because there is nothing philosophical in this writer's method, partly because the discussion is so often irrelevant, but more than all because of the temper with which it is undertaken. Mr. Ruskin has done a great deal to drive people away from him as a teacher by his unphilosophical method, and his ill-temper, "hateful to God and to the enemies of God;" but, in spite of all defects, in spite of inaccuracy, of want of logic, of arrogance, of indifference to the feelings of other people, of a snobbish self-assertion altogether English,—in spite, in short, of faults positive and negative that would long ago have left another man preaching to empty pews, with not even a faithful Roger to bear him company, Mr. Ruskin will always gather a willing flock about his knees, content to listen to the sweet sound of his piping. It is his beautiful style that does him honor, and the song is so pleasant, we were often as lief it were "without words." But this charm of style does not belong to Mr. Jarves. His English is often ungrammatical; it is wanting in elegance, in aptness in the choice of words, in clearness of expression. He delights in sonorous and luscious adjectives, and uses them with the wantonness of a newspaper reporter. He repeats himself constantly. The same statement, the same story, the same bit of poetry, with differences due to the careless proof-reading, meet us again and again, one quoted simile occurring no less than three times. The present book has every appearance of being hastily and carelessly made up of many different essays by the author,—essays originally published without revision or condensation, and now put together without comparison or change of any kind. There is a great deal of talk in the book, but too little thinking, and the one chapter on Japanese art that Mr. John LaFarge contributed to Mr. Pumpelly's "Across the Continent" contains more meat than is in all Mr. Jarves's 216 pages. Those who know, besides, what Mr. Philippe Burty and Mr. Henri Chesnau have written on the same subject, will find Mr. Jarves rather thin in texture and coarse in flavor in the comparison.

But, after all, much of Mr. Jarves's defect is his own fault. His book contains a good deal of information, and might have been both valuable and interesting if he had chosen to take time and pains to make it so. As it is, the reader is obliged to winnow many bushels of chaff before he find one grain of wheat; and if, when he has found it, it prove worth the search, he is none the less discontented with the author, who might have spared him his labor. All that is new in the book, and all that is old that is worth having, might have been put into half the number of pages.

One word about the "illustrations." We believe there is no one of these pictures that may not be found in the cheap illustrated books now so common, of which a supply may always be found in our shops where Japanese wares are sold. With the greater number of these pictures we are ourselves long familiar, and no one of those which we do not recognize as old friends has the look of being drawn from any recondite source. They are all very badly reproduced by some one of the many "processes" that do all they can to murder whatever beauty or skill is put into their hands. The tint of these reproductions is a dull gray, and they are so blurred in outline, and so spotted and speckled and streaked in the printing,

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* Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress. By the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," "A Very Young Couple," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† A Glimpse at the Art of Japan. By James Jackson Jarves, Author of "Art Studies." "Art Idea" "Art Thoughts," etc.; Honorary Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy, etc., etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

as to be often unintelligible to any one who does not know their originals. Compared with the illustrations to Mr. Noah Brooks's article, "Some Pictures from Japan," published in the SCRIBNER for December, 1875, these pictures in Mr. Jarves's book make but a poor show. Those illustrations were obtained by photographing from the original drawings on the block and then engraving them, the engraver having the original before him to assist his eye. The result was, that so far as accuracy went, little was left to be desired. The serious objection to them was, that they had not the softness of touch and the look of being drawn with the brush that we enjoy in the original picture-books. But this result was not to have been hoped for unless they could have been printed by hand on the soft, silky paper employed by the Japanese themselves. It would perhaps not have been impossible for Mr. Jarves to have imported copies of these books, which are very cheap in Japan, and to have cut them up and bound their leaves in with his own.

French and German Books.

Victor Hugo. Ce que c'est que l'exil. New York: Christern, 77 University Place.

IT is something unusual to see a preface issued as a separate pamphlet, but that is the case with the introduction to one of Hugo's later works "Pendant l'Exil," and the idea is an excellent one. The pamphlet forms, in some sense, an overture to the various acts of the great opera he has written down concerning his life of exile in the Channel Islands, and epitomizes, as the title shows, the various states of feeling he underwent, and the relations on a grand scale which he maintained toward nature and humanity. There is little in the clear and solid prose to raise a smile; for the most part, Hugo is at his best, moving powerfully among the grand similes and profound generalizations which have long ago placed him first and without a peer at the head of all living writers of France. This may give the tone in which he composes:

"When they pillage and discrown Right, the men of violence and State traitors know not what they do.

"As to exile, it is the nakedness of Right. Nothing is more terrible. For whom? For him who suffers exile? No, for him who inflicts it. The punishment turns again and rends the executioner."

Touching closer on the perils, discomforts, and vexations of an exile, he says, in sentences to be reinforced, each of them, by examples hereafter:

"Everything is allowed against you; you are outside of the law, that is to say, outside of equity, outside of reason, outside of respect, outside of what is probable; people will say they have been authorized by you to publish your conversations, and good care will be taken that they shall be stupid; people will attribute to you words which you have not uttered, letters which you have not written, acts which you have not done. People come close to you in order to choose the place where you can be best stabbed. Exile is without roof; people gaze in upon it as into a pit for wild beasts; you are isolated and watched."

The passages in which he recalls the periods of history when the world hissed him for clamoring against certain prominent acts of injustice, and points to the dire consequences which have followed, make one hesitate. The extravagances charged against Hugo in some of his romances should weigh very light in the scale over against the unshaken stand he has maintained on the rock of humanity and pure right.

Œuvres de Mathurin Regnier. Publiés par D. Jouast. New York: F. W. Christern.

This very pretty and well printed little volume of Regnier's satires and shorter pieces issues from the *Librairie des Bibliophiles*, Paris, with a preface, notes, and glossary by Louis Lacour. The latter says well: "To know him, it pays best to go to his book; his great celebrity, which is so well grounded a one, proceeds from the fact that he lived his works." Of course, the result of that is, that some of his subjects are of a terrible crudeness, and more fit for the reading of medical students than the general public. But he was so human and so open, he laments with such a fearful frankness the results of vice in himself, that those who can, or who need to read him, will only find benefit from his energetic verse. In the midst of such a lament occur these stanzas, whose beauty and simplicity in the original a translation can only strive to report:

What thing am I? My hand is weak,
My courage has the human streak.
I am not steel or stone, alas!
Be kind to me in thorny path,
Great Lord; before Thy bolts of wrath
I am more breakable than glass.

* * * * * *

The sun before Thy face doth flee,
All planets take their laws from Thee;
Thy word yokes all things—Thou art chief;
And yet thou farest on Thy path,
Darting on me Thy flaming wrath,
Who am nought but a filching thief.

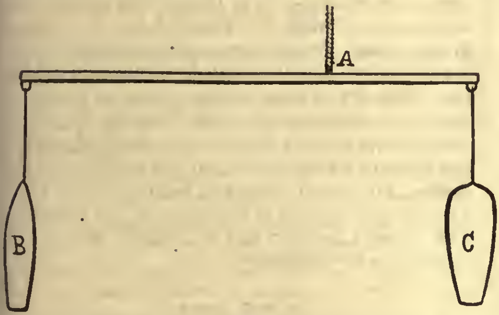
His early death in 1613, and almost every poem he left behind, are standing warnings against unbridled pleasures and desires, and one cannot avoid the continual regret that so much genius should have been crippled. Yet who can say? Perhaps if Regnier had not been so miserable, the world would now be a loser of a poet whom an outspoken court and a fearless temperament made a mouthpiece of fleshly sinners.

Michael Angelo in Rome 1508–1509. Anton Springer. New York: L. W. Schmidt.—By the light of new publications of letters by and to Michael Angelo, some curious questions in the life of that mighty genius are cleared up. This is a pamphlet touching especially on his flight from Rome and embroilment with the Pope, and gives the inner view of his relations with the architect Bramante, the story of the intrigue against Michael Angelo, as well as the injustice shown him by the Pope himself, as well as by the Pope's heirs. Certain qualities in the figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel are dwelt upon, and the letters translated are given in the original in foot notes.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Testing Boat and Ship Models.

In some recent experiments to test the value of hoods or casings for propellers (already reported in "The World's Work"), two models of steamers were made, and their relative resistance in the water was compared. To do this each model was towed from a line fastened to the ends of a cross-bar, and by finding the point on the bar where the resistance was equal the relative values of the models were easily estimated. Aside from its original application to test the models of screw steamships, this simple and inexpensive apparatus may prove useful in testing the value of boat and ship models of every kind, and in comparing the resistance of sculls, sail-boats, and racing-boats. This diagram illustrates the general principles of the apparatus:



Two models are represented as being towed from a cross-bar secured at A. The long, narrow model B equals the short model C, and, as the cross-bar in the drawing is six centimeters long, and the tow-line is secured at a distance of two centimeters from the model C, it is easy to see that this model stands to the other as two is to four—that is, the long model B presents one-half the resistance to the water offered by the short model C, and if the propelling power be the same in each, it should prove just twice as fast a boat. Such an apparatus may be readily improvised by the purchasers and judges of race-boats, and would undoubtedly prove useful in deciding their value. With a bar sufficiently long and stout, and with sufficient towing power, the resistance of even large vessels might be tested by the same means.

Improved Disintegrator.

For grinding grains, bark, bones, fire-clays, etc., the disintegrator has partially superseded millstones. The ordinary disintegrator is a horizontal paddle-wheel revolving in a close-fitting hood or casing. The grain or other material to be ground is placed in a hopper beside this, and by the aid of an endless screw is fed into the disintegrator near the bottom. Here it encounters the swiftly moving beaters or arms of the wheel, and is thrown up and over it till it strikes the hood. Here it is thrown back again and is again dashed against the hood till it is beaten to powder, when it escapes through valved openings in the sides of the casing near the bottom. In the improved disintegrator, these side openings are replaced by an open grating that covers the lower half of the casing. This extends from half-way up one side, down under the wheel to the same height on the other side, so that the beaters in one-half of their journey pass just clear of the grating and gradually push the ground material through it, and thus keep the opening free at all times. This is said to be an advantage over the common pattern, as the side openings are apt to become clogged and stopped, to a serious hinderance of the work. For materials to be reduced to an impalpable powder, the grating is closed, and an opening is made in the top of the casing. The flour is blown by the blast of the wheel through this opening into a large pipe ending in a receiving chamber, and in the pipe and receiver it meets with a series of baffle-plates that break up the current of air and allow the flour to settle in the receiving chamber. Another pipe returns from this chamber to the disintegrator to release the pressure of air and to prevent the escape of dust.

Telescopic Diving-Bell.

A new and improved pattern of diving-bell has been introduced for laying concrete foundations in deep water. The plant consists of a large flat-bottomed boat, or pontoon, resembling those used in dredging, and properly supplied with engines, air-compressors, and other steam-dredging machinery. At the bow of the boat is erected a lofty iron framework slightly overhanging the water, and capable of sustaining the weight of the immense diving-bell and its connections. At the top of this are two wrought-iron chambers, one over the other, and connected by an air-tight door or man-hole. The smaller chamber is two meters square (about 6½ feet), and the lower chamber is about three meters square. From the bottom of the lower chamber hangs a wrought-iron tube five meters (16 feet 5 inches) long and about two meters in diameter. Into this are fitted three more tubes, each of the same length, and each a few decimeters less in diameter than the other. That is, they are fitted like a telescope, with the smaller tube in the center, and each sliding within the other. From the bottom of the central tube is suspended a square diving-bell, sufficiently large to hold a number of men with their tools and molds for making concrete blocks. All the connections between the tubes are air-tight, and, when the upper chambers are closed, the bell and its telescopic tubes make a continuous air-tight chamber. When at work, the telescopic tubes are extended till the bell touches the bottom, or till it is expanded to its full length of seventeen meters. Suitable guides are provided at the sides of the tube to keep it steady in the water, and, by a peculiar arrangement of the packing between the tubes, allowance is made for the movements caused by waves or currents. By means of powerful air-compressors the water is kept out of the bell, even though it is open through the entire length of the tubes. The tubes serve for a hoist-way and well for the passage of men and materials, and to give even more room, extra pipes are provided outside the tubes, for sending cement and sand down to the bell from a boat outside. These pipes are also provided with air-locks, and cut off, to prevent the escape of air or the entrance of water. Powerful hoisting apparatus is supplied for lifting the entire apparatus to the surface of the water, or to adjust it to any depth. When not in use, the telescope is closed up till the bottom of the bell hangs level with the bottom of the boat. If desired, the entire apparatus may be raised clear of the water, and may be supported by the frame-work while the boat is moved from place to place. This ingenious and interesting dredging plant has been in operation for several months, and is reported to give entire satisfaction to the engineer in charge.

Emery-Grinding.

EMERY-GRINDING, to be rapidly effective, implies that the emery wheels shall be driven at high speed, and high speeds imply danger from tangential explosion. Some kinds of emery lack cohesive strength, and when driven at great speed in the form of wheels, are apt to "fly" in dangerous fragments. A new device, to overcome this defect, consists in employing a cast-iron ring, joined by radial arms to an axle, and in which the emery is held in the form of segments of a circle. These molded segments of emery are laid inside the iron ring, and projecting slightly beyond its face. Between the segments of emery and the axle are placed curved plates of iron, backed by screws reaching to the axle, and serving to keep them all wedged firmly in place. This gives an iron wheel holding a ring of emery just within its outer diameter. In grinding, the tool or other material is held against the ring of emery, and as the grinding wears the emery away, the segments are gradually advanced, till they are entirely worn away and consumed in the using. To do this and to economize the material, each segment must be backed with some cheaper material that may serve to hold it in place till all the emery is destroyed. In such an iron ring, or holder, it is plain that the emery cannot fly off at a tangent, however great the speed. A further and incidental advantage has followed the introduction of this wheel. The division of the emery into four or more segments, and the formation of slight radial depressions between each two, impart a shock to the material that is being ground, as it passes from one segment to another. This is said to result in a great gain in the cutting power of the emery.

Chimney Climber.

THIS apparatus is an elevator for lifting men and materials on the outside of a chimney or other columnar structure. It consists of a pair of upright frames of timber, each having a small platform at the bottom. Opposite the platform on the other side of the square frame is placed a large roller turning freely on a fixed axle, and at the top of the frame are two more. These three rollers are designed to press against the sides of the chimney that is to be ascended. The upper rollers are fastened to a spindle turning in bearings fastened to the frame-work, and having gearing and a hand crank whereby they may be made to revolve. On strong cross-bars, somewhat longer than the frames are wide, are hung drums three decimeters (about 12 inches) wide, and having smaller drums one decimeter (about 4 inches) wide on the same axle. In ascending a chimney, the two frames are placed on opposide sides of the tower with their rollers pressed against it. Strong ropes are then passed through pulleys on each frame, and carried from one frame to the other twice, and each time over one of the drums, the last time over the larger drum so that it hangs below the frames, and to the ends are fastened heavy iron weights. This device then serves as a tension clip, binding and pressing the two frames firmly against the chimney. The workmen standing on the two platforms may, by turning the cranks, then cause the elevator to creep slowly up the chimney. On reaching any desired height they have only to stop, and the platform remains fixed against the chimney by the tension of the weights on the ropes. For round chimneys, the rollers are made with concave faces to fit the curves of the structure. This elevator has been put to practical use, and is reported to be satisfactory.

A New Alloy.

A NEW alloy, known as "manganese bronze," has been recently made the subject of elaborate experiment, to test its strength, toughness, and hardness. The samples selected were of three degrees of hardness, and one, designed for constructive purposes, where strength and toughness are needed, proved to be about equal in tensile strength and elongation to common grades of wrought iron, while its elastic limit was rather higher. The tougher qualities of the cast alloy are reported to be harder than gun-metal, with about fifty per cent. more ultimate strength and ability to survive twisting and bending. The alloy is said to be composed of an ordinary bronze combined with manganese, and in appearance it resembles gun-metal, except that it is of a brighter color. It has been forged at a red heat, and rolled into bars and sheets and drawn into wire and tubes. Though subjected to exhaustive experiment with these favorable results, it is only just offered upon a commercial scale, and is yet to be proved in the arts. Its manufacture is kept a secret.

Frozen Medicines.

THE use of ice in medical practice has led to the suggestion of freezing such preparations as are now administered in the form of a spray or gargle in throat diseases. With children such local applications are often attended with difficulty, owing to fright or nervousness on the part of the patient. At the same time, the child will eat ice with pleasure, and the observation of this fact has led to the idea of dissolving or mixing boracic, salicylic, or sulphurous acids, and other antiseptics not possessing much taste, with water, and freezing the compound. The practitioner will be the best judge of the proportions and materials to be employed, and only the mechanical part of the process need be here reported. The mixture when prepared is placed in a glass tube about twenty millimeters in diameter and of any desired length. This size insures quick freezing and gives a rod of ice of a convenient shape. When filled the tube is plunged into a freezing mixture of salt and ice, or into a common ice-cream freezer. When frozen a dip into hot water will release the ice, and it may be then broken up into short bits and administered. This idea might also prove of value in preparing milk and other drinks employed in medical practice.

Ventilation of Ships.

To utilize the rolling of a ship in ventilating the hold and cabins, a simple and inexpensive apparatus has been tried that seems worthy of general adoption. It consists of two upright iron tanks each two meters (6½ feet) high and fifty-six centimeters (22 inches) in diameter. These are placed amidship on the upper deck, one on each side of the vessel. An iron pipe, twenty centimeters in diameter, extends from one to the other across the ship, joining them both near the bottom. At the top of each is placed a short escape-pipe turned outboard, and supplied with a valve opening outward. From the top of each tank extends another pipe that descends to the bottom of the hold, the cabins, fire-rooms, or other places that need ventilation, and at its juncture with the tank is a valve opening inward. An opening with an air-tight screw-cap is provided in the top of one tank, for the purpose of supplying them with water. While the vessel rests on a steady keel previous to making a trip, water is poured into the tanks till it fills each about one quarter full. The apparatus is then closed air-tight and is ready for use. When the ship rolls in a sea-way or under the influence of her screw, the water alternately flows through the pipe from one tank to the other. The water flowing into the lower tank creates a vacuum in the upper tank, the pressure of the air closes the discharge pipe and opens the ventilation pipe, and the air from the hold and cabins is thus violently sucked into the tank. On the return roll this is reversed. The water flows back again, closing the ventilating pipe and opening the escape-pipe, and thus forcing the foul air that has been collected, harmlessly overboard. At the same time a vacuum is created in the other tank, and the process is repeated in the same manner. In this way every roll of the ship lifts a quantity of air from the hold, and so long as there is the slightest motion the apparatus continues its work. An apparatus of this pattern and dimensions has been tried on a large passenger ship with entire success, and so strong was the blast of air thrown out of the escape-pipes at every roll of the ship, that it has been proposed to utilize it as a fog-horn.

Maximum and Minimum Thermometer.

In many places, greenhouses, manufactories, and the like, it is often more important to know when the temperature falls below or rises above a certain fixed point, than to know the actual temperature in degrees. A new thermometer, introduced by Duclaux, of the French Academy, offers a cheap and reliable apparatus that will report any temperature fixed upon, and without reporting the temperature above or below that point, and it would seem as if this glass might supply the florist and manufacturer with a desirable instrument. This thermometer is founded on the fact that certain liquids may be mixed together in a glass tube or other vessel at certain temperatures, so as to form a homogeneous mass, while at other temperatures they separate into sharply defined divisions. A mixture of 15 cubic centimeters of amylic acid, 20 of common alcohol and 32.9 of water, though forming a clear compound above 70° Fahr., separates into two layers the moment the temperature falls below that point. By changing the volume of water the point of union or separation may be fixed at a lower or higher temperature, as desired. To prepare such a maximum and minimum thermometer the amylic acid and the alcohol in the quantities given may be placed in a glass tube and water slowly added, till a slight thickening is observed. This gives the fixed line of temperature, as the slightest excess disperses the cloudiness. If this temperature is the one desired, the top of the tube may be closed by fusing it in a blow-pipe flame, and the glass is then ready for use. A fall of the temperature below the point at which the mixture was prepared, or an advance above it, will then be shown by the separation of the liquids or their reunion. When the separation takes place, in consequence of the fall of the temperature below the initial point, nothing will cause them to reunite except a violent shaking of the glass or an advance in the temperature. To make the distinction between the liquids more marked, a few drops of red ink or ammonial carmine are added to the mixture. This colors the contents of the tube so long as the temperature remains above the desired point. When it falls below this and the mixture separates into its component parts, the coloring matter remains with the lower layer, leaving the superimposed liquid colorless, and by this means strongly accenting the separation. This style of thermometer, if it can be manufactured at a low price, seems likely to become of general use in the economy of manufactures and horticulture.

Bleaching Cane Juice.

A comparatively new device for bleaching the juice of the sugar-cane employs sulphurous acid gas in an apparatus designed for the purpose. The apparatus consists of an upright, air-tight box, or chamber containing a series of shelves placed one over the other a few centimeters apart. Through openings in the middle of the shelves passes an upright shaft, supporting screw-shaped wings between the shelves. Near this chamber is placed a small furnace for burning sulphur, having a long iron pipe extending from the top over the chamber, and down again to the bottom, where it enters and discharges the products of the burning sulphur in the center of the chamber, just above the floor. At the top of the chamber is an escape-pipe for the gas and a spout for the inflowing juice, provided with a trap, to prevent the gas from escaping in that direction. When in operation the upright shaft is driven at a speed of three hundred revolutions a minute, and the juice is allowed to flow in upon the upper shelf. Here it strikes the revolving screws and is spread outward over the shelf, and finally escapes through openings at the corners. In falling to the next shelf it meets the next screw, and the process is thus repeated till the juice reaches the bottom, where it escapes through a suitable spout. The sulphurous acid gas entering through the pipe would lodge and spread over the bottom of the chamber, and be of no avail were it not for the series of screws above it. These, in turning, create a powerful blast or upward current of air, and the gas is drawn through the chamber and finally discharged at the top, meeting and bleaching the falling showers of juice on its way. Cane juice treated in this apparatus is reported to give a dry and fine-grained sugar, that shows a marked improvement in appearance over that made in the usual way.

Memoranda

A BEAM compass for the use of draughtsmen and students has been introduced, that for cheapness and ease of construction is worthy of imitation. It consists of a flat bar of wood set on edge and provided at one end with a metal pin, that serves as a point of rest in striking out a circle. On the bar slides a square piece of cork fitted with four or more holes of different diameters, for holding pens or pencils, or a knife in cutting out cardboard. The employment of cork gives a bearing that is sufficiently elastic to hold the tools in place with ease, and at the same time admits of ready adjustment on the beam. The apparatus may be recommended as a tool readily constructed by the student out of cheap materials.

H. Fleck, from a series of experiments on the poisonous action of wall and other papers colored with arsenical green, infers that this action results not only from the dust of arsenic mechanically scattered through the air, but from the presence of arseniureted hydrogen evolved from the free arsenious acid in such greens. This gas he reports to be liberated by the joint action of organic matter and moist air, and says that its presence is therefore possible in any dwelling-house where such colored papers are used. This statement merely adds one more reason for the total exclusion of such greens from all household manufactures.

Weiskoff suggests the use of chloride of platinum as an intense and permanent black for brass, gun-metal, and other copper alloys. The tip of the finger dipped in a solution of the chloride and rubbed hard on the work is sufficient. The surface may be then washed and polished with chamois skin and oil. The price of this material is high, but only a small quantity is needed.

In apparatus for transmitting power, a square chain is now being extensively used. It consists of square iron links, each having a curved catch or holder on one of the sides. This slides upon the round bars of the next link, and presents a firm and even bearing. The advantages of this linked belt or chain are, ease of lengthening or shortening without the aid of tools; a rigid, inelastic bearing; silence when at work, and resistance to the influence of the weather.

In pile-driving, where the clay, sand, or other material beneath the water is so tightly packed as to impede the entrance of the pile, recourse is now had to a stream of water to loosen or remove the silt. For this purpose a gas-pipe two or three centimeters in diameter is let down beside the pile, and through this is driven a powerful stream of water, that stirs up, loosens, or pushes away the silt, and thus materially assists the entrance of the pile.

The spectroscope has recently been employed to test certain disputed questions in relation to insectivorous plants. Freshly killed flies soaked in citrate of lithium were placed on the leaves of an insectivorous plant, and after the lapse of forty-eight hours the plant was reduced to ashes. In the spectroscope the flame showed the lines of citrate of lithium, thus proving its presence in the substance of the plant. This experiment, though purely scientific, is here mentioned in connection with the more practical suggestion, that the spectroscope might be employed in the same manner in searching for poisonous minerals and salts in post-mortem examinations.

To restore faded ink on parchment or paper it is recommended to moisten the parchment with water, and then gently to draw a brush dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia over the writing. The application of this re-agent changes the iron in the ink into the black sulphide, and it becomes more distinctly visible. On paper the blackening of the faded ink is only temporary, and the writing soon fades again. To restore it again a renewed application of the ammonia solution must be made.

"The Lancet" recommends chloride of lead as a deodorizer. It is prepared by dissolving nine centigrams of nitrate of lead in five deciliters of boiling water, and mixing this with a solution of nine centigrams of chloride of sodium in five liters of water. When a saturated solution of this mixture has settled and cleared, it may be used to pour into troublesome drains or into bilge water. A cloth may be dipped in the solution, and hung up in an infected ward or chamber.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Colonel Randolph Snaughter of Virginia.

COLONEL RANDOLPH SNAUGHTER.

I.

Way down in Ole Virginny, on the borders of the "Jeemes,"
Where summer is perpetual, and the sun forever beams,
Where whisky's always taken straight, without a drop of water,
In other days and happier times lived Colonel Randolph Snaughter.
The Colonel was a gentleman of wondrous high degree,
There was not in all Virginia such another pedigree.
This gay and gallant gentleman was fond of eating fire,
A taste he had inherited from his late illustrious sire.
His Bible was "the Code," he knew it all by heart,
And from its precious precepts he rarely did depart.
He never was so much at home as when engaged in strife,
And he took with great decorum his adversary's life.
The whole surrounding country looked up to him with awe,
His wishes had become, in fact, a sort of higher law,
Till in Colonel S.'s presence, it was not polite to sneeze
Without the sacred formula, "Permit me, if you please."

II.

The Colonel lived alone, with a very lovely daughter,
Known through all the country round as pretty Polly Snaughter.
This maiden to her father was often heard to say,
"I hate the old plantation, and should like to go away."
Now Polly was the old man's pet, the apple of his eye,
It pained him much to see her mope, and pine, and grieve, and sigh;
So he took her for a change to the far-famed Sulphur Springs,
Where the women flirt and dance, while the men do other things.
And here they met a gentleman, of very great renown,
Who was known through all the South and West as Major-General Brown,—
A rough and ready diamond, but of the purest water,—
Who straightway fell in love, of course, with pretty Polly Snaughter.
The General very soon became the Colonel's fastest friend,
While Polly's sadness vanished, and her health began to mend.

III.

One sultry August afternoon, those two distinguished men
Sat sociably together in the General's private den:
They had drunk up all the whisky, and smoked their last "segaw,"
When Major-General Brown propos'd a little game of "draw."
The General found some "kyards" in the pocket of his coat,
Which he recently had handled on a Mississippi boat;
So a very pleasant little game was quietly begun,
And they kept it up with spirit till the setting of the sun.
The Major-General was a man of smooth and courtly phrase,
Who had most charming manners, and winning little ways.
The hands he held were wonderful,—beyond all sane belief,—

"COLONEL RANDOLPH SNAUGHTER, YOUR WORDS ARE INDISCREET."

As Colonel Randolph Snaughter found, to his exceeding grief:
For, though he play'd a dashing game, and did not want for pluck,
He stood no "kinder sorter" chance against such awful luck.
He lost the money in his purse, he lost his watch and chain;
And then the cause of Brown's good luck to Snaughter was made plain,
For while he held three aces, the General he held four,
And could, had he deemed proper, have held as many more.
The Colonel vaguely hinted, in language choice and rare,
That the General was not playing exactly on the square.
"Colonel Randolph Snaughter, your words are indiscreet,"
Said Major-General Brown, rising slowly to his feet.
"Cheating is a pastime among gentlemen unknown;
For this unseemly language I must ask you to atone—"
And, drawing from his collar a silver-handled knife,
In a frank and friendly manner he took the Colonel's life.

The Colonel he was buried in a church-yard near the Springs,
A green and charming suburb, where the robin-redbreast sings.

IV.

Miss Polly her misfortune most touchingly bewept,
While on the gallant General her gentle eyes were kept;
And when this noble fellow, with grief upon his face,
Expressed his very deep regret at what had taken place,
She quickly brushed her tears away, this charming Polly Snaughter,
And said, "Now, Major-General Brown, you really hadn't orter!"
And then the General poured forth his tale of burning passion
In a rapid, incoherent but winning sort of fashion,
And they quietly were married in the chapel on the green,
From which the Colonel's resting-place could easily be seen.

RICHARD WILLIAMSON, JR.

Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival-Hymn.

[NOT long ago a certain Georgia cotton-planter, driven to desperation by awaking each morning to find that the grass had quite outgrown the cotton overnight, and was likely to choke it, in defiance of his lazy freedmen's hoes and plows, set the whole State in a laugh by exclaiming to a group of fellow-sufferers: "It's all stuff about Cincinnatus leaving the plow to go into politics *for patriotism;* he was just a-runnin' from grass!"

This state of things—when the delicate young rootlets of the cotton are struggling against the hardier multitudes of the grass-suckers—is universally described in plantation parlance by the phrase "in the grass;" and Uncle Jim appears to have found in it so much similarity to the condition of his own ("Baptis'") church, overrun, as it was, by the cares of this world, that he has embodied it in the refrain of a revival hymn such as the colored improvisator of the South not infrequently constructs from his daily surroundings. He has drawn all the ideas of his stanzas from the early morning phenomena of those critical weeks when the loud plantation-horn is blown before daylight, in order to rouse all hands for a long day's fight against the common enemy of cotton-planting mankind.

In addition to these exegetical commentaries, the Northern reader probably needs to be informed that the phrase "peerten up" means substantially *to spur up*, and is an active form of the adjective "peert" (probably a corruption of *pert*), which is so common in the South, and which has much the signification of "smart" in New England, as *e. g.* a "peert" horse, in antithesis to a "sorry"—*i. e.* poor, mean, lazy one.]

Solo. SIN'S rooster's crowed, Ole Mahster's riz,
De sleepin'-time is pas';
Wake up dem lazy Baptissis,
Chorus. Dey's mightily in de grass, grass,
Dey's mightily in de grass.

Ole Mahster's blowed de mornin' horn,
He's blowed a powerful blas';
O Baptis', come, come hoe de corn,
You's mightily in de grass. &c.

De Meth'dis' team's done hitched; O fool,
De day's a-breakin' fas';
Gear up dat lean ole Baptis' mule,
Dey's mightily in de grass. &c.

De workmen's few an' mons'rous slow,
De cotton's sheddin' fas';
Whoop, look, jes' look at de Baptis' row
Hit's mightily in de grass. &c.

De jaybird squeal to de mockin'-bird: "Stop!
Do'n' gimme none o' yo' sass;
Better sing one song for de Baptis' crop,
Dey's mightily in de grass." &c.

An' de ole crow croak: "Do'n' work, no, no;"
But de fiel'-lark say "Yaas, yaas,
An' I spec' you mighty glad, you debblish crow,
Dat de Baptissis's in de grass!" &c.

Lord, thunder us up to de plowin'-match,
Lord, peerten de hoein' fas',
Yea, Lord, hab mussy on de Baptis' patch,
Dey's mightily in de grass, grass,
Dey's mightily in de grass.—

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER.

Fashions for Spring, 1876.

THE prevailing styles this season are subdued in color and general make-up.

Common Sense is worn quite short and plain, which is fortunate for most people, as the material, though strong and serviceable, is quite expensive.

Economy is narrower at the top and less trimmed.

Faith and Trust (generally made up from a wash goods) are occasionally seen upon the street in pleasant weather, but are not as great favorites as formerly, for so much that would not wash has been thrown upon the market, that there is a hesitancy in investing.

Cheek is so fashionable that the manufacturers can hardly keep up with the demand. The leading dealers are out entirely, having reserved enough for home supply, however.

Some of the Eastern modistes mention Veracity worn loose as an outer garment (somewhat in the style of the ancient toga), which can be thrown off or on at the convenience of the wearer. We notice that it is very trying to most people.

Candor is cut the straight way of the cloth, so that it looks a little stiff. It is generally confined to the inhabitants of the rural districts, or, if brought in by city dealers, is purchased for home wear only.

Honesty is cut on the bias this spring, so that it stretches almost out of shape sometimes in wearing.

There is a favorite article of head-dress made to fit close underneath the hair, called Brain. It comes directly imported. It cannot be made "to order" nor remodeled. It is worn by both sexes; with little difference in quality or cut between that made up for ladies and gentlemen.

Charity is made broad, is not buttoned close or belted down. It is of soft material, and comes in all the new shades with a beautiful luster.

Affections are cut close, are worn by old and young, and are equally becoming to all. They are useful for every-day wear, for hill-climbing, and rock-scaling. They come mostly in the old decided colors, and are worn long or short to suit the taste or convenience of the wearer.

Honor is beginning to be considered a somewhat antiquated goods. Several large houses are selling out below cost, preparatory to going out of business, "as there is no profit in it," they say. Large stocks have accumulated on their hands, as they found few purchasers for even the finest quality. Some apparently heavy dealers have failed entirely, and closed up for want of capital.

Generosity was much worn at the holiday season. It is not an imported goods, but of home manufacture, and comes in all prices and grades.

Intellect is much sought after at certain shops, where it is supposed to be found. A "shoddy" article is often palmed off upon shoppers, a quality with a cotton back and a satin figure. But those really desirous of purchasing can always find a genuine article, and it is within the means of the poor.

Fraud, though not as popular as it was last year, is occasionally worn as a *négligé* by those retiring into bankruptcy; and at the reception of creditors by their two per cent. debtors.

There is another garment shown at the openings which promises to be as great a favorite this spring as ever. Its common name is Love. It comes in suits, prices ranging from one hundred to many thousand dollars per suit. It is made to order when desired. Sometimes much profit is realized on the sales. Many who have purchased say that it can be turned and made over for another season. There is much counterfeit in the market. It requires a practiced eye to detect the false. Only the real will wear; the frail imitation soon gets shabby by dust and friction. I am told that some of our leading fashionables invest in the cheap material, and trimmed up nicely it is thought to look as well as the genuine.

Policy is one of the most popular over-garments of the season. It seems to be worn by all ages and classes. It is considered the "correct thing" for court, business, or society. Some skill is required in wearing it, so that the lining, which is often of a different texture, shall not show. Those designed for ladies are often trimmed with a bewildering combination of puffs, bows, and folds; those for gentlemen are ornamented with red tape.

Orthodoxy is not so high or straight as in former seasons, nor buttoned so closely.

Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-ties.

Creeds are not so much imported as at one time, but are home-made, which causes a great variety.

Some of the old stage directions are curiously comprehensive. Colman, the younger, mentions a repentant miser in the fifth act of a play, who is directed "to lean against the wall and grow generous."

HOW MR. PRERAFAELITE PAINTED HIS CENTENNIAL PICTURE OF "WINTER IN THE LAP OF SPRING."

The Beautiful Ballad of Waska Wee.

HER voice was sweet as a ban-go-lin;
Her mouth was small as the head of a pin;
Her eyes ran up, her chin ran down,—
Oh, she was the belle of Yeddo town.

Now lovely Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, and sweet to see,
The fairest maiden in all Japan,
Fell dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man a turban had,
This Turkish man was sly and bad;
He whispered unto Miss Waska Wee:
"O fly with me to my own Turkee!

"O fly with me to my own Turkee!
And robes of gold I'll give to thee—
A girdle of pearl and love for life,
If thou wilt be my eightieth wife."

Now simple Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so fair to see,
Resolved behind her bashful fan
To be eightieth wife to this Turkish man;
But though her heart was full of glee,
She hung her head and said to he:
"If thou shouldst die, my Turkish beau,
Where would poor Waska Singty go?"

Then this horrid, sly old Turkish man
Declared he'd die on the English plan.
"And so," said he, "my bright-winged bird,
Thou'lt have for thy fortune the widow's third."

Then flew the maid to the Mi-ka-*do*,
And told the plan of her Turkish beau.
"And now," said she, "the whole thou'st heard,
How much will it be, this widow's third?"

Now the Mi-ka-*do* was wondrous wise.
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes:
"The widow's third, O daughter, will be
Whatever the law will allow to thee."

Then flew the maid to the Court of Lords,
Where every man wore a brace of swords,
And bade them name what sum would be hers
When her Turk should go to his fore-fa-thers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,—
Figured and counted and weighed to see
What an eightieth widow's third would be;

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said: "Go back *alone* to your old Turkee!"

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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OLD LANDMARKS IN PHILADELPHIA.

"TO ARMS, MY FRIENDS! TO ARMS!" (SEE PAGE 154.)

THE city of the Friends, as she opens her gates to entertain the world this summer, finds she has but a sober display of household goods and gods to make. As her guests complain, in her two centuries and a half of leisurely life she has accumulated fewer showy churches, theaters, or monuments than her Western sisters, who were born but yesterday. Her religion has not uttered itself in massive piles of carved stone and stained glass, but in unpretentious, though vast and well-managed charities—asylums, hospitals and training schools. She has naturally neglected to provide a variety of public amusements for a population noted through the States for their domestic and sober habits, and forgotten to build monuments to great dead men in her anxiety to make of herself a comfortable home for obscure living ones. I fancy the laborer or skilled mechanic, who may chance to find his way to the Centennial, from a dingy close in the Cowgate, or a court in London, or an old street in Stockholm, or even the well-to-do citizen of New York, who has been condemned to live in a boarding-house or costly flat, will examine with keen eyes her enormous cheap markets, and the level space between the Delaware and the Schuylkill filled with interminable blocks of clean, low-priced, comfortable dwellings, and will not be disposed to quarrel with them for their lack of architectural beauty. A house with gas, abundance of water, plenty of sleeping-rooms, a cozy little parlor and a touch here and there of white marble, and pretty paint and paper, which offers itself to a day-laborer at two hundred dollars a year, rises to levels with which historic monuments or artistic rules have nothing to do.

[Copyright, Scribner & Co., 1876.]

The artist, however, soon finds out that, hidden behind all her modern comfort, there are in Philadelphia more quaint customs, and prejudices, and old buildings, cobwebbed and gray, and legended with historic memories, than in any other American city.

OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

It has been the humor of the sober Friends to leave house, custom, and legend unaltered.

Thousands of lots of city property are bought and sold to-day subject to the whimsical fancy of some old Quaker, dead two centuries ago. The prevailing peculiarities of pronunciation are the same as those of Charles the Second's day. If you speak disrespectfully of God or the Bible, you are liable (though not likely) to be fined under a still binding law of the Proprietary rule. Another commands all Philadelphians to "better dispose themselves for the worship of God, according to their understandings, by abstaining from common labor on the first day of the week, according to the good example of the primitive Christians, and for the ease of creation." Your lawyer will carry his brief in a green bag, such as the benchers of the Inner Temple used when Penn emigrated: your baker cuts a tally at your door every morning, just as the old English baker did long before Penn ever heard of America. In the Franklin library, itself a relic of the past, is carefully preserved every moldering page and manuscript which holds a fragment of the history of the city. And in every generation there have been Philadelphians who actually gave up their lives to the searching out of forgotten records to make this history complete.

We set out to find "the pleasant woods of Wicacoa," where young Penn, after his first landing, used to take his morning walk, and lose ourselves in the swarming negro quarters of Lombard street, or the junk shops and sailor boarding-houses of Christian. We turn in the direction of the great pigeon roost in the wilderness of hemlocks which the Indians called Moya-menzing, or the unclean place, and run against the grisly walls of the great city prison, aptly christened by the same name. Making our way into a street given up to Italians, and through a vague atmosphere of grease and plaster-of-Paris and past hordes of organ-grinders, we find ourselves at last on the wharves, shut out from the river and the farther shore by countless masts.

Here the oldest authentic legend of Philadelphia meets us, and it is assuredly not one of brotherly love. Not far from Front and Christian streets, half a century before the coming of the first white men under Peter Minuit, there was a cave under the bank, where a band of robber Indians had concealed themselves. They conducted themselves like white brigands: robbed and murdered all the other Lennapi who passed that way, and hid their booty in their cave. Being discovered, after a year or two, the den was blocked up, and they were smoked to death inside; but, in their death agonies, they were heard pounding their wampum to dust, that it should not fall into the hands of their enemies. The place was long called Puttalasutti, or Robbers' Cave; the Swedes, after they came, retaining the tradition.

Just here, too, about two hundred years ago, there stood on the edge of the gloomy, unbroken forest a little log block-house; while along the banks of the two rivers, and at their junction, were the low huts and caves in which the few Swedish pioneers had then lived for half a century. At Passäjungh was the Commander, Sven Schute's hut of white-nut wood, and at "Manäjungh on the Skörkihl," we hear of a fine little fort of logs filled in with sand and stones.

STATUE OF ALEXANDER WILSON, AT PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

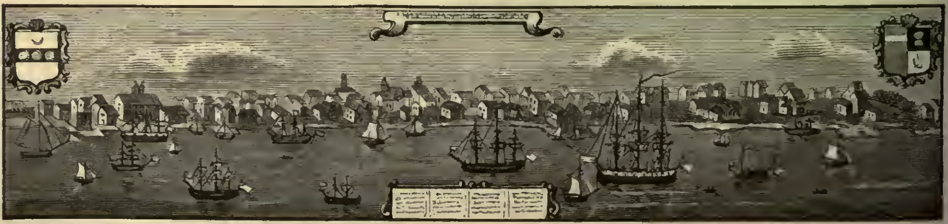
One morning in May, a barkentine laden with peltry and grain pushed off from this shore, at Wicacoa, while all the little colony were gathered on the bank, calling out for

God's help to it on its long and dreadful journey. It was an event which might not occur again for years. The ship would not reach England for three months; and there was no communication between that country and Sweden. But the settlers had written a letter, and sent it out, as did Noah the dove, over the waste of waters, praying, if it by any chance should reach their own country, that a man of God should be sent to them. "For we," said they, "are deserted in regard to our holy religion; are as sheep without the shepherd; as chickens without the hen; as sick without a physician."

It was ten years after the first letter was dispatched before the man of God came in answer to its prayer. Sunday after Sunday the Swedes gathered in the little block-house, from a circuit of fifteen miles, while a feeble old man, Anders Bengtsson, sat and read the Postilla to them. At last, on June 24, 1697, three missionaries, sent by Charles XI. personally, arrived, and were received, as the old record states, "with astonishment and tears of joy." They proceeded to build the little church, which now stands banked in by sunken grave-stones just above the busy wharf. When it was finished, Quakers, Swedes, and Indians came to wonder at the "magnificent structure"; it was for a long time the most important in the little hamlet, which, before the coming of the missionaries, had passed into the proprietorship of Penn. The carvings inside, the bell and the communion service came from Sweden: gifts from the King "to his faithful subjects in the far western wilderness." The slate-stones over the older graves, it is supposed, were cut in the mother country, and sent out. In this little yard are buried the long-forgotten Bengtssons, Peterssens and Bondes, some of them mighty hunters when the deer came close up to the edge of the little settlement, and the cry of panthers or bark of wolves could be heard nightly. Here, too, sleeps Sven Schute, whom Queen Christina called her "brave and fearless Lieutenant," and his descendants, once lords of all the land on which Philadelphia was built. There are none of the name now living: even their grave-stones have sunk out of sight, and their dust lies far beneath that of succeeding generations.

N. Collin

There are many old legends connected with the church, some of them full of dramatic interest. The missionaries sent out from Sweden were chosen for their piety and force of character as fitted for the desperate adventure; their labors and privations were great, but, when they returned, if they ever did return, they were rewarded, as are Danish missionaries now who have served a term of years in Greenland, by

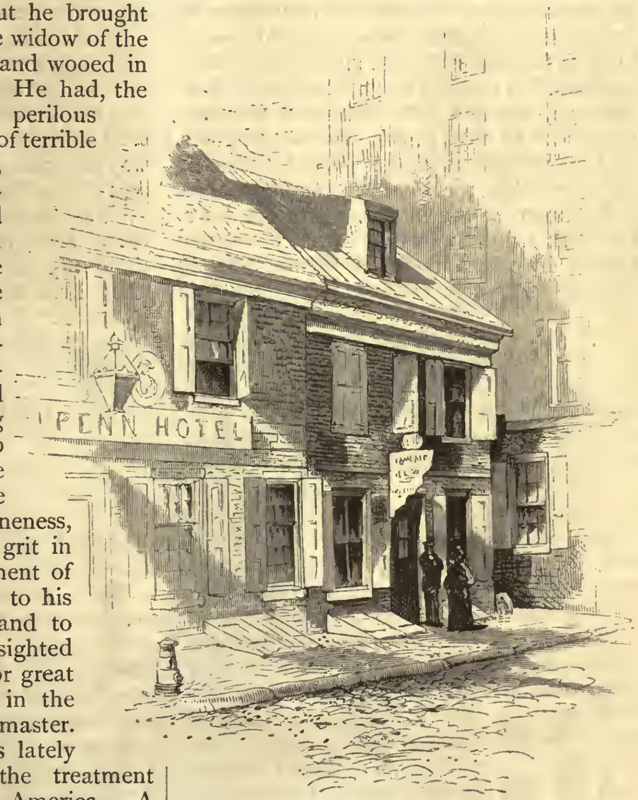


S. E. PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA IN 1720, BY PETER COOPER, PAINTER.

high promotion and a pension for life. One of the men who never did return, was the Provost Sandin, who died, leaving a young wife and child without a dollar for their support, or any chance of return home. The great botanist, Kalm, sent by the University of Upsala to examine the flora of North America, arrived a year after, and was received with great honor in the little metropolis of Philadelphia. He suddenly disappeared and was absent for several months, buried, as was supposed, in the depths of the wilderness in the service of science. When he emerged, he brought with him many strange plants, among them the laurel, to which Linnæus gave his name (*Kalmia*). But he brought also a fair rosy young wife, the widow of the Provost, whom he had found and wooed in some solitary Jersey hamlet. He had, the old record states, "a most perilous voyage home to Sweden, full of terrible dangers of storms and pyrates, but landed safely," having discovered in the New World something better than laurels.

Another naturalist, whose face was a familiar one in the dusky pews of the little church in the beginning of this century, was Wilson the ornithologist. It is easy to understand why the tough, hard-working Scotchman was attracted to his Swedish neighbor, the priest Collin. The men were alike in their simplicity, genuineness, and the foundation of hard grit in their natures. The development of Wilson's higher powers is due to his life in this neighborhood, and to the friends who were keen-sighted enough to see the material for great and enduring work hidden in the half-starved, ill-taught schoolmaster. His native town, Paisley, has lately made tardy amends for the treatment which drove the weaver to America. A statue of Wilson, by Mossman, was erected in 1874, and placed in the most commanding position of the town. It was paid for by small individual subscriptions, mostly from artisans. But Wilson is buried in the graveyard of the church at Wicacoa, in which he asked that he should be laid to rest, as it was "a silent, shady place, where the birds would be apt to come and sing over his grave." English sparrows have built their nests above it this year, and twitter and chirp over their friend all day long.

Here, too, is buried an obscure woman, who made no bruit in her life and, as far as we know, was gifted with neither brilliant intellect, nor fortune, nor beauty, who yet comes closer to us and lays upon us a more human hand than all the generations of the dead. She was Hannah, the wife of Wilson's friend, Nicholas Collin, the last of the Swedish missionaries, who for forty-six years served his Master zealously in this parish, through great straits of poverty, disease, and sore tribulations of body and soul. She is buried just below the little altar where he knelt every Sunday, and the old man, who, it is said, was undemonstrative and of but dull speech in his daily life, wrote over her, in his anguish of soul, how that the stone was placed there by her husband "in Memory of her piety, neatness and œconomy, and of the gentleness of the Affection with which she sustained him through many trying Years; and of his Grief for her, which shall not cease until he shall meet her in the land of the living."

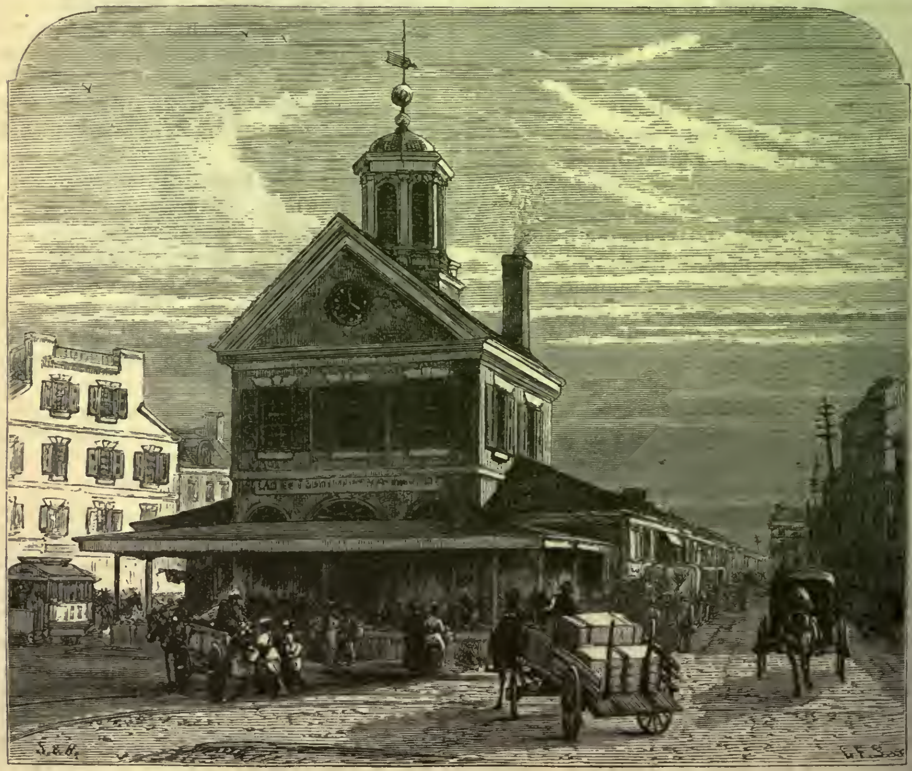


PENN'S HOUSE, LÆTITIA COURT.

Leaving this old church, the last relic of the first Swedish settlers, we set out in search of traces of Penn, who followed them just half a century later. The town from the coming of the Quakers until after the Revolution consisted of but four streets, running parallel with the Delaware. A curious old map, discovered in London, shows what was the extent of these streets in 1720, and that the buildings described as "the great housen" in old records were in reality little two-storied structures, inferior to those now occupied by small dealers and artisans. Back of these four streets the forest then lay, drained by muddy creeks, which cut the town into three or four parts before emptying into the Delaware. As late as 1776, the town extended only from Christian to Callowhill streets, north and south, and houses built as far west as Tenth street might fairly be classed as country seats. Frankford, Roxborough, the dull little village of Germantown, with its moss-grown prison-like houses, and other districts of the now consolidated city, were then reckoned as distant hamlets, little known to the inhabitants of the town, only half-a-dozen of whom owned a wheeled vehicle by which to reach them. Passing through the precincts of the "old town," we find many of its houses of black and red English brick still remaining, a few entire, with the hipped roofs and finer outline which give them even in their dilapidated squalor a picturesque dignity beside their flat-sided, flat-topped modern neighbors.

Our steps are bent, however, toward "the pleasant hill," where the Proprietor reserved a lot for himself, and ordered his house to be built. It was the first brick house in the province, and is, we are told, still standing. He directed that it should "be pitched in the middle of the platt of the towne, facing the harbour." But the "towne" itself was then in reality far off,—Penn wishing to enjoy the peace of the country.

The bricks, wooden carvings, and other material were sent from England, "with servants to put them in place." After the house was built, the Proprietor gave it to his daughter Lætitia, a pretty little maiden, whose gay waywardness amused the sober Quakers, and it has always been called by her name. It was in the days of his first visit and early zeal that he lived in this house, preferring it to the "great and stately pile" built for him at Pennsbury. As we



OLD MARKET-HOUSE, CORNER SECOND AND PINE STREETS.

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

saunter toward it through the early spring sunshine, we recall all the old stories we have heard of the "fair mansion of the Proprietor," in which he held a royal sway over the province. There was in front, we are told, a sweep of forest land to the Delaware, forming a noble natural park, where deer ranged at will. The Indians landed from their canoes at the shore; from the door of the house the news of the death of Charles II. and the proclamation of his successor was read to the people of the province. To this house his wife Hannah must have taken her baby John for the sake of the cool, pure air. She was a cheerful, pale little woman, always richly clad in paduasoy and fine lawn, but none the less a notable housewife. In England, after Penn's death, she was for years the real ruler of the province; but, while she managed its affairs of state, removing and appointing her governors and officers at will and with shrewd discretion, she ruled as watchfully as ever over brew-house, looms, and kitchen.

We hurry on to find the old house,—through the unnoticed crowds on Chestnut street, under towering blocks of shipping-houses, stumbling over aggressive boot-blacks, and stalls of bananas and oranges.

"Where is Lætitia court?" we ask.

"Between Chestnut and Market, Second and Front—turn to the north," is the reply.

Vanish lordly park, quiet river, and fair mansion! The sweep of forest is now a dark, dirty alley running between the backs of great importing-houses, with vans of cotton bales lumbering through it; and the once famous Lætitia house is a 16x12 lager-beer saloon, No. 10 by city marking. The Dutch owner, in honor of the Centennial, has painted the front a flaming red, emblazoned "1682" on the sides, and dubbed it the William Penn Hotel.* The door is painted with the usual foaming pots of beer; above it is a red and yellow gas-lamp, and still higher a portrait of the Proprietor, probably executed by the saloon-keeper himself, who apparently supposed Penn to have gained distinction as a Church of England divine, as he has clothed him in a surplice and dean's shovel hat. Only the roof, black and crusted with age, seems to cover with significance of mourning the wretched present. We remember to have heard that when the last of the Penns visited this country a few years ago, a company of gentlemen, descendants of the old companions of the Proprietor, gave him a banquet in this house.

There are few traces of the reign of the Penns elsewhere. John, son of the Proprietor, visited his province, but soon returned. Many years after him came Thomas, a quiet, unpretentious man. He was met with a sort of royal welcome. Eight hundred mounted gentlemen escorted him into the town. The bells were rung, and guns were fired. The chiefs and kings of the Five Nations came in to pay homage. The little fire-engine was brought out and pumped vigorously all day, as an appropriate effervescence of popular excitement. Thomas was so astonished and overcome, that his hands trembled as he tried to drink to the people. So little money had ever reached him from his dominion, that he probably never realized his sovereignty. He presently began to inquire alertly into his right and dues, so that he "fell into uncommon disesteem, and, after a few years' residence, had a gallows built near by the road on which he was to travel." He took this significant hint and went home.

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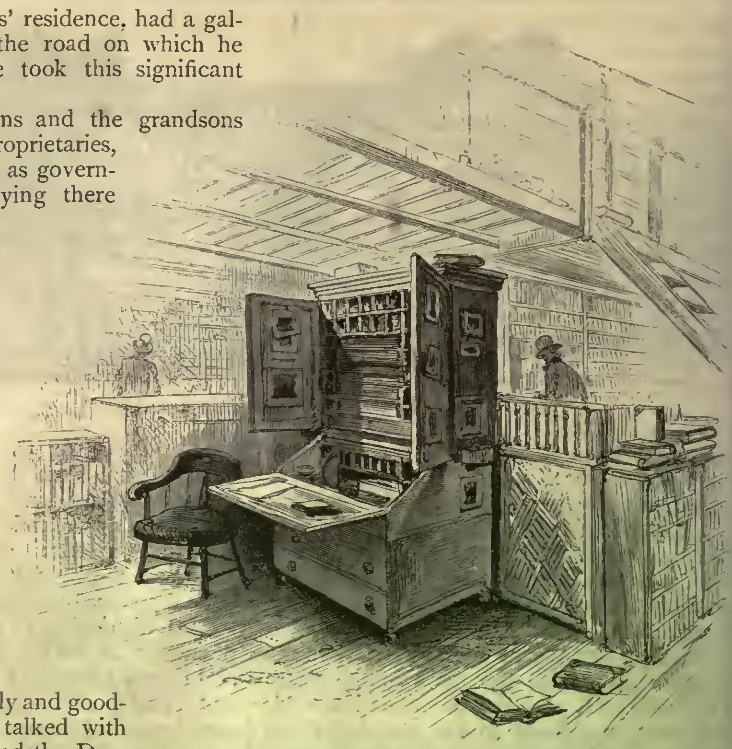
* Some authorities claim that the true Lætitia house is the one at the corner of the alley. The two are side by side, as shown in the cut on page 149.



PENN'S DESK IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

Others of the sons and the grandsons of Penn, when Proprietaries, came to the province as governors, sometimes marrying there and building costly houses, but invariably returning to England to die. The most noticeable among them was Richard, who was here during the Revolutionary War, a good fellow, much fonder of a joke than of an argument, and of discussing terrapin than politics. Naturally, he took sides with the Crown, but the most zealous patriot bore no grudge against this jolly and good-natured Tory. He talked with Hancock after he signed the Declaration, and when the New Englander called out dramatically, "Gentlemen, we must all hang together now," replied, with a shrug, "Yes, or you'll all hang separately." His brother John, Governor in 1776, was a gruff, silent man, unpopular with both parties. He was the owner of Lansdown, now included in the park. In the Zoölogical Gardens the curious visitor may find a queer little house, now devoted to snakes and white mice, built by another of the Penns, in which to indulge his solitary humors.

OLD READING STAND IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

Near the Germantown intersection, the country seat of James Logan, Stenton, "a palace in its day," according to old Watson, is still standing, and bears some traces of its ancient state. Logan was Penn's secretary, a man of learning and high principle. He had a theory that hereditary wealth was injurious to children, and, therefore, at his death bequeathed to his family but a moderate estate, leaving the residue of his property to the public: including the Loganian library, a rare and costly collection at any time, but invaluable then, when books were luxuries only for the wealthy. Doctors in law and medicine find in it now a treasure-house of authorities, which no other American library possesses. Stenton was the seat of a sober but large hospitality, and was the resort of the Colonial Governors, not only of Pennsylvania, but of other provinces. The house was built in 1731, and was, we are told, "prepared for attack, Indian or otherwise. Around the whole upper story ran a secret passage, communicating by concealed doors in the paneled wood-work with each room, and by an underground way to the stables." In the sides of the chimneys were places of concealment for treasure. Logan was the especial friend of the Indians, who came in large deputations to visit him, and encamped on the great lawn. The far-famed Mingo chief, who was driven by Cresaps's cruelties to become the scourge of the whites, was, by the way, the namesake of the good Quaker, and, in his youth, was one of these savage guests at Stenton. It was to Logan's guardianship that Penn intrusted his province and his children, depending on him to control his heir William in his wild courses when he came over to play the prince in the colony. The sober Quakers, however, had little patience with princely debauchees, and, in spite of Logan, arrested the young fellow for a drunken affray at an inn, whereupon he left the Society and incontinently turned Churchman, in which faith the descendants of Penn have ever since remained.

Stenton was always the center of the social life of the Quakers, and we have some curious glimpses of the men and women at its feasts, which do not accord at all with our present ideas of the Friends. The wealthier women set off their beauty by white satin petticoats, worked in flowers, pearl satin gowns or peach-colored satin cloaks; their white necks were covered with delicate lawn, and they wore gold chains and seals engraven with their arms. We give a portrait of Mrs. Emlen, one of the Logan family, a famous Quaker beauty. There are odd fragments of love stories to be found, too, which throw a warm light over the decaying old house; for instance, of how pretty Hannah Logan's lover goes fishing with her in the Wissahickon all the long summer day, and writes in his diary that

STENTON.

when they "came home there was so large a company for tea, that Hannah and I were set at a side table, and there we supped—on nectar and ambrosia."

Religious belief possessed men in that early day with a physical force which is, to say the least, not common now. There is a story of Nicholas Waln, who was educated at great cost as a lawyer, and who, after some years of practice in the courts, was so convinced (or convicted) of the departure from integrity necessarily entailed by the profession, that he fell into a dangerous illness through stress of body and mind. When he rose from his bed he was a changed man, went into the meeting, and became a weighty and powerful preacher.

NICHOLAS WALN.

The atmosphere in that earlier time was gray with superstition. Many a witch and sorcerer in the first century of the life of the little village walked its streets openly; young men were put to trial for the study of books on magic and necromancy; the Provincial Assembly passed solemn acts "against all conjuration or dealing with accursed spirits." Diviners, usually from Germany, took up their abode in the town, and found constant employment in seeking for treasures buried by the pirates, casting horoscopes, and the like. One conjurer, living at a much later day, in School-house lane, had painted on the outer wall of his house the significant defiance:

> "Lass Neider neiden,
> Lass Hasser hassen;
> Was Gott mir giebt,
> Muss man mir lassen."

Several good specimens of the houses built at that period by the English and Hollanders are still to be found in Germantown; the oldest of these is the Johnson house, at the corner of Main and Johnson streets, at whose raising it is said Penn was present, during his first visit. These houses are usually unaltered on the outside, except by the removal of the projecting stoop on the second story, built as a vantage-ground in case of an expected attack from the Indians, who, by the way, never came. The interiors have long since lost the look of antiquity.

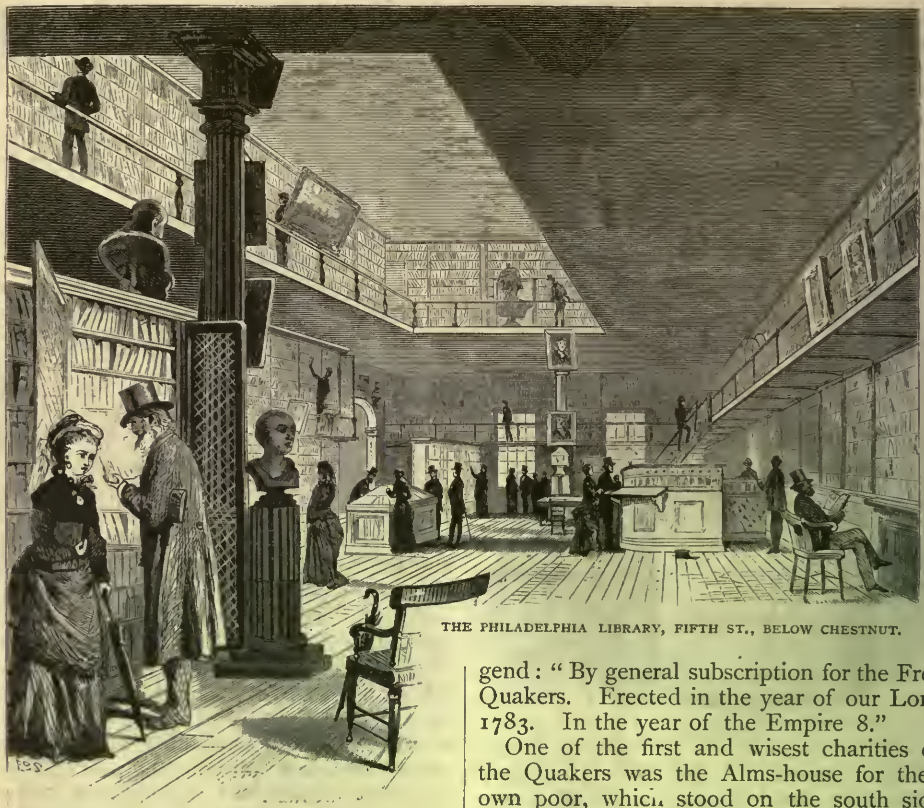
One of the oldest houses of that date in Philadelphia proper stands on Front street, a few doors above Dock. It is now used as a workingman's coffee-house, and a flag floats from the hipped roof which shelters the crumbling wood and glazed black bricks. It was a house of note in its day, occupied by one generation after another of the ruling Quakers. To it the Friends conducted Franklin on his return from England. War had not yet been declared; it was the imminent moment before conflict; the town blazed with angry passions on every side, but the torpid, peace-loving Tory Quakers still held the province back from taking decisive action with her sisters. Radicals and Tories alike waited breathlessly for Franklin and his first words of counsel. The Friends in a body met him as he landed, and, without a word, in solemn procession escorted him to this hipped-roofed house. Entering, they all seated themselves, still silent, waiting for the Spirit of God first to speak through some of them, when, as we are told, Franklin stood up and cried out with power: "To arms, my friends! to arms!"

The advent of Franklin into the city on the day when, a shabby lad of seventeen, he walked up High street munching his roll, really marks the date of the birth of intellectual life of Philadelphia. There is not an effort for her improvement, mental or practical, which cannot be traced to its origin in the teeming brain of the energetic printer. Schools, universities, free churches, public libraries, drainage, fire and military companies, street lamps and street sweeping—every reform, from the broad policy of the statesman to the smallest detail, bears somewhere the bold scrawl, *Franklin fecit.* The wisdom and scholarship of that day were wholly drawn from books. Franklin dealt directly with the great natural forces, physical and human; out of the unlikely material of his fellow-apprentices he made the philosophic Junto; with the petty politics of the drowsy town, he studied statecraft; a kite and a key under his keen eyes told the secret of the lightnings which had been kept for ages. Nothing was too insignificant for the life-giving glance of these keen eyes. He sees a seed adhering to the straws on his wife's besom, plants, tends it, and gives to the country the before unknown broom-corn and a new source of industry. He observes a green twig on a basket lying on the wharf, thrown from an Amsterdam brig, plants and tends that, and presently Pollard willows grow wild by every stream. He is the foremost typical American in our history; moral rather than religious; a domestic man; faithful to his wife, yet cultivating Platonic friendships with other women; never losing his cool self-control, yet with a keen, fine sense of fun; testing one minute a high metaphysical problem, and the next a counterfeit dollar; always master of the present moment, whether it demanded the making of cases, rollers and ink, which he had no money to buy, or the construction of a new government from the ruins of the old.

MRS. EMLEN.

The friends of Franklin come closer to him, perhaps, in the old Philadelphia library than anywhere else. In 1729 the "Junto" met in a chamber of a little house in Pewter-platter Alley, and there the young tradesmen and mechanics brought their books to loan to each other. Franklin proposed a small annual subscription to increase the stock, and out of this feeble beginning grew the first public library in the country. You turn out of the crowds of Chestnut street, and close beside the State-House find the quaint old building guarded by a dilapidated effigy of its founder. As you enter and the faded green doors swing noiselessly together, centuries seem to close behind you and bar you in from the glare and hurry of the modern world. The silence is absolute; the dusky recesses are filled with moth-eaten folios fingered by scholars dead generations ago. The great Minerva which presided over the deliberations of the Continental Congress looks down on you; the pale sunshine glimmers through the skylight; in a dark corridor you find a curious cabinet, the gift of the Hon. John Penn in 1737; the librarian, a descendant of Penn's secretary, sits writing at the Proprietor's own desk; Penn's clock measures the slow day as it passes, and, after a few hours, you are not at all certain whether the day belongs to the time of Penn or to yours. If there be any event of past history which

OLD MILK TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA.
(From which the city was supplied with milk.)



THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY, FIFTH ST., BELOW CHESTNUT.

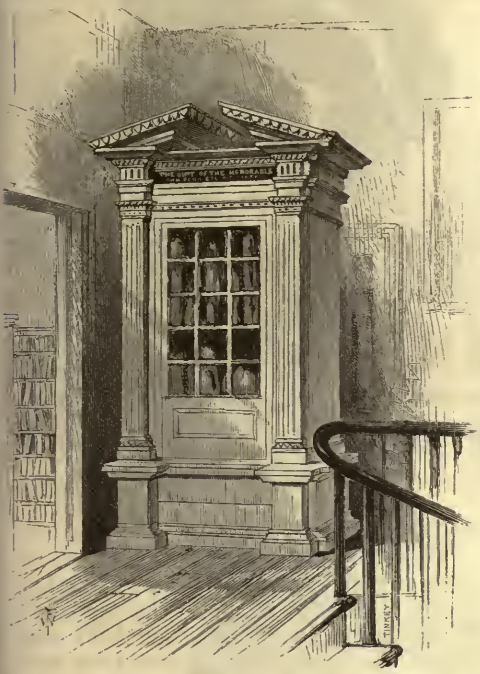
has died out of remembrance elsewhere, come to this library, and you can unearth it; it is the Vatican of forgotten pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts.

At the corner of Fifth and Arch streets is another library, which also bears signs within and without that it belongs to a past generation. The house was used as a church by the "fighting Quakers," or that small minority of Friends who were read out of meeting for taking part in the war of the Revolution; and the library was intended to be absolutely free for the use of apprentices only. In the days when the 'prentice wore his leather apron, and was held as an upper servant in the household, this was a wise provision for his education, of which he made full and frequent use. An order signed by his master or mistress was the only guarantee required when he took out the books. As the system of 'prentices died out, this noble charity has fallen into partial disuse and neglect, and comparatively few of the members of trades-unions or working-women probably even know of its existence. Upon its wall is inscribed the curious legend: "By general subscription for the Free Quakers. Erected in the year of our Lord 1783. In the year of the Empire 8."

One of the first and wisest charities of the Quakers was the Alms-house for their own poor, which stood on the south side of Walnut street, above Third. The oldest part of the buildings was erected in 1712, and remained until this spring, while the more modern frontage on Walnut street long ago gave place to costly business houses.

BUST OF MINERVA—FORMERLY IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, NOW IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

We started in search of this first alms-house one sunny afternoon last fall, having just seen its successor on the other side of the Schuylkill,—a vast marble village, with its four thousand inhabitants. But few of the most knowing modern Philadelphians had ever heard of this "home of the homeless," of which Longfellow tells us that


THE GIFT OF THE HONORABLE
TINKEY

CABINET GIVEN BY JOHN PENN TO THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

"Then in the suburbs it stood in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord, 'The poor ye always have with you.'"

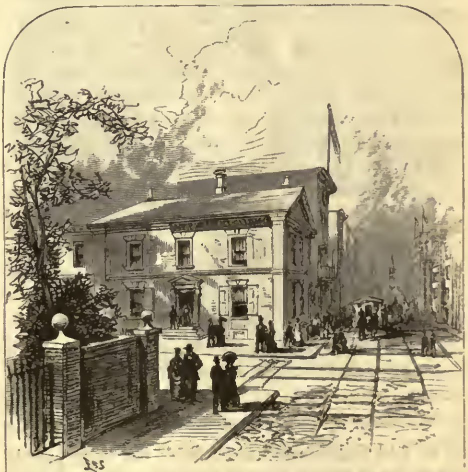
Down Fourth street to Willing's Alley, a street and court, built up with massive piles of brown-stone and marble, until the sky was well-nigh shut out; through a low wooden door and past shops, still deeper into the mass of stone, bricks, and mortar; and we found a wide, quaint old garden spread out before us, in the full sunshine, overgrown with vines, crimsoned with dahlias and chrysanthemums, and fragrant with thyme and sage, and such herbs as old people love; and here in the midst a little, blackened, gabled house, hidden in ivy. A gray old pensioner sat in her quiet rooms within, knitting, her kettle on the hob. We looked in through the ivy. Surely it was here that Evangeline came when the pestilence fell on the city; when

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco."

The old woman came to the door. "Yes, this is the old alms-house," she said, adding quickly, "and it was in this room that Evangeline found Gabriel." The old true lovers were more real even to her than all the actual paupers who had lived and died in the Almshouse.

[Since this brief record of the old houses was put in type, the practical Quakers of Philadelphia, regardless of all sentimental or other associations with this ancient building, have leveled it, and are filling up the space with solid offices. We doubt whether the lover of Evangeline who visits the Centennial will find a leaf of ivy left to keep her memory green.]

The first Quaker pest-house disappeared years ago, but the original Pennsylvania Hospital stands on Eighth and Pine streets, forming a small wing of the present building. It was projected by Franklin and two physicians, brothers, named Bond. On the corner-stone is Franklin's inscription: "In the year of Christ MDCCLV., GEORGE the Second happily reigning (for he sought the happiness of his people). Philadelphia flourishing (for its inhabitants were public-spirited). This Building, By the Bounty of the Government and of many private persons, was piously founded for the Relief of the Sick and Miserable. May the God of Mercies Bless the Undertaking!"



APPRENTICES' LIBRARY, CORNER ARCH AND FIFTH STS.

No means were spared to insure the blessing; subscriptions were zealously raised in all classes of society, special appeal being made to "wealthy widows and godly single women." Benjamin West, a number of years afterward, sent, as his contribution, his picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," from the exhibition of which the Hospital received a steady income for many years. In the insane ward of this building, Stephen Girard's wife lingered out her last years, and here his only child was born and died; the child that, it may be, made the old man's heart tender to other children yet unborn.

On Chestnut street, above Third, stands the ancient hall built by the Honorable Society of Carpenters, and still used by them. One of their members showed it to us, pointing with pride to the library. "These books," he said, "for more than a hundred years have helped many an honest young fellow along. It was one of the founders that started the library, with half a dozen books, he being but a poor man. The other day, a story was told in the Society of how this old man, when he died, asked to be buried by the door of his shop, 'as the boys would turn out honest work if they knew his eye was on them.' So some of us old fellows went to look for that man's grave, and there it was up-town, in a backyard, surrounded by great factories. There were nine inches of snow on it, and we scraped it away on our knees, just for the sake of that half-dozen books given a hundred and fifty years ago. The day before, it was announced at the meeting that a member of this Society had died who we knew was worth millions, and yet none of us asked a question about him. It's not the money," he moralized, "that keeps men's memory alive in the world; it's the help they give to other men!" The old carpenter had other ghostly stories to tell of how the first Colonial Congress met every year in the ancient hall, and held counsel over the nation which they had called into being.

QUAKER ALMS-HOUSE.

GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

The first Congress of colonial delegates found, on reaching Philadelphia, that the State-House was already occupied by the Provincial Assembly, and accepted the offer by the Society of Carpenters of their hall. They assembled on the morning of September 5th, 1774, at the London Coffee-house, where most of them were quartered, and walked in solemn procession up the street, into this little hall, the Quakers watching them gloomily. The venerable Peyton Randolph was chosen chairman, and Charles Thomson, surnamed Truth, was summoned from his wedding festivities, to act as secretary. Here on these wooden benches along the wall sat the radical Adamses, Gadsden, and McKean, with his stern, high-featured face and superb dress; in front of them Richard

Henry Lee, his arm in a sling, his brilliant eyes keenly scanning his neighbor, Duane of New York, "sensible, squint-eyed, and artful," as he whispers a temporizing policy; here is John Jay, with his boyish, beaming face, and Stephen Hopkins, trembling with palsy. That tall, lank man, with the little round face "no bigger than an apple, but beaming with sense and wit," is Rodney of Delaware; and the heavily built, awkward soldier on the back seat, slow and weighty in look and speech, is Colonel Washington, just from the House of Burgesses. Another Virginian is speaking; he is unknown to all except his colleagues,—a tall, raw-boned, coarsely dressed man, with black unpowdered hair, high, swarthy features, and brilliant eyes. His words electrify the house. He seemed not to speak like mortal man, says one who heard him. The boldest radical shrank back that day as Patrick Henry grasped the future which lay before them. "It is not compromise which is to be our work," he cried. "An entire new Government must be founded. From this day I am no longer a Virginian. I am an American!"

A few days after the Congress met, a boyish-looking Lieutenant in the British service was noticed as an attendant at all sessions to which he could gain admittance. He put up at the Indian Queen Inn, was a keen observer of all signs of the popular temper, and was a guest at the state banquet given by the leaders of the Province to the Honorable Congress at the State-House. This pretty, delicate youth was John André, on his way to join his regiment under Carleton in Canada. Not long before, Honora Sneyd, his first and last love, had jilted him, to marry Maria Edgeworth's father, with whom she sat down to write diluted science for luckless youngsters to the end of her days. Another of this lady's discarded lovers revenged himself on the coming generation by that moral monstrosity, "Sandford and Merton." André ("cher Jean" to all his friends) in his despair, entered the army. But by the time he reached Philadelphia, he certainly was much more concerned about the condition of the country than for his own broken heart. There were always indications of stouter stuff in "cher Jean" than was shown in the namby-pamby verses and clever sketches which won the popular fancy.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL, CORNER EIGHTH AND PINE STREETS.

Another English officer, Charles Lee, was in town at this time: a middle-aged, aggressive, strident man, with a certain share of florid, coarse good looks, who talked at the coffee-house and inns of public affairs with such hot zeal for the colonies and foul-mouthed abuse of his own country, that he

CHEW MANSION.

soon became a hero with the crowd; while the conservative Quakers kept him at arm's length. Much gossip was bandied about concerning his eccentric, headstrong course in Portugal, Poland, and Russia. His life had been a series of brilliant dashes. The Indians in the New York wilderness, a few weeks before, had formally adopted him into the tribes as Boiling Water, or The Man whose spirit is never asleep. There was such vigor in his spirit, such fierceness in love, and persistence in hate, that wherever he might be, a tribe of followers waited for him. Let him but blow his whistle, like Rhoderick Dhu, and clansmen rose in every bush. But, blow he never so loudly, the Quakers turned the cold shoulder on him. Washington, who had much Quaker phlegm and self-control in his nature, met him here, and, we can imagine, had as little relish as they for this flamboyant, honest fellow. In a few days, André continued his journey on horseback to Boston, passing through New Haven very near the time when a merchant of that place, Benedict Arnold, went into bankruptcy, and entered the American army to rid himself of the rumors of his dishonesty. The half-pay officer, Lee, fumed on his way all winter, writing petitions to the English Government to establish colonies in the wilderness as far West as Ohio and Illinois, although he knew that the ministry had resolved to limit the

BIRTHPLACE OF RITTENHOUSE.

settlements by the bar of the Alleghany Mountains; writing fiery broadsides in favor of the colonies, demolishing the Tory Doctor, Myles Cooper, and anybody else who differed with him.

The Continental Congress adjourned, meeting in May of the next year in the State House. From this time the history of the country takes this old building as its central point of interest. It is in itself probably the most solid and characteristic specimen of the architecture of that date in the country. It was built slowly, as the province could command funds. The bills yet preserved of expenses in the building give a curious insight into the different values of labor in that day and ours. The carpenters received 4s. per day; laborers, 2s. 6d.; bricklayers, 10s. 6d. per thousand. Speaker Andrew Hamilton was the architect, and his labor appears to have been one of love. The State-House when finished was used, not only by the Provincial Assembly, but as a grand banqueting house.

About many of the old houses in the village of Germantown hang pathetic legends of that one eventful day in its history when the battle was fought. Chief among these is the Chew House, held by Colonel Musgrave and six companies so long, that a gallant lad, the Chevalier de Mauduit, with Colonel Laurens, crept up to fire it with a wisp of straw. They escaped under a shower of balls, while a young man who had followed them fell dead at the first shot. A cannon planted in front of the old Johnson house riddled the hall door, which is still preserved. The battle, as everybody knows, was lost by the drunkenness of General Stephens, at whom Washington swore heartily. Whatever the recording angel may have done with that oath, frail human nature rather relishes it from our immaculate hero. There are private lawns and gardens in Germantown wherein scores of the rebels and their oppressors sleep peacefully side by side. In one of these a deep pit was dug, into which dead Americans were flung headlong; and old Watson tells us of how a British officer, passing, called out indignantly: "Not with their faces up, to cast dirt on them! They also are mothers' sons!"

A quaint old house at the corner of Main street and West Walnut Lane, belonging to the Haines family, was used as a hospital and amputating-room. There is a story of how General Bird, an English officer, as he lay dying there, looked at some women

THE MESCHIANZA

whose husbands had fought against him, and cried: "Pray for me; I have a wife and four little children!"

The old Wistar house (built 1744) was occupied by some of the British officers before the battle, chief among whom was General Agnew, "a cheerful, heartsome young man," according to tradition. As he went out to join the troops, he passed the old servant, Justinia, at work in the garden, and bade her go hide in the cellar until the fighting was over. Justinia, however, continued her work with true Dutch phlegm, unmoved by the war of artillery or skirmishing troops outside, and had not finished hoeing her cabbages, when the gate was flung open, and Agnew was carried in mortally wounded to die. A decoration which the gallant young fellow wore on his breast had offered a mark for a villager hidden behind a tree. The house, though much altered, is a good specimen of the old style of Germantown dwellings, and contains much quaint furniture belonging to Count Zinzendorf and Franklin. There is a quaint room, filled with relics of early times, the one into which the heartsome young officer was borne. His life's blood still stains the floor.

OLD WISTAR HOUSE.

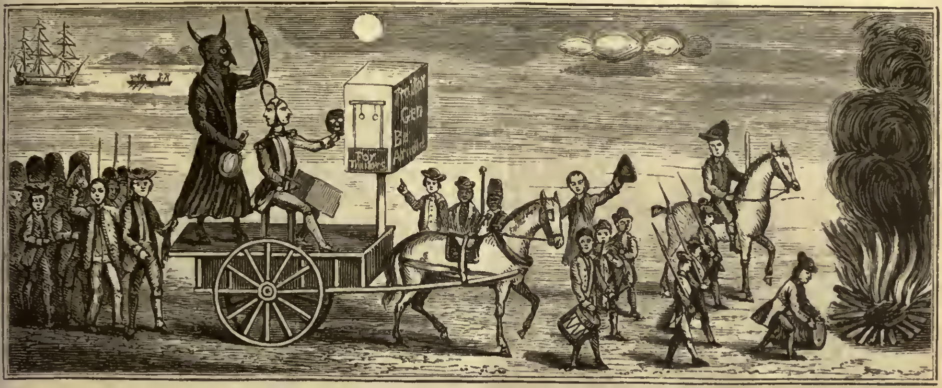
During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British army, the Tory ladies of the city zealously assisted the British officers to pay homage to Sir William Howe in a magnificent regatta, tournament, and ball, called the Meschianza, the accounts of which glitter through the old records like a fragment of the Arabian Nights. The English officers (André being stage manager of the gorgeous spectacle) appeared as knights, and the Philadelphia Tory belles as Turkish princesses. The young men of Philadelphia, we are glad to learn, were, as a rule, in the rebel army; and their fathers accompanied perforce their wayward daughters. Tories as they might be, they could not be blind to the desperate strait of the country which gave them bread, or deaf to the cries of their starving neighbors in the State-House and Walnut street prison.

On the south side of Market street, on the lots numbered 526, 528, and 530, stood at that time the mansion or "messuage" occupied by the aforesaid prince of good fellows, Richard Penn. There he and Mrs. Polly Masters, his wife, held high and jolly state until 1778, when it became the head-quarters of General Howe.

After the Meschianza, the scene suddenly shifted. The British army left the city in the night so silently that some of the jolly officers knew nothing of it until their Quaker hostesses bade them awake if they did not wish to fall into the hands of the rebels, who were marching into town. Richard Penn's house was then occupied by Benedict Arnold while in command. This was the bankrupt of New Haven, who speedily made himself hated by the keen-sighted populace that recognized him as a vulgar adventurer, by his affectation of pomp and military display. He married a Philadelphian, and for a little while the young couple dazzled the town with their spendthrift folly. It has been the habit to paint Arnold as one of the most picturesque figures of the Revolution, but he was in fact but a commonplace swindler,

OLD WASHINGTON HOUSE—FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF RICHARD PENN.

a coarse-grained, uncultured fellow, who fell, tempted by coarse appetites and tawdry display. If he had continued an apprentice in a drug-shop, he would probably have robbed the till: as he was in a position of national trust, he stole from the commissary, plundered the city, and betrayed his country; the magnitude of the treachery does not give it dignity. The British Government treated his infamy as a sort of bastard heroism, and have cared tenderly for his descendants until the present time; but the mob of Philadelphians, that knew him best, burned him in effigy, with a congratulatory letter from the devil in his hand,—and cleared the town of his offspring; suiting the punishment to the quality of the man, rather than to that of the offense.

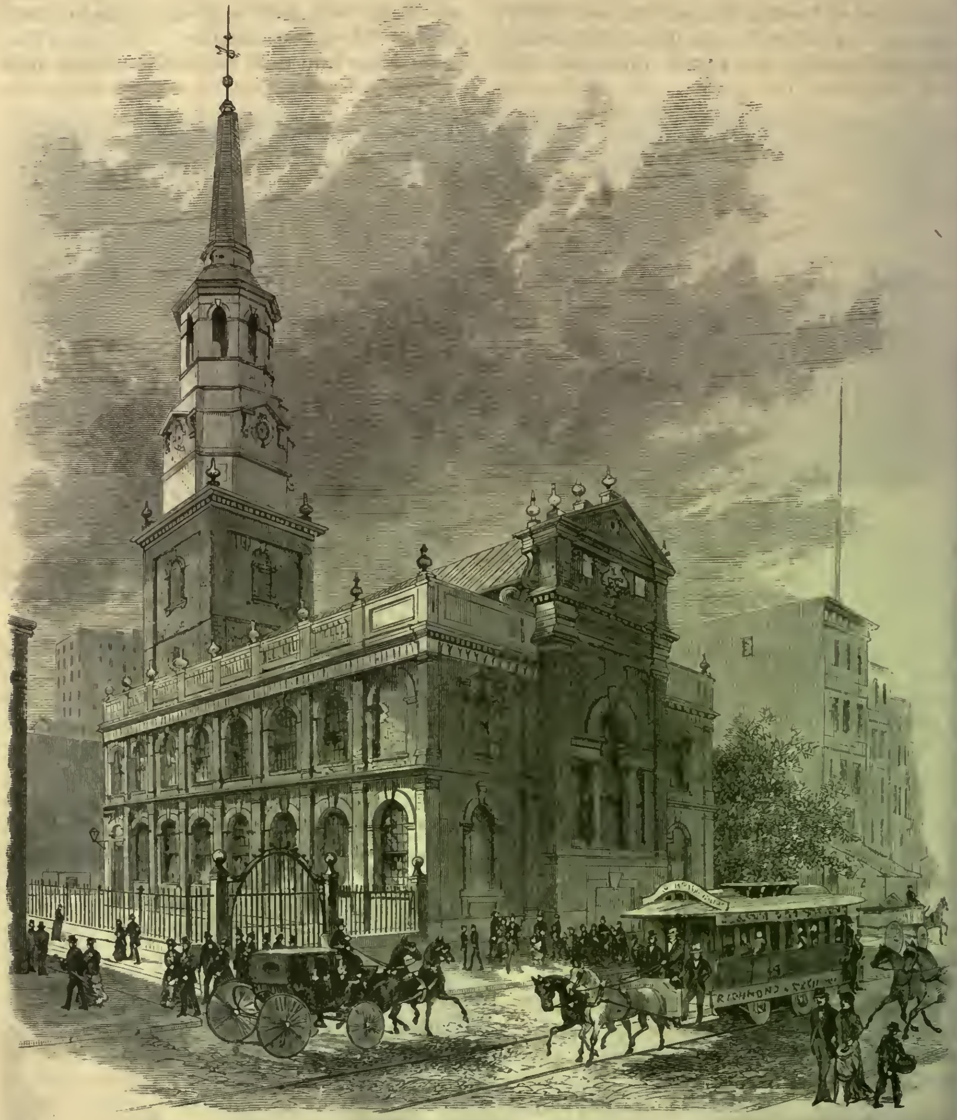


BURNING BENEDICT ARNOLD IN EFFIGY — FROM AN OLD PRINT.

After its evacuation by the British, the town suffered from the occupancy of General Charlés Lee, gout, dogs, grievances, and all. He had grown stouter since we saw him last, and more abusive as to tongue. He was possessed, as by mania, with his hatred for Washington; the Philadelphia loyalists asserted that his misfortunes at Monmouth C. H., and Baskingridge, had been planned by him to disgrace the American cause. Be this true or not, one feels a vicious desire to take sides with the fiery, uncontrollable old fellow in his hopeless struggle with his phlegmatic chief. It was the angry water dashing against a wall of rock. In Philadelphia he struck right and left against the "earwigs about Washington, as about any other sceptered calf, hog, or ass," against his friends, against women. After his court-martial, Lee returned to his plantation in Virginia, and literally kenneled with his slaves and dogs, his house having but one room, marked by chalk lines into kitchen, chamber, and stable. He came back to Philadelphia four years later and died suddenly, asking, with his last breath, to be buried in Christ Church yard, "out of the way of the Presbyterians, who were too d—d bad company."

Christ Church was founded in 1695. The present building was commenced in 1727. The antipathy between its people and the Friends began early. In 1703 we hear of an address from them to Lord Cornbury, Governor of Jersey, praying that Queen Anne would extend his rule over them, which proceeding Penn treated as treason, bringing it before the Lords of Trade. The service of

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, CORNER FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

plate now in use in the Church was a gift from Anne.

We enter the vacant church in the evening, and, as we pass through the dusky aisles, the empty pews fill again with many a courtly figure, once familiar here, and the silence is broken by clanking swords and spur. There is the heavy-built, stolid Lord Howe, and his wiry brother; Cornwallis; Arnold with his coarse swagger, and André's gentle, clear-cut face. The sage Franklin dropped in now and then to listen, half amused; De Chastellux, coming from the silent Quaker meeting into this "handsome church with its handsome preacher, and boxes filled with pretty women chanting melodiously, found it more like a little paradise than the road to it." Here the Orleans princes worshiped before undertaking their perilous journey with pack-saddles and arms into the Western wilderness. Those farther seats were once filled with the slight figure of Madison, the Lees, and Patrick Henry. Yonder stood the pew in which Washington knelt. We see now the picture which old McKoy draws, the great yellow state coach drawn up in front of the door, the June sunshine, the outriders, the pawing black horses, the waiting crowd; the organ has ceased, the worshipers within remain motionless until the President has passed out; still uncovered, he leads Lady Washington with great respect to the coach, and, when they are gone, the crowd, Sunday as it is, breathe deep to keep from cheering.

INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.

An historic interest attaches to an old house on Dock street, tenanted by the smith, Pat Lyon. Lyon had two claims to distinction his locks and his honesty; it was his ill-fortune to make a lock for the Bank of Pennsylvania, which was picked and the bank robbed. Upon the presumption that Lyon's locks were so good nobody but himself could open them, he was thrown into prison and there kept for a long time. There is an account of his trial by himself, which opens a curious insight into the manners and habits of the day.

TREE PLANTED BY BARTRAM.

Another house of interest is that of John Bartram, a poor boy like Rittenhouse, the astronomer, and self-taught, the one whom Linnæus pronounced "the greatest living botanist in the world." The house stands near the Schuylkill, on the Gray's Ferry Road. Some of the trees planted by Bartram remain, but the botanic garden which he constructed untaught, making journeys on foot to every zone for plants, has gone to ruin. When Charles Kingsley visited Philadelphia, a few years ago, his first request of his host was to take him to this old garden.

Washington, during his Presidency, occupied the house which we have mentioned as the property of Richard Penn, and used by Howe as head-quarters. After the retreat of the British, it was bought by Robert Morris, and given up to Washington, as the fittest dwelling in the city for the President of the new nation. There are many accounts of simple but stately little court held there. The men who gathered around the quiet table of the President at his state dinners in this old house were the Fathers of the Republic, the bold experimenters upon whom the eyes of the civilized world were turned; Mirabeau pronounced them a company of demigods; and William Pitt declared that in all the rise of master states no convened body of men had equaled them in honorable aim, force of sagacity, or solidity of reasoning. The women, whose dazzling beauty has given them renown, possessed also the lost art of stately reserve, which gives to even their memory a fine, intangible charm. The social life of the Republic never has attained in any later day to the height of the little circle which gathered from all parts of the country at the President's reception in this plain house.

PAT LYON.

It has become lately a habit with many of us to look upon Washington as a magnificent, proper, but rather wooden figure-head of the new nation. There can be no doubt, from contemporary records, that, on the contrary, he exerted a tremendous personal magnetism.

He was a clumsy, slow, heavy man; but with a sad sincerity of great purpose, in every word and action. "There was an indescribable something in Washington," says one of his contemporaries, "which awed every man who came in contact with him." We have many pictures of this brilliant court of Philadelphia, but none which please us so much as the story of a girl-friend of lovely Nelly Custis, who spent a night in the President's mansion. "When ten o'clock came, Mrs. Washington retired, and her granddaughter accompanied her, and read a chapter and psalm from the old family Bible. All then knelt together in prayer, and when Mrs. Washington's maid had prepared her for bed, Nelly sang a soothing hymn, and, leaning over her, received from her some words of counsel and her kiss and blessing."

One other picture let us borrow from an eye-witness. It is of the inauguration of Adams in the State-House. He entered in a full suit of fine gray cloth, almost unnoticed; every eye was fixed on Washington; the people knew it was to be the last public appearance of their idol. "He wore," says the old chronicler, "a full suit of black velvet, his hair powdered and in a bag, diamond knee-buckles, and a light sword with gray scabbard." Beside him was the new Vice-President, Jefferson, gaunt, ungainly, square-shouldered, with foxy hair and brick-red skin, dressed in blue coat, small-clothes, and vest of crimson; near by was the pale, reflective face of Madison; the burly, bustling Knox. Adams read his inaugural and left the room; the crowd cheered, but did not move. Jefferson, after some courteous parley, took precedence of Washington, and went out; still the people remained motionless, until Washington descended from the platform and left the hall, going down the street to the Indian Queen, to pay his respects to the new President. The immense concourse followed him as one man, but in silence. After he had gone in, a smothered sound went up from the multitudes like thunder, "for he was passing away from them," says the narrator, "to be seen of them no more." The door opened, and he stood on the threshold looking at the people. "No man ever saw him so deeply moved. The tears rolled over his cheeks;" then he bowed slowly and low, and the door closed between him and his people.*

WASHINGTON'S STATE COACH.

TRUANT MADGE.

The shadows lie sleeping on field and hill;
  The cows came home an hour ago;
The bees are hived, and the nests are still:—
  Where can the child be lingering so?

Oh, where can the little laggard stay?
  So swift of foot as she ever has been!
It is not so far, by the meadow way,
  To the lane where the blackberry vines begin.

Her mother stands in the door-way there,
  Shading her eyes from the setting sun,
And up and down, with an anxious air,
  Looks for a trace of the truant one.

Has she wandered on where the swamp-flowers blow
  In the darkling wood and lost her way?
Has she slipped in the treacherous bog below
  That hides under mosses green and gay?

Nay, timorous mother, spare your fears!
  Your little maiden is safe the while.
No marsh-bird screams in her startled ears;
  No forest mazes her feet beguile.

She is only standing amid the rye,
  There at the end of the clover-plain,
And pulling a daisy-star, to try
  Whether her love loves back again:

And Will bends over the bars beside,—
  Two heads are better than one, forsooth!—
Leaning and looking, eager-eyed,
  To see if the daisy tells the truth!

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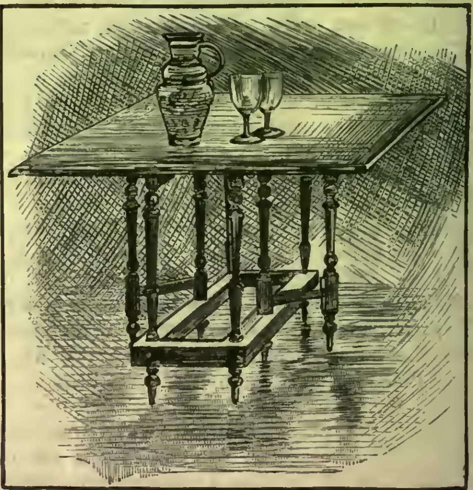
* Some of the cuts in this article are from "A Century After; Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Allen, Lane & Scott, and J. W. Lauderbach, Philadelphia."

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. V.

EN ROUTE FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

No. 1. "UNLESS THE KETTLE BOILING BE!"

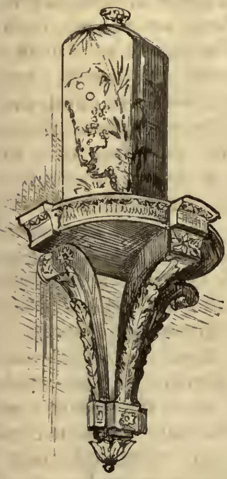
THE suggestion made in the first of these articles,—that, in general, there is no need for a separate parlor, but that one room, the living-room, may be easily and comfortably made to serve all the social needs of the family, a place of meeting for themselves, and a place in which to receive the visits of their friends,—was not meant to include the dining-room. There ought always, if possible, to be a separate room for meals, though I have known cases in plenty where there was no distinction between the dining-room and the living-room. But in all these cases the living-room was an exceptionally large apartment, and no confusion resulted, as is apt to be the case where the experiment is tried, from the appearance of Betty at the door with the announcement, "Please, ma'am, I want to set the table, ma'am." As a rule, our rooms, especially in our cities, are too small to make this double employment possible, or at best convenient, and, as provision is almost always made for a separate dining-room in our houses, we may as well accept the arrangement as being, on the whole, the better one, considering the complicated ways of modern life. I wish we had not twisted and bound ourselves up so inextricably in these complicated ways. More than we think, or are willing to allow, of the difficulty that surrounds housekeeping in America, the trouble with servants that makes such a mean tragedy in so many women's lives, comes from the labor imposed upon the servants and upon the employers by the unnecessary fuss we make about living. The root of the difficulty is in the separation between our two lives, the domestic one and the social one, and the social one has been allowed to become so formal, ostentatious, and exacting, that in too many families it is by far the more important of the two; it regulates and controls the domestic life. It is hardly possible to dispute the proposition: that if the domestic life were made the leading one in any family, that is, if the whole household order, and all the arrangement and furnishing of the house, were made to accommodate and develop the family life, the social element being obliged to suit itself to the family arrangements, and take them just as it found them, life would be tenfold easier and tenfold happier than it is in America, where there is less domestic life and less domestic happiness than in any other country. This is the only land known to geographers where the greater part of the population lives to please its neighbors, and to earn their approval by coming up to their social standard. We all do it, rich and

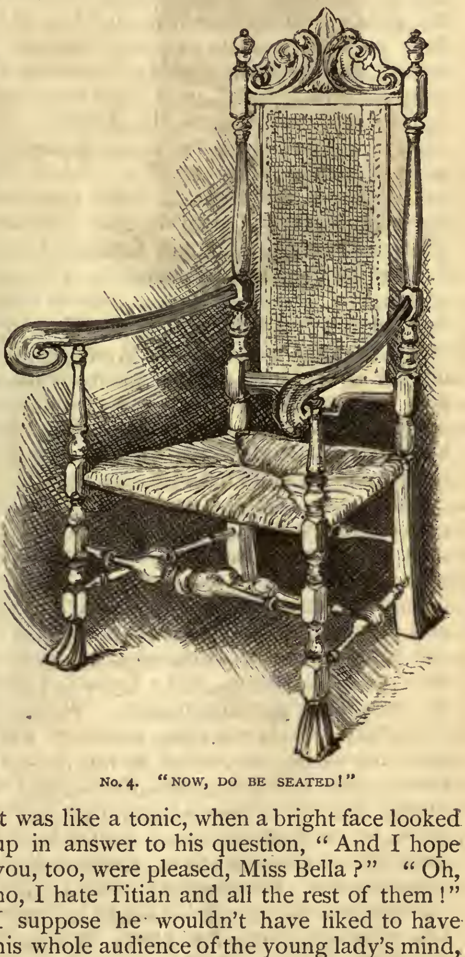


No. 2. OAK DINING-TABLE, LOUIS XIV—ROOM FOR FOUR.

poor, merchants and mechanics, poets and politicians. Mr. Elliott's book shows that all like to have interiors, and to have their interiors known of men.

I have told the story before—but 'tis a good illustration of my meaning, and will bear repeating—of the poet who had built himself a house in the country, and who consulted his worldly friend on the question of mantel-pieces. This was a quarter of a century ago or so, and it was almost unheard of for any one to have wooden mantel-pieces; but the poet had a mind for them, and asked Mr. Worldly-wise what he thought about it. "Mr. Nightingale," said the man of affairs to the poet, very solemnly, and with a warning finger, "marble mantel-pieces will be expected of you!" I wish I could add that people didn't get of Mr. Nightingale what they expected; but, unfortunately, they did, and the pity of it is, that, after we have cut off our tails to please the foxes that have lost theirs, we get nothing for our pains. Nobody ever thanks us for cutting off our tails. They tease us till we do it, and when we have disfigured ourselves, then they cry out on the baseness of conforming with fashion. People say that the world loves conformity, and to have all coats cut one way. A certain conformity is unavoidable and good, nor is it ever worth while to break bounds for the sake of being singular. A wise woman said to a young boy who insisted on wearing his hair long, and bore with martyr-like conceit the sniffs and sneers of the other boys in the college: "You had better short your hair like other folks, Lawrence; there'll be enough, and more than enough, serious things worth fighting for in the world, and you had better keep your pluck to defend your principles." This was good advice, and if the illustration shall be turned against me for advising people not to conform to fashion in their ways of furnishing their houses and of living in them, I must answer that these very things have much in common with principles, and bear such relations to the essentials of life (as I understand life) that we have a right to think of them, not as mere mint and cummin, but as the weightier matters of the law of living. The world does love conformity in generals, but she takes a lively interest in a refusal to conform in particulars. She likes the sky, as a rule, to be blue; but she has no objection to an occasional mile or so of apple-green between the horizon hills and the swarthy band of upper cloud on a winter afternoon; nor has she ever objected to the poet's crowding simile on simile in praise of the sunset's purple and gold. A friend told me that at the close of a lecture he had been delivering on Titian, when all the pleasant things and grateful things had been said about his hero, it was like a tonic, when a bright face looked up in answer to his question, "And I hope you, too, were pleased, Miss Bella?" "Oh, no, I hate Titian and all the rest of them!" I suppose he wouldn't have liked to have his whole audience of the young lady's mind, nor to have had it expose itself so bluntly; but he insisted that he liked that unexpected


No. 3. A WALL-FLOWER.


No. 4. "NOW, DO BE SEATED!"

dash of hostility, it was the vinegar that gave the salad its savor.

No person with a good natural eye for color, with hospitable thoughts, with a love of comfort, and with common sense, ever departed from the conventional way of furnishing a house, or in suiting his or her house to his own character and likings without being rewarded by the world's cheerful acceptance of the innovation. Ten to one, the independent suiter-of-himself will find his innovations accepted by fashion, or by the good sense of the world, and, incorporated into its own system, made a new law of the Medes and Persians.

So, if any one chooses to have his living-room and his dining-room in one, he has only to make up his mind to it, and then look about to see how it may be done without first showing elegance and comfort to the door,—two inmates who ought to have their permanent seats at every fireside. I should say the only absolute requisites for such an arrangement are a large room and convenient nearness to the kitchen and pantry. There must be room enough to leave the field clear for Betty when she comes to set the table, and this there will never be if there is room for only one table which must serve the family for all its needs. Such is the unconscious perversity of human nature, that, so sure as there is but one table, the children will get their books or their toys on it, or the husband will get out his writing, or spread out a map for reference as near as possible to the dinner-hour, and Betty, who always knows her rights, and, knowing, dares maintain, will have to face disappointed children and a disgusted man. A lady once told the writer that when the dinner-bell rang, all her daughters put on their bonnets and went out for a walk, and it is the same with most of us in our dealings with times and seasons, and the bars and barriers of daily life. Here would be the triumph of the settle-table on which I have so often harped, and of which I have shown at least two illustrations. Of course, somebody would be sitting on the sofa when Betty came in and wished to turn it into a table. The children would have just that minute begun to make a house or a fortress of it, or papa would have seated himself there just to glance at the "Evening Post" before dinner. But one seat is easily changed for another, whereas a table has to be cleared off, woman's work put away, books and maps or writing materials got rid of, and this is no slight trouble. I am, then, either for a table reserved exclusively for eating from, or else for a table that is only a table while it is wanted.

I know a private house where there is a table twelve feet long, at least,—fifteen, perhaps,—which is a spacious field for the deploying of all the household forces. It is a noble table after a Jacobean model, and the cloth is often laid at one end of it, and dinner served without obliging those who have been working along its generous length to strike their tents and retreat with bag and baggage, or scrip and scrippage. This, however, would not be good to do as an every-day thing. One advantage in having a dining-room separate from the living-room is, that we get variety, and unbend the too stiff-stretched cord of daily work. This change of scene is almost a necessity to those who have been housed all day. But in this particular case I have just been speaking of, it was only a possibility that a part of the table might have been in use before the dinner, and that the worker's implements remained undisturbed during the meal. The big room in which the table stood was little used during the day, and it was only at night, after the dinner was cleared off, that it became the great center of the family gathering. And, certainly, it was a pleasant rallying ground, and the scene of much hospitable intercourse and cheer. Our hostess knew the liking most people have for a cozy seclusion, and, if there were but few of us, she made a screen of ivy, against which brighter hues of leaf or flower were relieved, and so fenced off the "howling wilderness," as B once called the rest of the table, until dessert came, which, after a turn about the room to inspect M's cabinet of *curios*, or a stroll in the garden, we came back to find served at, it might be, the other end of the table.

We have such a treacherous climate, it is useless to recommend a steady dining out of doors in summer time, as is so often practiced in Middle France and in Southern Europe. Still I have known a family to keep a table on the broad veranda of their country house, where they dined every day in the summer time that the weather permitted, and it was a very cheerful custom. I think all the freedom we can get in our eating and drinking is desirable—all, I mean, that is consistent with comfort. I wish even punctuality were not so much insisted on. There ought to be a fixed hour, and then I would have all who are on hand sit down; but it ought not to be counted the mortal sin it is to come a quarter of an hour late, and it wouldn't be such a sin, if we did not make such formal affairs of our dinners. There is one pleasant table round which as good company gathers as at any in the land, and there is form and ceremony enough to keep the wheels oiled; but, if a straggler comes late, he neither gets cold soup nor the cold shoulder, but his excuse is accepted without too much examination, and perhaps he finds comfort in the fact that somebody else for whom he has a great liking is very apt to turn up even later than he. It may cheer up some people who are made melancholy by thinking what delightfully disorderly times they seem fated to have at their own table, while at other people's houses everything is so quiet and respectable, to read the account Allan Cunningham quotes of the way things went on at Sir Joshua Reynolds's dinner-table.

No. 5. THE "LAST SWEET THING" IN CORNERS.

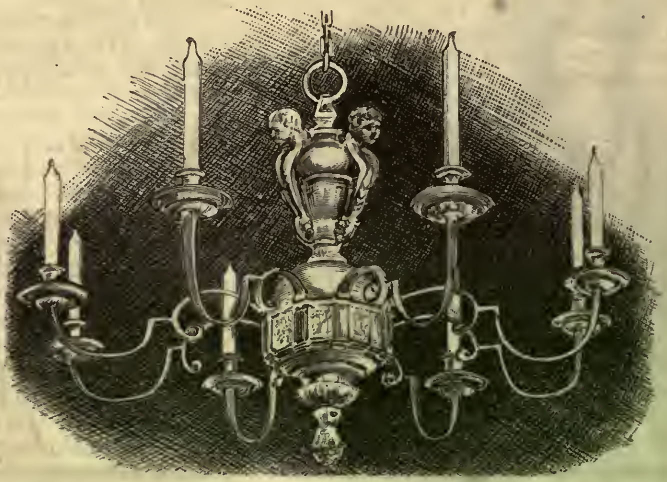
"There was something singular in the style and economy of his table that contributed to pleasantry and good humor—a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order or arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses for dinners, to save time and prevent the tardy maneuvers of two or three occasional, undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them. But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amid this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour perhaps for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humor by this invidious distinction."

Perhaps it may be admitted that Sir Joshua's table was a trifle too free and easy. He was never married, and the accounts we have of his sister, Miss Reynolds, who kept his house, represent her as little less careless than her brother. Still, though it would have been no doubt an advantage to have had more order and neatness at the table, yet it was of more importance to have good company, and it is mere commonplace to say that with Burke and Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Mrs. Thrale at table, it wouldn't have been in human nature to think about the dishes.

But, whether the living-room be used for meals, or there be a separate room for eating, there ought to be room enough for the waiter to get easily round, ample room and verge enough. Personally, I dislike a small dining-room, but then I dislike small rooms in general. True luxury of living seems to me to demand spacious rooms. Nothing gave me such a generous notion of the old Italians as the big rooms they left behind them. You find these big rooms even in the inns and in other houses where you would least expect them. Still, in a country where big rooms are the exception, and hardly to be found at all, except in the hotels, it is of no use to insist upon this point. Our houses are getting smaller and smaller, and the rooms more and more cut up,—so we must take what we can find.

One comfortable thing about our dining-rooms in general we may be glad of—that they have so little furniture in them! The dining-table, the chairs and a sideboard, are all the pieces we must have, and with these the room must be a small one, if it is uncomfortably crowded.

Small or large, however, the dining-room ought to be a cheerful, bright-looking room. The east is a good aspect for it; a south-east aspect, if possible, because it is particularly pleasant to have the morning sun at breakfast, and then the southern sun makes the room cheerful all day, and plants will flourish too, and they are a happy addition to a dining-room, both for health and beauty. At dinner-time, if the dinner-hour be a late one, the aspect of the room will be of less importance, because the lamps will be lighted; but I think we shall find our account in having the morning sun strike across our breakfast-table.



No. 6. "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT." ELECTROTYPE COPY OF A SILVER CHANDELIER FROM KNOLE.

The breakfast-table, however, as we have established it, following the English, I suppose, is an institution I wish were upset. Most people, if they would speak out their honest minds, would, I am sure, agree with me in thinking the American breakfast a mistake in our social economy. To force all the members of a family to get up and be dressed at a certain hour is not sensible, and yet a worse feature is, that they are all to sit down together at a common table, most of them in a very unregenerate state of mind, and not at all themselves, and in a condition far from suited to make social intercourse easy. The whole household is tormented to produce this unsatisfactory result. The servants have to get up at unnatural hours, and, in consequence, they are in a ticklish state of temper, ready for explosion on the most delicate expostulation. Nothing is ever well cooked, but this matters the less because nobody has any appetite. The business man—I mean the ideal business man—is occupied at breakfast-table with trying to do three things at once—to bolt his food, to bolt the newspaper, and to keep a steady eye on the clock. The only one of the three he succeeds in accomplishing is the last; he knows at every mouthful what time it is to a second, and he prances away from the table to catch his horse-car, steam-car, or ferry, every morning with the regularity of a planet. The servants have been routed out of bed; the wife, which is of vastly more importance, has been robbed of her morning rest; the children have been made uncomfortable,—all for no better end than to comply with a cast-iron system that never had any reason in it. Suppose the early breakfast-table were abolished, and let the separate members of the family take what light snack they wanted, when and where they would, those at home meeting later in the day, say at noon, for a regular breakfast, and the husband and sons looking out for themselves at restaurants and cafés near their places of business. In Paris, gentlemen come home to breakfast, business people (the city being so built that it radiates from a center out) living as near to their shops and offices as they can contrive, so that the breakfast is generally a family meeting, and a very happy and cheerful one too. The various members of the family have got well shaken up by eleven or twelve o'clock, something has been accomplished, life has gone on more smoothly and equably, and parents and children are in a less critical and exasperating mood.

No. 7. "THE PIPPINS AND CHEESE HAVE COME!"

I don't mean to advocate a wild license in the matter of lying a-bed, or getting up when you please. But early rising, or rising when it is time to rise,—for there never was a greater humbug than the doctrine of early rising for its own sake,—is one thing, and early breakfasting for the family in common is another. Nobody needs (except day laborers, few of whom subscribe for SCRIBNER, or, if they did, would read my articles)—nobody needs much solid food immediately on rising, or after being dressed. A cup of coffee, a roll and butter, possibly an egg—this would be enough and plenty for the average of people who live by their brains to work on till twelve o'clock. As I have said, this is all that any one can get well cooked in his own house at the early hour of seven or eight in winter, and all that most people have any appetite for, both which facts prove beyond dispute (unless somebody undertakes to deny them) that Providence does not favor early family breakfasts.

Extension-tables are so common nowadays that it is rare to see in a dining-room a table that cannot be enlarged at pleasure. But if a small table is wanted that will yet seat four, or even six, comfortably, cut No. 2 shows a design that has been found very useful in actual service. It is an accurate copy made from a French model of the time of Louis XIII., a period when the furniture united elegance and solidity in a very satisfactory way. It is the same table, by the way, on which the Japanese case of shelves, shown in the April SCRIBNER, cut No. 8, is placed. But it was bought originally for a dining-table, and is as picturesque and serviceable an affair as need be. It is made of oak, and, as will be seen, it has two leaves, which are supported by drawing out one of the legs.

Another cut, No. 7, represents a more elaborate table,—more elaborate in its mechanism, though the design is every bit as simple. This table has an extension top, but the support of the top—the four legs, and the frame-work—is solid. The top draws apart, and either a broad or a narrow leaf is inserted in the opening, according to the room wanted. At its largest, it will seat eight people comfortably, one at each end, and three on each side, and this is as large a company as people who do not give dinner-parties are apt to invite. This table was made by Mr. Matthias Miller from drawings by Mr. John F. Miller, architect. The top is of mahogany, and the supporting frame of black walnut. It is a piece of work which it is a perpetual pleasure to look at, and time has added to the art of it the charm that only time can give, by bringing out the richest glow in the mahogany, and turning the black walnut into bronze. Of course, the wood has never been varnished, the only treatment it has received being a frequent rubbing with a flannel rag just moistened with linseed oil. It takes but a short time to call out all the wonders of a table's face with such simple means.

I have never seen an extension-table that was well designed, though they are very often well enough contrived for their purpose. Indeed, nowadays, they may be said to have reached perfection; but this perfection is no more interesting than the perfection of the last steam-engine, or the last sewing-machine. They all belong together, and it would be as absurd not to have extension-tables that open and shut without friction as it would be to have steam-engines and sewing-machines that should get out of gear every five minutes. What is important to us in our present quest is, that we should have extension-tables that are shapely pieces of furniture, the design representing the structure, not trying to conceal it. The extension-table and the piano-forte are the two puzzles the designers have been beating their brains over for the last fifty years, and they must own, if they are candid, that success has not attended their efforts. This of mine was designed for a special purpose. The dining-room it was wanted for was a very small one, and the points to be made in the design were three: to keep it small, to have the top well supported, and look as if it were, and to make it handsome. The result was entirely satisfactory, and it is probably, to speak modestly, and not to tread on anybody's corns, the prettiest dining-table in the world. Mr. Lathrop has drawn Colonel Newcome sitting at it, in order to sober it down, and not allow it to appear as handsome as it is; but the reader may be assured that, between the designer and the maker, a really handsome, practicable, and well-made piece of furniture has been produced. The materials are black walnut for the frame, and mahogany for the top. I should like to have had it made all of mahogany, but it would have made it cost too much, so I contented myself with a piece of old San Domingo for the top, and now I don't know that I should care to have it different from what it is. The posts, or legs, are turned, the caps being slightly enriched with carving (though the drawing does not show this), and there is a little carving at the ends of the four pieces which unite the frame at the top. The lower edges of these frames are molded, and the cross-pieces that unite the legs below are also molded. But all the ornamentation is kept as simple as possible, and the beauty of the piece is in its form, and in the color of the wood. As for the working of the top, it is as perfect as everything that comes from Matt. Miller's hands, and slides as if it were oiled. In the thirteen years it has been in steady use, it has never once refused to do its duty, and has never caused a single ejaculation to escape the fence of the teeth of one of the myriad handmaidens who have had the pulling of it open and shut. In fact, such a compliant piece of furniture is rather an incentive to calm and pious thought than to the angry passions, and, when one considers how much bad manners have been born of bureau drawers that stick, and book-shelves that won't gee, and doors that refuse to open or shut, it will be seen that there is a moral side to well-made furniture, which we are too apt to forget.

It does not appear whence the tradition came—but I do not know that it prevails at present— that dining-rooms ought to be somber in their general color and decoration, in opposition to drawing-rooms, which ought to be light and cheerful. We were taught that dining-rooms ought to be fitted up with dark hangings and furniture, dark paper, dark stuffs, and the rest. The reasonable view would seem to be that a dining-room should be as cheerful a room as it can be made. Its decoration may be sober and rich, but it ought not to be somber. One reason against its being so is, that dark walls and hangings eat up a ruinous quantity of light, and the principal meal of the day is almost always nowadays served at a time when we must employ artificial light. I believe there have been given some physiological reasons for darkish dining-rooms; but they are such as apply not to dining-rooms so much as to feeding-places, and such as would recommend themselves to the breeders and stuffers of Strasburg geese. The pundits said digestion went on better in the dark, and in silence,—which latter may be the reason why little children are not allowed to talk at table! Surely, we have nothing with this answer; these words are none of ours, and so long as the question is of dining,—an occupation as much intellectual as gastronomic,—we will counsel that the dining-room shall be so decorated and furnished as to encourage the most cheerful and festive trains of thought, and the sunniest good-nature. Of course, if the dinner is an early one, and the room fronts the south or west, the light may have to be tempered by the decoration of the room; but this can be done without diminishing its cheerful look. A very pretty dining-room which we have seen had a wainscot of black walnut, with panels of white pine oiled and shellacked. In a few weeks these had become by this treatment a rich golden-yellow that harmonized perfectly with the walnut.

No. 8. BOOKS WITHIN REACH.

They would also have looked well stained (not painted) with Venetian red, and then shellacked. Between the wainscot and the cornice, the wall was papered with a pale lemon-yellow paper, on which was a figure containing dark green and red. It gave force to the otherwise weak effect of the paper, and did not look spotty, but kept the wall-effect a unit. The room was a small one, and the low ceiling was laid with a blue-gray paper, well covered with a set pattern, in a darker shade of the ground; and the cornice, which was a wooden molding, only about three inches on the wall and two on the ceiling, was painted black and red, and had a narrow molding of gold, less than a half-inch wide, running along directly under it. The effect of this room was equally pleasant by daylight or lamp-light, and there was always such good cheer on the table, and so many pleasant people about it, that I never heard the dining-room gave anybody an indigestion.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE INTERVIEW WITH CROOKED FEATHER.

CHAPTER XV.

COURTS AND CAMPS.

> Well loved that splendid monarch aye
> The banquet and the song,
> The merry dance, traced fast and light,
> The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
> The revel loud and long.
> Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
> There others touched a softer string;
> While some, in close recess apart,
> Courted the ladies of their heart,
> Nor courted them in vain.—Marmion.

Our little history draws again upon these yellow files of ancient letters.

SILAS PERRY TO EUNICE PERRY.

Passy, near Paris, Nov. 16, 1800.

My dear Sister,—We have had a wonderful run. Look at the date, and wonder, when you know that I have been here a week. I have good news for you in every way. First, that our dear boy is well,—strong, manly, gentlemanly,—and not unwilling to come home. He thought I should not know him in his cadet uniform, as he stood waiting for me in the court-yard where the *post-chaise* brought me. But, Lord! I should have known him in a million. Yet he is stronger—stouter—has the *air militaire* wonderfully; and they do not wear their hair as our officers do. This is my first great news. The second you would read in the gazettes, if you were not sure to read this first. It is, that France and America are firm friends again:—no more captures at sea, no more mock war. This First Consul knows what he is about,—he told his brother Joseph what to do, and he did it. On the 30th of September the treaty was signed,—the right of search is all settled,—and commerce is to be free on both sides. Had I known this on the 30th of September, I might not have come. For all that, I am glad I am here.

3rd bit of news. And this is "secret of secrets," as our dear mother would have said. You may tell Inez,—but swear her to secrecy. I have only told Turner and Pollock. We are no longer Spanish subjects! We are French citizens;—citizens and citizenesses of the indivisible French Republic! Perhaps I do not translate *citoyennes* right. But that is what you and Inez are. Is not that news?

I only knew this last night. There are not ten men in Paris who know it. But by a secret article in a treaty made in Spain last month, this imbecile King of Spain has given all Louisiana back to France. There! does not that make your hair stand on end?

Of course, dear Eunice, if there should be any breath of war between the two countries, your visit must end at once. Heaven knows when you will hear from me—but act promptly. Do not be caught among those Mexicans when the Dons are fighting the Monsieurs. But I think there will be no war before we are well home. When war comes, I am glad we are on the side that always wins.

Roland will tell you in his letter in what scene of vanity I picked up my information. If I can, I shall add more. But I must now sign myself,

Your affectionate brother,
SILAS PERRY.

ROLAND PERRY TO INEZ PERRY.

Passy, near Paris, Nov. 16, 1800.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER,—Father has left me his letter to read and seal, and has bidden me give you all the particulars of his triumphs at court. I tell him that nobody has made such an impression as he, since Ben Franklin. It has all been very droll, and when I see you, I can make you understand it better than I can write it. To be brief, papa is what they call here "*un grand succès.*"

He says, and you say, that I have not written enough about how I spend my time. I can see that he is surprised at knowing the chances I have for good society. But it has all come about simply enough. When I came here, Mons. Beauharnais, as you know, welcomed me as cordially as a man could; and when there was an off-day at school, they made me at home there. Just as soon as Eugène entered at the Polytechnic,—well, I knew the ways a little better than he did. As dear old Ransom used to say, "I had the hang of the schoolhouse." Any way, he took to me, and I was always glad to help the boy. You see, they called him an American, because of his father and mother:—so, as the senior American in l'École, I had to thrash one or two fellows who were hard upon him. Now that he is one of the young heroes of Egypt, I have reason to be proud of my *protégé.* I only wish I had gone there with them! Well, if I have not told you of every call I have made there,—I mean at his mother's,—it is because it has been quite a matter of course in my life. When Eugène and the General were both away, there were many reasons why I should be glad to be of service to her,—and she has never forgotten them.

Well, when papa came, I told him that his first visit must be to Madame Buonaparte at Malmaison;—and he must thank her, if he meant to thank any one, for my happy life here. You know how papa would act! He said he was not going to pay court to First Consuls, and put on court dresses. Some fool had told him great lies about the state at Malmaison. I told him if I did not know how to take my own father to see a friend of mine, I did not know anything. He was very funny. He asked if he need not be powdered. I told him no. I told him to put on his best coat, and go as he would go to a wedding at Squam Bay.

Inez—he was very handsome. He was perfectly dressed,—you know he would be,—and his hair, which is the least bit more gray than I remember it, was very *distingué* in the midst of all those heads of white powder! We drove out to Malmaison, and I can tell you we had a lovely time! I was as proud as I could be. There is not much fuss there, ever, about getting in; and with me,—well, they all know me, you know,—and the old ones have, since I was a boy. By good luck, Madame was alone (you know we say *Madame*, now, without having our heads cut off). She was alone, and I presented papa. She was so pleased! Inez, I cannot tell you how pleased she was! You see, she does not often see people of sense, who have any knowledge of the islands,—or of her father and mother,—or her husband's friends. Then, it was clear enough, in two minutes, that papa must have been of real service to Major Beauharnais, and to her, which he had never told me of. He lent her money, perhaps, when she was poor,—or something. My dear Inez, she treated papa with a sort of welcome I have never seen her give to any human being.

Well, right in the midst of this, who should come in but the General Buonaparte himself, the First Consul, boots muddy, and face all alive! He had ridden out from the Thuilleries. He looked a little amazed,—I thought a little mad. But Madame Josephine has tact enough. "*Mon ami,*" she said to him, "here is an American—my oldest and best friend. I present to you Monsieur Perry,—the best friend of the Vicomte, and but for whom I should never have been here. Monsieur Perry, you had the right to be the godfather of Eugène."

Dear papa bowed, and gave the First Consul his hand, and said he hoped he was well! Was not that magnificent? Oh! Inez, it was ravishing to see him! The Consul was a little amazed, I think; but he is a man of immense penetration, and immense sense. So is papa. The General asked him at once about Martinique and all the islands, and Toussaint and St. Domingo, and everything. Well, in two minutes, you know, papa told him more than all their old reports and dispatches would tell him in a month,—more, indeed, than they knew.

Well, the General was delighted. He took papa over to a sofa, and there they sat and sat;—and, Inez, there they sat and sat,—and they talked *for two hours.* What do you think of that? People kept coming in, and there was poor I talking to Madame,—and to half the finest women in France; and everybody was looking into the corner, and wondering who "*l'Américain magnifique*" was, whom the Consul had got hold of. Madame sent them some coffee. But nobody dared to interrupt, and at last General Buonaparte rose, and laughed, and said, "Madame will never forgive me for my boots;" but he made papa promise to come again last night. Now last night, you know, was one of the regular court receptions—one of the Malmaison ones, I mean. You know the state receptions are at the Thuilleries. Of this I must take another sheet to tell you.

When Inez read this letter, she said to her aunt:

"Do you know what Malmaison is? It is not a very nice name."

"It must be their country-house;—read on, and perhaps you will see."

I have shown papa what I have written. He laughs at my account of him, and says it is all trash. But it is all gospel true, and shall stand. He also says that you will not know what Malmaison is. Malmaison is an elegant place, about ten miles from Paris, which Madame Buonaparte bought, oh,—two years or more ago. She carries with her her old island tastes, and is very fond of flowers; and at this house with the bad name she has made exquisite gardens. She really does a good deal of gardening herself,—that is, such gardening as you women do. I have gone round with her for an hour together, carrying strings and a watering-pot, helping M'lle Hortense,—who, you know, is just your age,—to help her mother.

Well! so much for Malmaison.

Papa had really had what he calls a "very good time" talking with the First Consul. He says he is the most sensible man he has seen since he bade Mr. Pollock good-bye. I am afraid I did not take much pains to tell him that the grand reception of last night was to be a very different thing from that informal visit. For if I had told him, he never would have gone. But when he was once there, why, he could not turn back, you know.

And it was very brilliant. Indeed, since the battle of Marengo, nothing can be too brilliant for everybody's expectations; and although Malmaison is nothing to the Thuilleries, yet a *fête* there is very charming. When papa saw lackeys standing on the steps,—and found that our carriage had to wait its turn,—and that our names were to be called from sentry to sentry, he would gladly have turned and fled. But, like a devoted son, I explained to him that this would be cowardly. I reminded him that he had promised General Buonaparte to come, and that his word was as good as his bond. Before he knew it, a chamberlain had us in hand, and we passed along the brilliant line to be presented in our turn.

Inez, dear, I confess to you that I had an elegant little queue, and a *soupçon* of powder upon my hair. So had most of the gentlemen around me. But General Buonaparte hates powder, they say, when it is not gunpowder,—and he and dear papa had no flake of it on the locks, which they wore as nature made them. They were the handsomest men in that room,—I, who write, not excepted. Now, my dear sister, never tell me that I am vain again.

Well! when our turn came, Madame Buonaparte gave papa her hand, which is very unusual, and fairly detained him every time he offered to move on. This left me, who came next, to talk to M'lle Hortense, who was *charmante*. She never looked so well. I did not care how long the General and Madame held papa. I asked Hortense about the last game of Prison Bars, which is all the rage at Malmaison. I engaged her for the third dance. I promised her some Cherokee roses, and I must write to Turner about them. She asked why papa did not bring you, and I said you were to enter a Spanish convent. She guessed by my eye that this was nonsense, and then we had a deal of fun about it. The chamberlain was fuming and swearing inwardly, but the General and Madame Buonaparte would not let papa go on. Papa was splendid! You would have thought he had been at court all his life. At last he tore himself away. I bowed to Madame, who smiled. I bowed to the First Consul, and he said: "*Ah, Monsieur, Eugène est au désespoir de vous voir.*" I smiled, and bowed again. And so papa and I were free.

But there were ever so many people looking on, and I was so proud to present to him this and that of my friends! I brought Lagrange to him, who taught us our mathematics when I was in the Polytechnic. Lagrange brought up La Place, who is another of our great men. I presented him to Madame Berthollet, and to Madame Campan, who is a favorite here, and to Madame Morier; and they all asked him such funny questions! You know they all think that we live close by Niagara, and breakfasted every day with General Washington, and that all of us who were old enough fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, while of course we were all playmates with Madame Buonaparte.

At last the dancing came. The rooms are not very large, but large enough; and the music,—oh, Inez, dear, it was *ravissante!* The First Consul took out a hideous creature,—I forget her name,—but she was a returned *émigrée*, of a great royalist family, who had buried her prejudices, or pretended to. General Junot took out Madame,—that was a couple worth seeing! I danced with M'lle Poitevin,—a lovely girl; but I must tell of her another time. Oh, Inez, the First Consul dances—well—horridly! He hates to dance. He called for that stupid old "Monaco," as he always does, because he cannot make so many mistakes in it. Well, he only danced this first time, and I had charming dances with M'lle Julie Ramey, and then with the lovely Hortense. Was not I the envied of the evening, then!

It was then that, looking round to see how papa fared, M'lle Hortense caught my eye and said so roguishly, "*Ah! Monsieur, que vous épouvante*—we will take good care of your papa. See, the Consul himself has charge of him!" True enough, the Consul had found him, and led him across to a quiet place by the conservatory door;—and, Inez, they talked the whole evening again.

And it was in this talk,—when papa had been explaining to him what a sin and shame it was that so fine a country as Louisiana should have been given over to that beast of a Charles Fourth, and that miserable Godoy,—only, I suppose, he put it rather better,—that the Consul smiled, tapped his snuff-box, gave papa snuff, and said: "Monsieur Perry, you Americans can keep secrets. You may count yourselves republicans from to-day." Papa did not know what he meant, and said so plumply.

Then he told papa that he had received an express from Madrid that very morning. Inez, an article is signed by which Louisiana is given back to France. Think of that! The Orleans girls may dance French dances and sing French songs as much as they please, and old Casa-Calvo may go hang himself!

Only, Inez, you must not tell any one; it is a secret article, and the First Consul said that no public announcement of any sort was to be made.

Now, after that, who says it is not profitable to go to court? I am sure papa will never say so again. But the paper is all out, and the oil is all out in my new Argand. Salute dear Aunt Eunice with my heart's love, and believe me, *ma chère sœur,*

Votre frère tres devoué,
ROLAND PERRY.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEWS? WHAT NEWS?

NEWS! great news! in the "London Gazette!"
But what the news is I will not tell you yet;
For, if by misfortune my news I should tell,
Why never a "London Gazette" should I sell.
—CRIES OF LONDON.

THESE letters from Paris did not, of course, reach Eunice and Inez till the short winter—if winter it may be called—of Texas was over; and February found them enjoying the wonders and luxuries of that early spring.

The surprising news with which both letters ended gave them enough food for talk when they were alone, and the White Hawk, almost their constant companion, saw that some subject of unusual seriousness had come in,—a subject, too, which, with her scanty notions of European politics, she could hardly be expected to understand. In her pretty broken English she would challenge them to tell her what they read and what they said.

"Te-reaty—what is te-reaty, my sister? F-erance—what is F-erance, my auntie?"

But to make the girl understand how the signing of a piece of parchment, by an imbecile liar in a Spanish palace, should affect the status, the happiness, or the social life of the two people dearest to her in the world, was simply impossible.

The ladies were both glad to receive such news. Everybody in Orleans would be glad, excepting the little coterie of the Governor's court. Everybody in America would be glad. Better that Louisiana should be in the hands of a strong power than a weak one. But still their secret gave the ladies anxiety. If, as Silas Perry had suggested—if the dice-box should throw war between Spain and France, here they were in San Antonio at the beginning only of a visit which was meant to last a year. And worse, if the dice-box should throw war between France and England, everybody knew that an English squadron would pounce on Orleans, and their country would be changed again.

"I told Capt. Nolan one day," said Inez, in mock grief, which concealed much real feeling, "that I was a girl without a country. I seem to be likely to be a girl of three countries, if not of four."

Three months of garrison life, with such contrivances as the ladies around them had devised to while away time, had given to all three of the new-comers a set of habits quite different from those of the home at Orleans. The presence of Cordero and of Herrara there, both remarkable men, seemed almost of course. Eunice Perry was right in saying that neither of them belonged there. But they both liked the residence, and, still more, they liked each other. This was fortunate for our friends, for it proved that in Mme. Herrara, who was herself an English lady by birth, they found a charming friend. The ladies named in Miss Perry's letter to her brother were all women of brilliancy or of culture, such as would have been prizes in any society. The little tertulias of the winter became, therefore, parties of much more spirit than any Eunice had known even in the larger and more brilliant social circle of Orleans, and in the long hours of the morning, when the gentlemen were pretending to drill recruits, or to lay out lines for imaginary buildings, or otherwise to develop the town which the Governors wanted to make here, the ladies made pleasant and regular occasions for meeting, when a new poem by Valdez, or an old play by Lope de Vega, entertained them all together.

In all these gatherings the Donna Maria Dolores, whom our fair Inez had gone so far West to see, was, if not leader, the admired, even the beloved, center of each little party. Eunice Perry came to prize her more highly, as she wondered at her more profoundly, with every new and quiet interview between them. Her figure was graceful; her face animated rather than beautiful; her eyes quick and expressive. There was something contagious in her welcome, and so sympathetic was she, in whatever society, that her presence in any tertulia was enough to put the whole company at ease—certainly to lift it quite above the conventional type of formal Spanish intercourse. There were in the garrison circle some officers' wives who would have been very unfortunate but for Maria Dolores. Either for beauty, or wealth, or something less explicable, they had been married by men of higher rank than their own, and now they found themselves among ladies who were ladies, and officers most of whom were really gentlemen, while their own training had been wholly neglected, and they were absolutely in the crass ignorance of a Mexican peasant's daughter, or of the inmate of a Moorish harem. They could dress, they could look pretty, and that was absolutely all. There were not quite enough of them, this winter, to make a faction of their own, and send the others to Coventry. Indeed, the superior rank, as it happened, of Mme. Herrara, of the Señora Valois, and of Donna Maria Dolores, to say nothing of others who have been named, made this impossible. So was it that Donna Maria had her opportunity, and used it, to make them at ease, and to see that they were not excluded from the little contrivances by which the winter was led along. She always had a word even for the dullest of them. A bit of embroidery, or some goose-grease for a child's throat, or a message to Monteclovez, something or other, gave importance, for the moment, even to a stupid wax-doll, who had, perhaps, but just found out she was a fool, and had not found out what she should do about it.

It was in a little gathering, rather larger than was usual, in which they were turning over two or three plays of Lope de Vega, and wondering whether they could spur the gentlemen up to act one with them, that Eunice and Inez both received a sudden shock of surprise, which made them listen with all their ears, and look away from each other with terrible determination.

"Who shall take Alfonso?" said the eager Madame Zuloaga.

"Oh, let Mr. Lonsdale take Alfonso! He is just mysterious enough! And then he has so little to say."

"But what he does say would kill us with laughing! His English-Spanish is so funny! Do the English really think they know our language better than we do?"

"I am sure I should never advise him. But anybody can take Alfonso. Ask Captain Garcia to take it, Luisa, do you ask him—he will do anything you ask."

The fair Luisa said nothing, but blushed and giggled.

One of the wax-doll people spoke up bluntly, and, in a language not absolutely Castilian, said:

"Captain Garcia will be gone. His troop is ordered out against Nolano."

"Gone!" cried two or three of the younger ladies. And only Eunice cared whether the troop went against Apaches or Comanches, or to relieve a garrison in New Mexico, so it was to go. It was the loss of partners for which they grieved, not any particular danger to friends or to enemies.

Eunice, however, picked up the dropped subject.

"Did you say they went against Nolan?"

"Why yes, or rather no. They go to take the place at Chihuahua, you know, of the two troops who go, you know, against the Americanos. Who go? or are they now gone, Donna Carlotta? Was it not you who told me?"

No, it was not Donna Carlotta who had told her; and soon it proved that nobody should have told her, and that she should not have told what she had heard. The moribund old Salcedo had intentionally sent his troopers from distant Chihuahua, because the Americanos would not watch that city, and he had not meant to give any sign of activity eastward in San Antonio, which they would watch. The truth was he was jealous and suspicious both of Cordero and of Herrara, though they were his countrymen.

But by some oversight a letter had been read in presence of the wax-doll which she should never have heard. And thus the secret of secrets, which Herrara and Cordero and Barelo had preserved most jealously, was blurted out in the midst of four-and-twenty officers' wives.

So soon as the ladies parted, Eunice made it her business to find the husband of her sister, and spoke to him very frankly. She told him that she knew Nolan, and knew him well; that he even accompanied them for a day or two on their expedition. She told him on what cordial terms he was with all the Spanish Governors of Orleans. She ridiculed the idea of his making war with a little company of "grooms and stablers," for into Spanish words of such force was she obliged to translate the horse-hunters of his party. And she explained to Major Barelo that though the people of the West were eager to open the Mississippi, the very last thing they wanted was to incense the military commanders of Mexico.

Major Barelo was an accomplished officer of European experience, and a man of rare good sense. He heard Eunice with sympathy all through, and then he said to her:

"I can trust you as I can trust my wife. You are right in saying that this folly of Salcedo's is the most preposterous extravagance that has crossed any ruler's brain since the days of Don Quixote.

"You are right in saying that Don Pedro de Nava gave to this very Nolan a pass, not to say an invitation to carry on this very trade. Why, we know him here; he has been here again and again.

"But, as I thought you knew, de Nava is not the commandant-general any longer. Salcedo is the commandant. New kings, new measures. He is a Pharaoh who does not know your Joseph, my dear sister.

"He does not dare give his commands to us. We have too much sense. We have too much civilization. We have too much of the new century. Herrara or Cordero would laugh his plan to scorn. Far from incensing the Kentuckianos, they would let the captain slip through their fingers, and wisely. We have had a plenty of dispatches from Nacogdoches about him. But we light our cigars with them, my dear sister!"

"Yes, yes," said Eunice, eagerly; "but what does Salcedo do? Is he sending out an army?" Then she saw she was too vehement; she collected herself, and said: "You see, my dear brother, I know the American people. I know that if injustice is done, there is danger of war."

"And so do I," said Barelo, sadly. "And when war comes, now, or fifty years hence, who has the best chances on these prairies, —your Kentucky giants, or my master four thousand miles away, in the Escorial?"

"Do you know when the army started?" said Eunice, giving him time to pause.

"Army! there is no army—a wretched hundred or two of lancers. Oh! they left, I think they left Chihuahua just before Christmas. We heard of them at El Paso last week. That was when we got this order for two troops of the Queen's regiment to go back to the commandant to take their places." And then he added: "I am as much annoyed as you can be—more. But a soldier is a soldier."

"A soldier is a soldier," said Eunice, almost fiercely, to Inez afterward, when she told her of this conversation; and "a woman, alas, is a woman. How can we put poor Nolan on his guard; tell him that these brigands are on his track? If only we had known it sooner!"

How, indeed! For William Harrod had left them, so soon as San Antonio was in sight. He had called off with him Richards and King and Adams, and had said lightly, in his really tender parting from Inez and Eunice, that he should be with Nolan in five days' time. He counted without his host, alas! but of this Eunice and Inez knew nothing till long after.

"Do you believe Ransom could slip through?" said Eunice, thoughtfully.

"He could and he could not," said Inez. "In the first place he would not go. The Inquisition could not make him go. He is here to take care of you and me; if you and I want to go, he will take us, and we shall arrive safely, and Nolan, dear fellow, will be saved. But if we think we cannot tell Aunt Dolores that we want to go up to the Upper Brassos, why, as you know, Ransom will not budge." And the girl smiled sadly enough through her tears.

"Me will go," said White Hawk, who was looking from one to the other as they spoke, judging by their faces, rather than their words, what they were saying.

"Where will me go?" said Inez, hugging her and kissing her. The wonder and depth of White Hawk's love for her was always a new joy and new surprise to Inez, who, perhaps, had not been fortunate in the friends whom her school-girl experiences had made for her among her own sex.

"Me go on horse-trail; me go up through mesquit country—find prairie country—come up through wood three day, four day, five day—White Wolf River—me swim White Wolf River—more woods—more woods five day, six, seven day—no matter how much day—me find Harrod, find King, find Richards, find Blackburn, find Nolan—find other plenty white men, good white men, your white men—hunt horses, plenty horses—plenty white men."

"You witch!" cried Inez; "and how do you know that?"

White Hawk laughed with the quiet Indian laugh, which Inez said was like Ransom's choicest expression of satisfaction.

"Know it with my ears—know it with my eyes. See it. Hear it. Think it. Know it all—know it all."

"And you would go back to those horrid woods and those fearful Indians, whom you hate so and dread so, for the love of your poor Inez!" Inez was beside herself now, and could not speak for crying.

Of course White Hawk's proposal could not be heard to for an instant. But all the same—it had its fruit, as courage will. That afternoon there was some grand parade of the little garrison, so that the cavaliers whom Eunice and Inez relied upon most often, were detained at their posts. But Eunice proposed that, rather than lose their regular exercise, they should ride with the attendance of Ransom, and rely on meeting the Major and the other gentlemen as they returned. The day was lovely, and they took a longer ride than was usual past the Alamo, and up by the river-side.

Six or seven miles distant from the Presidio, as they came out on a lovely opening, which they had made their object, they found, to their surprise, a little camp of Indians, who had established themselves there, as if for a day or two. There was nothing unusual in the sight, and the riding party would hardly have stopped, but that the little red children came screaming after them, with tones quite different from the ordinary beggar whine, which is much the same with Bedouins, with lazzaroni, and with Indians. White Hawk, of course, first caught their meaning. "Friends, friends," she said, laughing, "old friends;" as she put her hand upon Inez's hand, to arrest her in the fast gallop in which she was hurrying along.

Inez thought that White Hawk meant

they were friends of hers, and for a moment drew bridle. Eunice and Ransom stopped also.

"No! No! Friends—your friends, Inez—your friends." And as Inez turned, indeed, she saw waved in triumph a scarf, which was no common piece of Indian finery; and which, in a minute more, she saw was the scarf she had given to a child on the levee of the Mississippi, in the very first week of their voyaging.

"Have the wretches come all the way here?" she said, surprised; and she stopped, almost unconsciously now, to see what they would say.

To her amusement and to Eunice's as well, with great rapidity and much running to and fro from lodge to lodge, there were produced, from wrappings, as many as if they had been diamonds or rubies, all the little cuttings of paper,—horses, buffaloes, dancing boys and girls, with which Eunice had led along the half-hour while they were waiting for the boatmen, on that day of their first adventure.

She smiled graciously, not sorry that she had a good horse under her this time, and acknowledged the clamorous homage which one after another paid to her; then, remembering her new advantage, she asked the White Hawk to interpret for her; and the girl had no difficulty in doing so.

Eunice bade her tell them that she could make them no buffaloes now—not even an antelope. But if they would come down to the Presidio the next morning, they should all have some sugar.

They said they were afraid to come to the Presidio—one of their people had been flogged there.

A grim smile appeared on Ransom's face, which implied, to those who knew him, a wish that the same treatment had gone farther.

"Tell them, then, that I will send them some sugar, and send them some antelopes, if they will come to-morrow morning to the Alamo;" and the White Hawk told them, and they all rode on.

"Do you not see," said Eunice, quickly, "if the White Hawk can go up the Brassos, these people can go up there? If she knows the way, she can tell them. There must be some way in which they can take a token or a letter."

She turned her horse, so soon as they had well passed the camp, beckoned Ransom from the rear to join her, and bade the girls fall in behind.

Taking up the road homeward, but no longer galloping, or even trotting, she said to the old man:

"Ransom, Captain Nolan is in great danger."

"Een told me so," replied he, too much occupied with anxious thought to care much for etiquette.

"There are a hundred or two Spanish troopers hunting him,—if they have not found him,—and what is worse, they mean to fight him, Ransom."

"The Cap'n 'll give 'em hell, ma'am!"

"The Captain will fight them if they find him; but, Ransom, they must not find him. Ransom, I don't want the people down below to know anything about this. But to-morrow morning, some of these Indians must start with a letter to the Captain, and they must make haste, Ransom. Will you bring it out here before daylight?"

"Yes 'm. But it ain't no use. Can't send no letter. Poor set,—liars all on um. Show the letter to the priest before they go. Priest got hold uv every darned one on um. Tell um all he'll roast um all ef they go nigh white man. Liars all on um,—can't send no letter. Tain't no use."

"Do you think the priest knows these people?"

"Know it; jest as well as nothin'. Hearn um tell at market to-day. Old Father José cum, and the young one,—black-haired rascal,—he cum too. Cum and gin um a picter-book, and cum back with five beaver and three antelope skin, and two buffaloes. Gin um a picter-book. Hearn all about it at market. All liars! Injuns is liars,—priests is liars too!"

Eunice thought of tokens which messengers had carried, who knew not what they bore. She longed to tell Ransom some story of Cyrus or of Pyrrhus. But she contented herself with saying:

"I must send word." And she called Inez to her, and the White Hawk.

"Ma-ry,—can I send these people to the Captain? Can you tell them how to go?"

"Tell—yes—now." And the girl checked her horse, as if to return with the message.

"No—not now, Ma-ry. Can I write? Will these people take the letter?"

"Give sugar,—much sugar,—take letter. Take it, throw it in river, throw it in fire. All laugh. Eat sugar, throw letter away. All lie. All steal.

"Give sugar, little sugar,—give letter,—letter say Nolan send other letter. Other letter come, you give sugar,—oh, give heap sugar! heap sugar—see?"

"Yes, yes,—I see," said Eunice. "When they come back with other letter from Capt. Nolan, I will pay them with sugar."

"See,—yes,—yes,—see? Heap sugar, all come."

Then she opened and shut her hands quickly.

"Five, five, five days, heap sugar. Five, five, five, five days, little heap sugar. Five, five, five, five, five, five days, gourd of sugar. More days no sugar, no sugar, bad Indian. Nolan dead. No sugar at all."

"Ma-ry, these people know the priest. Father José they know. Father Jeronimo they know. Priests do not love Nolan. Will they show the priest my letter?"

The girl took the question in an instant,—took it, it would seem, before it was asked. Her face changed.

"Show old White Head letter:—White Head tear letter,—burn letter."

But in an instant she added:

"White Hawk send skin. Old White Head no read skin." And she flung up her head like a princess, proud of her superior accomplishment. Eunice took her idea at once, praised her, and encouraged it. The girl meant that if she traced on the back of an antelope-skin one of the hieroglyphic pictures of the Indian tribes, Nolan would understand the warning she gave, while the average Franciscan, with all his accomplishments, would let it pass, without comprehending its meaning.

In such discussions, on an easy gallop, they returned homeward. As they approached the garrison, they met Mr. Lonsdale, the stranger whom the gossiping party of ladies had pronounced so mysterious. Eunice, to say the truth, was much of their mind. Who Mr. Lonsdale was, what he was, and why he was there, no one knew. And while she disliked the gossiping habit of most of the people around her, she did not like to be in daily intercourse with a man who might be a spy from the head-quarters at the City of Mexico,—might be an agent of the King of England,—might be anything the Mexican ladies said he was.

For all this, he and the ladies were on terms externally friendly. He stopped as they approached, and asked permission to join their party, which Eunice, of course, granted cordially. He turned and rode with her. The two girls dropped behind.

After a moment's hesitation, he said:

"I should be sorry to be the bearer of bad news, Miss Perry. Perhaps you are indifferent to my news. But I came out hoping to meet you."

And he stopped as if hesitating anew.

Eunice said, with a shade of dignity, that she was much obliged to him.

"I thought,—I supposed,—I did not know,"—said the Englishman, with more even than the usual difficulty of his countrymen in opening a conversation,—"you may not have heard that a military force is in the upper valleys, looking for the American horse-hunters?"

What did this man mean? Was he a quiet emissary from the provincial capital, whose business it was to gain information about poor Nolan? Was he trying to get a crumb from Miss Perry? She was quite on her guard. She felt quite sure of her ground, too,—that she could foil him, by as simple an artifice as—the truth.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lonsdale,—I have heard this. I heard it from Madame Malgares, and in more detail from one of the officers."

"Then perhaps you know more than I do."

"Very probably," said Eunice, not without the slightest shade of triumph.

The mysterious Mr. Lonsdale was thrown off his guard. Eunice had no wish to relieve him, and they rode on in silence. With some gulping, and possibly a little flush, he said: "I had thought you might be anxious about Mr. Nolan, or about the Kentucky gentlemen. I understood Miss Perry to speak as if some of them were your escort here."

How much did he know, and how little? Eunice's first thought was to say: "The Kentucky gentlemen will take care of themselves." But this tone of defiance might complicate things. Once more she tried the truth.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Harrod and two or three more of that party came to Antonio with us." She longed to say: "Why did not your King pounce on them then?" But again she was prudent.

Mr. Lonsdale tried to break her guard once more. "The Spanish force is quite a large one," said he.

Eunice longed to say: "I know that, too." But her conversation with Major Barelo had been confidential. She said: "Indeed!" and the Englishman was disarmed. He made no farther attempt,—they came without another word to the Colonel's quarters; he helped the proud Miss Perry to dismount, and the ladies sought their own apartments.

Before bed-time, the White Hawk brought her letter to Eunice. She came into the double room which Eunice and her niece occupied, and she bore on her back a parcel of skins, exactly as a squaw might bring them into the warehouse for trade. She flung them down on the floor with just the air of a tired Indian, glad his tramp was at an end. Then, with a very perfect imitation of the traders' jargon, she said:

"Buy skin? ugh? good skin? ugh? Five skin, six skin, good skin. Buy? ugh? Whisky, sugar, powder,—one whisky, two sugar, four powder,—six skin. Ugh?"

And she held up one hand, and the forefinger of the other.

Eunice and Inez laughed; and Inez said,

"Yes! yes!—good skin—buy skin—one skin, five skin. Heap sugar, heap whisky, heap powder!"

So the mock bargain was completed. The girls knelt, and untied the cords, and the White Hawk affected to praise her skins—the color, the smoothness, the age, and so on. And when she had played out her joke, and not till then, she turned them all over, and showed the grotesque figures which she had drawn on the back of one of them. Even to Eunice's eye, although she had the clue, they showed nothing. Perhaps she began at the top when she should have begun at the bottom. Perhaps she began at the bottom when she should have begun at the middle. Ma-ry enjoyed her puzzled expression, but made no sign till Eunice said,

"I can make nothing of it. You must show me."

Then the White Hawk laughed and explained. From point to point of the skin her finger dashed,—who should say by what law? But here was a group, made up of an eagle and ten hands, ten feet and ten other hands. This meant a hundred eagles and fifty more,—and eagles were "enemies." In a distant corner was a round shield, in another a lance with scalps attached, in another the feather of a helmet. This showed that she supposed the enemies were lancers; that they wore the Spanish helmet and carried the Spanish shields. Another character had three Roman crosses: these were the crosses of the Cathedral at Chihuahua. Nolan had seen them, and the White Hawk had heard of them. Far and wide had their fame gone among those simple people; for that Cathedral was as the St. Peter's of the whole of Northern Mexico. And so the record went on. The White Hawk assured her friends that so soon as Nolan or Harrod saw the skin they would know what, as the ladies could very well understand, very few white men would know: that one hundred and fifty Spanish lancers had left Chihuahua in search of him. Then she showed where the representation of six bears' paws showed that on the sixth day of the moon of the Bears the expedition started; and then where a chestnut burr, by the side of men fording a river, showed that they crossed the Rio-Grande after the month of chestnuts had come in.

All this Eunice heard, and approved with wonder. She praised the girl to her heart's content.

"Where did you find your colors, my darling?"

And Ma-ry confessed that failing walnut husks and oak-galls, she had contented herself with Inez's inkstand.

"But this red around the scalps; this red crest of the turkey's head; these red smooches on the lances?"

The White Hawk paused a moment, turned off the question as if it were an idle one; but when she was pressed, she stripped up the sleeve of her dress, and shewed the fresh wound upon her arm, where she had, without hesitation, used her own blood for vermilion.

Then Inez kissed her, again and again. But the girl would not pretend that she thought this either pain or sacrifice.

Eunice thanked her; but told her she must always trust them more. And then they all corded up the pack together, and, under the White Hawk's hands, it assumed again the aspect of the most unintelligent bale of furs that ever passed from an Indian's hands to a trader's. It was agreed, that at daybreak Ransom and Ma-ry should carry the parcel to the Indian camp, and Ma-ry should try the force of her rhetoric, backed with promises of heaps of sugar, to send a party with the message.

"It is all very fine," said Inez; "and if that skin ever reaches him, I suppose that he or Capt. Harrod will disentangle its riddles. But I have more faith in ten words of honest English than in all this galimatias."

"So have I, dear child, if the honest English ever comes to him. See what I have done. I have begged from Dolores this pretty prayer-book. There is no treason there. I have loosened the parchment cover here and have written on the inside of it your ten words, and more. See, I said,

'The Governor sent a hundred and fifty lancers after you at Christmas. They were at El Paso last week and mean fight.'

"You see I printed this in old text, and matched the color of the old Latin, as well as its character. These people shall take that to Capt. Nolan with this note."

And she read the note she had written:

"MY DEAR COUSIN:

"May the Holy Mother keep you in her remembrance! My prayer for you, day and night, is that you may be saved. Forget the vanities and sins of those shameless heretics, and enter into the arms of our mother, the church. Study well, in each day's prayers, the holy book I send you. On our knees we daily beg that you may see the errors of your wandering and return."

"That will make him search the book through and through. And if he does not rip off this parchment cover, and find what I have written on the inside, he is not the man I take him to be.

"And now, girls, go to bed, both of you; Ma-ry will need to be moving bright and early, if she is to take this to the Redskins before the Fort is stirring."

CHAPTER XVI.

MINES AND COUNTER-MINES.

"SEEK not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee—
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know."
—ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH the gray of the morning the White Hawk left the house, and found her way out of the little settlement. The girl's history was perfectly known to everyone at the post, and any waywardness in her habits attracted no surprise; indeed, it attracted no attention. On his part, Ransom had saddled his own horse, had fastened behind the saddle the pack of furs, and a package, only not quite so large, of the much-prized sugar.

"All nonsense," he had said to Eunice. "Gin um two quarts whisky, and they'll go to hell for you. Sugar's poor sugar; your brother would not look at it, it's so bad; but it's too good for them Redskins. Gin um whisky."

But Eunice was resolute, and the old man knew that he must throw the sugar away, because she so bade him. He satisfied himself, therefore, with taking from the storehouse on her order just twice as much as she had bidden him. He was well clear of any observation from the Presidio when he saw Ma-ry in advance of him, moving so quickly that he had to abandon the walk of his horse, and come to a trot, that he might overtake her.

"Mornin', Miss Mary; better jump up here. The old bay's often carried Miss Inez."

And in a moment he had lifted the girl, who was an expert in horsemanship in all its guises, so that she sat behind him on the pack of furs, steadying herself by placing one hand upon his shoulder. Having entirely satisfied himself, after the first few days of his observation of the White Hawk, that she was, in very truth, neither a "nigger" nor an "Ingin," he had taken her into the sacred chamber of his high favor, and did not regard her as humbug or liar, which is more than can be said of his regard for most men and women.

"Want ye to tell them Redskins to keep away from them priests and friars, Miss Mary. Priests and friars ain't no good nowhere. These here is wuss than most on um be. Tell the Redskins to keep clear on um."

The White Hawk thought she understood him, and said so.

"Tell um to make haste, lazy critters, if they can. Wanted to go myself to tell Mr. Nolan. Can't go, cos must stay with the young ladies. But I could get there and back 'fore them lazy Redskins will go half way. Tell um to be here in a week, and we'll give um five pounds of good sugar, every man on um."

Ma-ry understood enough to know that this proposal was absurd. She told Ransom, in language which he did not understand, that if the messengers reached Nolan in less than eight or ten days, it would be by marvelous good luck. As she did not use his words, spoke of suns and nights, and of hands whenever she would say "five," the old man did not at all follow her. But he was relieved by thinking that she understood him, and said so.

"That's so; let um travel all day and all night, too. I'd get there myself by day arter to-morrow; but them Redskins don't know nothin'."

The truth was that he was as ignorant as a mole of Nolan's position and of the way thither. But he had always relied, and not in vain, on his own quick good sense, his iron strength, and his intense determination to achieve any task he had in hand more promptly than those around him. He did not, therefore, even know that he was bragging. He meant merely to say that the Indians were as nearly worthless as human beings could be; that their ability was less than his in the proportion of one-fifth to one; and, by the extravagance of his language, to wash his hands, even in the White Hawk's eyes, of any participation in the responsibility of this undertaking.

They were soon in sight of the smokes of the lodges, and in a moment more were surrounded by the beggar children of a beggar tribe, eager for paper gods, for whisky, for sugar, for ribbons, for tobacco, or for anything else that might be passing.

Ma-ry sought out and found the man who could best be called the chief of the party. Ransom had dismounted, but she sat upon the saddle still, and took an air which was wholly imperial in her dealings with the Crooked Feather. Ransom said afterward to Inez: "The gal's a queen in her own country, she is." Ma-ry did not ask; she directed.

The man was amazed that she spoke to him in his own language. No white man or woman of the Presidio had ever accosted him so till now. He had seen her only the day before with a party from the fort, and he knew very well that they represented the dignitaries of the fort. He did not know who she was, nor did the girl make any endeavor to explain.

Simply she bade him, in the most peremptory way, take the skins and the little parcel which she gave him to the hunting party whom he would find on the Tockanhono, and to be sure he was there before the moon changed. When he had done this he was to come back, also as soon as might be, and when he returned, if he brought any token from the long-knife chief whom he found there, he was to have sugar in heaps, which almost defy the powers of our numeration. All the party were to have heaps of it. In guerdon, or token, Ransom was now permitted to open the little pack of sugar which he had brought with him, which then lay in tempting profusion in its open wrapper while Ma-ry spoke. She was a little annoyed to see that her order—for it was hers originally—had been so largely exceeded.

As for the size of the party, the Crooked Feather might go alone, or he might take all the lodges, as he chose, only he must not tarry. For all who went, and all who returned, there would be sugar, if they were here before the third quarter of the new moon. If as late as the next moon, there would be no sugar; and the White Hawk's expression of disgust at a result so wretched was tragical. The so-called Stoics, to whom she spoke, affected feelings of dismay equal to hers.

Crooked Feather ventured to suggest that a little whisky made travel quicker.

The imperial lady rebuked him sternly for the proposal, and he shrunk back ashamed.

In a rapid council he then decided that only five horses, with their riders, should go, and this under his own lead. As for the sugar which Ransom had brought and laid before them, it was nothing; even a rabbit would not see that any sugar lay there. In token of which, as they talked, the Crooked Feather and his companions scooped it up in their hands and ate it all; it would not have vanished sooner had it been some light soup provided for their refreshment. But he understood that his supposed "White Father" who had provided this had sent it only as a little token of good-will,—clearly could not, indeed, send more, besides the furs and the princess, on the back of Ransom's saddle. A chief of the rank and following of Crooked Feather was substantially, he said, the equal of his Great Father, personally unknown to him. But he wore and showed a crucifix, which his Great Father had sent to him; and as the Great Father had set his heart on sending these skins to the long-knife chieftain, who was an intimate friend of Crooked Feather's, according to that worthy's own account, why Crooked Feather would personally undertake their safe conduct.

Even while this harangue went on, the squaws detailed for that duty were packing the beasts who were to go on the expedition, hastily folding the skins of the lodge which was to go.

Ma-ry was a little surprised to find that she was mistaken for an emissary of King Charles the Fourth, or of the Pope of Rome. In truth, she could not herself have named these dignitaries, nor had she the least idea of their pretensions. It was idle to try to explain that her Great Father was a very different person from the Great Father who had started the crucifix. She simply applauded the purpose of the Crooked Feather to do what she had told him to do; and she did not hesitate to give precise instructions to the women, who were packing the horses, in the same queenly manner with which she had spoken before.

In less than an hour the party was on its way, having long before consumed to the last crumb all the sugar. Ransom and Ma-ry returned home. They parted at the spot where they had met. Ma-ry entered the Presidio on one side and Ransom on the other, and it was clear that the absence of neither of them had challenged any remark in the laziness of a Spanish town. Ma-ry told her story with glee to the ladies. Inez fondled and Eunice praised her, only trying to warn her of the essential difference between such a great father as Silas Perry and such another as Pope Pius, of which, however, to repeat again MacDonald's remark to the Japanese governors, "She could make nothing."

The same evening the Crooked Feather, who had been true to his promise of speed, had advanced as far as Guadalupe River. He found there a camp-fire, a little tent, and three horses tethered. It proved that the party there consisted of three Fathers of the Franciscan order, who had left the Alamo for an outpost mission.

The Fathers were patronizing and courteous. They asked the purpose of Crooked Feather, and he told them. They then produced some grape brandy, such as the Missions were permitted to make for their own use, in contravention of the royal policy which weighed upon persons not ghostly. Crooked Feather took his portion large, and allotted lesser quotas to his companions.

With the second draught he went into more minute particulars as to his enterprise, and those who sent him. But the Fathers seemed to take no interest in his narrative.

As soon as the liquor had done its perfect work, and all the Indians slept in a drunken sleep, Father Jeronimo cut open the bale of furs, and shook them to see what might be hidden. When nothing came out, he examined the skins, and at once found Ma-ry's runes. Of these "he could make nothing." But he said, with a smile, to the worthy Brother Diego, who assisted him, that it was a pity to lead others into temptation, and he took out that skin from the parcel to place it under his own blanket.

As the Crooked Feather slept heavily, there was no difficulty in relieving him also of the smaller parcel which Ma-ry had given to him. Father Diego crossed himself, and so did the other, on opening it. They found the familiar aspect of a little book of devotion. None the less did the older priest cut open the stitches which held on the parchment over-cover. When he noticed, among the words which covered the inside, some which he knew were neither Spanish nor Latin, he folded the parchment carefully and put it in his bosom. He inclosed in it, as he did so, Eunice's friendly note, of which he could read no word. He then tied up the book in its wrapper precisely as it had been folded before.

With his "tokens" thus improved upon, and with the worst headache he had ever known in his life, the Crooked Feather started the next morning at a later hour than he had intended on his mission.

At an earlier hour the three Fathers had started on theirs.

(To be continued.)

RENUNCIATION.

As one who tends, through changing sun and storm,
  Some flower, of perfume delicate and rare,
  Watching its splendor bloom beyond compare,
Feeding his soul upon its perfect form—
And knows another's hand shall claim his prize
  And plant it, radiant, in some fairer spot,
  Yet, knowing, gives consent, and murmurs not,
Since, near or far, 't will bloom for loving eyes—
So in the shadow, dear, I stand and wait,
  Rich in thy beauty for a little space,
Dumbly consenting to the coming Fate,
  If only purer hearts may fill my place,
If stronger hands may on thy bidding wait,
  And eyes as tender gladden at thy face!

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH MR. DUMPHY TAKES POINSETT INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

THE cool weather of the morning following Mr. Dumphy's momentous interview with Col. Starbottle, contributed somewhat to restore the former gentleman's tranquillity, which had been considerably disturbed. He had, moreover, a vague recollection of having invited Col. Starbottle to visit him socially, and a nervous dread of meeting this man, whose audacity was equal to his own, in the company of others. Braced, however, by the tonic of the clear exhilarating air, and sustained by the presence of his clerks and the respectful homage of his business associates, he dispatched a note to Arthur Poinsett, requesting an interview. Punctually at the hour named that gentleman presented himself, and was languidly surprised when Mr. Dumphy called his clerk and gave peremptory orders that their interview was not to be disturbed, and to refuse admittance to all other visitors. And then Mr. Dumphy, in a peremptory, practical statement which his business habits and temperament had brought to a perfection that Arthur could not help admiring, presented the details of his interview with Col. Starbottle.

"Now, I want you to help me. I've sent to you for that business purpose. You understand, this is not a matter for the Bank's regular counsel. Now what do you propose?"

"First, let me ask you, do you believe your wife is living?"

"No," said Dumphy promptly, "but of course I don't know."

"Then let me relieve your mind at once, and tell you that she is not."

"You know this to be a fact?" asked Dumphy.

"I do. The body supposed to be Grace Conroy's, and so identified, was your wife's. I recognized it at once, knowing Grace Conroy to have been absent at the culmination of the tragedy."

"And why did you not correct the mistake?"

"That is *my* business," said Arthur, haughtily, "and I believe I have been invited here to attend to *yours*. Your wife is dead."

"Then," said Mr. Dumphy, rising with a brisk business air, "if you are willing to testify to that fact, I reckon there is nothing more to be done."

Arthur did not rise, but sat watching Mr. Dumphy with an unmoved face. After a moment Mr. Dumphy sat down again, and looked aggressively but nervously at Arthur.

"Well?" he said, at last.

"Is that all?" asked Arthur, quietly. "Are you willing to go on and establish the fact?"

"Don't know what you mean!" said Dumphy, with an attempted frankness which failed signally.

"One moment, Mr. Dumphy. You are a shrewd business man. Now do you suppose the person—whoever he or she may be —who has sent Col. Starbottle to you, relies alone upon your inability to legally prove your wife's death? May they not calculate somewhat on your *indisposition* to prove it legally; on the theory that you'd rather not open the case, for instance?"

Mr. Dumphy hesitated a moment, and bit his lip.

"Of course," he said shortly, "there'd be some talk among my enemies about my deserting my wife—"

"And child," suggested Arthur.

"And child," repeated Dumphy, savagely, "and not coming back again—there'd be suthin' in them blasted papers about it, unless I paid 'em, but what's that!—deserting one's wife isn't such a new thing in California."

"That's so," said Arthur, with a sarcasm that was none the less sincere because he felt its applicability to himself.

"But we're not getting on," said Mr. Dumphy, impatiently. "What's to be done? That's what I've sent to you for."

"Now that we know it is not your *wife*, we must find out *who* it is that stands back of Col. Starbottle. It is evidently some one who knows at least as much as we do of the facts; we are lucky if they know no more.

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Can you think of any one? Who are the survivors? Let's see; you, myself, possibly Grace!"

"It couldn't be that infernal Grace Conroy, really alive!" interrupted Dumphy, hastily.

"No," said Arthur, quietly; "you remember *she* was not present at the time."

"Gabriel?"

"I hardly think so. Besides, he is a friend of yours."

"It couldn't be—"

Dumphy stopped in his speech, with a certain savage alarm in his looks. Arthur noticed it, and quietly went on.

"Who 'couldn't it' be?"

"Nothing—nobody. I was only thinking if Gabriel or somebody could have told the story to some designing rascal."

"Hardly—in sufficient detail."

"Well," said Dumphy, with his coarse, bark-like laugh, "if I've got to pay to see Mrs. Dumphy decently buried, I suppose I can rely upon you to see that it's done without a chance of resurrection. Find out who Starbottle's friend is, and how much he or she expects. If I've got to pay for this thing, I'll do it now, and get the benefit of absolute silence. So I'll leave it in your hands;" and he again rose as if dismissing the subject and his visitor, after his habitual business manner.

"Dumphy," said Arthur, still keeping his own seat, and ignoring the significance of Dumphy's manner, "there are two professions that suffer from a want of frankness in the men who seek their services. Those professions are Medicine and the Law. I can understand why a man seeks to deceive his physician, because he is humbugging himself; but I can't see why he is not frank to his lawyer! You are no exception to the rule. You are now concealing from *me*, whose aid you have sought, some very important reason why you wish to have this whole affair hidden beneath the snow of Starvation Camp."

"Don't know what you're driving at," said Dumphy.

But he sat down again.

"Well, listen to me, and perhaps I can make my meaning clearer. My acquaintance with the late Dr. Devarges began some months before we saw you. During our intimacy he often spoke to me of his scientific discoveries, in which I took some interest, and I remember seeing among his papers frequent records and descriptions of localities in the foot-hills, which he thought bore the indications of great mineral wealth. At that time the Doctor's theories and speculations appeared to me to be visionary, and the records of no value. Nevertheless, when we were shut up in Starvation Camp, and it seemed doubtful if the Doctor would survive his discoveries, at his request I deposited his papers and specimens in a cairn, at Monument Point. After the catastrophe, on my return with the relief party to camp, we found that the cairn had been opened by some one, and the papers and specimens scattered on the snow. We supposed this to have been the work of Mrs. Brackett, who, in search of food, had broken the cairn, taken out the specimens, and died from the effects of the poison with which they had been preserved."

He paused and looked at Dumphy, who did not speak.

"Now," continued Arthur, "like all Californians, I have followed your various successes with interest and wonder. I have noticed, with the gratification that all your friends experience, the singular good fortune which has distinguished your mining enterprises, and the claims you have located. But I have been cognizant of a fact, unknown, I think, to any other of your friends, that nearly all of the localities of your successful claims, by a singular coincidence, agree with the memorandums of Dr. Devarges!"

Dumphy sprang to his feet with a savage, brutal laugh.

"So," he shouted, coarsely, "that's the game, is it! So it seems I'm mighty lucky in coming to you—no trouble in finding this *woman* now, hey? Well, go on, this is getting interesting; let's hear the rest! What are your propositions—what if I refuse, hey?"

"My first proposition," said Arthur, rising to his feet with a cold, wicked light in his gray eyes, "is, that you shall instantly take that speech back, and beg my pardon! If you refuse, by the living God, I'll throttle you where you stand!"

For one wild moment all the savage animal in Dumphy rose, and he instinctively made a step in the direction of Poinsett. Arthur did not move. Then Mr. Dumphy's practical caution asserted itself. A physical personal struggle with Arthur would bring in witnesses—witnesses, perhaps, of something more than that personal struggle. If he were victorious, Arthur, unless killed outright, would revenge himself by an exposure. He sank back in his chair again. Had Arthur known the low estimate placed upon his honor by Mr. Dumphy, he would have been less complacent in his victory.

"I didn't mean to suspect *you*," said Dumphy at last, with a forced smile. "I hope you'll excuse me. I know you're my friend. But you're all wrong about these papers; you are, Poinsett, I swear. I know if the fact were known to outsiders, it would look queer if not explained. But whose business is it, anyway—legally, I mean?"

"No one's, unless Devarges has friends or heirs."

"He hadn't any."

"There's that wife!"

"Bah!—she was divorced!"

"Indeed! You told me, on our last interview, that she really was the widow of Devarges."

"Never mind that now," said Dumphy, impatiently. "Look here! You know as well as I do that no matter how many discoveries Devarges made, they weren't worth a cent if he hadn't done some work on them—improved or opened them."

"But that is not the point at issue just now," said Arthur. "Nobody is going to contest your claim or sue you for damages. But they might try to convict you of a crime. They might say that breaking into the cairn was burglary, and the taking of the papers theft."

"But how are they going to prove that?"

"No matter. Listen to me, and don't let us drift away from the main point. The question that concerns you is this: An impostor sets up a claim to be your wife; you and I know she is an impostor, and can prove it. She knows that, but knows also that in attempting to prove it you lay yourself open to some grave charges which she doubtless stands ready to make."

"Well, then, the first thing to do is to find out *who* she is, what she knows, and what she wants, eh?" said Dumphy.

"No," said Arthur, quietly, "the first thing to do is to prove that your wife is really dead; and to do that, you must show that Grace Conroy was alive when the body purporting to be hers, but which was really your wife's, was discovered. Once establish *that* fact, and you destroy the credibility of the Spanish reports, and you need not fear any revelation from that source regarding the missing papers. And that is the only source from which evidence against you can be procured. But when you destroy the validity of that report, you of course destroy the credibility of all concerned in making it. And as I was concerned in making it, of course it won't do for you to put *me* on the stand."

Notwithstanding Dumphy's disappointment, he could not help yielding to a sudden respect for the superior rascal who thus cleverly slipped out of responsibility.

"But," added Arthur, coolly, "you'll have no difficuly in establishing the fact of Grace's survival by others."

Dumphy thought at once of Ramirez. Here was a man who had seen and conversed with Grace when she had, in the face of the Spanish Commander, indignantly asserted her identity and the falsity of the report. No witness could be more satisfactory and convincing. But to make use of him, he must first take Arthur into his confidence; must first expose the conspiracy of Madame Devarges to personate Grace, and his own complicity with the transaction. He hesitated. Nevertheless, he had been lately tortured by a suspicion that the late Madame Devarges was in some way connected with the later conspiracy against himself, and he longed to avail himself of Arthur's superior sagacity, and after a second reflection he concluded to do it. With the same practical conciseness of statement that he had used in relating Col. Starbottle's interview with himself, he told the story of Madame Devarges's brief personation of Grace Conroy, and its speedy and felicitous ending in Mrs. Conroy. Arthur listened with unmistakable interest and a slowly heightening color. When Dumphy had concluded he sat for a moment apparently lost in thought.

"Well?" at last said Dumphy, interrogatively and impatiently.

Arthur started.

"Well," he said, rising and replacing his hat with the air of a man who had thoroughly exhausted his subject, "your frankness has saved me a world of trouble."

"How?" said Dumphy.

"There is no necessity for looking any further for your alleged wife. She exists at present as Mrs. Conroy, *alias* Madame Devarges, *alias* Grace Conroy. Ramirez is your witness. You couldn't have a more willing one."

"Then my suspicions are correct."

"I don't know on what you based them. But here is a woman who has unlimited power over men, particularly over one man, Gabriel!—who alone, of all men but ourselves, knows the facts regarding your desertion of your wife in Starvation Camp, her death, and the placing of Dr. Devarges's private papers by me in the cairn. He knows, too, of your knowledge of the existence of the cairn, its locality, and contents. He knows this, because he was in the cabin that night when the Doctor gave me his dying injunctions regarding his property—the night that you—excuse me, Dumphy, but nothing but frankness will save us now—the night that you stood listening at the door and frightened Grace with your wolfish face. Don't speak! she told me all about it! Your presence there that night gained you the information that you have used so profitably; it was your presence that fixed her wavering resolves and sent her away with me."

Both men had become very pale and earnest. Arthur moved toward the door. "I will see you to-morrow when I will have matured some plan of defense," he said, abstractedly. "We have"—he used the plural of advocacy with a peculiar significance—"*we* have a clever woman to fight, who may be more than our match. Meantime, remember that Ramirez is our defense; he is our man, Dumphy, hold fast to him as you would your life. Good-day."

In another moment he was gone. As the door closed upon him, a clerk entered hastily from the outer office. "You said not to disturb you, sir, and here is an important dispatch waiting for you from Wingdam." Mr. Dumphy took it mechanically, opened it, read the first line, and then said hurriedly, "Run after that man, quick! Stop! Wait a moment. You needn't go. There, that will do!"

The clerk hurriedly withdrew into the outer office. Mr. Dumphy went back to his desk again, and once more devoured the following lines:

> "WINGDAM, 7th, 6 A. M.—Victor Ramirez murdered last night on Conroy's Hill. Gabriel Conroy arrested. Mrs. Conroy missing. Great excitement here; strong feeling against Gabriel. Wait instructions.—FITCH."

At first Mr. Dumphy only heard as an echo beating in his brain the parting words of Arthur Poinsett, "Ramirez is our defense; hold fast to him as you would your life." And now he was dead—gone; their only witness; killed by Gabriel the plotter! What more was wanted to justify his worst suspicions? What should they do? He must send after Poinsett again; the plan of defense must be changed at once; to-morrow might be too late. Stop!

One of his accusers in prison charged with a capital crime! The other—the real murderer—for Dumphy made no doubt that Mrs. Conroy was responsible for the deed—a fugitive from justice! What need of any witness now? The blow that crippled these three conspirators had liberated him! For a moment Mr. Dumphy was actually conscious of a paroxysm of gratitude toward some indefinitely Supreme Being—a God of special providence—special to himself! More than this, there was that vague sentiment, common, I fear, to common humanity in such crises, that this Providence was a tacit indorsement of himself. It was the triumph of Virtue (Dumphy) over Vice (Conroy *et al.*).

But there would be a trial, publicity, and the possible exposure of certain things by a man whom danger might make reckless. And could he count upon Mrs. Conroy's absence or neutrality? He was conscious that her feeling for her husband was stronger than he had supposed, and she might dare everything to save him. What had a woman of that kind to do with such weakness? Why hadn't she managed it so as to kill Gabriel too? There was an evident want of practical completeness in this special providence, that as a business man Mr. Dumphy felt he could have regulated. And then he was seized with an idea—a damnable inspiration!—and set himself briskly to write. I regret to say that despite the popular belief in the dramatic character of all villainy, Mr. Dumphy at this moment presented only the commonplace spectacle of an absorbed man of business; no lurid light gleamed from his pale blue eyes; no Satanic smile played around the corners of his smoothly shaven mouth; no feverish exclamation stirred his moist, cool lips. He wrote methodically and briskly without deliberation or undue haste. When he had written half a dozen letters he folded and sealed them, and, without summoning his clerk, took them himself into the outer office and thence into the large counting-room. The news of the murder had evidently got abroad; the clerks were congregated together, and the sound of eager, interested voices ceased as the great man entered and stood among them.

"James, you and Judson will take the quickest route to One Horse Gulch to-night. Don't waste any time on the road or spare any expense. When you get there deliver these letters, and take your orders from my correspondents. Pick up all the details you can about this affair and let me know. What's your balance at the Gulch, Mr. Peebles?—never mind the exact figures!"

"Larger than usual, sir, some heavy deposits!"

"Increase your balance, then, if there should be any infernal fools who connect the Bank with this matter."

"I suppose," said Mr. Fitch, respectfully, "we're to look after your foreman, Mr. Conroy, sir?"

"You are to take your orders from my correspondents, Mr. Fitch, and not to interfere in any way with public sentiment. We have nothing to do with the private acts of anybody. Justice will probably be done to Conroy. It is time that these outrages upon the reputation of the California miner should be stopped. When the fame of a whole community is prejudiced and business injured by the rowdyism of a single ruffian," said Mr. Dumphy, raising his voice slightly as he discovered the interested and absorbed presence of some of his most respectable customers, "it is time that prompt action should be taken." In fact he would have left behind him a strong Roman flavor and a general suggestion of Brutus, had he not unfortunately effected an anti-climax by adding, "That's business, sir," as he retired to his private office.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. HAMLIN IS OFF WITH AN OLD LOVE.

MR. JACK HAMLIN did not lose much time on the road from Wingdam to Sacramento. His rapid driving, his dust-bespattered vehicle, and the exhausted condition of his horse on arrival, excited but little comment from those who knew his habits, and for other criticism he had a supreme indifference. He was prudent enough, however, to leave his horse at a stable on the outskirts, and having reconstructed his toilet at a neighboring hotel, he walked briskly toward the address given him by Maxwell. When he reached the corner of the street and was within a few paces of the massive shining door-plate of Mme. Eclair's *Pensionnat*, he stopped with a sudden ejaculation, and after a moment's hesitation, turned on his heel deliberately and began to retrace his steps.

To explain Mr. Hamlin's singular conduct, I shall be obliged to disclose a secret of his, which I would fain keep from the fair reader. On receiving Olly's address from Maxwell, Mr. Hamlin had only cursorily glanced at it, and it was only on arriving before the house that he recognized to his horror that it was a boarding-school, with one of whose impulsive inmates he had whiled away his idleness a few months before in a heart-breaking but innocent flirtation, and a soul-subduing but clandestine correspondence, much to the distaste of the correct Principal. To have presented himself there in his proper person would to have been refused admittance or subjected to a suspicion that would have kept Olly from his hands. For once, Mr. Hamlin severely regretted his infelix reputation among the sex. But he did not turn his back on his enterprise. He retraced his steps only to the main street, visited a barber's shop and a jeweler's, and re-appeared on the street again with a pair of enormous green goggles and all traces of his long distinguishing silken black mustache shaven from his lip. When it is remembered that this rascal was somewhat vain of his personal appearance, the reader will appreciate his earnestness and the extent of his sacrifice.

Nevertheless, he was a little nervous as he was ushered into the formal reception room of the *Pensionnat*, and waited until his credentials, countersigned by Maxwell, were submitted to Mme. Eclair. Mr. Hamlin had no fear of being detected by his real name; in the brief halcyon days of his romance he had been known as Clarence Spifflington,—an ingenious combination of the sentimental and humorous which suited his fancy, and to some extent he felt expressed the character of his affection. Fate was propitious; the servant returned saying that Miss Conroy would be down in a moment, and Mr. Hamlin looked at his watch. Every moment was precious; he was beginning to get impatient when the door opened again and Olly slipped into the room.

She was a pretty child, with a peculiar boyish frankness of glance and manner, and a refinement of feature that fascinated Mr. Hamlin, who, fond as he was of all childhood, had certain masculine preferences for good looks. She seemed to be struggling with a desire to laugh when she entered, and when Jack turned toward her with extended hands she held up her own warningly, and closing the door behind her cautiously, said, in a demure whisper:

"She'll come down as soon as she can slip past Madam's door."

"Who?" asked Jack.

"Sophy."

"Who's Sophy?" asked Jack seriously. He had never known the name of his Dulcinea. In the dim epistolatory region of sentiment she had existed only as "The Blue Moselle," so called from the cerulean hue of her favorite raiment, and occasionally in moments of familiar endearment, as "Mosey."

"Come, now, pretend you don't know, will you," said Olly, evading the kiss which Jack always had ready for childhood. "If I was her, I wouldn't have anything to say to you after that!" she added, with that ostentatious chivalry of her sex toward each other, in the presence of their common enemy. "Why, she saw you from the window when you first came this morning, when you went back again and shaved off your mustache; she knew you. And you don't know her! It's mean, ain't it?—they'll grow again, won't they?" Miss Olly referred to the mustaches and not the affections!

Jack was astonished and alarmed. In his anxiety to evade or placate the duenna, he had never thought of her charge—his sweetheart. Here was a dilemma!

"Oh yes!" said Jack hastily, with a well simulated expression of arch affection, "Sophy, of course, that's my little game! But I've got a note for you too, my dear," and he handed Olly the few lines that Gabriel had hastily scrawled. He watched her keenly, almost breathlessly, as she read them. To his utter bewilderment she laid the note down indifferently and said, "That's like Gabe, the old simpleton!"

"But you're goin' to do what he says," asked Mr. Hamlin, "ain't you?"

"No," said Olly, promptly, "I ain't! Why, Lord! Mr. Hamlin, you don't know that man; why, he does this sort o' thing every week!" Perceiving Jack stare, she went on, "Why, only last week, didn't he send to me to meet him out on the corner of the street, and he my own brother, instead o' comin' here, ez he hez a right to do. Go to him at Wingdam? No! ketch me!"

"But suppose he can't come," continued Mr. Hamlin.

"Why can't he come? I tell you, it's just foolishness and the meanest kind o' bashfulness. Jes' because they happened to be a young lady here from San Francisco, Rosey Ringround, who was a little took with the ole fool. If he could come to Wingdam, why couldn't he come here,—that's what I want to know?"

"Will you let me see that note?" asked Hamlin.

Olly handed him the note, with the remark, "He don't spell well—and he won't let me teach him—the old Muggins!"

Hamlin took it and read as follows:

DEAR OLLY—If it don't run a fowl uv yer lessings and the Maddam's willin' and the young laddies, Brother Gab's waitin' fer ye at Wingdam, so no more from your affeshtunate brother. GAB.

Mr. Hamlin was in a quandary. It never had been a part of his plan to let Olly know the importance of her journey. Mr. Maxwell's injunctions to bring her "quietly," his own fears of an outburst that might bring a questioning and sympathetic school about his ears, and lastly and not the least potently, his own desire to enjoy Olly's company in the long ride to One Horse Gulch without the preoccupation of grief, with his own comfortable conviction that he could eventually bring Gabriel out of this "fix" without Olly knowing anything about it, all this forbade his telling her the truth. But here was a coil he had not thought of. Howbeit, Mr. Hamlin was quick at expedients. "Then you think Sophy can see me," he added, with a sudden interest.

"Of course she will!" said Olly, archly. "It was right smart in you to get acquainted with Gabe and set him up to writing that; though its just like him. He's that soft that anybody could get round him. But there she is now, Mr. Hamlin; that's her step on the stairs. And I don't suppose you two hez any need o' me now." And she slipped out of the room, as demurely as she had entered, at the same moment that a tall, slim and somewhat sensational young lady in blue came flying in.

I can, in justice to Mr. Hamlin, whose secrets have been perhaps needlessly violated in the progress of this story, do no less than pass over as sacred, and perhaps wholly irrelevant to the issue, the interview that took place between himself and Miss Sophy. That he succeeded in convincing that young woman of his unaltered loyalty, that he explained his long silence as the result of a torturing doubt of the permanence of her own affection, that his presence at that moment was the successful culmination of a long-matured and desperate plan to see her once more and learn the truth from her own lips, I am sure that no member of my own disgraceful sex will question, and I trust no member of a too fond and confiding sex will doubt. That some bitterness was felt by Mr. Hamlin, who was conscious of certain irregularities during this long interval, and some tears shed by Miss Sophy, who was equally conscious of more or less aberration of her own magnetic instincts during his absence, I think will be self-evident to the largely comprehending reader. Howbeit, at the end of ten tender yet tranquillizing minutes Mr. Hamlin remarked in low, thrilling tones: "By the aid of a few confiding friends and playin' it rather low on them I got that note to the Conroy girl, but the game's up and we might as well pass in our checks now, if she goes back on us, and passes out, which I reckon's her little game. If what you say is true, Sophy, and you do sometimes look back to the past, and things is generally on the square, you'll go for that Olly and fetch her. For if I go back without that child and throw up my hand it's just tampering with the holiest affections and playing it mighty rough on as white a man as ever you saw, Sophy, to say nothing of your reputation, and everybody ready to buck agin us who has ten cents to chip in on. You must make her go back with me and put things on a specie basis!"

In spite of the mixed character of Mr. Hamlin's metaphor, his eloquence was so convincing and effective that Miss Sophy at once proceeded with considerable indignation to insist upon Olly's withdrawing her refusal. "If this is the way you're going to act, you horrid little thing! after all that me and him's trusted you, I'd like to see the girl in school that will ever tell *you* anything again, that's all!" a threat so appalling that Olly, who did not stop to consider that this confidence was very recent and had been forced upon her, assented without further delay, exhibited Gabriel's note to Madam Eclair, and having received that lady's gracious permission to visit her brother, was in half an hour in company with Mr. Hamlin on the road.

CHAPTER XL.

THE THREE VOICES.

ONCE free from the trammeling fascinations of Sophy and the more dangerous *espionage* of Madam Eclair, and with the object of his mission accomplished, Mr. Hamlin recovered his natural spirits, and became so hilarious that Olly, who attributed this exaltation to his interview with Sophy, felt constrained to make some disparaging remarks about that young lady, partly by way of getting even with her for her recent interference, and partly in obedience to some well-known but unexplained law of the sex. To her great surprise, however, Mr. Hamlin's spirits were in no way dampened, nor did he make any attempt to defend his Lalage. Nevertheless, he listened attentively, and when she had concluded, he looked suddenly down upon her chip hat and thick yellow tresses, and said:

"Ever been in the Southern country, Olly?"

"No," returned the child.

"Never down about San Antonio, visiting friends or relations?"

"No," said Olly, decidedly.

Mr. Hamlin was silent for some time, giving his exclusive attention to his horse, who was evincing a disposition to "break" into a gallop. When he had brought the animal back into a trot again, he continued:

"*There's* a woman! Olly."

"Down in San Antonio?" asked Olly.

Mr. Hamlin nodded.

"Purty?" continued the child.

"It ain't the word," responded Mr. Hamlin seriously. "Purty ain't the word."

"As purty as Sophy?" continued Olly, little mischievously.

"Sophy be ——."

Mr. Hamlin here quickly pulled up himself and horse, both being inclined to an exuberance startling to the youth and sex of the third party.

"That is—I mean something in a different suit, entirely."

Here he again hesitated, doubtful of his slang.

"I see," quoth Olly; "diamonds—Sophy's is spades."

The gambler (in sudden and awful admiration): "Diamonds—you've just struck it! but what do *you* know 'bout cards?"

Olly *(pomposamente)*: "Everything! Tell our fortunes by 'em, we girls! I'm in hearts; Sophy's in spades; you're in clubs! Do you know (in a thrilling whisper), only last night I had a letter, a journey, a death, and a gentleman in clubs—dark complected—that's you."

Mr. Hamlin (a good deal more at ease through this revelation of the universal power of the four suits): "Speakin' of women, I suppose down there [indicating the school] you occasionally hear of angels. What's their general complexion?"

Olly (dubiously): "In the pictures?"

Hamlin: "Yes" (with a leading question)—"sorter dark complected sometimes, hey?"

Olly (positively): "Never!—always white!"

Jack: "Always white?"

Olly: "Yes—and flabby!"

They rode along for some time silently. Presently Mr. Hamlin broke into song—a popular song—one verse of which Olly supplied with such deftness of execution and melodiousness of pipe, that Mr. Hamlin instantly suggested a duet. And so over the dead and barren wastes of the Sacramento plains they fell to singing, often barbarously, sometimes melodiously, but never self-consciously, wherein I take it they approximated to the birds and better class of poets, so that rough teamsters, rude packers, and weary wayfarers were often touched, as with the birds and poets aforesaid, to admiration and tenderness. And when they stopped for supper at a wayside station, and Jack Hamlin displayed that readiness of resource, audacity of manner and address, and perfect and natural obliviousness to the criticism of propriety or the limitations of precedent, and when, moreover, the results of all this was a much better supper than perhaps a more reputable companion could have procured, she thought she had never known a more engaging person than this Knave of Clubs.

When they were fairly on the road again Olly began to exhibit some curiosity regarding her brother, and asked some few questions about Gabriel's family, which disclosed the fact that Jack's acquaintance with Gabriel was comparatively recent.

"Then you never saw July at all?" asked Olly.

"July?" queried Jack, reflectively, "what's she like?"

"I don't know whether she's a heart or spade," said Olly, as thoughtfully.

Jack was silent for some moments, and then after a pause, to Olly's intense astonishment, proceeded to sketch, in a few vigorous phrases, the external characteristics of Mrs. Conroy.

"Why, you said you never saw her!" ejaculated Olly.

"No more I did," responded the gambler, with a quick laugh; "this is only a little bluff!"

It had grown cold with the brief twilight and the coming on of night. For some time the black, unchanging outlines of the distant Coast Range were sharply *silhouetted* against a pale, ashen sky, that at last faded utterly, leaving a few stars behind as emblems of the burnt-out sunset. The red road presently lost its calm and even outline in the swiftly gathering shadows, or, to Olly's fancy, was stopped by shapeless masses of rock or giant-like trunks of trees that in turn seemed to give way before the skillful hand and persistent will of her driver. At times a chill exhalation from a road-side ditch came to Olly like the damp breath of an open grave, and the child shivered even beneath the thick traveling shawl of Mr. Hamlin, with which she was inwrapped. Whereat Jack at once produced a flask, and prevailed upon Olly to drink something that set her to coughing, but which that astute and experienced child at once recognized as whisky. Mr. Hamlin, to her surprise, however, did not himself partake, a fact which she at once pointed out to him.

"At an early age, Olly," said Mr. Hamlin, with infinite gravity, "I promised an infirm and aged relative never to indulge in spirituous liquors, except on a physician's prescription. I carry this flask subject to the doctor's orders. Never having ordered me to drink any, I don't."

As it was too dark for the child to observe Mr. Hamlin's eyes, which, after the fashion of her sex, she consulted much oftener than his speech for his real meaning, and was as often deceived, she said nothing, and Mr. Hamlin relapsed into silence. At the end of five minutes he said:

"*She* was a woman, Olly, you bet!"

Olly, with great tact and discernment, instantly referring back to Mr. Hamlin's discourse of an hour before, queried:

"That girl in the Southern country?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hamlin.

"Tell me all about her," said Olly; "all you know."

"That ain't much," mused Hamlin, with a slight sigh. "Ah, Olly, *she* could sing!"

"With the piano?" said Olly, a little superciliously.

"With the organ," said Hamlin.

Olly, whose sole idea of this instrument was of the itinerant barrel variety, yawned slightly, and with a very perceptible lack of interest said that she hoped she would see her some time when she came up that way and was "going 'round."

Mr. Hamlin did not laugh, but after a few minutes' rapid driving, began to explain to Olly with great earnestness the character of a church organ. "I used to play one once, Olly, in a church. They did say that I used sometimes to fetch that congregation, jest snatch 'em bald-headed, Olly, but it's a long time ago! There was one hymn in particular that I used to run on consid'rible—one o' them masses o' Mozart's—one that I heard *her* sing, Olly; it went something like this," and Jack proceeded to lift his voice in the praise of Our Lady of Sorrows, with a serene unconsciousness to his surroundings, and utter absorption in his theme that would have become the most enthusiastic acolyte. The springs creaked, the wheels rattled, the mare broke, plunged, and recovered herself, the slight vehicle swayed from side to side, Olly's hat bruised and flattened itself against his shoulder, and still Mr. Hamlin sang. When he had finished, he looked down at Olly. She was asleep!

Jack was an artist and an enthusiast, but not unreasonable nor unforgiving. "It's the whisky," he murmured to himself, in an apologetic recitation to the air he had just been singing. He changed the reins to his other hand with infinite caution and gentleness, slowly passed his disengaged arm around the swaying little figure, until he had drawn the chip hat and the golden tresses down upon his breast and shoulder. In this attitude, scarcely moving a muscle lest he should waken the sleeping child, at midnight he came upon the twinkling lights of Fiddletown. Here he procured a fresh horse, dispensing with an hostler and harnessing the animal himself, with such noiseless skill and quickness that Olly, propped up in the buggy with pillows and blankets borrowed from the Fiddletown hostelry, slept through it all, nor wakened even after they were again upon the road, and had begun the long ascent of the Wingdam turnpike.

It wanted but an hour of daybreak when he reached the summit, and even then he only slackened his pace when his wheels sank to their hubs in the beaten dust of the stage road. The darkness of that early hour was intensified by the gloom of the heavy pine woods through which the red road threaded its difficult and devious way. It was very still. Hamlin could hardly hear the dead, muffled plunge of his own horse in the dusty track before him, and yet once or twice he stopped to listen. His quick ear detected the sound of voices and the jingle of Mexican spurs, apparently approaching behind him. Mr. Hamlin knew that he had not passed any horseman and was for a moment puzzled. But then he recalled the fact that a few hundred yards beyond, the road was intersected by the "cut-off" to One Horse Gulch, which, after running parallel with the Wingdam turnpike for half a mile, crossed it in the forest. The voices were on that road going the same way. Mr. Hamlin pushed on his horse to the crossing, and, hidden by the darkness and the trunks of the giant pines, pulled up to let the strangers precede him. In a few moments the voices were abreast of him and stationary. The horsemen had apparently halted.

"Here seems to be a road," said a voice, quite audibly.

"All right, then," returned another; "it's the 'cut-off.' We'll save an hour, sure."

A third voice here struck in potentially, "Keep the stage road. If Joe Hall gets wind of what's up, he'll run his man down to Sacramento for safe keeping. If he does he'll take this road—it's the only one, sabe? we can't miss him!"

Jack Hamlin leaned forward breathlessly in his seat. "But it's an hour longer this way," growled the second voice. "The boys will wait," responded the previous speaker; there was a laugh, a jingling of spurs, and the invisible procession moved slowly forward in the darkness.

Mr. Hamlin did not stir a muscle until the voices failed before him in the distance. Then he cast a quick glance at the child; she still slept quietly, undisturbed by the halt or those ominous voices which had brought so sudden a color into her companion's cheek and so baleful a light in his dark eyes. Yet for a moment Mr. Hamlin hesitated. To go forward to Wingdam now would necessitate his following cautiously in the rear of the Lynchers, and so prevent his giving a timely alarm. To strike across to One Horse Gulch by the "cut-off" would lose him the chance of meeting the Sheriff and his prisoner, had they been forewarned, and were escaping in time. But for the impediment of the unconscious little figure beside him, he would have risked a dash through the party ahead of him. But that was not to be thought of now. He must follow them to Wingdam, leave the child, and trust to luck to reach One Horse Gulch before them. If they delayed a moment at Wingdam it could be done. A feeling of yearning tenderness and pity succeeded the slight impatience with which he had a moment before regarded his encumbering charge. He held her in his arms, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should waken her, hoping that she might sleep until they reached Wingdam, and that leaving her with his faithful henchman "Pete," he might get away before she was aroused to embarrassing inquiry. Mr. Hamlin had a man's dread of scenes with even so small a specimen of the sex, and for once in his life, he felt doubtful of his own readiness, and feared lest in his excitement he might reveal the imminent danger of her brother. Perhaps he was never before so conscious of that danger; perhaps he was never before so interested in the life of any one. He began to see things with Olly's eyes—to look upon events with reference to *her* feelings rather than his own; if she had sobbed and cried this sympathetic rascal really believed that he would have cried too. Such was the unconscious and sincere flattery of admiration. He was relieved when, with the first streaks of dawn, his mare wearily clattered over the scattered river pebbles and "tailings" that paved the outskirts of Wingdam. He was still more relieved when the three Voices of the Night, now faintly visible as three armed horsemen, drew up before the veranda of the Wingdam Hotel, dismounted, and passed into the barroom. And he was perfectly content, when a moment later he lifted the still sleeping Olly in his arms and bore her swiftly, yet cautiously, to his room. To awaken the sleeping Pete on the floor above, and drag him half-dressed and bewildered into the presence of the unconscious child, as she lay on Jack Hamlin's own bed, half buried in a heap of shawls and rugs, was only the work of another moment.

"Why, Mars Jack! Bress de Lord!—it's a chile!" said Pete, recoiling in sacred awe and astonishment.

"Hold your blasted jaw!" said Jack, in a fierce whisper, "you'll waken her! Listen to me, you chattering idiot. Don't waken her, if you want to keep the bones in your creaking old skeleton whole enough for the doctors to buy. Let her sleep as long as she can. If she wakes up and asks after me, tell her I'm gone for her brother. Do you hear? Give her anything she asks for—except—the Truth! What are you doing, you old fool?"

Pete was carefully removing the mountain of shawls and blankets that Jack had piled upon Olly. "Fore God, Mars Jack, you's smuddering dat chile!" was his only response. Nevertheless, Jack was satisfied with a certain vague tenderness in his manipulation, and said curtly, "Get me a horse!"

"It ain't to be did, Mars Jack; de stables is all gone—cleaned! Dey's a rush over to One Horse Gulch, all day!"

"There are three horses at the door," said Jack, with wicked significance.

"For the love of God, Mars Jack, don't ye do dat!" ejaculated Pete, in unfeigned and tremulous alarm. "Dey don't take dem kind o' jokes yer worth a cent—dey'd be doin' somefin awful to ye, sah—shuah's yer born!"

But Jack, with the child lying there peaceably in his own bed, and the Three Voices growing husky in the bar-room below, regained all his old audacity. "I haven't made up my mind," continued Jack, coolly, "which of the three I'll take, but you'll find out from the owner when I do! Tell him that Mr. Jack Hamlin left his compliments and a mare and buggy for him. You can say that if he keeps the mare from breaking and gives her her head down hill, she can do her mile inside of 2:45. Hush! Byebye!" He turned, lifted the shawl from the fresh cheek of the sleeping Olly, kissed her, and shaking his fist at Pete, vanished.

For a few moments the negro listened breathlessly. And then there came the sharp, quick clatter of hoofs from the rocky road below, and he sank dejectedly at the foot of the bed. "He's gone done it! Lord save us! but it's a hangin' matter yer!" And even as he spoke Mr. Jack Hamlin, mounted on the fleet mustang that had been ridden by the Potential Voice, with his audacious face against the red sunrise, and his right shoulder squarely advanced, was butting away the morning mists that rolled slowly along the river road to One Horse Gulch.

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. DUMPHY IS PERPLEXED BY A MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.

MR. DUMPHY'S confidence in himself was so greatly restored, that several business enterprises of great pith and moment, whose currents for the past few days had been turned awry, and so "lost the name of action," were taken up by him with great vigor and corresponding joy to the humbler business associates who had asked him just to lend his name to that project, and make a "big thing of it." He had just given his royal sanction and a check to an association for the encouragement of immigration, by the distribution through the sister States of one million seductive pamphlets setting forth the various resources and advantages of California for the farmer, and proving that $150 spent for a passage thither was equal to the price of a farm; he had also assisted in sending the eloquent Mr. Blowhard and the persuasive Mr. Windygust to present these facts orally to the benighted dwellers of the East and had secured the services of two eminent Californian statisticians to demonstrate the fact that more people were killed by lightning and frozen to death in the streets of New York in a single year, than were ever killed by railroad accidents or human violence in California during the past three centuries; he had that day conceived the "truly magnificent plan" of bringing the waters of Lake Tahoe to San Francisco by ditches, thereby enabling the citizens to keep the turf in their door-yards green through the summer. He had started two banks, a stage line, and a watering-place, whose climate and springs were declared healthful by edict and were aggressively advertised, and he had just projected a small suburban town that should bear his name. He had returned from this place in high spirits with a company of friends in the morning, after his interview with Poinsett. There was certainly no trace of the depression of that day in his manner.

It was a foggy morning, following a clear, still night, an atmospheric condition not unusual at that season of the year to attract Mr. Dumphy's attention, yet he was conscious on reaching his office, of an undue oppressiveness in the air that indisposed him to exertion, and caused him to remove his coat and cravat. Then he fell to work upon his morning's mail, and speedily forgot the weather. There was a letter from Mrs. Sepulvida disclosing the fact that, owing to the sudden and unaccountable drying up of the springs on the lower plains, large numbers of her cattle had died of thirst and were still perishing. This was of serious import to Mr. Dumphy, who had advanced money on this perishable stock, and he instantly made a memorandum to check this sudden freak of nature, which he at once attributed to feminine carelessness of management. Further on, Mrs. Sepulvida inquired particularly as to the condition of the Conroy mine, and displayed a disposition characteristic of her sex, to realize at once on her investment. Her letter ended thus: "But I shall probably see you in San Francisco. Pepe says that this morning the markings on the beach showed the rise of a tide or wave during the night higher than any ever known since 1800. I do not feel safe so near the beach, and shall rebuild in the spring." Mr. Dumphy smiled grimly to himself. He had at one time envied Poinsett. But here was the woman he was engaged to marry, careless, improvident, with a vast estate, and on the eve of financial disaster through her carelessness, and yet actually about to take a journey of two hundred miles because of some foolish, womanish whim or superstition. It would be a fine thing if this man, to whom good fortune fell without any effort on his part—this easy, elegant, supercilious Arthur Poinsett, who was even indifferent to that good fortune, should find himself tricked and deceived—should have to apply to him, Dumphy, for advice and assistance! And this, too, after his own advice and assistance regarding the claims of Colonel Starbottle's client had been futile. The revenge would be complete. Mr. Dumphy rubbed his hands in prospective satisfaction.

When, a few moments later, Colonel Starbottle's card was put into his hand, Mr. Dumphy's satisfaction was complete. This was the day that the gallant Colonel was to call for an answer; it was evident that Arthur had not seen him, nor had he made the discovery of Starbottle's unknown client. The opportunity of vanquishing this man without the aid or even the knowledge of Poinsett was now before him. By way of preparing himself for the encounter, as well as punishing the Colonel, he purposely delayed the interview, and for full five minutes kept his visitor cooling his heels in the outer office.

He was seated at his desk, ostentatiously preoccupied, when Colonel Starbottle was at last admitted. He did not raise his head when the door opened, nor in fact until the Colonel, stepping lightly forward, walked to Dumphy's side, and deliberately unhooking his cane from its accustomed rest on his arm, laid it, pronouncedly, on the desk before him. The Colonel's face was empurpled, the Colonel's chest was efflorescent and bursting, the Colonel had the general effect of being about to boil over the top button of his coat, but his manner was jauntily and daintily precise.

"One moment! a single moment, sir!" he said, with husky politeness. "Before proceeding to business—er—we will devote a single moment to the necessary explanations of—er—er—a gentleman. The kyard now lying before you, sir, was handed ten minutes ago to one of your subordinates. I wish to inquire, sir, if it was then delivered to you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dumphy, impatiently.

Colonel Starbottle leaned over Mr. Dumphy's desk and coolly rung his bell. Mr. Dumphy's clerk instantly appeared at the door.

"I wish," said the Colonel, addressing himself to the astounded employé as he stood loftily over Mr. Dumphy's chair; "I have—er—in fact sent for you, to withdraw the offensive epithets I addressed to you, and the threats—of er—of er—personal violence! The offense—is not yours—but—er—rests with your employer, for whose apology I am—er—now waiting. Nevertheless, I am ready, sir, to hold myself at your service—that is—er—of course—after my responsibility—er—with your master—er—ceases!"

Mr. Dumphy, who, in the presence of Colonel Starbottle, felt his former awkwardness return, signed with a forced smile to his embarrassed clerk to withdraw, and said hastily, but with an assumption of easy familiarity:

"Sorry, Colonel, sorry, but I was very busy, and am now. No offense. All a mistake, you know! business man and business hours," and Mr. Dumphy leaned back in his chair, and emitted his rare cachinnatory bark.

"Glad to hear it, sir, I accept your apology," said the Colonel, recovering his good humor and his profanity together; "blank me, if I didn't think it was another blank affair like that I had with old Maje Tolliver, of Georgia. Called on him in Washington in '48 during session. Boy took up my kyard. Waited ten minutes, no reply! Then sent friend, poor Jeff Boomerang—dead now, killed in New Orleans by Ben Pastor—with challenge. Blank me, sir, after the second shot, Maje sends for me, lying thar with hole in both lungs, gasping for breath. 'It's all a blank blunder, Star,' he says, 'boy never brought kyard. Horsewhip the blank nigger for me, Star, for I reckon I won't live to do it,' and died like a gentleman, blank me!"

"What have you got to propose?" said Mr. Dumphy, hastily, seeing an opportunity to stop the flow of the Colonel's recollections.

"According to my memory, at our last interview over the social glass in your own house, I think something was said of a proposition coming from you. That is—er," continued the Colonel, loftily, "I hold myself responsible for the mistake, if any."

It had been Mr. Dumphy's first intention to assume the roughly offensive; to curtly inform Colonel Starbottle of the flight of his confederate, and dare him to do his worst. But, for certain vague reasons, he changed his plan of tactics. He drew his chair closer to the Colonel, and clapping his hand familiarly on his shoulder, began:

"You're a man of the world, Starbottle, so am I? *Sabe?* You're a gentleman—so am I," he continued, hastily. "But I'm a business man, and you're not. *Sabe?* Let's understand each other. No offense, you know, but in the way of business. This woman, claiming to be my wife, don't exist—it's all right, you know, I understand. I don't blame *you*, but you've been deceived, and all that sort of thing. I've got the proofs. Now as a man of the world and a gentleman and a business man, when I say the game's up! you understand me. Dern it all! look at that—there!" He thrust into Starbottle's hand the telegram of the preceding day. "There! the man's hung by this time—lynched! The woman's gone!"

Col. Starbottle read the telegram without any perceptible dismay or astonishment.

"Conroy! Conroy!—don't know the man. There was a McConroy, of St. Jo, but I don't think it's the same. No, sir! This ain't like him, sir! Don't seem to be a duel, unless he'd posted the man to kill on sight: murder's an ugly word to use to gentlemen. Blank me, sir, I don't know but he could hold the man responsible who sent that dispatch. It's offensive, sir—blank me!"

"And you don't know Mrs. Conroy?" continued Mr. Dumphy, fixing his eyes on Col. Starbottle's face.

"Mrs. Conroy! The wife of the superintendent—one of the blankest, most beautiful women! Good Ged, sir, I do! And I'm dev'lish sorry for her. But what's this got to do with our affair? O! I see, Ged!"—the Colonel suddenly chuckled, drew out his handkerchief, and waved it in the air with deprecatory gallantry, "gossip, sir, all gossip! People will talk! A fine woman! Blank me, if she was inclined to show some attention to Col. Starbottle—Ged, sir, it was no more than other women have. You comprehend, Dumphy, Ged, sir, so the story's got round, eh?—husband's jealous!—killed wrong man! Folks think she's run off with Col. Starbottle, ha! ha! No, sir," he continued, suddenly dropping into an attitude of dignified severity. "You can say that Col. Starbottle branded the story as a blank lie, sir! That whatever might have been the foolish indiscretion of a susceptible sex, Col. Starbottle will defend the reputation of that lady, sir, with his life—with his life!"

Absurd and ridiculous as this sudden diversion of Col. Starbottle from the point at issue had become, Dumphy could not doubt his sincerity nor the now self-evident fact that Mrs. Conroy was *not* his visitor's mysterious client! Mr. Dumphy felt that his suddenly built-up theory was demolished and his hope with it. He was still at the mercy of this conceited braggart and the invisible power behind him, whoever or whatever it might be. Mr. Dumphy was not inclined to superstition, but he began to experience a strange awe of his unknown persecutor, and resolved at any risk to discover who it was. Could it be really his wife?—had not the supercilious Poinsett been himself tricked, or was he not now trying to trick him, Dumphy? Couldn't Starbottle be bribed to expose at least the name of his client? He would try it.

"I said just now you had been deceived in this woman who represents herself to be my wife. I find I have been mistaken in the person who I believed imposed upon you, and it is possible that I may be otherwise wrong. My wife may be alive. I am willing to admit it. Bring her here to-morrow and I will accept it as a fact."

"You forget that she refuses to see you again," said Col. Starbottle, "until she has established her claim by process of law."

"That's so! that's all right, old fellow; *we* understand each other. Now, suppose that we business men—as a business maxim you know—always prefer to deal with principals. Now suppose we even go so far as to do that and yet pay an agent's commissions, perhaps, you understand me, even a *bonus*. Good! That's business! You understand that as a gentleman and a man of the world. Now, I say, bring me your principal—fetch along that woman, and I'll make it all right with *you*. Stop! I know what you're going to say; you're bound by honor and all that—I understand your position as a gentleman, and respect it. Then let me know where I can find her. Understand, you sha'n't be compromised as bringing about the interview in any way. I'll see that you're protected in your commission from your client; and for my part, if a check for five thousand dollars will satisfy you of my desire to do the right thing in this matter, it's at your service."

The Colonel rose to his feet and applied himself apparently to the single and silent inflation of his chest, for the space of a minute. When the upper buttons of his coat seemed to be on the point of flying off with a report, he suddenly extended his hand and grasped Dumphy's with fervor.

"Permit me," he said, in a voice husky with emotion, "to congratulate myself on dealing with a gentleman and a man of honor. Your sentiments, sir, blank me, I don't care if I do say it, do you credit! I am proud, sir," continued the Colonel, warmly, "to have made your acquaintance! But I regret to say, sir, that I cannot give you the information you require. I do not myself know the name or address of my client."

The look of half-contemptuous satisfaction which had irradiated Dumphy's face at the beginning of this speech, changed to one of angry suspicion at its close. "That's a queer oversight of yours," he ejaculated, with an expression as nearly insulting as he dared to make it. Col. Starbottle did not apparently notice the manner of his speech, but, drawing his chair close beside Dumphy, he laid his hand upon his arm.

"Your confidence as a man of honor and a gentleman," he began, "demands equal confidence and frankness on my part, and, blank me! Culp. Starbottle of Virginia is not the man to withhold it! When I state that I do *not* know the name or address of my client, I believe, sir, there is no one now living—blank me, who will—er—er—require or—er—deem it necessary for me to repeat the assertion! Certainly not, sir," added the Colonel, lightly waving his hand, "the gentleman who has just honored me with his confidence and invited mine, blank me. I thank you, sir," he continued, as Mr. Dumphy made a hasty motion of assent, "and will go on.

"It is not necessary for me to name the party who first put me in possession of the facts. You will take my word as a gentleman—er—that it is some one unknown to you, of unimportant position, though of strict respectability, and one who acted only as the agent of my real client. When the case was handed over to me, there was also put into my possession a sealed envelope containing the name of my client and principal witness. My injunctions were not to open it until all negotiations had failed and it was necessary to institute legal proceedings. That envelope I have here. You perceive it is unopened!"

Mr. Dumphy unconsciously reached out his hand. With a gesture of polite deprecation Col. Starbottle evaded it, and placing the letter on the table before him, continued:

"It is unnecessary to say that—er—there being in my judgment no immediate necessity for the beginning of a suit—the injunctions still restrain me, and I shall not open the letter. If, however, I accidentally mislay it on this table and it is returned to me to-morrow, sealed as before, I believe, sir, as a gentleman and a man of honor I violate no pledge."

"I see," said Mr. Dumphy, with a short laugh.

"Excuse me, if I venture to require another condition, merely as a form among men of honor. Write as I dictate."

Mr. Dumphy took up a pen. Col. Starbottle placed one hand in his honorable breast and began slowly and meditatively to pace the length of the room with the air of a second measuring the distance for his principal.

"Are you ready?"

"Go on," said Dumphy, impatiently.

"I hereby pledge myself—er—er—that in the event of any disclosure by me—er—of confidential communications from Col. Starbottle to me, I shall hold myself ready to afford him the usual honorable satisfaction—er—common among gentlemen, at such times or places and with such weapons as he may choose, without further formality of challenge, and that—er—er—failing in that I do thereby proclaim myself, without posting, a liar, poltroon and dastard."

In the full preoccupation of his dignified composition, and possibly from an inability to look down over the increased exaggeration of his swelling breast, Col. Starbottle did not observe the contemptuous smile which curled the lip of his amanuensis. Howbeit, Mr. Dumphy signed the document and handed it to him. Colonel Starbottle put it in his pocket. Nevertheless, he lingered by Mr. Dumphy's side.

"The er—er—check," said the Colonel with a slight cough, "had better be to your order, indorsed by you, to spare any criticism, hereafter."

Mr. Dumphy hesitated a moment. He would have preferred as a matter of business to have first known the contents of the envelope, but with a slight smile he dashed off the check and handed it to the Colonel.

"If er—it would not be too much trouble," said the Colonel jauntily, "for the same reason just mentioned would you give that er—piece of paper to one of your clerks to draw the money for me?"

Mr. Dumphy impatiently, with his eyes on the envelope, rang his bell and handed the check to the clerk, while Colonel Starbottle, with an air of abstraction, walked discreetly to the window.

For the rest of Colonel Starbottle's life he never ceased to deplore this last act of caution, and to regret that he had not put the check in his pocket. For as he walked to the window the floor suddenly appeared to rise beneath his feet and as suddenly sink again, and he was thrown violently against the mantel-piece. He felt sick and giddy. With a terrible apprehension of apoplexy in his whirling brain, he turned toward his companion, who had risen from his seat and was supporting himself by his swinging desk with a panic-stricken face and a pallor equal to his own. In another moment a book-case toppled with a crash to the floor, a loud outcry arose from the outer offices, and amidst the sounds of rushing feet, the breaking of glass, and the creaking of timber, the two men dashed with a common instinct to the door. It opened two inches and remained fixed. With the howl of a caged wild beast, Dumphy threw himself against the rattling glass of the window that opened on the level of the street. In another instant Colonel Starbottle was beside him on the side-walk, and the next they were separated, unconsciously, uncaringly, as if they had been the merest strangers in contact in a crowd. The business that had brought them together, the unfinished, incomplete, absorbing interests of a moment ago were forgotten—were buried in the oblivion of another existence, which had no sympathy with this, whose only instinct was to fly—where, they knew not!

The middle of the broad street was filled with a crowd of breathless, pallid, death-stricken men, who had lost all sense but the common instinct of animals. There were hysterical men, who laughed loudly without a cause, and talked incessantly of what they knew not. There were dumb, paralyzed men, who stood helplessly and hopelessly beneath cornices and chimneys that toppled over and crushed them. There were automatic men, who, flying, carried with them the work on which they were engaged—one whose hands were full of bills and papers, another who held his ledger under his arm. There were men who had forgotten the ordinary instincts of decency—some half dressed, one who had flown from a neighboring bath-room with only the towel in his hand that afterward hid his nakedness. There were men who rushed from the fear of death into his presence; two were picked up, one who had jumped through a skylight, another who had blindly leaped from a fourth-story window. There were brave men who trembled like children; there was one whose life had been spent in scenes of daring and danger, who cowered paralyzed in the corner of the room from which a few inches of plastering had fallen. There were hopeful men who believed that the danger was over, and, having passed, would, by some mysterious law, never recur; there were others who shook their heads and said that the next shock would be fatal. There were crowds around the dust that arose from fallen chimneys and cornices, around run-away horses that had dashed as madly as their drivers against lamp-posts, around telegraph and newspaper offices, eager to know the extent of the disaster. Along the remoter avenues and cross streets dwellings were deserted, people sat upon their door-steps or in chairs upon the side-walks, fearful of the houses they had built with their own hands, and doubtful even of this blue arch above them that smiled so deceitfully; of those far-reaching fields beyond, which they had cut into lots and bartered and sold, and which now seemed to suddenly rise against them, or slip and wither away from their very feet. It seemed so outrageous that this dull, patient earth, whose homeliness they had adorned and improved, and which, whatever their other fortune or vicissitudes, at least had been their sure inheritance, should have become so faithless. Small wonder that the owner of a little house, which had sunk on the reclaimed water-front, stooped in the speechless and solemn absurdity of his wrath to shake his clenched fist in the face of the Great Mother.

The real damage to life and property had been so slight, and in such pronounced contrast to the prevailing terror, that half an hour later only a sense of the ludicrous remained with the greater masses of the people. Mr. Dumphy, like all practical, unimaginative men, was among the first to recover his presence of mind with the passing of the immediate danger. People took confidence when this great man, who had so much to lose, after sharply remanding his clerks and everybody else back to business, re-entered his office. He strode at once to his desk. But the envelope was gone! He looked hurriedly among his papers, on the floor, by the broken window, but in vain.

Mr. Dumphy instantly rang his bell. The clerk appeared.

"Was that draft paid?"

"No, sir, we were counting the money when ——"

"Stop it!—return the draft to me."

The young man was confiding to his confrères his suspicions of a probable "run" on the bank, as indicated by Mr. Dumphy's caution, when he was again summoned by Mr. Dumphy.

"Go to Mr. Poinsett's office and ask him to come here at once."

In a few moments the clerk returned out of breath.

"Mr. Poinsett left quarter of an hour ago, sir, for San Antonio."

"San Antonio!"

"Yes, sir; they say there's bad news from the Mission."

CHAPTER XLII.

IN WHICH BOTH JUSTICE AND THE HEAVENS FALL.

The day following the discovery of the murder of Victor Ramirez was one of the intensest excitement in One Horse Gulch. It was not that killing was rare in that pastoral community—foul murder had been done there upon the bodies of various citizens of more or less respectability, and the victim, in the present instance, was a stranger, and a man who awakened no personal sympathy; but the suspicion that swiftly and instantly attached to two such important people as Mr. and Mrs. Conroy—already objects of severe criticism—was sufficient to exalt this particular crime above all others in thrilling interest. For two days business was practically suspended.

The discovery of the murder was made by Sal, who stumbled upon the body of the unfortunate Victor early the next morning during a walk on Conroy's Hill, manifestly in search of the missing man, who had not returned to the hotel that night. A few flippant souls, misunderstanding Miss Clark's interest in the stranger, asserted that he had committed suicide to escape her attentions; but all jocular hypotheses had ceased when it became known that Gabriel and his wife had fled. Then came the report that Gabriel had been seen by a passing miner early in the day "shoving" the stranger along the trail with his hand on his collar, and exchanging severe words. Then the willing testimony of Miss Clark that she had seen Mrs. Conroy in secret converse with Victor before the murder; then the unwilling evidence of the Chinaman who had overtaken Gabriel with the letter, but who heard the sounds of quarreling and cries for help in the bushes after his departure; but this evidence was excluded from the inquest, by virtue of the famous Californian law that a Pagan was of necessity a liar, and that truth resided only in the breast of the Christian Caucasian, and was excluded from the general public for its incompatibility with Gabriel's subsequent flight, and the fact that the Chinaman, being a fool, was probably mistaken in the hour. Then there was the testimony of the tunnel-men to Gabriel's appearance on the hill that night. There was only one important proof not submitted to the public or the authorities—Mrs. Conroy's note—picked up by Sal, handed to Mrs. Markle, and given by her to Lawyer Maxwell. The knowledge of this document was restricted to the few already known to the reader.

A dozen or more theories of the motive of the deed, at different hours of the day, occupied and disturbed the public mind. That Gabriel had come upon a lover of his wife in the act of eloping with her, and had slain him out of hand, was the first. That Gabriel had decoyed the man to an interview by simulating his wife's handwriting, and then worked his revenge on his body, was accepted later as showing the necessary deliberation to constitute murder. That Gabriel and his wife had conjointly taken this method to rid themselves of a former lover who threatened exposure, was a still later theory. Toward evening when One Horse Gulch had really leisure to put its heads together, it was generally understood that Gabriel and Mrs. Conroy had put out of their way a dangerous and necessarily rightful claimant to that mine which Gabriel had pretended to discover. This opinion was for some time—say two hours—the favorite one, agreeing as it did with the popular opinion of Gabriel's inability to discover a mine himself, and was only modified by another theory that Victor was not the real claimant, but a dangerous witness that the Conroys had found it necessary to dispose of. And when, possibly from some unguarded expression of Lawyer Maxwell, it was reported that Gabriel Conroy was an impostor under an assumed name, all further speculation was deemed unnecessary. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict against "John Doe *alias* Gabriel Conroy," and One Horse Gulch added this injury of false pretense to other grievances complained of. One or two cases of horse-stealing and sluice-robbing in the neighborhood were indefinitely but strongly connected with this discovery. If I am thus particular in citing these evidences of the various gradations of belief in the guilt of the accused, it is because they were peculiar to One Horse Gulch, and, of course, never obtained in more civilized communities.

It is scarcely necessary to say that one person in One Horse Gulch never wavered in her opinion of Gabriel's innocence, nor that that person was Mrs. Markle! That he was the victim of a vile conspiracy—that Mrs. Conroy was the real culprit, and had diabolically contrived to fasten the guilt upon her husband, Mrs. Markle not only believed herself, but absolutely contrived to make Lawyer Maxwell and Sal believe also. More than that, it had undoubtedly great power in restraining Sal's evidence before the inquest, which that impulsive and sympathetic young woman persisted in delivering behind a black veil and in a suit of the deepest mourning that could be hastily improvised in One Horse Gulch. "Miss Clark's evidence," said the "Silveropolis Messenger," "although broken by sobs and occasional expressions of indignation against the murderer, strongly impressed the jury as the natural eloquence of one connected by the tenderest ties with the unfortunate victim. It is said that she was an old acquaintance of Ramirez, who was visiting her in the hope of inducing her to consent to a happy termination of a life-long courtship, when the dastard hand of the murderer changed the bridal wreath to the veil of mourning. From expressions that dropped from the witness's lips, although restrained by natural modesty, it would not be strange if jealousy were shown to be one of the impelling causes. It is said that previous to his marriage the alleged Gabriel Conroy was a frequent visitor at the house of Miss Clark."

I venture to quote this extract, not so much for its suggestion of a still later theory in the last sentence, as for its poetical elegance, and as an offset to the ruder record of the "One Horse Gulch Banner," which I grieve to say was as follows:

"Sal was no slouch of a witness. Rigged out in ten yards of Briggs's best black glazed muslin, and with a lot of black mosquito netting round her head, she pranced round the stand like a skittish hearse horse in fly-time. If Sal calculates to go into mourning for every man she has to sling hash to, we'd recommend her to buy up Briggs's stock and take one of Pat Hoolan's carriages for the season. There is a strong feeling among men whose heads are level that this Minstrel Variety Performance is a bluff of the 'Messenger' to keep from the public the real motives of the murder, which it is pretty generally believed concerns some folks a little higher-toned than Sal. We mention no names, but we would like to know what the editor of the 'Messenger' was doing in the counting-room of one of Pete Dumphy's emissaries, at 10 o'clock last evening. Looking up his bank account, eh? What's the size of the figures to-day? You hear us!"

At one o'clock that morning the editor of the "Messenger" fired at the editor of the "Banner," and missed him. At half-past one, two men were wounded by pistol shots in a difficulty at Briggs's warehouse—cause not stated. At nine o'clock, half a dozen men lounged down the main street and ascended the upper loft of Briggs's warehouse. In ten or fifteen minutes, a dozen or more from different saloons in the town, lounged as indifferently in the direction of Briggs's, until, at half-past nine, the assemblage in the loft numbered fifty men. During this interval a smaller party had gathered, apparently as accidentally and indefinitely as to purpose, on the steps of the little two-story brick court-house in which the prisoner was confined. At ten o'clock, a horse was furiously ridden into town, and dropped exhausted at the outskirts. A few moments later a man hurriedly crossed the plaza toward the court-house. It was Mr. Jack Hamlin. But the Three Voices had preceded him, and, from the steps of the court-house, were already uttering the popular mandate.

It was addressed to a single man. A man who, deserted by his *posse*, and abandoned by his friends, had for the last twelve hours sat beside his charge, tireless, watchful, defiant and resolute—Joe Hall, the Sheriff of Calaveras! He had been waiting for his summons, behind barricaded doors, with pistols in his belt, and no hope in his heart; a man of limited ideas and restricted resources, constant only to one intent—that of dying behind those bars in defense of that legal trust which his office, and an extra fifty votes at the election only two months before, had put in his hands. It had perplexed him for a moment that he heard the voices of some of these voters below him clamoring against him, but above their feebler pipe always rose another mandatory sentence, "We command you to take and safely keep the body of Gabriel Conroy;" and, being a simple man, the recollection of the quaint phraseology strengthened him and cleared his mind. Ah me, I fear he had none of the external marks of a hero; as I remember him, he was small, indistinctive, and fidgety, without the repose of strength; a man who at that extreme moment chewed tobacco and spat vigorously on the floor; who tweaked the ends of his scanty beard, paced the floor and tried the locks of his pistols.

Presently he stopped before Gabriel and said, almost fiercely, "You hear that? they're coming."

Gabriel nodded.

Two hours before, when the contemplated attack of the Vigilance Committee had been revealed to him, he had written a few lines to Lawyer Maxwell, which he intrusted to the sheriff. He had then relapsed into his usual tranquillity—serious, simple, and when he had occasion to speak, diffident and apologetic.

"Are you going to help me?" continued Hall.

"In course," said Gabriel, in quiet surprise, "ef *you* say so. But don't ye do now't ez would be gettin' yourself into troubil along o' me. I ain't worth it. May be it 'ud be jest as square ef ye handed me over to them chaps out yer—allowin' I was a heap o' troubil to you—and reckonin' you'd about hed *your sheer* o' the keer o' me, and kinder passin' me round. But ef you *do* feel obligated to take keer o' me, ez hevin' promised the jedges and jury" (it is almost impossible to convey the gentle deprecatoriness of Gabriel's voice and accent at this juncture), "why," he added, "I am with ye. I'm thar! You understand me!"

He rose slowly, and with quiet but powerfully significant deliberation placed the chair he had been sitting on back against the wall. The tone and act satisfied the sheriff. The seventy-four-gun ship, Gabriel Conroy, was clearing the deck for action.

There was an ominous lull in the outcries below, and then the solitary lifting up of a single voice, the Potential Voice of the night before! The sheriff walked to a window in the hall and opened it. The besieger and besieged measured each other with a look. Then came the Homeric chaff:

"Git out o' that, Joe Hall, and run home to your mother. She's getting oneasy about ye!"

"The h—ll you say!" responded Hall, promptly, "and the old woman in such a hurry she had to borry Al Barker's hat and breeches to come here! Run home, old gal, and don't parse yourself off for a man agin!"

"This ain't no bluff, Joe Hall! Why don't ye call? Yer's fifty men; the returns are agin ye, and two precincts yet to hear from." (This was a double thrust: at Hall's former career as a gambler, and the closeness of his late election vote.)

"All right, send 'em up by express—mark 'em C. O. D." (The previous speaker was the expressman.)

"Blank you! Git!"

"Blank you! Come on!"

Here there was a rush at the door, the accidental discharge of a pistol, and the window was slammed down. Words ceased, deeds began.

A few hours before, Hall had removed his prisoner from the uncertain tenure and accessible position of the cells below to the open court-room of the second floor, inaccessible by windows, and lit by a skylight in the roof, above the reach of the crowd, whose massive doors were barricaded by benches and desks. A smaller door at the side, easily secured, was left open for reconnoitering. The approach to the court-room was by a narrow stairway, half-way down whose length Gabriel had thrust the long court-room table as a barricade to the besiegers. The lower outer door, secured by the sheriff, after the desertion of his underlings, soon began to show signs of weakening under the vigorous battery from without. From the landing the two men watched it eagerly. As it slowly yielded, the sheriff drew back toward the side door and beckoned Gabriel to follow; but with a hasty sign Gabriel suddenly sprang forward, and dropped beneath the table as the door with a crash fell inward, beaten from its hinges. There was a rush of trampling feet to the stairway, a cry of baffled rage over the impeding table, a sudden scramble up and upon it, and then, as if on its own volition, the long table suddenly reared itself on end, and, staggering a moment, toppled backward with its clinging human burden, on the heads of the thronging mass below. There was a cry, a sudden stampede of the Philistines to the street, and Samson, rising to his feet, slowly walked to the side door, and re-entered the court-room. But at the same instant an agile besieger, who, unnoticed, had crossed the Rubicon, darted from his concealment, and dashed by Gabriel into the room. There was a shout from the sheriff, the door was closed hastily, a shot and the intruder fell. But the next moment he staggered to his knees, with outstretched hands, "Hold up! I'm yer to help ye!"

It was Jack Hamlin! haggard, dusty, grimy; his gay feathers bedraggled, his tall hat battered, his spotless shirt torn open at the throat, his eyes and cheeks burning with fever, the blood dripping from the bullet wound in his leg, but still Jack Hamlin, strong and audacious. By a common instinct both men dropped their weapons, ran and lifted him in their arms.

"There, shove that chair under me! that'll do," said Hamlin, coolly. "We're even now, Joe Hall; that shot wiped out old scores, even if it has crippled me, and lost ye my valuable aid! Dry up! and listen to me, and then leave me here! There's but one way of escape. It's up there!" (he pointed to the skylight); "the rear wall hangs over the Wingdam ditch and gully. Once on the roof, you can drop over with this rope, which you must unwind from my body, for I'm blanked if I can do it myself. Can you reach the skylight?"

"There's a step-ladder from the gallery," said the sheriff, joyously; "but won't they see us, and be prepared?"

"Before they can reach the gully by going round, you'll be half a mile away in the woods. But what in blank are you waitin' for? Go! You can hold on here for ten minutes more if they attack the same point; but if they think of the skylight and fetch ladders, you're gone in! Go!"

There was another rush on the staircase without; the surging of an immense wave against the heavy folding doors, the blows of pick and crowbar, the gradual yielding of the barricade a few inches, and the splintering of benches by a few pistol-shots fired through the springing crevices of the doors. And yet the sheriff hesitated. Suddenly Gabriel stooped down, lifted the wounded man to his shoulder as if he had been an infant, and, beckoning to the sheriff, started for the gallery. But he had not taken two steps before he staggered and lapsed heavily against Hall, who, in his turn, stopped and clutched the railing. At the same moment the thunder of the besiegers seemed to increase; not only the door, but the windows rattled, the heavy chandelier fell with a crash, carrying a part of the plaster and the elaborate cornice with it; a shower of bricks fell through the skylight, and a cry, quite distinct from anything heard before, rose from without. There was a pause in the hall, and then the sudden rush of feet down the staircase, and all was still again. The three men gazed in each other's whitened faces.

"An earthquake," said the sheriff.

"So much the better," said Jack. "It gives us time. Forward!"

They reached the gallery and the little step-ladder that led to a door that opened upon the roof, Gabriel preceding with his burden. There was another rush up the staircase without the court-room, but this time there was no yielding in the door; the earthquake that had shaken the foundations and settled the walls, had sealed it firmly.

Gabriel was first to step out on the roof, carrying Jack Hamlin. But, as he did so, another thrill ran through the building, and he dropped on his knees to save himself from falling, while the door closed smartly behind him. In another moment the shock had passed, and Gabriel, putting down his burden, turned to open the door for the sheriff. But, to his alarm, it did not yield to his pressure; the earthquake had sealed it as it had the door below, and Joe Hall was left a prisoner.

It was Gabriel's turn to hesitate and look at his companion. But Jack was gazing into the street below.

Then he looked up and said, "We must go on now, Gabriel,—for—for *they've got a ladder!*"

Gabriel rose again to his feet and lifted the wounded man. The curve of the domed roof was slight; in the center, on a rough cupola or base, the figure of Justice, fifteen feet high, rudely carved in wood, towered above them with drawn sword and dangling scales. Gabriel reached the cupola and crouched behind it, as a shout arose from the street below that told he was discovered. A few shots were fired; one bullet imbedded itself in the naked blade of the goddess, and another with cruel irony shattered the equanimity of her Balance.

"Unwind the cord from me," said Hamlin.

Gabriel did so.

"Fasten one end to the chimney or the statue."

But the chimney was leveled by the earthquake, and even the statue was trembling on its pedestal. Gabriel secured the rope to an iron girder of the skylight, and, crawling on the roof, dropped it cautiously over the gable. But it was several feet too short—too far for a cripple to drop. Gabriel crawled back to Hamlin.

"You must go first," he said quietly. "I will hold the rope over the gable. You can trust me."

Without waiting for Hamlin's reply, he fastened the rope under his arms and half-lifted, half dragged him to the gable. Then, pressing his hand silently, he laid himself down and lowered the wounded man safely to the ground. He had recovered the rope again, and, crawling to the cupola, was about to fasten the line to the iron girder, when something slowly rose above the level of the roof beyond him. The uprights of a ladder!

The Three Voices had got tired of waiting a reply to their oft reiterated question, and had mounted the ladder by way of forcing an answer at the muzzles of their revolvers. They reached the level of the roof, one after another, and again propounded their inquiry. And then, as it seemed to their awe-stricken fancy, the only figure there—the statue of Justice—awoke to their appeal. Awoke! leaned toward them; advanced its awful sword and shook its broken balance, and then, toppling forward, with one mighty impulse came down upon them, swept them from the ladder and silenced the Voices forever! And from behind its pedestal Gabriel arose, panting, pale, but triumphant.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM.

ALTHOUGH a large man, Gabriel was lithe and active, and dropped the intervening distance where the rope was scant, lightly, and without injury. Happily the falling of the statue was looked upon as the result of another earthquake shock, and its disastrous effect upon the storming party for a while checked the attack. Gabriel lifted his half-fainting ally in his arms, and, gaining the friendly shelter of the ditch, in ten minutes was beyond the confines of One Horse Gulch, and in the shadow of the pines of Conroy's Hill. There were several tunnel openings known only to him. Luckily the first was partly screened by a fall of rock loosened by the earthquake from the hill above, and, satisfied that it would be unrecognized by any eye less keen than his own, Gabriel turned into it with his fainting burden. And it was high time. For the hemorrhage from Jack Hamlin's wound was so great that that gentleman, after a faint attempt to wave his battered hat above his disheveled curls, suddenly succumbed, and lay as cold and senseless and beautiful as a carved Apollo.

Then Gabriel stripped him, and found an ugly hole in his thigh that had narrowly escaped traversing the femoral artery, and set himself about that rude surgery which he had acquired by experience, and that more delicate nursing which was instinctive with him. He was shocked at the revelation of a degree of emaciation in the figure of this young fellow that he had not before suspected. Gabriel had nursed many sick men, and here was one who clearly ought to be under the doctor's hands, economizing his vitality as a sedentary invalid, who had shown himself to him hitherto only as a man of superabundant activity and animal spirits. Whence came the power that had animated this fragile shell? Gabriel was perplexed; he looked down upon his own huge frame with a new and sudden sense of apology and depreciation, as if it were an offense to this spare and bloodless Adonis.

And then, with an infinite gentleness, as of a young mother over her new-born babe, he stanched the blood and bound up the wounds of his new friend so skillfully that he never winced, and with a peculiar purring accompaniment that lulled him to repose. Once only, as he held him in his arms, did he change his expression, and that was when a shadow and a tread—perhaps of a passing hare or squirrel—crossed the mouth of his cave, when he suddenly caught the body to his breast with the fierceness of a lioness interrupted with her cubs. In his own rough experience, he was much awed by the purple and fine linen of this fine gentleman's underclothing, not knowing the prevailing habits of his class; and when he had occasion to open his bosom to listen to the faint beatings of his heart, he put aside with great delicacy and instinctive honor a fine gold chain from which depended some few relics and keepsakes which this scamp wore. But one was a photograph, set in an open locket, that he could not fail to see, and that at once held him breathless above it. It was the exact outline and features of his sister Grace, but with a strange shadow over that complexion which he remembered well as beautiful, that struck him with superstitious awe. He scanned it again eagerly.

"May be it was a dark day when she sot!" he murmured softly to himself; "may be it's the light in this yer tunnel; may be the heat o' this poor chap's buzzum hez kinder turned it. It ain't measles, fur she had 'em along o' Olly."

He paused and looked at the unconscious man before him, as if trying to connect him with the past.

"No," he said simply, with a resigned sigh, "it's agin reason! She never knowed him! It's only my foolishness, and my thinkin' and thinkin' o' her so much. It's another gal, and none o' your business, Gabe, and you a-prying inter another man's secrets, and takin' advantage of him when he's down."

He hurriedly replaced it in his companion's bosom, and closed the collar of his shirt as Jack's lips moved.

"Pete!" he called feebly.

"It's his pardner, may be he's callin' on," said Gabriel to himself; then aloud, with the usual, comforting, professional assent: "In course, Pete, surely! He's coming, right off; he'll be yer afore you know it."

"Pete," continued Jack, forcibly, "take the mare off my leg, she's breaking it! Don't you see? She's stumbled! Blast it, quick! I'll be late! They'll string him up before I get there!"

In a moment Gabriel's stout heart sank. If fever should set in, if he should become delirious, they would be lost. Providentially, however, Jack's aberration was only for a moment; he presently opened his black eyes and stared at Gabriel. Gabriel smiled assuringly.

"Am I dead and buried?" said Jack gravely, looking around the dark vault, "or have I got 'em again."

"Ye wuz took bad fur a minit, that's all," said Gabriel, re-assuringly, much relieved himself; "yer all right now!"

Hamlin tried to rise, but could not.

"That's a lie," he said cheerfully. "What's to be done?"

"Ef you'd let me hev my say, without gettin' riled," said Gabriel apologetically, "I'd tell ye. Look yer," he continued persuasively, "ye ought to hev a doctor afore thet wound gets inflamed; and ye ain't goin' to get one, bein' packed round by me. Now don't ye flare up, but harkin! Allowin' I goes out to them chaps ez is huntin' us, and sez, 'Look yer, you kin take me, provided ye don't bear no malice agin my friend, and you sends a doctor to fetch him outer the tunnel.' Don't yer see, they can't prove anythin' agin ye, anyway," continued Gabriel, with a look of the intensest cunning; "I'll swear I took you pris'ner, and Joe won't go back on his shot."

In spite of his pain and danger, this proposition afforded Jack Hamlin apparently the largest enjoyment.

"Thank ye," he said with a smile; "but as there's a warrant by this time out against me for horse-stealing, I reckon I won't put myself in the way of their nursing. They might forgive you for killing a Mexican of no great market value; but they ain't goin' to extend the right hand of fellowship to me after running off their ringleader's mustang! Particularly when that animal's foundered and knee-sprung. No, sir!"

Gabriel stared at his companion without speaking.

"I was late coming back with Olly to Wingdam. I had to swap the horse and buggy for the mare without having time to arrange particulars with the owner. I don't wonder you're shocked," continued Jack mischievously, affecting to misunderstand Gabriel's silence; "but thet's me. Thet's the kind of company you've got into. Procrastination and want of punctuality have brought me to this. Never procrastinate, Gabriel. Always make it a point to make it a rule never to be late at the Sabbath-school!"

"Ef I hed owt to give ye," said Gabriel ruefully, "a drop o' whisky, or suthin to keep up your stren'th!"

"I never touch intoxicating liquors without the consent of my physician," said Jack gravely; "they're too exciting! I must be kept free from all excitement. Something soothing or sedentary like this," he added, striking his leg. But even through his mischievous smile his face paled, and a spasm of pain crossed it.

"I reckon we'll hev to stick yer ontil dark," said Gabriel, "and then strike acrost the gully to the woods on Conroy's Hill. Ye'll be easier thar, and we're safe ontil sun-up, when we kin hunt another tunnel. Thar ain't no choice," added Gabriel apologetically.

Jack made a grimace, and cast a glance around the walls of the tunnel. The luxurious scamp missed his usual comfortable surroundings.

"Well," he assented with a sigh, "I suppose the game's made anyway! and we've got to stick here like snails on a rock for an hour yet. Well," he continued impatiently, as Gabriel, after improvising a rude couch for him with some withered pine tassels gathered at the mouth of the tunnel, sat down beside him; "are you goin' to bore me to death, now that you've got me here—sittin' there like an owl. Why don't you say something?"

"Say what?" asked Gabriel simply.

"Anything! Lie if you want to; only talk!"

"I'd like to put a question to ye, Mr. Hamlin," said Gabriel, with great gentleness—"allowin', in course, ye'll answer, or no, jest ez agree'ble to ye—reckonin' it's no business o' mine, nor pryin' into secrets, on'y jess to pass away the time ontil sundown. When you was tuk bad a spell ago, unloosin' yer shirt thar, I got to see a picter that ye hev around yer neck. I ain't askin' who nor which it is, but on'y this—ez thet—thet—thet young woman dark-complected ez thet picter allows her to be?"

Jack's face had recovered its color by the time that Gabriel had finished, and he answered promptly:

"A derned sight more so! Why, that picture's fair alongside of her!"

Gabriel looked a little disappointed.

Hamlin was instantly up in arms.

"Yes, sir; and when I say that," he returned, "I mean, by thunder, that the whitest-faced woman in the world don't begin to be as handsome. Thar ain't an angel that she couldn't give points to and beat! That's *her* style! It don't," continued Mr. Hamlin, taking the picture from his breast, and wiping its face with his handkerchief—"it don't begin to do her justice. What," he asked suddenly and aggressively, "have *you* got to say about it, any way?"

"I reckened it kinder favored my sister Grace," said Gabriel, submissively. "Ye didn't know her, Mr. Hamlin? She was lost sence '49—thet's all!"

Mr. Hamlin measured Gabriel with a contempt that was delicious in its sublime audacity and unconsciousness.

"Your sister?" he repeated; "that's a healthy lookin' *sister* of such a man as you, ain't it? Why, look at it," roared Jack, thrusting the picture under Gabriel's nose; "why it's—it's a *lady!*"

"Ye mus'n't jedge Gracy by me, nor even Olly," interposed Gabriel gently, evading Mr. Hamlin's contempt.

But Jack was not to be appeased.

"Does your sister sing like an angel, and talk Spanish like Governor Alvarado? Is she connected with one of the oldest Spanish families in the State? Does she run a rancho and thirty square leagues of land, and is Dolores Salvatierra her nickname? Is her complexion like the young bark of the madroño—the most beautiful thing ever seen? Did every other woman look chalky beside her, eh?"

"No!" said Gabriel, with a sigh; "it was just my foolishness, Mr. Hamlin. But seein' that picter, kinder—"

"I stole it," interrupted Jack with the same frankness. "I saw it in her parlor, on the table, and I froze to it when no one was looking. Lord, *she* wouldn't have given it to *me*. I reckon those relatives of hers would have made it very lively for me if they suspected it. Hoss-stealing ain't a circumstance to this, Gabriel," said Jack, with a reckless laugh. Then, with equal frankness, and a picturesque freedom of description, he related his first and only interview with Donna Dolores. I am glad to say that this scamp exaggerated, if anything, the hopelessness of his case, dwelt but slightly on his own services, and concealed the fact that Donna Dolores had even thanked him. "You can reckon from this the extent of my affection for that Johnny Ramirez, and why I just froze to you when I heard you'd dropped him. But come now, it's your deal; tell us all about it. The boys put it up that he was hangin' round your wife, and you went for him for all he was worth. Go on, I'm waiting, and—" added Jack, as a spasm of pain passed across his face, "and aching to that degree that I'll yell if you don't take my mind off it."

But Gabriel's face was grave, and his lips silent as he bent over Mr. Hamlin to adjust the bandages.

"Go on," said Jack, darkly, "or I'll tear off these rags and bleed to death before your eyes. What are you afraid of? I know all about your wife; you can't tell me anything about her. Didn't I spot her in Sacramento—before she married you—when she had this same Chilino, Ramirez, on a string. Why, she's fooled him as she has you. You ain't such a blasted fool as to be struck after her still, are you?" and Jack raised himself on his elbow the more intently to regard this possibly transcendent idiot.

"You was speakin' o' this Mexican, Ramirez," said Gabriel, after a pause, fixing his now clear and untroubled eyes on his interlocutor.

"Of course," roared out Jack, impatiently; "did you think I was talking of ——?"

Here Mr. Hamlin offered a name that suggested the most complete and perfect antithesis known to modern reason.

"I didn't kill him!" said Gabriel, quietly.

"Of course not," said Jack, promptly. "He sorter stumbled and fell over on your bowie-knife as you were pickin' your teeth with it. But go on. How did you do it? Where did you spot him? Did he make any fight? Has he got any sand in him?"

"I tell ye I didn't kill him!"

"Who did, then?" screamed Jack, furious with pain and impatience.

"I don't know; I reckon—that is—" and Gabriel stopped short, with a wistful, perplexed look at his companion.

"Perhaps, Mr. Gabriel Conroy," said Jack, with sudden coolness and deliberation of speech, and a baleful light in his dark eyes—"perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what this means—what *is* your little game? Perhaps you'll kindly inform me what I'm lying here crippled for; what you were doing up in that court-house, when you were driving those people crazy with excitement; what you're hiding here in this blank family vault for; and, may be, if you've got time, you'll tell me what was the reason I made that pleasant little trip to Sacramento? I know I required the exercise, and then there was the honor of being introduced to your little sister; but perhaps you'll tell me WHAT IT WAS FOR!"

"Jack," said Gabriel, leaning forward, with a sudden return of his old trouble and perplexity, "I thought *she* did it! and thinkin' that—when they asked me—I took it upon *myself!* I didn't allow to ring *you* into this, Jack! I thought—I thought—thet—it 'ud all be one; thet they'd hang me up afore this, I did, Jack, honest!"

"And you didn't kill Ramirez?"

"No."

"And you reckoned your wife did?"

"Yes."

"And you took the thing on yourself?"

"I did."

"*You* did!"

"I did."

"You DID?"

"I did!"

Mr. Hamlin rolled over on his back, and began to whistle "When the spring time comes, gentle Annie!" as the only way of expressing his inordinate contempt for the whole proceeding.

Gabriel slowly slid his hand under Mr. Hamlin's helpless back, and, under pretext of arranging his bandages, lifted him in his arms like a truculent babe:

"Jack," he said, softly, "ef thet picter of yours—thet colored woman—"

"Which!" said Jack, fiercely.

"I mean—thet purty creetur—ef she and you hed been married, and you'd found out accidental like that she'd fooled ye—more belike, Jack," he added, hastily, "o' your own foolishness, than her little game—and—"

"*That* woman was a lady," interrupted

Jack, savagely, "and your wife's a—" But he paused, looking into Gabriel's face, and then added: "O git! will you! Leave me alone! 'I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.'"

"And thet woman hez a secret," continued Gabriel, unmindful of the interruption, "and, bein' hounded by the man az knows it, up and kills him, ye wouldn't let thet woman—thet poor pooty creetur—suffer for it! No, Jack! Ye would rather pint your own toes up to the sky than do it. It ain't in ye, Jack, and it ain't in me, so help me God!"

"This is all very touching, Mr. Conroy, and does credit, sir, to your head and heart, and I kin feel it drawing Hall's ball outer my leg while you're talkin'," said Jack, with his black eyes evading Gabriel's, and wandering to the entrance of the tunnel.

"What time is it, you blasted old fool, ain't it dark enough yet to git outer this hole?"

He groaned, and, after a pause, added, fiercely:

"How do you know your wife did it?"

Gabriel swiftly, and, for him, even concisely, related the events of the day, from his meeting with Ramirez in the morning, to the time that he had stumbled upon the body of Victor Ramirez on his return to keep the appointment at his wife's written request.

Jack only interrupted him once to inquire why, after discovering the murder, he had not gone on to keep his appointment.

"I thought it wa'n't of no use," said Gabriel simply; "I didn't want to let her see I know'd it."

Hamlin groaned, "If you had you would have found her in the company of the man who *did* do it, you daddering old idiot."

"What man?" asked Gabriel.

"The first man you saw your wife with that morning; the man I ought to be helping now instead of lyin' here."

"You don't mean to allow, Jack, ez you reckon she *didn't* do it?" asked Gabriel in alarm.

"I do, said Hamlin, coolly."

"Then what did she reckon to let on by thet note?" said Gabriel with a sudden look of cunning.

"Don't know," returned Jack; "like as not, being a blasted fool, you didn't read it right! Hand it over and let me see it."

Gabriel (hesitatingly): "I can't."

Hamlin: "You can't?"

Gabriel (apologetically): "I tore it up!"

Hamlin (with frightful deliberation): "YOU DID?"

"I did."

Jack (after a long and crushing silence): "Were you ever under medical treatment for these spells?"

Gabriel (with great simplicity and submission): "They allers used to allow I waz queer."

Hamlin (after another pause): "Has Pete Dumphy got anything agin you?"

Gabriel (surprisedly): "No."

Hamlin (languidly): "It was his right hand man, his agent at Wingdam, that started up the Vigilantes! I heard him, and saw him in the crowd hounding 'em on."

Gabriel (simply): "I reckon you're out thar, Jack; Dumphy's my friend. It was him that first gin me the money to open this yer mine. And I'm his superintendent!"

Jack: "Oh!"—(after another pause) "Is there any first-class Lunatic Asylum in this county, where they would take in two men, one an incurable, and the other sufferin' from a gunshot wound brought on by playin' with fire-arms?"

Gabriel (with a deep sigh): "Ye mus'n't talk, Jack, ye must be quiet till dark."

Jack, dragged down by pain, and exhausted in the intervals of each paroxysm, was quiescent.

Gradually, the faint light that had filtered through the brush and débris before the tunnel faded quite away, and a damp charnel-house chill struck through the limbs of the two refugees and made them shiver; the flow of water from the dripping walls seemed to have increased; Gabriel's experienced eye had already noted that the earthquake had apparently opened seams in the gully and closed up one of the leads. He carefully laid his burden down again, and crept to the opening. The distant hum of voices and occupation had ceased, the sun was setting; in a few moments, calculating on the brief twilight of the mountain region, it would be dark, and they might with safety leave their hiding-place. As he was returning, he noticed a slant beam of light, hitherto unobserved, crossing the tunnel from an old drift. Examining it more closely, Gabriel was amazed to find that during the earthquake a "cave" had taken place in the drift, possibly precipitated by the shock, disclosing the more surprising fact that there had been a previous slight but positive excavation on the hill-side, above the tunnel, that antedated any record of One Horse Gulch known to Gabriel. He was perfectly familiar with every foot of the hill-side, and the existence of this ancient prospecting "hole" had never been even suspected by him. While he was still gazing at the opening, his foot struck against some glittering metallic substance. He stooped and picked up a small tin can, not larger than a sardine box, hermetically sealed and soldered, on which some inscription had been traced, but which he could not decipher for the darkness of the tunnel. In the faint hope that it might contain something of benefit to his companion, Gabriel returned to the opening and even ventured to step beyond its shadow. But all attempts to read the inscription were in vain. He opened the box with a sharp stone; it contained, to his great disappointment, only a memorandum-book and some papers. He swept them into the pockets of his blouse, and re-entered the tunnel. He had not been absent, altogether, more than five minutes, but when he reached the place where he had left Jack, he was gone!

(To be continued.)

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

It is the sweet warm rain in silence dropping,
  That sinks with freshening power;
Not the wild wind-borne storm, or driving torrent,
  Which breaks the tender flower.

It is the keen, quick lightning, sharp and silent,
  That splinters, scathes, and kills;
Not the huge bellowing of the noisy thunder,
  Echoing among the hills!

It is the still, small voice, whose silent pleading
  Persuades the deepmost heart;
Not the loud speech, the hoarse and vulgar jargon,
  The rude stentorian art.

The mightiest forces in the world around us,
  We neither hear nor see;
The shallow brooklet, pent among its eddies,
  Babbles unceasingly.

The stars march on in their eternal courses,
  Uttering no voice or sound;
The rushing meteor flies—explodes in ether,—
  Falls hissing to the ground.

The human soul, whose grasp is widest, grandest,
  Of things in heaven and earth,
Discovers not its royal truths and treasures,
  In hours of noisy mirth.

The heart of love, bereaved, yet uncomplaining,
  Bowed o'er the fresh-turned sod,
Hears whispered forth, "Be still, my son, my daughter,
  And know that I am God!"

PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.*

THE "*Pilgrim* Fathers" and the "*Puritan*" settlers of New England are constantly confounded with each other, even by intelligent writers. That the masses of ordinary people should be ignorant as to the distinction between the two is not surprising; but that so many persons of education and reading and thought should speak of them interchangeably, and as the same, would be incredible, did not the fact so frequently stare us in the face.

As one or two of many illustrations of this remark, we find, for example, that Venable, in his "School History of the United States" (1872, New York and Cincinnati), which is adopted and in use in the common schools of several of the States, says "that one hundred *Puritans*" (he should have said *Pilgrims*) "anchored their ship in the harbor of Cape Cod, and soon afterward they planted the first permanent New England colony at Plymouth, December 21st, 1620." And Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography" (1856) speaks of John Robinson as "an English *Puritan* minister who removed to Holland with his congregation, from which place came the first New England settlers to America." Hume, at times, is not entirely clear as to the proper distinction between the "Pilgrims" and the "Puritans." And even Chambers, in his Cyclopedia, careful as he commonly is, speaks of the *Puritans* as "settling New England." And in addresses and sermons, well-nigh innumerable, the "Pilgrims" and "Puritans" are spoken of as the same.

But for history's sake, and for truth's sake, it should be made plain to all that the "Pilgrim Fathers" were not "Puritans," and the "Puritans" were not the "Pilgrim Fathers." The "Pilgrims" were *Separatists* from the Church of England, coming out entirely from it, and renouncing all connection with it. The "Puritans" remained within it, though they were *Nonconformists*, and opposed to what they regarded its corrupt and unauthorized traditions and practices.

It is true, indeed, as Sylvester tells us, "that the vicious multitude of the ungodly called all persons 'Puritans' who were strict and serious in a holy life, were they ever so conformable" to the Established Church. Under the arbitrary rule of James I. and Charles I., all persons opposed to the maxims of government were classed as Puritans; so that Hume, as already intimated, applies the name to three parties: to the *political* Puritans, who maintained the highest principles of civil liberty; to the Puritans in *discipline*, who were opposed to the ceremonies and government of the Established Church; and to the *doctrinal* Puritans, or those who rigidly defended the doctrinal system of the first Reformers. Representatives from all these classes united for the overthrow of royalty in England, and for the establishment of the Commonwealth; and more or less from all these three classes came the bulk of the settlers of New England, and the influence of all has been strongly felt in the civilization of North America; and of all it is more or less true, as Bancroft has so nobly said, that "*Puritanism was religion struggling for the people.*"

But, originally and historically, there was a wide distinction between the Puritans and the Pilgrims. As already said, the Pilgrims were separatists from the Established Church, coming *out* of it, and abjuring it altogether, while the Puritans remained *within* it, and *of* it, and there struggled and labored for greater purity of both doctrine and practice. The Pilgrim Fathers were the first advocates of perfect freedom of conscience, and they were never guilty (as falsely charged by some writers) of persecuting, for opinion's sake, either Roger Williams or the Quakers, or, it is believed, any person whatever. The difference between the two was not one of name merely, but a difference that was real and fundamental, involving nothing less than the whole question of an enforced, or a free religion; of conscience controlled by the State, or conscience untrammeled by human authority, and governed only by divine truth and its great author; of religion in obedience to the civil ruler, or religion as a matter of conscience toward God. It was the difference, in fact, which then separated, and still separates "established" churches from those that are not dependent on civil government—State churches from churches that acknowledge responsibility only to the Majesty of Heaven. And in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers it involved the difference between the dominant and persecuting church, wielding the sword of power, and the persecuted victims of that sword, suffering because they would not disown the teaching of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

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* For not a few of the facts, as also for expressions in this article, the writer is indebted to the lecture of Benjamin Scott, delivered before the Friends' Institute in London in 1866. The able articles of Mr. J. W. Thorngate, in the "Congregational Quarterly" for 1874, also throw much light on the rise, progress, and influence of both Pilgrims and Puritans in their relations to both Old and New England.

To make this distinction fully plain, it will be well to inquire who were the precursors of the Pilgrim Fathers. And to understand this, we must recur to the period when the Church of England was completely and finally established by law.

The spiritual supremacy of the King, established and enforced by Henry VIII., had been reversed under Queen Mary, and the Pope was once more declared by Parliament to be the spiritual head of the Church in England. But when Elizabeth had ascended the throne in 1558, in December of that year she issued a Proclamation forbidding any change in the forms of religion until such forms should have been determined and fixed according to law. Freedom from persecution was, indeed, obtained by the change of rulers, but no freedom to worship according to the dictates of the individual conscience, either for Romanists or Protestants. The Queen was a good friend to Protestantism, as opposed to Popery, but a bitter opposer of all Protestantism that did not square with her own, and with that also of the State, as established by law. The "Act of Supremacy," declaring her "the head of the Church," which was passed in the first year of her reign, was followed closely by the "Act of Uniformity," requiring all to worship according to the State forms, and in the parish churches. In 1562, the work was completed by the adoption of the "Articles of Religion." From this date, the Church of England being completely established by law, we may trace that "*Separation*," which, with more or less distinctness, can be traced through all subsequent English history to this day. Side by side with the records of this powerful State Establishment, we find the constant mention of a band of earnest "Separatists" protesting against the errors which the Reformation in England had failed to remove, and against the assumption by any human power, however mighty or august, of that headship of the Church which belongs only to Christ, and insisting on the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience as taught by His holy word.

Such were the *Separatists;* at that day undivided on the subject of baptism, and other questions which afterward gave rise to sects of various names. They, on the one hand, and the Roman Catholics on the other, were the only persons who objected to the Church as by law established in England. Like the early disciples, they formed themselves into distinct associations or churches, chose their own teachers, and regulated their own affairs. The Church, they maintained, was a spiritual association, and should, consequently, be *separate* from the world and its rulers, and should be governed only by the laws of Christ, as given in the New Testament, and hence their distinctive appellation, "Separatists." Their simplicity of sentiment, and purity of moral conduct, rendered them unpopular in a corrupt and licentious age. Their opposition to an Endowed Church made them obnoxious to the clergy, who held so largely the wealth and honors of the State. Their acknowledgment of Christ, as the great and only head of the Church, gave mortal offense to the ruling powers, and afforded opportunity for charges of disloyalty and sedition, and directed against them the persecuting power of an intolerant court and hierarchy. In a word, they were the "Nazarenes" of the English Reformation, and were regarded and treated as "the filth and offscouring of all things."* They worshiped in secret places, in ships moored in the river, in the woods and fields, and in obscure corners of the city, where they might be unnoticed by their relentless enemies. As is usual in such cases, a term of reproach was soon found for them, furnished in this case by Robert Brown, who, after having ably advocated their principles, proved recreant and unfaithful to them, and accepted a church-living in Northamptonshire. From him they were called *Brownists*, a name by which they were long known in history.

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*This language is intended to refer rather to their treatment than to their real character and personal standing, for the Independents or Separatists, as Baylie and Lord Clarendon both tell us, were not the most numerous of the sects into which England was divided; but what they lacked in numbers was supplied by the high character and personal weight of their individual members. They are, says Baylie, "of so eminent a condition, that not any or all the rest of the sects are comparable to them, for they have been so wise as to engage to their party, some of chief note in both Houses of Parliament, in the Assembly of Divines, in the army, in the city and country committees, all of whom they daily manage with such dexterity and diligence, for the benefit of their cause, that the eyes of the world begin to fall upon them more than upon all their fellows." And, says Lord Clarendon, "though they had not so great congregations of the common people, yet they affected and were followed by the most substantial and wealthy citizens, as well as by others of better condition."

And now for the other party that arose about the same time—the "Puritans." The English Reformers, many of whom returned from exile on the accession of Elizabeth, were greatly disappointed to find that the new "Establishment" was virtually settled, and that the principles of the Reformation had not at all been carried out in its Constitution. The greater part of them, however, accepted the change, and with it the "Royal Supremacy," "Uniformity of Worship," and the "Articles of Religion." Some took this course for the sake of peace and unity; others from less worthy motives, and all in the hope of gradually effecting further reformation—a hope which was never to be gratified. The members of this reforming or evangelical party *within* the Establishment were termed "Puritans," and are known in history as the "Early Puritans," to distinguish them from a party that rose at a later day, particularly at and after the period of the Commonwealth.

Such was the origin of the two parties formed at the birth of the Church of England—parties differing widely both in principle and practice. The "Early Puritans" were *within* the Establishment, desiring and seeking its purification. The Separatists, or "Pilgrims," were *outside* of that organization, declining to recognize the ecclesiastical claims of the English Sovereign, and contending for the spiritual character of the Church, and the exclusive headship over that Church of "another King—one Jesus," who only had spiritual rule over his people.

The existence and organization of the Separatists began with the very beginning of the State Church Establishment, in 1562. Five years later we find them meeting at Plummer's Hall; and for so doing they were arrested and committed to Bridewell, where Richard Fitz, their pastor, and several of their members died of the prison plague. But though persecuted and deprived of their leaders, they still met in private houses, and in 1574 the Bishop of London was publicly thanked by the Privy Council for his zeal in hunting out their conventicles. Next, when Robert Brown forsook them, Robert Harrison came boldly forward to take his place. When, in 1582, it was made *treason* to worship except in accordance with the forms prescribed by law, Harrison escaped to Zealand, and there became pastor of a church of refugees from Protestant bigotry and cruelty in high places. In England, however, notwithstanding all the opposition, the principles of the Separatists rapidly spread, and their numbers greatly increased. In 1576 we find two of their leaders, John Copping and Elias Thacker, arrested, condemned, and executed; and shortly afterward William Dennis, "a most godly man," suffered the same fate. In 1586 John Greenwood and Henry Barrow, both men of note, were arrested and imprisoned for the same offense of worshiping in a manner forbidden by the laws; and six years later, when they had obtained liberty to go out from prison during the day, they quietly organized a church at Southwark. And when, at last, they were brought to trial, they were condemned to die "*for claiming the right of a church to manage its own affairs*," and were executed in 1593. John Penry, another remarkable man, educated at Oxford, was in the same year put to death for the same offense. And so, in the persecutions of their leaders, to say nothing of the hundreds of their followers, we may trace the growth of the Separatists, from the very establishment of the Church of England, down to the times of Penry and his fellow-sufferers for conscience' sake.

It was to this noble body that the "Pilgrims" belonged. The exiles who left Leyden and the shores of England in 1620, and whom all intelligent writers agree in calling "The Pilgrim Fathers," were of the sect of the Separatists, and were, moreover, the direct ecclesiastical successors of the noble men at whose acts, and principles, and sufferings we have so hastily glanced.

The idea of escaping persecution and death in England by voluntary exile to some foreign shore originated with the martyrs Barrow and Penry. The former, in 1592, bequeathed a fund to aid the persecuted church "in the event of their emigration;" and the latter, in the last letter he ever wrote, urged the brethren to prepare for banishment in an unbroken company. Emigration, at that time, however, we are to bear in mind, was but expulsion beyond the limits of civilization, and involved not only danger and suffering to all, but inevitable death to a large proportion of the emigrants; for at that time England had neither colony nor permanent settlement on the American coast, and to emigrate was to face the hardships of the wilderness and the terrors of the wild beast and the savage foe. Francis Johnson, with his associates, was the first to put this exile to the test. In 1597, permission was given to "the Brownists, falsely so called," to go to Canada, though they were restricted to a single locality; but even at that place the poor Pilgrims were not permitted to land. And they, with some who went to Newfoundland, came back disheartened and impoverished, and, being denied a resting-place in England, found a home in Holland, where Johnson became their pastor, so that thus we are able to identify the Separatists of Southwark with the exiles of Holland.

But, in addition to this, there are also other links in the chain; for in 1604 we find a Separatist church at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, and a second, or branch church, of the same faith, meeting in the Manor House of William Brewster, of Scrooby; and when Mr. Clifton, the pastor of the latter church, retired to Holland, he was succeeded by John Robinson, "the learned, polished, modest," who afterward, as pastor of the church at Leyden, organized the departure of the Pilgrims from that place to their home in the New World. This Brewster, we hardly need say, is the famous Elder Brewster himself, one of the "Pilgrim Fathers;" and Bradford, afterward Governor of Plymouth Colony and the historian of the Pilgrims, was in his youth received by Robinson as a member of that little church at Scrooby. So that we have thus three of the leaders of the Pilgrims—Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford—all connected with the Separatist church at Scrooby, which was a branch of the church at Southwark.

Passing on to 1604, we find that Bancroft had succeeded to the Primacy of England, and James was steadily carrying out the bitter and bigoted policy of Elizabeth. And now the Puritans within the Establishment, as well as the Separatists without, were made to feel the weight of their persecuting hands. Excommunication, with its pains and penalties, was now added to the pains of nonconformity. In a single year three hundred of the clergy were deprived of their livings; and Chamberlain says: "Our Puritans," *i. e.*, our nonconforming clergy, "go down on all sides." And the same persecution was carried on, with equal vigor, against the Separatists. Bradford, in his journal, tells us how the members of the churches in the North were watched, night and day, and were imprisoned, and so kept from assembling. And "seeing," he says, "that they were thus molested, and that there was no hope of their continuance there, by a joint consent they resolved to go into the Low Countries, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men, as also *sundry from London* and other parts of the land, that had been exiled and persecuted for the same cause, were gone thither, and lived in Amsterdam and other places in that land."

Without dwelling at length on the difficulties, trials, and sufferings of these poor and persecuted people, and their oft-attempted escapes and failures, we may say, in a word, that it was more than a year before the whole party, with their women and children, could elude the cruel vigilance of their enemies. They escaped, however, from time to time, as opportunity offered, from different parts of the coast near to the ports of Boston, Grimsby, and Hull. Robinson and Brewster, we are told, in the Fulham Manuscript, "were of the last, and stayed to help the weakest over before them."

Twelve years they spent in Amsterdam and Leyden, not without struggles for the support of themselves and their families, but in the enjoyment of that peace and freedom in the exercise of their religion, to which they had so long been strangers. Robinson became their pastor. Brewster was appointed elder; and Henry Jacob, having been liberated from prison, joined them, and soon after wrote a treatise on Church Government, which incontestably shows that both he and they were uncompromising Separatists.

Despairing of toleration ever being extended to them in England, the churches in Holland and Southwark began in earnest to plan for emigration to some land where they and their children could retain their language and nationality with full liberty for religious worship. As early as 1578 Hakluyt had suggested that America might yet be the refuge of those who suffered from religious or political persecution. The happy voyage of Gosnold, in 1602, had revived the spirit of discovery and colonization, and had doubtless turned the thoughts of the Pilgrims to the land of their future adoption; while the discouragement of colonization growing out of Popham's failure in 1607 was the means of reserving the New England coast for those who were to be the founders of a mighty nation, and the instructors of the world in the principles of civil and religious liberty. Having long contemplated emigration, the Pilgrims were now prepared to undertake it; and after long delays and negotiations with "certain merchant adventurers," who held chartered grants in the new continent, it was arranged that all who could be ready should go out under the leadership of Elder Brewster, while Robinson was to follow with the remainder at a future day. These negotiations began in 1617, but did not come to a conclusion till 1620, when the "Speedwell" (not the "Mayflower," as has often been carelessly asserted) was purchased in Holland, on the receipt of the intelligence that all was ready in London. And after the church had held two seasons of humiliation and prayer, the time having come for departing, "they were accompanied," Bradford tells us, "by most of their brethren, to a town sundry miles off, called Delft Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So they left that goodly and pleasant land at Leyden, which had been to them their resting-place for twelve years. *But they knew that they were* PILGRIMS, and looked not much on those things, but lifted their eyes to the heavens, *their dearest country*, and so quieted their spirits."

The "Speedwell" arrived safely at Southampton, where it fell in with the "Mayflower" with its party from London, and both vessels put into Plymouth. There the "Speedwell" was found to be unseaworthy; and the whole party of one hundred and two Pilgrims, with also the crew, sailed in the "Mayflower," a vessel of 180 tons burden. Smaller vessels had, indeed, before explored the ocean. The "ships" of Columbus were only from 15 to 32 tons burden; and Frobisher had traversed the watery waste in a vessel of but 25 tons; and Pring had coasted along the shores of New England in a bark of 50 tons. But all these were manned by hardy seamen, familiar with the sea and experienced for their work, while these exiles knew comparatively nothing of the mighty deep, and went on their perilous voyage without fear, not because they were insensible to danger, but because they trusted in the Providence that led them on their way.

On the 9th of November, 1620, this little solitary, adventurous vessel, freighted with the noble seed of a future and mighty nation, unheeded by human eye, but watched over by Him who sees the end from the beginning, sighted Cape Cod, on the coast of Massachusetts, a shore covered with snow and formidable with shoals and breakers. Tossed as they had been on the sea for sixty-five days, they thanked God for the sight of land, and took courage. On the 11th of the same month the celebrated Constitution of the future colony was signed by all the party in the cabin of the "Mayflower," forty-one in number, in which, says Bancroft, "humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of equal laws for the general good." On the 15th the vessel found safe anchorage in Plymouth Bay, so named from the port of departure in England. And on the 20th of December, the wearied and storm-tossed party found rest, landing on the well-known "Plymouth Rock," the "door-step into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a mighty nation."

Mrs. Hemans has written in lofty verse of the "Landing of the Pilgrims." And though, if she had been familiar with Cape Cod, she would scarcely have spoken of the "rock-bound coast," or of the "woods tossing their giant branches"—since the sharp-edged sedge grass is about the only growth holding conflict with the ever-shifting sands,—yet she has no less truthfully and beautifully said:

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

This, indeed, has been questioned and denied. But still it is true. The Pilgrim Fathers were Separatists, and they were faithful to their principles in the New World, as they had been in the Old. This we might have expected. For if they had so long clung to those principles through persecution and suffering and the loss of all things, we should hardly expect them to repudiate their most cherished convictions on crossing the Atlantic. This, as has been remarked, would be about as probable as that the Quakers, on coming to this country, should have armed themselves to fight against the Indians, or that the Jesuits, on landing, should have organized a society to give the Bible to the people in their native tongue.

But without resting in probabilities, there is the most ample documentary proof that what the Pilgrims were when they landed, that they remained through evil report and good report; that when charged with Separatist views they did not deny them, but repudiated the idea that the term was one of reproach; that in an age when persecution was common they reprobated alike its spirit and practice; that they sheltered and extended kindness to the persecuted, Roger Williams included; and that when they themselves were laid in their graves, their sons and successors, inheriting their spirit, were advocates of toleration, and friends to the Quakers.

Until comparatively recent times, no writer, so far as known, has given currency to the idea that the Pilgrim Fathers were persecutors. Sewell, indeed, has been quoted, in his "History of the People called Quakers," as sustaining the allegation which we deny. But Sewell's dates show that, like many others, he confounds the Pilgrims with the Puritans, and that it is of the *latter* he is speaking, when he alludes to them as "persecuting others by whipping and hanging." Confounding, as he does, those who emigrated in the reign of King James with those who came to New England in the following reign, the conclusions he bases on the mistake are historically worthless. And writing, as he did, in Holland, and in low Dutch, of events which happened in England and America, he was in no position to speak from personal knowledge, or from original documents, except such as might have been supplied by the Quakers themselves, who might well mistake the Puritans for the Pilgrims. The *first* colony to this country was that to Virginia, by settlers who were Episcopal; and this resulted in total failure. The *second* was that of the Pilgrim Fathers, at Plymouth, in 1620; and they, as we have seen, were Separatists or Brownists. The *third* was that planted at Salem and Boston by the Puritans, in 1630; and it was these *Puritans* who passed the Acts against the Quakers, and were, in some cases, chargeable with an intolerance which, from not making proper distinctions, has unjustly been charged to the Pilgrim Fathers, who were never guilty of it.

It is also susceptible of clear and abundant proof that the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth remained Separatists; that they did not repudiate the name, nor give up the principles it indicated; that they received Roger Williams into their church, and sheltered and helped him; that they had gone to their graves before the first of the Quakers came to New England, and so had no opportunity to persecute them, even if they had been inclined to do it; and their successors, some of them at least, inherited their principles, and advocated entire toleration of the Friends.

The distinction thus marked between the Pilgrims and the Puritans is one that is important, though often overlooked or not understood. And yet the principles and practices of the two, though confounded by some careless writers, were essentially different. The former contended for freedom of conscience, and for the separation of the Church from the State. The latter, though wishing to purify the Church, still insisted, both in Old and New England, that the State should be authoritative in matters of religion. It is not a mere question of names and dates and localities, but of *truth and justice and principle.* It is due to historic truth, that the difference should be understood and made plain. It is due to the two parties, that justice should be done to their respective views. It is due to the principles involved, that they should be rightly stated in their bearing on future generations; for the question of the union or separation of the Church and State is one that is yet to have much to do with both State and Church in our fatherland, and in other parts of the world. This difference we have endeavored to state plainly, in the hope, that great as were the merits of both, the PILGRIMS may never be confounded with the PURITANS.*

As to the influence of the former, both before and after emigration, a few words may properly be said in closing. The principles held by the Independents or Separa-

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*As confirming the views we have thus presented, an incident may be mentioned, having reference to two eminent historians, both now deceased. Macaulay and the Earl of Stanhope (Lord Mahon), who were the commissioners for decorating, historically, the House of Lords, had their attention called to the inscription placed under Mr. Cope's painting of the Pilgrim Fathers landing in New England. The inscription, as at first expressed, was, "Departure of a *Puritan* family for New England." But when the commissioners had carefully listened to the proofs submitted to them, and also to Mr. Cope, who stated that he had taken his ideas from Bradford's "Journal," they ordered the words, "*Puritan Family*," to be stricken out, as incorrect, and unjust to the memory of the parties concerned, and the words "PILGRIM FATHERS" to be substituted. And so the inscription now stands.

tists, which Cotton stated so clearly, and Robinson so ably defended, and which led the Pilgrims to forsake the land of their fathers for a home in the wilderness, are "the foundation and key-stone of American civil polity, and are embodied in every American Constitution, and form the substance of American protest against European politics." As Webster, in his splendid plea in the Girard will case, declared, "The American precedent of the voluntary support of religion under free institutions, without any established order, will, in time, shake all the hierarchies of Europe." And as Sir James Mackintosh has intimated, when speaking of the influence of the Independent divines on the philosophy and teachings of Locke, "the political ideas of the Pilgrims are yet to penetrate the thought and life of every civilized nation on the earth." Coleridge declares, that "the average result of the press, from Henry VIII. to Charles I., was such a diffusion of religious light, as first redeemed, and afterward secured this nation [Great Britain] from the spiritual and moral death of popery." And in the House of Commons itself, Charles James Fox did not hesitate to say, "that the resistance of the Americans to the oppression of the mother country, has undoubtedly preserved the liberties of mankind." Some of the most important laws of England, as to the county registry of deeds, wills and administrations; the parish registry of births, marriages and deaths; a local elective magistracy, and tables of legal fees, were borrowed from New England. The registry of deeds and wills, which was peculiarly a New England idea, Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, speaks of as "one of the greatest and most beneficent of all law reforms." The late Prescott Hall declared, that "the known defects of the laws and practice of England, pointed out and most strikingly stated by Lord Brougham, in his great speech on Law Reforms, delivered in the House of Commons, in 1828, were discovered and banished from the New England States, while they were yet colonies under the British crown." And, says Dr. George H. Moore, of the New York Historical Society, "The diligent student of legal antiquities may recognize in the earliest codes of Massachusetts, the expression of principles of reformation which have since pervaded the whole realm of English law." To our own Sir George Downing, a graduate of Harvard College, in 1642, and whose early life was spent in New England, Old England is indebted for the system of policy contained in her "Navigation Act" of October 9, 1651, which "raised the British naval and colonial power, in no very long period, from inconsiderable beginnings, to an unparalleled state of grandeur and power, and laid the foundation for the inevitable spread of the British race and language through every quarter of the habitable globe." To the same Sir George Downing, is England also indebted for the plan of specific parliamentary appropriations (October 21, 1665), which he brought from New England—the principle by which the Commons of England, by holding the purse-strings, control the executive, and practically rule the land. And to mention but one other case, Hugh Peters—"that consummate man of affairs, capacious, resolute, honest, benevolent," "of whom," says Carlyle, "we have heard so many falsehoods," "honored and trusted by the wisest and best in every land, an aggressive man, a leader ever in the front, potent in council, in the army, in parliament, in the pulpit and with the pen, loved by friends and hated by foes"—Hugh Peters, in his "Good Work for a Good Magistrate," gives many practical suggestions as to affairs of State, which are matter of admiration to the legal mind of England to-day. He proposes Registries for Deeds, Wills, and Testaments, and that summons be left at men's houses; opposes long imprisonment before sentence; declares that delay in justice is cruelty; suggests petty local courts to settle trifling disputes summarily; advocates canals for cheap transportation; the cutting off of entails; copyright to authors; hospitals for the insane and sick; banks for loaning money, on pawn, to the poor; and public schools for orphans and the friendless, bringing them up to all manner of trades, so that they may support themselves and be good citizens. All these, with many other valuable suggestions, from Peters, as from many other leading minds of the Pilgrim colony, have left their impress on the laws and polity of Old England, as well as on those of our own extended land. And in the language of Lord Campbell in reference to some of these very legal changes to which we have alluded, "The people should be taught to do honor to the memory of those by whose wisdom and patriotism such blessings have been achieved * * * and which, if properly appreciated and supported, would have conferred unspeakable benefits on the country, anticipating and going beyond most of the salutary amendments which have been adopted in the reigns of William IV. and Queen Victoria." If this be true as to the legal benefits conferred through the Pilgrims on Great Britain, much more should we honor their memory, and be faithful to the great principles of civil and religious liberty which they held and taught.

> "We have need of these
> Clear beacon stars, to warn and guide our age.
> The great traditions of a nation's life,
> Her founders' lustrous deeds, with honor rife,
> Are her most precious jewels, noblest heritage,
> Time-polished jewels in her diadem."

TWO POEMS OF COLLINS.

One Sunday afternoon I went with a friend to dine at Richmond. We did not go to the Star and Garter, which was being repaired at that time and was closed, but to a hotel, the name of which I have forgotten. It is a low, white building in a pretty situation, nearer to the station than the Star and Garter, and I counsel the reader who visits Richmond, should he recognize the place by this description, by all means to pass by. It was about the first of June, and the long lines of people going up from the station and standing about in the fields had that deadly holiday aspect—like flowers at a funeral. We went into the hotel and ordered dinner, which was long in coming, and was very bad. The hour was perhaps seven, but so long is the English June evening that nobody had yet begun to dream of sundown. A half-dozen young Moussiers were chattering together at one of the tables. Near us were two charming English youths, guardsmen perhaps, fresh from the public schools, and getting their first taste of the sins and pleasures of the town. Other youths, got up in bad imitation of them, sat about. One with a bouquet in his button-hole, so big that his diminutive self looked like a root attached to it, sat opposite with a Herculean actress of the Gaiety Theater. The May-trees bowered on the hill-sides far and near. The doors and windows were open, and the odors from their white mosses pervaded the hall, mixed with the perfumes of the garden plots. The strong sun was still drawing fragrant and powerful earthy odors from the sod. There was much swearing at the waiters, who were running about very fast; the air was very sweet; beneath us the Thames ran away to the town; there was a great rattling of plates, and jingling of glasses.

The dinner was bad, as I say, and we quarreled with the waiter about the bill. The proprietor was summoned, a young gentleman in a perfect frock coat; we called him a great many hard names, addressed him as "waiter," threatened to write to the "Times," and paid the bill, knowing that we had got much the worst of it, and not at all believing that we should ever write to the "Times." I left my friend and walked into the lawn, greatly humiliated and very angry; as sore as one of those Scandinavian immortals who daily hew and hack each other to pieces in Valhalla. The air was so fragrant, the scene without so lovely, gentle, strange and Sabbatic as to impart more of pain than pleasure. I was about to make my way back to town, when I remembered that at Richmond Church, which was but a few steps away, the grave of Thomson was to be seen, and I recalled the curse which the sweetest of the poets of the last century had invoked upon one who should neglect it:—

> "Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
> Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
> With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
> And Joy desert the blooming year."

I had never cared much for Thomson and his poetry, but from him whose poems have preserved more faithfully than any others of the time the spirit of the English landscape, I could not but fear this gentle imprecation. Either here in person, or with this spot and some such hour as this in mind, Collins had written his "Ode on the Death of Thomson;" and where shall we find verses in which nature and evening are more perfectly expressed, and poetic feeling more perfectly imitated?

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
> When Thames in summer wreaths is dressed,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
> To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as ease and health retire,
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail,
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?"

How well does the following stanza express the grateful return of the poet to the world from this scene of reflection and emotion!

"But thou, lone stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend."

And how well does this describe his turning, as one will do in leaving such a scene, for a last view of the place amid the gathering shades:

"And see the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!"

What a notion it gives us of the power of poetry that this poor mad-house patient is able at the distance of more than a hundred years to so possess our minds with his own emotion, that we never cease to see amid the skirts of these dim woodlands his retreating figure!

There is one other poem of Collins in which the expression of natural scenery is even more remarkable—the "Ode to Evening." In this poem Collins has used a rhymeless lyric stanza common to the Latin, but which has seldom, if ever, been well handled by an English writer. So perfect is the music of this ode, that one might read it many times before discerning that it contains no rhymes. The purity, the melody, the sedate elegance of this poem it would be hard to find excelled. It is the strong and easy result of those long years of worship of nature—of those repeated hours of feeling and meditation, by which the soul is formed; the lines, with all their classic grace, their sweet imitation of antique themes and symbols in phrases having an ivory polish and a melody which steals upon the ear with the softness of the mist, are yet profoundly personal and graven deeply with the pen of experience. I wonder that some musician of genius has not chanted it!

"Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It is interesting to compare the opinions of Collins's contemporaries concerning these poems with their present world-wide celebrity. Gray thought that Collins had "a fine fancy modeled on the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, and no choice at all." Johnson said: "His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure." We are luckily able to form our own opinion of the poetry, but we are glad to have Johnson's testimony concerning the poet, whom he knew. "His appearance," says Dr. Johnson, "was decent and manly, his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant and his disposition cheerful." He was learned, virtuous, and possessed of a vigorous understanding. A half-dozen stories remain of him. During his residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, Collins one evening had some friends with him to tea in his rooms, when Hampton, who afterward translated "Polybius," and who was as famous for his brutal disposition as for his good scholarship, came in. Without a word, he kicked over the tea-table, and sent the dishes all about the room. Collins was so confounded at the insult that he had no words for the aggressor, but began picking up the slices of bread and butter and the pieces of china, repeating mildly:

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

We have another account of him after he went to London. In this, he appears as a young fellow fresh from the University and eager for the town. Gayly dressed, and with a feather in his hat, he calls upon the agent of his rich uncle, Colonel Martin, who tells him that his appearance is by no means that of a young man without a guinea he can call his own. We have also a story of his having been enamored of a young lady to whom he wrote a beautiful poem upon the death of her lover in the action of Fontenoy; this young lady was a day older than himself, and he used to say that he came into the world a day after the fair. Again, we know that just before his confinement in an asylum for lunatics, Dr. Johnson went to see him in Islington. "There was nothing," said Johnson, "of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself." He had withdrawn from study and traveled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school. Johnson, curious to see what it was, took it into his hand. "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best." This incident furnished Flaxman with the idea of his monument, erected by subscription, many years after his death, at St. Andrew's, Chichester. Collins is there represented in a reclining posture, his lyre and a neglected poem lying upon the ground, and the Gospel open on a table before him.

We think unreasonably enough in reading these stories:—how strange it is that people a hundred years ago should have been at such pains to be happy, should have laid such schemes of amusement, wealth, respect, and long life. We say that life is short, and yet while we live life is long, its periods remote and far apart, and age and misfortune distant. But in reflecting upon a departed life, we lose all notion of continuous living, of succeeding days and months. The colors of death and coming disaster appear through the woof of health, youth and happiness. Cypress and myrtle are mixed together in the same heap. We know that the author of these poems came once to London, caring for fine dresses and the great world; we know, too, that he was for a while the inmate of a mad-house; these and a few more facts we have. The box, at the bottom of which they lie confused and mixed, we reverse and shake, and they lie before us, the sole relics of a man of uncommon genius and merit, the only remains of many years of thought, joy, hope, despair, and misery.

SONG OF THE GLOAMING.

THE toad has the road; the cricket sings.
The beetle lifts his heavy wings,—
  The bat is the rover,
  No bee on the clover,
  The day is over,
  And night has come.

The brake is awake, the grass aglow,
The star above, the fly below,—
  The bat is the rover,
  No bee on the clover,
  The day is over,
  And night has come.

The stream lies a-dream, the low winds tune,
'Tis vespers at the shrine of June,—
  The bat is the rover,
  No bee on the clover,
  The day is over
  And night has come—
  Now night has come.

HOW AMERICA WAS NAMED.*

On the 30th of May, 1498, Columbus sailed from the port of San Lucar, in Spain, on his third voyage. His special purpose this time was to search for a country which he believed lay south of those lands he had previously discovered. On the 31st of July following, when he was about to abandon his southerly course in despair and turn northward for the Caribbee Islands, one of his sailors saw from the mast-head a range of three mountains. Giving many thanks to God for his mercy, for the supply of water was failing, the provision of corn and wine and meat was well-nigh exhausted, and the crews of the three vessels were in sore distress from exposure to the heat of the tropics, the admiral made for the land, which proved to be an island. To this he gave the name it still bears of Trinidad, in honor of the Holy Trinity, and also, perhaps, because of the three mountains which were first seen.

Running along the coast, he soon saw, as he supposed, another island at the south, but which was the low land of the delta of the great River Orinoco. Entering the Gulf of Paria, he sailed along for days with Trinidad on the one hand and the coast of the continent on the other, delighted with the beauty and verdure of the country and with the blandness of the climate, and astonished at the freshness and volume of the water which, with an "awful roaring," met and struggled with the sea. The innermost part of the gulf, to which he penetrated, he called the Gulf of Pearls, and into this poured the rivers whose waters, he believed, came from the earthly Paradise.†

For, according to his theory of the globe, the two hemispheres were not round alike, but the Eastern was shaped like the breast of a woman, or the half of a round pear with a raised projection at its stalk; and on this prominence, the spot highest and nearest the sky and under the equinoctial line, was the garden wherein God had planted Adam. He did not suppose it possible that mortal man could ever reach that blessed region: but as he had sailed westward, after passing a meridian line a hundred miles west of the Azores, he had noted that the North Star rose gradually higher in the heavens, the needle shifted from north-east to north-west, the heat, hitherto so intolerable that he thought they "should have been burnt," became more and more moderate, the air daily more refreshing and delightful, and he was persuaded that he was approaching the highest part of the globe. As he sailed westward his ships "had risen smoothly toward the sky," till he had come, at length, to this pleasant land "as fresh and green and beautiful as the gardens of Valencia in April,"—to this mighty rush of sweet waters that filled the Gulf of Pearls and flowed far out to sea, coming, as "on his soul" he believed, from the Garden of Eden.*

It was hard, no doubt, to turn away from this celestial land, even to go back to Spain and relate in person to his sovereigns the marvelous things he had discovered, and the approach he had made to the topmost pinnacle of the globe; harder still to thrust away from him considerations so sublime and so congenial to his profoundly religious nature, to attend to the vulgar affairs of a turbulent colony, where, as he afterward wrote, "there were few men who were not vagabonds, and there were none who had either wife or children."†

But in his absence rebellion and anarchy in Hispaniola had reached a point beyond his control, and when he appealed to his sovereigns for a judge to decide between him and these turbulent Spaniards, who set all law, whether human or divine, at defiance, the court sent, not a judge, but an executioner. His enemies had at length so far prevailed against him that Bobadilla, who came professedly to look into these troubles, dared to usurp the government of the colony, to take up his residence in the house of Columbus, seizing all it contained, both of public and private property and public and private papers, and the moment the admiral came within his reach, to arrest and send him in chains on board ship for transportation to Spain as a felon. When Andreas Martin, the master of the caravel, moved to pity at the sight of so monstrous and cruel an indignity, offered to strike these fetters from the limbs of his distinguished prisoner, Columbus refused, with the words, says his son Ferdinand, "that since their Catholic Majesties, by their letter, directed him to perform whatsoever Bobadilla did in their name command him to do, in virtue of which authority and commission he had put him in irons, he would have none but their Highnesses themselves do their pleasure herein; and he was resolved to keep those fetters as relics, and a memorial of the reward of his many services." * Some atonement was attempted for this outrage in the reception given him by Ferdinand and Isabella. He nevertheless hung up the chains on the wall of his chamber, only to be taken down when, six years later, they were laid with him in his coffin.

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* History of the United States. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† "Letters of Columbus," translated by R. H. Major, and published by the Hakluyt Society. Third Voyage.

* Irving ("Life of Columbus," book x., chap. iii.) says that Columbus still supposed Paria to be an island, even after he had left the gulf and sailed westward along the outer coast. But Columbus himself, in his letter to the King and Queen, makes a distinction between the main land and Trinidad, in speaking of the one as an island and the other as the land of Gracia. Nor is it probable that he supposed the earthly paradise to be on an island, or that such a volume of water—of which he doubted if "there is any river in the world so large and so deep"—could have its course from the "nipple" of the globe except over a continent. Charlevoix ("History of New France," Shea's translation, vol. i., p. 21) says; "On the 11th he had seen another land, which also he, at first, took to be an island and styled Isla Santa, but he soon found it to be the continent."

† "Letter of Columbus to Doña Juana de la Torres," in "Select Letters," edited by R. H. Major.

Some months before his return to Spain, Columbus had sent home a report of the results of his voyage, the continent he had found, which he supposed to be the extremity of the Indies, its wonderful climate, its great rivers, and its strange and attractive people. The excitement which such news must have aroused in every part of Spain was, no doubt, intense; and landsmen, as well as sailors, burned to be off to this land where the natives hung breastplates of gold upon their naked bodies, and wound great strings of pearls about their heads and necks. "Now there is not a man," says Columbus, in one of his letters,—reminding his sovereigns that he waited seven years at the royal court and was only treated with ridicule,—"Now there is not a man, down to the very tailors, who does not beg to be allowed to become a discoverer."

At Seville an intrepid and experienced navigator, Alonzo de Ojeda, who was with Columbus on his first voyage, and knew, therefore, the way to the Indies of the West, proposed at once a private expedition. Some merchants of Seville supplied the means, and his patron, the Bishop of Fonseca, superintendent of Indian affairs, and the most bitter and persistent enemy of Columbus, gave him license for the voyage, and treacherously procured for him the charts which the great navigator had sent home, notwithstanding the royal order that none should go without permission within fifty leagues of the lands he had last discovered.†

Ojeda sailed from Port St. Mary on the 20th of May, 1499, and with him went Amerigo Vespucci, a native of Florence, but then residing in Seville as the agent of a commercial house. This Vespucci had assisted in the fitting out of other expeditions; he knew Columbus and had doubtless talked with him of the Sphere and the Antipodes, of the New Indies and the Far Cathay, of the natives, sometimes tractable as children, sometimes fierce as tigers; of the abundant gold and precious stones; of the odorous spices; of the gorgeous silks and other rich merchandises to be brought by this new route from that wonderful land. He was familiar with all the strange and stirring incidents of voyages which for the previous six years had been filling the ears of men with tales more alluring and more wonderful than were ever told by the boldest inventors of Eastern fable, and he longed to have a share in the profit and the glory of these great enterprises. In Ojeda's fleet he had command, if we may believe his own statement, of two caravels; the expedition, first touching the coast about two hundred leagues south of the Gulf of Paria, sailed thence leisurely along from point to point till it reached the Cape de la Veda, meeting during the months of its progress with various adventures, and the usual fortune which waited upon the first invaders; received sometimes by the simple and confiding natives as supernatural visitants, sometimes with desperate but generally futile resistance when their lust for slaves, for women, and for gold had come to be better understood.

This was, probably, the first voyage of Vespucci and his first sight of a continent which, partly by accident and partly through a reckless disregard of truth, came afterward to bear his name. If it was his first voyage,

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* "The Life of the Admiral," by his son, Don Ferdinand Colon. "Pinkerton's Voyages," vol. xii., p. 121.

† "History of the New World." Girolamo Benzoni. Published by the Hakluyt Society, p. 37. Herrera, Decade I., book iv. chap i.

he was entitled to no special credit, for he was a subordinate in a fleet commanded by another, who guided the expedition by the charts which Columbus had drawn of the course to Trinidad and the coast of Paria eleven months before.

In 1501, Vespucci left Spain at the invitation of the King of Portugal, and made another, his second, voyage to the West, sailing this time in the service of that King. He visited the coast of Brazil, of which, however, he was not the first discoverer, for in the course of the previous year (1500) three different expeditions under the guidance respectively of Vicente Yanez Pinzon, Diego de Lepe and Rodrigo de Bastidas had sailed from Spain and made extensive explorations and important discoveries along that coast; and a Portuguese fleet, under Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, on its way to India round the Cape of Good Hope, stretched so far to the west to avoid the calms of the coast of Africa, as to come by that chance in sight of the opposite land, where, believing it to be a part of a continent, De Cabral landed and took possession in the name of Portugal.

The expedition of Vespucci, nevertheless, was a bold one, and made important additions to astronomical science in his observations of the heavenly bodies of the Southern firmament, especially of the "Southern Cross," and to the knowledge of geography in his exploration of the Southern continent and sea of the Western Hemisphere. After leaving Cape Verde, he was sixty-seven days at sea before he made land again at 5° south, off Cape St. Roque, on the 17th of August. Thence he sailed down the coast, spending the whole winter in its exploration, till in the following April he was as far south as the fifty-fourth parallel, farther than any navigator had been before. The nights were fifteen hours long; the weather tempestuous and foggy and very cold. The last land he saw is supposed to be the island of Georgia, where, finding no harbors, and seeing no people along its rugged shores, the little fleet turned to escape from these savage seas, where perpetual winter and almost perpetual darkness seemed to reign. They reached Lisbon again in 1502.

Vespucci wrote an account of this voyage in a letter to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici, of Florence; which was published at Augsburg in 1504. No wonder that, as it was probably the first printed narrative of any discovery of the main land of the new continent, it should excite unusual attention. Several editions appeared, in the course of the next four years, in Latin and Italian, and among them one at Strasbourg in 1505 under the editorship of one Mathias Ringmann, a native of Schlestadt, a town in the lower department of the Rhine, twenty-five miles from Strasbourg. So earnest an admirer of Vespucci was this young student, that he appended to the narrative of the voyage a letter and some verses of his own in praise of the navigator, and he gave to the book the title of "Americus Vesputius: De Ora Antarctica per Regem Portugalliæ pridem inventa" (Americus Vespuccius: concerning a southern region recently discovered under the King of Portugal). Here was the suggestion of a new Southern continent as distinct from the Northern continent of Asia, to which the discoveries hitherto mainly north of the equator were supposed to belong.* And this supposition of such a new quarter of the globe gave rise, two years afterward, to a name, all growing naturally enough out of the enthusiasm of this Ringmann for Vespucci, and communicated by him to others.

In the city of St. Dié, not far from Strasbourg, in the province of Lorraine, was a gymnasium or college established by Walter Lud, the secretary of the Duke of Lorraine. In this college was set up one of those newly invented and marvelous machines, a printing-press; and Ringmann was appointed not merely the collegiate professor of Latin, but to the important post of proof-reader. In 1507, Lud, the Duke's secretary, and the head, apparently, of this little seminary of learning, published from the college printing-press a pamphlet of only four leaves, relating to a narrative of *four* voyages to the New World by Amerigo Vespucci; this, it is said by the writer, was sent to the Duke, and he (Lud) had caused it to be translated from the French, in which it was written, into Latin; and, as if in recognition of the influence which Ringmann had exercised upon the subject among his fellows of St. Dié, Lud immediately adds: "And the booksellers carry about a certain epigram of our Philesius (Ringmann) in a little book

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* The term "New World" was often used by the early writers, even by Columbus himself, in a vague way and not at all in the sense afterward attached to it, of a new quarter of the globe; nor was there, till long after the deaths of Columbus and Vespucci any definite determination that these newly found lands were not a part of Asia.

COLUMBUS ENTERING THE ORINOCO.

of Vespucci's, translated from Italian into Latin by Giocondi of Verona, the architect from Venice." This refers to the Strasbourg edition of Vespucci's second voyage, edited by Ringmann two years before, and to which he attached his laudatory verses. This little book of Lud's, "Speculi orbis Declaratio," etc., also contains some Latin verses,—*versiculi de incognita terra*,—the last lines of which are thus translated:—

VESPUCCI AT THE CONTINENT. (FROM DE BRY.)

"But hold, enough! Of the American race,
New found, the home, the manners here you trace
By our small book set forth in little space."*

The narrative itself, of Vespucci's *four* voyages, thus referred to by Lud, was published the same year, 1507, in a book called "Cosmographiæ Introductio," of which it made about one-half. This was the work of Martin Waldseemüller, and published under his Greco-latinized name of "Hylacomylus." He also belonged to the St. Dié College, where he was a teacher of geography, and his "Introductio" was printed on the college printing-press. Whether the letter was sent to St. Dié addressed to the Duke of Lorraine by Vespucci; or whether it was procured through the zeal of Ringmann and its address altered without the knowledge of Vespucci, are interesting questions; interesting, because the letter falling by some means into the hands of Lud and Waldseemüller (Hylacomylus) the name of its author came to be imposed upon the whole Western Hemisphere.

The same letter subsequently appeared in Italian, addressed to an eminent citizen of Venice, named Soderini, who is known to have been an early companion and schoolfellow of Vespucci. That it was written originally to Soderini, is evident from certain allusions in it to youthful days and associations which could not refer to the Duke of Lorraine, but were proper enough when applied to the Venetian citizen. If Vespucci himself had the letter translated into French, altered its address, and then sent the copy to Ringmann, or Lud, or Waldseemüller, a suspicion is aroused that he was in collusion with them, either directly or suggestively, in the bestowal upon him of an honor that was not rightfully his. Such a suspicion may be altogether unjust; Vespucci may neither have sent the letter to the Duke, nor have made any suggestion in regard to it; and perhaps no accusation would have ever been brought against him were there not serious doubts as to the number of voyages he assumes to have made, whether they were three or four; as to the year, 1497, in which he declares he went upon the first one; and by a certain confusion in the letter which might have been intended to mislead, and certainly did mislead, whether intentional or not.

We do not propose to enter into any examination of a question which is one of circumstantial, rather than positive, evidence; and which probably will never be definitely settled. Giving to Vespucci the benefit of the doubt, there is much in the fortuitous circumstances of the case to explain this naming of a newly discovered country by men who, perhaps, had never looked upon the sea, and who may have known little, except in a general way, of the different expeditions of the navigators of Spain and Portugal, and still less the personal interest attached to their fortunes and their deeds. The Duke of Lorraine was a patron of learning; the young professors of the College under his protection were ambitious of literary fame, and proud of their literary labors: it would bring, no doubt, great credit to St. Dié if, in a work from its printing-press, the world should be taught that these wonderful discoveries of the ten preceding years were not, as had been ignorantly supposed, the outlying islands and coasts of India, but of a new and unknown continent which separated Europe from Asia. The conclusion, very likely, was jumped at—a lucky guess of over-confident youth, rather than any superiority of judgment. Had these young book-makers lived in Cadiz or Lisbon, instead of the Vosges mountains, they might have hesitated to pronounce upon a question which had as yet hardly been raised, if it had been raised at all, among the older cosmographers and navigators. They rushed in where even Columbus had not thought to tread, and not only announced the discovery of a new continent, but proposed to name it.

The narrative which Ringmann had edited two years before, "De Ora Antarctica," related only to the second expedition of Vespucci—the third, as he called it—of 1501. But, from the letter now before Lud and Waldseemüller, they learn much more of the achievements of the greatest of navitors, as they supposed him to be; for they are told that it was at a much earlier period he made the first discovery of these new countries; that he had subsequently explored them more extensively; Waldseemüller concludes that they must be a fourth part of the world. "We departed," says Vespucci, "from the port of Cadiz, May 10th, 1497, taking our course on the great gulf of ocean, in which we employed eighteen months, discovering many lands and innumerable islands, chiefly inhabited, of which our ancestors make no mention."

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* The original is:—

"Sed qd plura: situ, gentis moresqꝫ repte
Americi parua mole libellus habet.'

Harrisse's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," p. 100, gives and translates the lines. The little four-leaved book, "Speculi orbis," etc., from which they are taken, is in the British Museum. See also Major's "Henry the Navigator," p. 383.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

Waldseemüller (Hylacomylus), assuming this date of 1497 to be correct—if it was so given in the letter Lud declared the Duke had received from Vespucci—says, in his geographical work, the "Cosmographiæ Introductio": "And the fourth part of the world, having been discovered by Americus, may well be called Amerige, which is as much as to say, the land of Americus, or America." Again he says: "But now these parts are more extensively explored, and, as will be seen by the following letters, another fourth has been discovered by Americus Vespuccius, which I see no reason why any one should forbid to be named Amerige, which is as much as to say the land of Americus or America, from its discoverer, Americus, who is a man of shrewd intellect; for Europe and Asia have both of them a feminine form of name from the names of women."

Now in 1497 Vespucci was still residing at Seville engaged as factor or partner in a commercial house. In May of the following year, 1498, Columbus sailed on his third voyage, and for several months previous Vespucci was busily occupied in fitting out the ships for that expedition.* It is impossible, therefore, that he can have gone to sea in May, 1497, to be absent eighteen months. There is no pretence in his letters, nor anywhere else, that he made a voyage earlier than 1497; he was in Seville in 1498; and he certainly was a pilot in Ojeda's fleet when that navigator, in 1499, followed Columbus to the coast of Paria. That Vespucci was the first discoverer of the Western Continent is, therefore, clearly untrue; although it is true that his account of such a continental land in the West was the one first published, and by his zealous friends at St. Dié, who attached his name to it. In the suit between Don Diego Columbus and the crown of Spain, lasting from 1508 to 1513, the plaintiff demanded certain revenues by right of prior discovery by his father, the defense of the crown being that Columbus had no such priority. In the voluminous testimony on that trial Vespucci was not named as one for whom precedence could be claimed,* while Ojeda, under whom Vespucci went on his first voyage, distinctly asserts that the main land was discovered by Columbus.†

It is, nevertheless, probably true that Vespucci explored along the American coast in his several voyages further than any navigator of his time, as he sailed from about the fifty-fourth degree of south latitude to the peninsula of Florida, and possibly to Chesapeake Bay at the north. Whether the St. Dié editors really believed, or whether the dates of his voyages were, in some way, so changed as to make it appear, that he was also the first discoverer of a Western continent, are questions which may never be answered. But the use they made of his name was adopted in various works within the next few years, and thus in the course of time America became the designation of the whole Western Hemisphere.‡

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* Humboldt, "Examen Critique," Tome v., p. 180.

* "Vespucci and his Voyages," Santarem; Irving's "Life of Columbus," Appendix.

† Irving ("Life of Columbus," vol. iii., Appendix No. X.) examines carefully all the evidence known at the time he wrote on this question, and Major ("Life of Prince Henry the Navigator," chap. xix.) gives some later facts, particularly those relating to the conscious or unconscious fraud of the priests of St. Dié. The subject is discussed at great length by Humboldt ("Examen Critique"), who believes that the fault was not in the statements of Vespucci, but in the erroneous printing of dates. Vespucci, however, in more than one place speaks of his "fourth voyage" without reference to dates, and it is difficult to understand his relation of the voyage of 1497 as anything else than a repetition of the incidents related by Ojeda as attending his expedition of 1499, on which Vespucci went with him. Harrisse, in his "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," gives a careful account of the books of Lud and Hylacomylus.

‡ Humboldt suggests ("Examen Critique," Tome

But even if it were possible to reconcile beyond all cavil the rival claims of the two navigators, and give the honor where, as between them, it undoubtedly belongs, to Columbus, there is a third who takes precedence of both as the first great captain who pushed far enough into the unknown seas to touch the main land of the new continent. It is conceded that a voyage was made as early as 1497 by John Cabot, accompanied by his son Sebastian, from Bristol, England, to find the shorter path to India westward. In a little vessel called "The Matthew," he made his first landfall on this side the Atlantic on the 24th of June of that year. Whether the land first seen—the *Terra primum visa* of the old maps—was Cape Breton, Newfoundland, or the coast of Labrador, is still an open question, though the latter is held to be the most probable by some of those who have given the subject most careful consideration.* But if the ship held its course of north by west from Bristol, it could hardly have been anything else. At any rate, they sailed along the coast for three hundred leagues, and that could only have been the shore of the main land. These Cabots, then, were the first discoverers of the continent, about a year before Columbus entered the Gulf of Paria, and two years before Ojeda's fleet, in which Vespucci sailed, touched the coast of South America two hundred leagues further south.

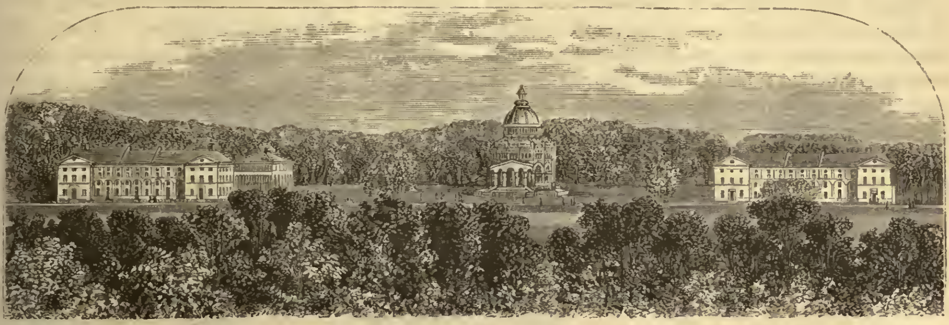
PRINTING OF VESPUCCI'S BOOK.

4, p. 52) that Hylacomylus, a native of Germany, must have known that in inventing the word America to distinguish the new continent, he was giving it a name of Germanic origin. He quotes his learned friend Von der Hagen to prove this, who says that the Italian name Amerigo is found in the ancient High German under the form of Amalrich or Amelrich, which in the Gothic is Amalricks. The incursions and conquests of the northern people, and those of the Goths and Lombards, spread this name Amalrich, from which Amerigo comes, among the Romance-speaking peoples. It was borne by many illustrious men.

An attempt has recently been made ("Atlantic Monthly," April, 1875) to show that the word America was derived from a chain of mountains in Veragua called Amerique, heard of by the sailors of Columbus on his fourth voyage, and reported by them in Spain. If there were any mountains so called, and the Spaniards ever heard of them, they are not mentioned by any of the early writers, and the theory, however ingenious, cannot stand a moment in the light of the evidence in regard to the derivation of the word from Amerigo by Lud and Hylacomylus.

* Humboldt, "Examen Critique;" Biddle, "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot;" J. G. Kohl, "Collection of Maine Historical Society," vol. i., Second Series. Stevens in his monograph, "The Cabots," p. 17, thinks that their landfall was Cape Breton. Brevoort, "Journal of the American Geographical Society," vol. iv., p. 214, agrees with Stevens.

UNION COLLEGE.



GENERAL VIEW OF UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

THE fathers chose wisely when they selected the permanent home of Union College at Schenectady, New York. The outlook from the college terrace over the rich valley of the Mohawk, and the mountain spurs that adorn its course, is one of rare beauty, and is imprinted for life on the memory of those who have seen it.

The buildings on either side of the broad Campus are known as the North and South College, while the circular central building bears the name of Memorial Hall. The colleges include the dormitories, recitation-rooms, chapel, and, indeed, all the working appliances of the institution, together with some of the professors' residences, while the Memorial Hall is to be devoted to the library, art collections, and archives.

Previous to the Revolution, there was but one college in the State, and that in New York City, then known as King's, and after the war as Columbia College. When the smoke of battle had fairly cleared away, and the imperial position of the State began to be patent to its citizens, the wisest of them soon saw that their greatest need, as the chief State of the Confederation, was in higher training-schools for the rising generation, on whom was to devolve the task of giving tone and vigor to the rapidly growing country. Since the metropolis was already in possession of a well-known college, the natural tendency for a new institution, to supply the wants of the interior of the State, was toward its capital. Other rivals, however, soon put in claims, the locations ranging as far south as Poughkeepsie, and as far north as Waterford.

In the meanwhile, a few of the solid men of Schenectady, of the old Dutch stock, had been developing a literary life in the form of an institution for the cultivation of literary investigation and debate, and the founding of an academy of a higher order for the careful classical and scientific training of the young. It was seen that this school would form a fine nucleus for the proposed college, and a dozen of the prominent citizens of Schenectady, backed by over one hundred from other portions of the State, petitioned the Board of Regents to grant them a charter for the foundation of a college, and pledged themselves, in case their request was granted, to aid the new enterprise with purse and influence. The character of the men who made this appeal was so lofty and sterling, that it was evident they meant success; and consequently, notwithstanding vigorous opposition from other

OLD "ACADEMY," 1795.

localities, the Regents granted them a college charter, dated February 25th, 1795, and signed by George Clinton, Chancellor, and De Witt Clinton, Secretary.

When this significant document arrived in the old Dutch town, the days of Revolutionary rejoicing over great victories seemed to have returned; bells were rung and flags displayed during the day, and at night bonfires and the illumination of the houses made the town a flood of light and joy.

The old "Academy," shown in our second cut, came forth from this blaze as "Union College." Union, the name now so dear to patriots in a political sense in their efforts to consolidate the States into one civil power, was here adopted in a new and broader sense, namely, that of a coalition of all the evangelical sects with the view to build up an institution of learning where all Christian men could find a fitting place for the education of their sons;—it was an example of Christian unity which has ever since been followed by the most satisfactory results. The college was designed to be an institution in which the Christian religion should be regarded and cherished without reference to particular tenets. It was the first college in the United States not of a strictly denominational character, and the first north of the City of New York and west of the Hudson River.

The first Commencement of Union College was held in May, 1797, in the Old Dutch Church, an historical monument which was long since demolished. There were in all three graduates. The occasion was one of great import to all the surrounding country, and called together a distinguished and enthusiastic audience. From this time Union College was a fixed fact in the minds of the people. The number of graduates increased with great rapidity, until it exceeded one hundred per annum, with Alumni to the number of four thousand, scattered all over the United States. A large majority of these were the pupils of one man. The combined administrations of Presidents Smith, Edwards, and Maxcy embraced but nine years. These were all excellent men, and distinguished scholars as well as divines; but the enterprise was not yet fully comprehended by the people, and the best efforts of the Faculty were but partially successful. During these first nine years the graduates numbered sixty-three. In 1804 a young Presbyterian clergyman, Eliphalet Nott, was called to the Presidency. A year before the organization of the college he had passed from Connecticut through Albany to a new settlement in Cherry Valley, where he became an acceptable pastor and teacher. His eloquence and efficiency in the pulpit and out of it soon procured him a call to Albany. Here, in 1804, he made the most fortunate effort of his life, which told greatly upon his future career. His great sermon on the death of Hamilton at the hands of Burr, stamped him as one of the rising men of the period, and he was immediately called to the Presidency of Union College.

UNION COLLEGE IN 1804.

President Nott found the institution pining for want of means and students. The inhabitants of Schenectady had proposed an endowment of $30,000 in lands, obligations, and money; but, though the subscriptions were numerous, most of them were small; two hundred and fifty dollars being the largest money subscription, and the next largest one hundred. These sums show how inadequate was the public appreciation of the wants of a college. President Nott soon appealed to the State for aid, and thus laid the foundation of measures which resulted in training the legislators and the people of the Commonwealth to consider the matter of popular and higher education as the paramount duty of a republican government. The college was so rapidly increasing in numbers under his popular and judicious management, that new buildings became a necessity, and, largely on his own responsibility, President Nott obtained the beautiful and spacious site now occupied by the college.

By his untiring exertions, Dr. Nott succeeded, in 1814, in having a bill brought before the Legislature of the State, by which Union College was to have two hundred thousand dollars,—one hundred for the erection of college buildings, thirty thousand to pay debts already contracted, twenty thousand for a library and philosophical apparatus, and fifty thousand to constitute a fund for the aid of indigent students. In this period these were princely sums for such purposes, and to some of the members they were simply appalling. There was an immediate outcry that this was favoritism to a single institution, to which Dr. Nott replied by recommending the grant of $40,000 for the neighboring institution of Hamilton, recently founded, and $30,000 for the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Columbia had already received large gifts, but these were enhanced by the donation to that college, at the suggestion of Dr. Nott, of the grounds in New York City known as the Botanical Gardens; and the increase in the value of this property has since been a great source of wealth to that college.

The discussions attending the passage of these measures attracted the attention of the whole State, during which the movement in favor of establishing common schools became so popular that men who were at first opposed to it began to tone down their opposition. One of the most violent opponents of the measure in the Senate said to the President of the college: "You and your friends have gotten up such an excitement in regard to common schools, that it is perhaps necessary to do something for them;" and then suggested a plan which seemed to favor, but in reality would have defeated the bill. Nearly all of the legislators were favorable to the College Bill, and soon the bitterest partisans feared to oppose the Common School Bill. The result of this was that the party lines which were showing themselves in the beginning soon disappeared, and the men who opposed the bill did so from conviction or stubbornness. Dr. Nott strongly advised party conciliation, and the avoidance in debate of anything that would tend to weaken the influence of any man who was in favor of the measure. Indeed, he held some of his partisan friends under bonds to keep the peace during the progress of the measure, so that some of them became impatient of the restraint, and anxious that the bill should be put through, that they might be released from their obligation. In the mean while, Dr. Nott was the power behind the throne; and he schooled his champions with arguments that were telling and unanswerable in favor of the cause of common schools and higher education under the fostering care of the State.

The close of the session was approaching and the bill was not yet safe. The President watched it day by day and hour by hour. One day he discovered, as he thought, an intention to bring it up at an afternoon session, when many of its friends would be absent at a large dinner party. He himself was invited, but preferred to remain in the Senate chamber. He soon saw his fears realized, but engaged a friend of the bill to talk against time, until word could reach the other members, who, upon hearing of the crisis, hurriedly left the table, passed the bill in triumph, and returned with a good conscience to appease an appetite sharpened by the pleasure of their victory.

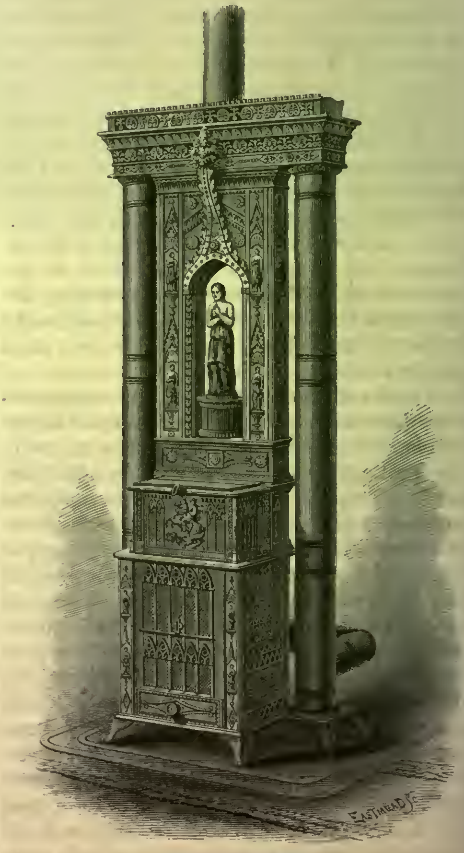
From this period down through the days of Marcy, Silas Wright, and Seward, the influence of Dr. Nott at the Capital was very potent, and aided greatly in advancing the welfare of the institution. The new buildings were finished for the immediate purposes of the college, while those in the town, formerly used for the entire institution, were kept solely for the accommodation of the lower classes. The grounds, containing over two hundred acres, were laid out on a broad scale, abundant room being reserved for campus in front and between the college buildings, north and south, with provision for gardens and groves.

The Faculty were chosen from among the very first scholars and educators of the land, among whom were Francis Wayland and Alonzo Potter. The former cordially co-operated with the President in the development of scientific studies, while the latter made his mark everywhere, not only as a model teacher, but also as the most distinguished practical friend of universal education. He was for many years the trusted adviser of all who were fighting the battles of the common schools. As the patronage and means of the college increased, and the wants of the country were developed, departments were extended, and new ones added to meet the popular demand.

DR. NOTT.

Dr. Nott himself was a universal genius in the line of mechanical invention and the utilization of the latent wealth of the country. He was among the first to aid and supplement the labors of Fulton in his efforts to introduce steam navigation on the Hudson River; and the steamer "Novelty," which was largely constructed under his guidance, came from New York to Albany at a speed that astonished the age. In these efforts to improve and introduce machinery, and especially to utilize the newly discovered power of steam, Dr. Nott's attention was largely directed to the production and materials of combustion for mechanical and domestic purposes. The famous "Nott stoves" were long in use at the college, and gained for a time a broad public popularity for their utilization of anthracite coal as an article of fuel. The problem was to construct a stove in which this newly discovered treasure would readily burn; and easy as this, with all our modern improvements, now seems to be, it cost a great deal of thought and labor, and much money, to bring the stoves to perfection for that purpose. Dr. Nott spent years of time and thousands of dollars in perfecting his base-burning stoves, and the slow progress of his work may be traced at the Patent Office at Washington. Albany and Troy owe their pre-eminence in the stove manufacture not a little to his immediate presence and counsel.

These events are a part of college history, from the fact that the course of his investigations and the results of his experiments were frequently brought right to the recitation-rooms. The students were intensely interested in his lectures and the illustrations describing his experiments, and especially in his prophetic view of the productive application of heat to economical purposes. It was this practical character of the President that tended to foster in the students a love for the application of science to the actual affairs of life. In harmony with this feeling was founded, at an early day, the Chemical Laboratory, with a generous supply of instruments and fixtures from Europe. Thus also the School of Civil Engineering was founded in 1845, and was among the first in

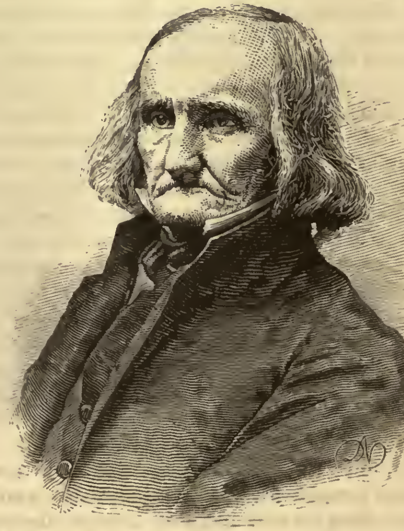


THE NOTT STOVE.

THE "UNION ARMY."

the country to begin the work of training young men for the growing wants of the age in this department. The establishment of this school in connection with Union College was largely the result of the construction of the Erie Canal and the railroad between Schenectady and Albany; these enterprises caused the region to feel the need of educated engineers, and some of the leading men connected with the corporations brought this want to the attention of the authorities of Union College. The development and efficiency of this branch of the institution are largely due to the rare learning and accomplishments of Professor William M. Gillespie, who continued to be its leading spirit until his death a few years ago. Among its special advantages are its immediate connection with the college, which enables its pupils to enjoy the profitable connection of collegiate with scientific studies. And this opportunity has been largely enhanced of late by an extension of the course to four years, and a combination with the scientific course of the college proper, so that in their curriculum the engineering students may pursue many desirable studies of the college, especially in the modern languages and literary department, along with the special engineering course. The Engineering department of the college has numerous graduates in all parts of the country, directing many of its great engineering enterprises and fostering its industrial development.

Thus the college went on during the first fifty years of its existence, enlarging its means of usefulness in every way, adding to its buildings, increasing and strengthening its departments, and gaining greatly in means and students. Many men of sound learning and sterling talents adorned its Faculty, and, as an educational institution, it became a power in the land. The completion of the first fifty years was thought to be a fitting period for the reunion of all those who had been connected with its history, and extensive preparations were made at the Commencement of 1843 to have a grand assemblage of the sons of Union on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial. It was resolved to hold this during the Commencement season of 1845, and to that end a committee of twenty gentlemen was appointed, representing the first twenty graduating classes of the institution, one from each, to consider and report upon the most fitting arrangements to celebrate the auspicious event. This committee met at the Commencement of '44, and de-

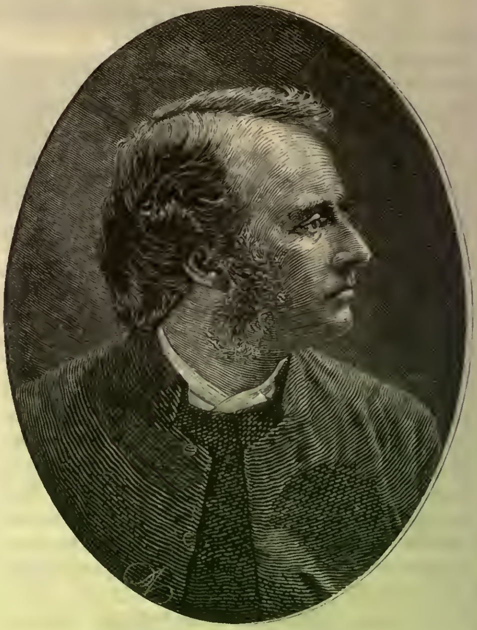


PROF. TAYLER LEWIS.

cided to celebrate the existence of the first half-century of the college by two public addresses, to be delivered before the Alumni at the next annual Commencement. One of these was to be pronounced by a graduate from the earlier, and one by a graduate of the later, classes, representing thus both the old and the young. The committee chose for this important duty Rev. Joseph Sweetman of the first class, 1797, and Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., of the class of 1818. Among the names of the committee of correspondence we find those of William H. Seward, Bishop Thomas C. Brownell, and Hon. Samuel H. Foote—the last gentleman still living. The gala-day was inaugurated by an address by the Mayor, and a response by a member of the class of 1806, Rev. Cornelius Cuyler, D. D., and an ode by the widow of a member of the class of 1818. The procession was one of the most notable of all the college history.

Another interesting event was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Nott's Presidency, which was held on the 25th July, 1854, addresses being given by Hon. W. W. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Wayland, and President Nott. The proceedings revealed anew the feelings of love and reverence for the aged President.

A few years previous to this time, Dr. Laurens P. Hickok, an alumnus of the college, a noted professor of the Auburn Theological Seminary, was called to the Vice-Presidency of the college, to supplement the failing powers and accept the duties of the sinking President. Dr. Hickok's rare acumen in mental science soon gave him a leading position among educators, and in his long career as Vice-President, and finally President, of the college, he endeared himself by his Christian character to all the graduates during his administration, which extended through the last days of Dr. Nott, who lived for twelve years after his Semi-Centennial, but, in his latter years, in a state of great weakness of mind and body. Upon the death of the President on the 29th of January, 1866, Dr. Hickok was elected as his successor by the Board. This responsible position he continued to fill for two years, when he resigned, in accordance with the long-cherished conviction that at the age of seventy he would retire from active life and devote the remainder of his years and strength to the revision and extension of his numerous literary works, in which task he is still engaged. On his retirement, Rev. Charles A. A. Aiken, D. D., of Princeton College, was called to fill the vacancy, which he did with peculiar acceptance, as scholar, teacher, and disciplinarian, for two years, when he withdrew, on account of illness in his family, which demanded a less rigorous climate during the winter months.



PRESIDENT ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER.

In this emergency, the choice of a successor, after a short interim, fell on the Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D. D., grandson of Dr. Nott, and son of Bishop Alonzo Potter. The election of so young a man to so responsible a post meant the insertion of a new graft upon the old stock,—meant a breaking away from many old forms and traditions, and entrance into a new and modern life, and an adaptation to the wants and educational progress of the age,—meant, in short, New Union based on "Old Union." In this spirit, the Faculty, one and all, rallied around their new leader, and participated, each in his sphere, in the revived life. The first step taken was to improve the buildings and grounds, and provide for the erection of much-needed edifices of various kinds. A few years previously some ten thousand dollars had been expended on the internal renovation of the dormitories, to which but little had been done since their erection. The result was a far more cheerful aspect to rooms and halls, which had borne a sort of gloomy and monastic look. Some of the rooms were connected with others by doors, that a group of students might occupy one room as a dormitory and another as a study and sitting-room. Other experiments are even now being tried with a view to make the accommodations as home-like and acceptable as attainable in the nature of the case. Some of the recitation-rooms have been very much altered and improved, especially in the matter of blackboard and other facilities, and in that of convenient seating. The outside of the colleges has been entirely re-grouted, so that they bear a new and neat appearance.

Of the entirely new buildings, the chief is the Alumni or Memorial Hall in the rear of the Campus, between the North and the South College. The solid foundation for this was laid some time before the war, by the aid of generous contributions from some of the Alumni. Various untoward events interfered with its erection, while the massive walls, just towering above the level of the Campus, were a continual reminder of unfulfilled plans. As this enterprise was the one especially undertaken by the Alumni, it was thought to be appropriate to the new life to begin the work of it without delay. Two of that body, brothers of the President, advanced $40,000 for the purpose, which they have since increased to $50,000, and the work was begun on the old foundations. The edifice is circular and surmounted by a dome, according to the original plans. The walls are of native blue-stone, with white Ohio sandstone trimmings, and the roof and dome are of corrugated iron, covered with slate. The interior is adorned with iron columns from base to summit, supporting the spacious dome at the top and the library alcoves around the walls. The interior will be one great rotunda from floor to top of dome. It will be in strict sense a Memorial Hall and fireproof Library, and will, when completed inside, contain many portraits of prominent men connected with the history of the Institution, as well as other paintings given by Alumni and friends, and statues, busts, and other works of art. It is proposed to have it formally opened at the next Commencement, in commemoration of the Centennial year.

The Gymnasium is the largest, it is believed, connected with an American college. It is handsomely equipped with all the requisites for a first-class gymnasium, and the whole enterprise, as a means of physical development and improvement, is under the control of a professional gymnast, whose theory is to use its peculiar opportunities with special reference to physical development and manly exercise, to the exclusion of all useless or dangerous feats. Rooms are furnished in the basement for other forms of physical amusement, and for the accommodation of the Base-ball and Boating Clubs, for bathing privileges, etc. In addition to these valuable improvements, a handsome dwelling has been erected as a Presidential residence, largely from the generous donation to the Christian Union Endowment Fund, on the part of a member of the Board of Trustees; and a few other residences are contemplated by individuals on very favorable terms for the Institution, so that, before long, it is hoped that all who are connected with the College will be able to find appropriate homes on, or near, the grounds. One hundred acres have been reserved for a College Park, never to be encroached upon, while the remainder has been greatly improved by the intersection of broad boulevards and drives, and by the general beautifying of the grounds. With these material advances of the new régime, others of a more intellectual nature have gone hand in hand. Both the old classical and the scientific course have been greatly enlarged. The latter was a favorite department of the college in days when it was almost alone

COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

in Union, and it has gone on increasing in extent and value, so that it now stands equal in training and careful discipline with the classical course, and absorbs as much time, while, in all respects, it is open to the same grade of honors and distinction.

The Department of Natural History, for some years in possession of the famous Wheatley Collection of Shells and Minerals, now valued at $30,000, has been greatly enlarged of late years by the annual dredging on several of our coasts for marine specimens. The gentleman in charge of this department is a graduate of the college and an enthusiast in his special line, and has largely increased the various collections, zoölogical and marine. Last winter he spent several months on the southern coast of Florida, and came home with twenty barrels of fine corals, sponges, and shells. His recitations are held within sight and reach of these, so that they are made practically useful to the young men, some of whom occasionally accompany the Professor in his dredging expeditions.

In the Chemical and Philosophical Departments corresponding improvements have been made. Gas and water pipes have been brought into the grounds for general use, as well as for the special use of the Chemical Laboratory, where, during all study hours, young men may be found working at practical chemical experiments at their desks. The demonstrations of Experimental Philosophy are largely aided by apparatus of the most extensive character, much of it new and rare, made under the personal supervision of the chief of that department, in the workshops of Paris, Munich, and London. The Professor has spent some time abroad, engaged in the selection and purchase of the best instruments to the value of over ten thousand dollars.

A CURIOSITY OF UNION COLLEGE.

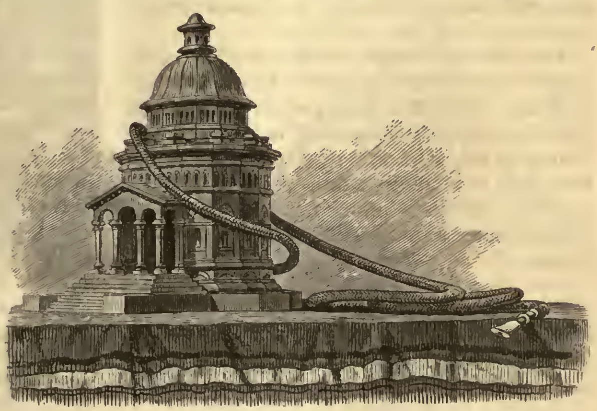
Union has also a Military Department, which is in charge of a national officer, a graduate of West Point, and member of the artillery corps. The department was established here, as in many other colleges, at the suggestion of the Government, which has provided the " army " with muskets. An inexpensive fatigue uniform has been adopted, and great interest is manifested in the regular drills. The physical, disciplinary, and other results fully justify the faculty in considering this experiment a success.

Since the accession of the new President, about $300,000 has been added to the resources of the college, all of it collected under the name of the " Christian Union Endowment Fund." Union College received the impulse that brought it into being, from the desire of Christian union among the various denominations, and at a time when there was no institution in the State supported by the patronage of the separate churches. Since that period, many denominational schools have arisen and done valiant work; and still Union College clings to the broad principle of its foundation, in the belief that now, more than ever, there is also need of a school where all evangelical Christians can unite in the work of education without distinction of peculiar religious belief; and, therefore, it emphasizes its newly adopted motto: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." And with a view to strengthen this characteristic, and to perpetuate it, this Christian Union Endowment Fund has been instituted. The first great gift was $100,000 from Mr. James Brown, of Brown, Brothers & Co.; then, $50,000 for the Memorial Hall, and, again, nearly $50,000 for the various new buildings, including the Gymnasium, heretofore mentioned.

MARIA.

One of the greatest needs of the increased attendance of students was found to be the means of aiding deserving ones in their struggle to obtain an education. A fund given by the State for this purpose in the early days of the college has aided many a young man. Some of the brightest minds and most talented men sent forth by Union College were in part sustained by this fund, and Dr. Nott made it a special point to seek out and encourage worthy men in this way; and although of late, especially since the war, both the number of the applicants and the cost of their education have greatly increased, yet the college authorities have desired to keep up the reputation of Union in this regard, and are proud to say that no young man is forced to stay away from its halls because of want of means. To aid this purpose Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York city, has placed $50,000 at the disposal of President Potter. This is the consummation of the generous intentions of her father, the late John David Wolfe, who at the time of his death was maturing plans for the education of deserving young men in the Southern States whose parents had become impoverished. This beneficence has enabled the college to open its doors more widely, and already about twenty-five Southern students are enrolled upon its books.

Some years ago Union College recognized the fact that a very essential element of her future success would be the loyal support of her large body of Alumni. To further deserve and secure this, a few years ago the Alumni were admitted to a representation in the Board of Trustees. This was done by alteration of the charter, which now calls for the election of four of the Board from among the Alumni, one being chosen annually for the period of four years. In response to this the Alumni have been extremely active during the last few years, under the guidance of a member of the Faculty, in the formation of Alumni associations in many of the largest cities of the country, East and West. Many of these bodies have formed State organizations, and hold annual meetings. One of their favorite projects is to form an Alumni


"THE PIPE OF PEACE."

fund of about $100,000 to endow three emeritus chairs, the first occupants of which are to be Doctors Isaac W. Jackson, John Foster, and Tayler Lewis.

The history of the literary societies is very rich in labor and reminiscence, and no small portion of it has been made by men who have since made their mark in the world. One of these societies actually antedates the college, and was merged into it at its foundation, and their diplomas and certificates of membership are very highly prized by the holders. A Theological Society of Christian Inquiry has also had a very long and successful career.

At the suggestion of William H. Seward, a dual body, known as the Senate and House of Representatives, was organized in the Senior and Junior classes, for parliamentary debate. This body has familiarized many a future legislator with the practical machinery of legislation. Mr. Seward himself aided in its organization, and spoke several times at its anniversaries.

Another famous association, which has brought before it on its anniversary occasions such men as Seward and Sumner, is the Phi Beta Kappa of Union College, which possesses the Alpha Chapter of New York. The original society was founded in 1776, at William and Mary College in Virginia, and this, the first chapter in the State of New York, in 1817. As is well known, the Phi Beta Kappa is the special guardian of sound classical culture, and its influence among the colleges of the United States has been extremely conducive to classical investigation.

The college songs, which have been collected into a volume entitled "Carmina Concordiæ," represent a large part of the student life, and are worth a passing mention. The "Song to Old Union," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow ('56) now deceased, is always sung at the close of the Commencement exercises, the audience joining with enthusiasm in the chorus:

"Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus."

The "Terrace Song," by the same author, is perhaps the favorite of all. The terrace in front of the college buildings overlooks the park and the Mohawk Valley, and here the "Boys" frequently gather on warm evenings after tea to have a smoke, and to sing:

"Ye Union Boys whose pipes are lit,
Come forth in merry throng;
Upon the terrace let us sit,
And cheer our souls with song.
Old Prex may have his easy chair,
The Czar may have his throne;
Their cushions get the worse for wear,
But not our seat of stone.
This grand old seat of stone,
This jolly seat of stone."

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," spent some of his early years at Union, and Alfred B. Street, of Albany, to whom the boys owe their "Greeting to Alma Mater," is numbered among the Alumni. The songs are in all keys, from the rollicking humor of "Co-ca-che-lunk," so dear to all college boys, to the laments for "Whately" or "Mechanics," which are sung in well-simulated sadness:

COLLEGE GROUNDS.

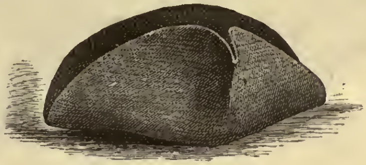
"Round the College hear the groaning,
Hear the mournful sound!
All the Sophomores are weeping,—
Whately's in the cold, cold ground."

The entrance to the college grounds is known as the Blue Gate. Near the entrance is the mansion occupied by Dr. Nott during the closing years of his life, now the residence of his estimable and benevolent widow, Mrs. Urania Nott, who retains an ardent interest in the college. Between this dwelling and the college proper is the Presidential residence recently built for Dr. Potter on the occasion of his installation. Most of the members of the Faculty live on the grounds—some in buildings that form a part of the main structures, others in detached residences. The present Faculty embraces a number of celebrated scholars, of whom Dr. Tayler Lewis is perhaps most widely known.

The theory of Dr. Nott was that of family government as far as practicable, and to attain this he brought the Faculty as much as possible in personal contact with the students. He was himself very intimate with the boys, and many stories are told of him by the older graduates, the most famous of which is the following: One night the Doctor's hen-roost was unusually noisy. Concerned about his poultry and his eggs, he hastened out in dressing-gown and slippers, in time to surprise certain disguised figures, which quickly vanished, leaving a few of his choicest fowls beheaded. The Doctor had a magic way of finding out evil-doers, and he soon discovered these. But instead of taking off their heads in turn, he invited them to dinner the next day, and feasted them on the fowls with whose necks they had made free the night before. The Doctor made no allusion to the occurrence, trusting to the conviction that every mouthful of contraband chicken would stick in the throat, to teach them a better lesson than any he could convey in words. When the meal was finished the boys were politely bowed out, firmly resolved never again to prepare for themselves so uncomfortable a meal. The culprits never heard the last of "Prex's Chickens."

The fantastical decoration of their rooms by college students has perhaps reached its extremest limit in the whims of one of the Union boys, a view of whose room we give on page 236. Disgusted at the paucity of taste in the wall-papers of the day, he has departed from the conventional, and, putting his brother students under contribution for all the discarded envelopes that can be begged or borrowed, has covered his bare walls with over four thousand of these, to the exposure of a motley group of correspondents. This effect is varied by posters and diagrams of strange device, and the room is one of the curiosities of the college.

An important personage about the college is a sturdy German Frau, "Maria, Queen of the Broom." The boys like Maria and obey her, for she does them many a good turn in daily clearing up their rooms, making their beds, and keeping things in order. When the Freshman first makes his appearance in the dormitories, he is introduced to Maria for consultation about his furniture; perchance she will sell him some that she has bought of a departing Senior, and, when, at the end of his course, he can find no one else willing to look at the furniture that he has been hacking and kicking at for four years, Maria comes in as a forlorn hope to take his relics for a trifle. It is rumored too that Maria's generous heart at times unlooses her purse-strings to some of the improvident ones of her flock.



DR. NOTT'S COCKED HAT.

Class Day at Union is very similar to that at other institutions, unless we except the closing ceremony, the smoking of the "Pipe of Peace," over which all rivalry and antagonisms of student life are forgotten, men who had perchance been enemies, parting as friends. The Seniors sit in a careless group on the turf, and the "Pipe of Peace" occupies the center. The coil, with mouthpiece, is passed around from one to another, each taking a whiff as a pledge of life-long friendship. The Union Pipe is made in imitation of the Memorial Hall as it will look when finished. The first movement toward this building was made some twenty years ago, when the foundations were laid by means of a fund raised by the Alumni. In the midst of the work the war came on and separated sections and men, and the enterprise thus stopped for awhile. When the college renewed its vigor a few years ago, the work was resumed. In the meanwhile, departing classes kept alive the memory of early vows by pledging their faith over a Pipe of Peace, in the form of Memorial Hall.

"Then pass around the Pipe of Peace,
  And let the incense rise;
May every puff a care release,
  While joy its place supplies."

Preserved carefully with the relics of the college is the "Old Cocked Hat," so long worn by Dr. Nott, while conferring

THE OLD MOHAWK BRIDGE, SCHENECTADY.

degrees on Commencement Day, and so well known to the early graduates of the college. The cocked hat became, to a certain extent, a Revolutionary emblem after the close of our war with Great Britain, and the Doctor seemed to think it more fitting to the peculiarly American College, as Union has often been styled, than the cap worn by the scholars of the English universities. He clung to it to the last, and wore it well, as is proved by the specimen still in existence, which bears the marks of use. He wore this hat for the last time, we believe, at the Commencement exercises of 1860. The best full-length portrait of Dr. Nott, that by the artist Inman, now preserved in the cabinet of the college, represents him with cap, gown, and a roll of diplomas, in the act of conferring degrees.

Another memento of Dr. Nott is the best specimen of the "Nott Stove" now to be found, which is still in use by his widow, in the hall of the house in which he died. He and some of the older members of the Faculty clung to this style of stove through all the innovations that have so greatly affected and varied the style of modern heaters. And this one holds its own as a heat-producer, about as well as most of the more recent rivals; for the Doctor almost perfected the essentials of the base-burning stove. His wood stove for the rooms of the students, is considered no mean invention even yet, and many specimens of it are still in use in the college. From its peculiar shape, it long ago received the sobriquet of "Coffin," which is yet its popular appellation. The gradual disuse of wood as fuel will probably soon end its days and consign it to the grave.

Associated with Union College for many years was a famous vehicle, known as the "Three-wheeled Chariot," in which the Doctor used to drive about. It was built at his suggestion, as a great improvement on the "One-horse shay." The body of the vehicle was supported by the rear axle on the two wheels, while a third wheel in front, was in close connection with the shafts, so that it revolved with them as they turned. By this arrangement, the body of the carriage could be hung low, supported entirely by the wheels, while the third wheel in front, revolving in a small circle with the shaft, enabled the occupants to make a short and safe turn. Thus, the whole was a model of convenience and safety, and a favorite not only with its owner, but with the students and the town. Nothing is left of it but an outline in the memory of those that saw the quaint affair in use. The "Boys" have a legend that the "Good old Doctor," like

OLD DUTCH HOUSE, SCHENECTADY.

Elijah of old, was thus transported to the heavenly land, and they yet sing:

> "Where, oh where, is the good old Doctor?
> Where, oh where, is the good old Doctor?
> He went up in the Three-wheeled Chariot,
> Safe to the Promised Land."

And while the stillness of the night is sometimes broken by the harmony of many voices joining in this assurance, profane lips sometimes kindly assume to transport other members of the Faculty on their final journey in this same charmed vehicle, a fact of which these honorable gentlemen are individually made aware, by the insertion of their names in the ditty instead of the Doctor's as their admiring pupils pass their respective houses.

And now, before we leave the college, a parting word to the quaint old town, Schenectady. About all that is now left of the past, is an old Dutch house here and there as a reminder of the days of old. One of these had a certain connection with the college, on account of long being the home of one of its officers, Jonas Holland; for which reason it was for many years known as the "Holland House." It is now generally known as the "Old Dutch House," and a cut of it is here given. It was built in 1749, and occupied by Jonas Holland from 1814 to 1839, the year of his death. Mr. Holland was captain of a company in the war of 1812, then superintendent of the workmen of the present college buildings on the Hill from 1812 to 1815, and was subsequently Registrar and Treasurer of the college until the day of his death.

Another cherished monument of the old Dutch "Vans," whose descendants are still numerous here, was known as the "Old Mohawk Bridge." There was only one other just like it in all the country, and that was over the Delaware at Trenton. It was built in spans resting on abutments, and these spans were formed of beams so immense, that popular tradition declares them to have been the remnants of Noah's Ark, after the latter had lodged on the neighboring Helderbergs. The whole structure was thus such a curiosity, both from the antique origin of its timbers and the everlasting character of its frame, that it was about the first sight to be shown to the curious stranger. For many years at each returning spring the wiseacres of the town had been predicting its destruction by the breaking up of the ice on the Mohawk. The confidence in this event often attracted crowds to the bridge. But year after year the beams withstood the shock of icy masses piled up almost to the summit of the bridge. At last, the irreverent generation of the period laid violent hands upon it, unjointed and unspiked the massive structure, and carried it off piecemeal, wondering all the while, as the dismantling went on, at the patience and strength of the fathers that built it. Burr, the most celebrated builder of the day, was the architect, and it was first used in 1808. Its completion was the occasion of a great celebration. Governor Tompkins and the Comptroller graced the occasion with their presence, as a testimony of the great importance of the work to the rapidly extending settlement of the State and the country.

Of late, "Old Dorp," as the town is frequently called by the Dutch settlers in and around it, has thrown off its lethargy and wheeled into line to keep progress with the age. And in consonance with this spirit, its favorite institution, on the brow of the overlooking hill, is also putting on new life, so that its favorite cognomen of "Old Union" is almost a misnomer.

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COURAGE!

Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light!

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN CO-OPERATION.

SECOND PAPER.

Of the two great divisions of co-operation, "productive" and "distributive," the former is the most complex, as indicated in our first paper. It is naturally divided into three kinds: first, the mutual co-operation of labor and capital, with an equal share in the liability, direction, and profits; secondly, partial co-operation, where only the profits are shared; and, thirdly, that moral co-operation, where the man who sells his money gives the man who sells his labor certain advantages, in the hope that he may win the worker to his interest. This classification has been discussed in our previous paper, and some details have been given of the working methods pursued in the first kind of co-operation, as illustrated by American experience. Partial co-operation may next be considered.

In 1872, a large manufacturing firm in New York called its workmen together, and announced that after a certain date every man would receive over and above his wages a share in the profits of the business, be they more or less, according to the sales. The men received the statement with incredulity and returned to their work. Six months passed, and the firm announced that it had $4,000 to divide among the men in proportion to their wages. The immediate result of the actual division of the money was gratifying to all concerned. The men resumed work with remarkable animation and industry. Every one became jealous of his neighbor's work, every one became his fellow's overseer. No idleness now, no "one-handed work," no shirking and dilatory pipe-lighting, no guards to watch for the foreman, no waste of material and time. Never before had so much work been performed in a day; never had such skill, economy, aptitude, and intelligence been shown at the benches, and never had better goods been made. The men were apparently satisfied, and the firm was more than compensated for the increased outlay by the improved quality of the goods. Several months passed, and the house announced that in a few weeks it would have a surplus of ten thousand dollars to divide among the workmen. Suddenly led away by some epidemic of unreason, the men struck for a reduction of time to eight hours. The proprietors would not consent to this, and as a consequence for two weeks the shops were closed. In vain were the men shown the money coming to them; in vain was it demonstrated that they were making more than men in the same line in other shops. They persisted in the strike till they could hold out no longer, and then resumed work as before. The firm declined to proceed further with the co-operative experiment, and what had been fair with promise was thus brought to a disastrous end.

This experiment illustrates co-operation without control or liability. The men merely received a share in the profits, if there happened to be any. Though abruptly ended, it proved a success so long as it lasted, making the men more steady, industrious, and thoughtful for the interests of their employers, and giving them a generous reward for their extra exertion. It was a profitable experience for the firm while it lasted, and, had it not been for the mishap, the arrangement might have continued to this day, to the mutual advantage of all concerned.

Recently a certain Western railroad became bankrupt and was placed in the hands of a receiver. The receiver, finding the payrolls largely in arrears, and recognizing the precedence of the workmen's claims over all other debts, decided to pay from the earnings of each month a portion of the back pay due the men. By some means this intention was discovered by some of the employees, and the news, as such news always will, spread from conductors to brakemen and engineers, from train-hands to round-house and repair-shops, and from the machinists to the switchmen and track laborers. If the amount of the back pay returned each month depended on the difference between receipts and expenditures, it was important that this difference be made as large as possible. By an unexpressed, but common consent, the entire force, from water-boys to ticket-agents, united with the receiver in a real attempt at co-operation. The office people managed to get along with a less lavish expenditure of stationery; the conductor ran his train with more consideration of the value of time, and exhibited an increased regard for the comfort of his passengers; the engineer ran his machine with less oil and steam, considered grades and curves thoughtfully, and grew furious if the fireman failed to "fire her steady" or wasted the coals; the brakeman was more prompt and amiable; the yard-man handled his cars as if drawbars really cost money, and every journal-box was viewed with solicitude; the wipers and laborers about the car shops developed a realizing sense of the value of materials, and every switchman and track viewer became an authority on "how to do it up sharp." The result of this improved tone immediately appeared in the increased amounts paid on the arrears. It was a successful instance of co-operation, though wholly unsuspected by receiver or stockholders. History is silent as to the final result. Perhaps the directors resumed their own and went on again in the old stupid fashion. The oils and coals ran again to waste, cars standing on side-tracks had their obtrusive corners knocked off, rails broke and trains suffered derailment, and the stock slid down hill again in the good old way.

These instances serve to illustrate this partial co-operation where a bonus is paid to the workers by the lenders, for the sake of the extra pains and thought given to the mutual work. It has been tried many times, and in most instances has reduced the cost and improved the quality of the goods manufactured. Like all one-sided things, it has its times of disappointment and disaster. If the men employed on this basis receive reasonably good returns in the form of a bonus, all goes well; but let losses or dull times interfere with the bonus, and at once distrust is developed. The workers cannot always see the causes that may lead to a reduction of their bonus, and imagine that the lenders are keeping something back for selfish purposes. It is not easy to explain the business details of any operation to five hundred men, and if such explanations must continually be made, manufacturing firms, as a class, would much prefer to retire from business. In large shops there is another source of trouble. The saving of money that may be made by one man in five hundred is so small, that the idle man thinks that perhaps his share of the bonus at the end of the year will be quite as large, even if he does waste half a day now and then. Therefore he lounges continually, and, if his fellow-workers resent it, there is trouble of the most serious kind.

We may next consider that less definite co-operation, where the proprietors of a factory or shop seek to win the good-will of their employees, by extending to them certain incidental advantages. They build houses, open reading-rooms, schools, and churches for the use of their workmen, and in various ways seek to benefit them. They seek for no immediate money return for this, but look rather for their recompense to the spirit of co-operation which such favors may induce.

The Waltham Watch Company, of Waltham, Mass., is a happy illustration of some of the methods pursued in such co-operation. This Company from the first has sought to win to its interest each and every man and woman employed in its factory. It supplies each one with a light, cheerful, and comfortable work-room, and aims to put them all at ease mentally and physically. To induce its people to become permanent residents, the Company bought a hundred acres of woodland immediately opposite its works, and, after laying out a large public square, cut streets through the remainder of the land, and on these erected dwellings of every style and price, and offered them to their people upon liberal terms. They even built houses to suit individual tastes, and advanced money to operatives to enable them to build their own houses in their own way. They also offered houses for hire, and erected boarding-houses for unmarried men or women. The larger part of their people living in the main village on the other side of the river, the Company interested itself in the construction of a horse railroad over the Charles River for their accommodation. Besides all this, it has offered its people liberal inducements to purchase shares, and thus become partners in the concern. These advantages have won to the interest of the Company perhaps the most remarkable community of working-people to be found in the world. A large number of their employees are stockholders, and of these a number are women. The hundred-acre wood lot has become a prosperous New England village, and its picturesque and comfortable homes are the abodes of thrift and comfort. There are trees in every street, good walks and drives, and even a measure of elegance and luxury. The men employed by this Company commonly stay for years. The majority of the women do not stay long in the factory, for the excellent reason that they invariably get married. They are the best of their class, and here, as in everything else, the best commands the market. These results are in one sense only moral. How does the Waltham Company find its reward for its investment? Certainly it is not to its advantage that its factory girls are married just as they begin to learn the business and become available as good workers.

The value of a manufactured article depends on the skill and honesty of the hands that make it. The sale depends largely on the reputation of this skill and honesty. The immense and continually growing business of the Waltham Company is the result of the unvarying quality of its watches. Reputation and the low prices of goods have created and sustained the business. Both of these come from the labor employed. Machinery, indeed, aids, but it is the liberality shown to the work-people that has improved that labor and won it to the interest of the Company. It is the unexpressed co-operation between skilled labor and liberal-minded capital that has made the Waltham watch. Even the girl from the bench co-operates with the Company. Often she becomes the wife of her fellow-laborer, the mistress of the house offered by the Company; and an efficient aid in securing the workman to its interest for life.

The Waltham Watch Company is not given as a solitary instance of this kind of co-operation. Many manufacturing firms do as much, and, perhaps, more. It is only cited because the Company is well known, and because the facts are easily reached and may be examined by the reader without difficulty. Only a want of space prevents the presentation of many other instances and examples.

Of the two larger divisions of co-operation, "distributive" and "productive," the latter has been the least successful. The examples of its practical workings given in this and the previous paper merely show how it is carried on. The causes that have combined to prevent a more general imitation of these examples next demand attention. If these experiments seem so simple and produce such good results, why do we not find more of them? Why is it that such co-operation shows in this country more failures than successes?

The difficulties that attend these experiments are threefold: first, *a want of capital;* secondly, *a want of business knowledge*, and, thirdly, *friction*. The want of capital results from the small percentage of savings that working-people commonly put aside. The want of business knowledge is the outcome of confinement at the bench at too early an age, or for too long a time. By friction, is meant that want of harmony which springs from ignorance, jealousy, and selfishness. None of these difficulties is an inherent or necessary defect of co-operation.

The ideal co-partnership consists of two partners, each of whom brings an equal share of capital, and, speaking broadly, equal skill and knowledge of the business; with mutual respect, and a reasonable degree of forbearance, such a firm may work smoothly for a life-time. A firm of two or more, where all bring equal capital and unequal skill, may work without friction for many years, if each displays a conciliatory disposition. A firm, where one contributes all the capital and the other all the labor, skill, and knowledge, may survive a generation under favorable circumstances. A partnership, where one contributes all the money and knowledge, and the other only labor, is more likely to end in misunderstanding and disagreement. Productive co-operation usually takes one of two forms: it is a combination of workers with such capital as they can command, or it is a union of workers with one or more lenders, who merely supply the capital.

Some years since, during a depression in the hide and leather trade, a number of working-men combined on a co-operative plan, and opened shops for the manufacture of prepared skins. At that time, the business was conducted upon a limited scale, and the work was almost wholly performed by hand. The competition was not excessive, and at first all the shops prospered. Each could turn out a few dozen skins in a day, and at the prices then ruling, the members earned about as much as before; they seemed quite satisfied, and the experiment was considered a success. Then came the gradual introduction of machinery. Firms with abundant means erected large and costly manufactories, and began to offer goods at a smaller price. The co-operative shops having only a limited capital could not compete with these large houses, and one after another paid its debts and retired from the business, or was merged into some more able firm. In some instances one or two of the members bought the others out, and the former co-operative societies became the great manufacturing firms of to-day. None of these co-operative shops seems to have failed. When the profit fell to a dollar on a dozen skins, when machinery began to be introduced, they quietly stopped for lack of sufficient capital. Machinery implies capital, and capital is the one thing co-operative companies most do lack.

A house divided against itself cannot stand—much less a business house. Some years ago, a number of workmen in a certain trade thought it might be to their advantage to unite and open a co-operative factory in their own behalf. Being unusually steady and industrious men, they were enabled to collect a liberal sum as a fund with which to buy stock and machinery and to open a first-class shop. In the eyes of the trade generally, the experiment seemed sure to prove successful. It did prosper for awhile, and then it suddenly came to an end. Here, the cause of the failure was simply—friction. They could not agree among themselves; the house was divided against itself and it fell, and the ruins are sometimes pointed out as a warning against such experiments.

A dozen or more men unite to start a co-operative shop for the manufacture of fish-hooks, or some other salable product. Each is a good workman, and each contributes alike to the capital. The shop must have a book-keeper, manager, and salesman, and they elect one of their number to one or all of these positions. If the manager happens to be a good business man, the shop prospers and all goes smoothly for awhile. Then some of the members become discontented. They work hard at the benches, and the manager sits in his comfortable office and writes (supposed to be easy work), or he walks about town, or receives callers. His hands are clean, and his clothes are unstained by the grime and burden of the shop. He is "having a good time," while they toil all the day long. The men at the benches want good dividends; the manager says they should have a contingent fund and more machinery. They say he has neglected their interest (and his own), been idle, etc., etc. He replies that trade is dull, competition keen, etc.; if they think they can manage the shop, let them try it. Forthwith, they turn him out and elect another. He had altogether too easy a position; they all wish to share the "good places and light work." At last, after a repetition of this process, the general distrust breaks out in open rupture, and the experiment is at an end.

The difficulties of mental labor are rarely comprehended by those who work with their hands. A man eats a certain amount of food in a day, and from it obtains a certain amount of vital energy. If he expends this energy in manual labor, he may work, perhaps, ten hours a day. If it is absorbed in mental labor, it is consumed in perhaps three hours. It is estimated that if one ounce of blood will enable the hands to do a fixed amount of work, that same ounce, if diverted to the brain, will only perform one-third as much labor. If the blood is absorbed by the hands the brain must go without; if the brain, consuming the strength three times as fast, has all the day's supply, the hands and feet can do nothing. This may be easily tested by experiment. Toil a greater part of the day with the hands, and you cannot think to advantage. Keep the brain employed with hard mental work (not book-keeping, which is only a kind of mento-mechanical work) for three or four hours, and all the willingness in the world will not enable the hands to do anything more than the least valuable work. A successful manufacture implies thought and labor. There must be some one to think for the shop and some one to work at the bench. These two duties cannot be performed by the same man at one time, for the best mental and manual labor can never be united. It is the ignorance of these facts, or an unwillingness to acknowledge them, that causes all the friction developed in productive co-operation.

It is the necessity of economy in staples that has given distributive co-operation its present impetus. People in good circumstances are pleased to regard the retail dealer in the amiable light of a convenience, and pay his prices and accept the financial situation; but to the man who sells the labor of his hands for twelve dollars a week, he assumes quite another character. The difference between wholesale and retail prices makes at his table just the difference between healthful plenty and that half-satisfied hunger that ever lingers on the verge of desperate sickness. It is this that has reared vast warehouses and called out a capital of millions of pounds, that the English co-operative store might open its goods to the common people. Professor Fawcett, of England, estimates the excess paid by small buyers at retail over those who purchase the necessaries of life at wholesale at twenty per cent. Other writers place it at ten per cent. Three per cent. is enough to account for the existence of the co-operative store.

Distributive co-operation has been tried extensively in this country with varying success. In Great Britain it is one of the great facts of commercial life. The little company of flannel weavers of Rochdale, meeting each week to contribute every man his twopence, is a type of the already gigantic system of co-operative stores in Great Britain. With great pains they saved enough to buy a few sacks of flour and oatmeal, and, amid the jeers and insults of their fellow-laborers, they opened their pitiful little store. One doled out the parcels and collected the cash paid down manfully on the spot. Each took his share, and went his way through the crowds that blocked the narrow street. One remained to "mind the store" and to make new purchases. This was the whole of it. The many contributed their mites to the capital, the one attended to the business. To-day, the co-operative stores of Great Britain count their members by the hundred thousand; they are housed in splendid buildings, and control a capital of millions.

In general plan, co-operative stores are much alike. They differ mainly in matters of detail. The most common English method may be briefly given in outline. A number of people agree to start a store; they then procure a charter and form a limited liability joint-stock company. The shares, placed at a low figure (say one pound), are then offered to the general public. Any number of shares may be taken, up to (say) two hundred; but, to become a member, one must take at least five shares. The shares may be paid for in cash or by installments (say two shillings a month), and, if the installments are not regularly paid, fines are imposed. The money thus produced makes the capital of the store or company. If more capital is obtained than is needed by the store, it may be invested in other ways, or it may be reduced by re-purchasing some of the shares. To withdraw from the company, the shareholder gives notice, according to fixed rules, and, in time, gives up his shares, and receives his money, together with such interest and profits as may be due. The profits of such a company, after paying expenses, may be devoted to increasing the capital or forming a contingent fund, or sustaining educational or other work for the benefit of the members (reading-rooms, libraries, lecture-rooms, etc.), or may be distributed among the shareholders as a bonus on the amount of their purchases at the company's store. Provision is also made for the transfer of the shares and their proper disposal at the death of a member. On joining such a co-operative company, the new member pays a small entrance fee, and receives a card with his name, residence, and number written upon it. An account-book is also given him, wherein is entered the number of his shares, his subscriptions, and the interest, bonuses, fines, etc., thus indicating from time to time his financial position in the company.

The government of such a company is usually vested in a Board of Directors elected by all the members. This Board selects and fixes the pay of all the company's servants, and has general control of the business. The store is opened to all the members, and each purchases such goods as he wishes, and pays cash. Each time a purchase is made, a metal check, stamped with the amount of his purchase, is given, and, at stated intervals, each one returns these tin and bronze checks, and they are added up and returned to the store. The amount of his purchases is entered in his account-book, and, upon this basis, the member's share of the profits is adjusted. If his purchases have been large, his bonus is large. If he has neglected the store, and gone elsewhere for his purchases, the bonus is proportionally less. He may take this bonus on his purchases in cash, may allow it to form credit on future purchases, or he may let it remain in the treasury of the company till, joined to other bonuses, it makes enough to entitle him to a new share. The capital to which all have contributed also draws interest, though usually at a very low rate; when due, this interest may be withdrawn in cash or goods, or it may be suffered to remain as installments for the purchase of another share.

Another and more primitive method of distributive co-operation, sometimes tried in the smaller cities in New England, dispenses with all this machinery, and confines its attention to one class of goods. A hundred or more people unite informally to purchase flour. Each pays cash for one or more barrels, and one of their number is selected to go to New York to buy the flour. Having cash in hand, and wanting two or three hundred barrels, it is easy for him to make advantageous terms. The flour is bought and shipped, and, on arrival, is stored in some temporary place of deposit till it can be distributed; or, if a sufficient number of teams can be hired, it is distributed at once from the cars. At a meeting of the purchasers, the buyer presents his account; the expenses of his trip are taken from the common fund, and, if there is anything left over, or if there is a loss, it is distributed and adjusted *pro rata*. Such co-operative trading has been tried with more or less success very many times, and, in some instances, has led to the establishment of permanent co-operative stores.

A co-operative association, now in successful operation in New York city, exhibits some features of interest in showing another method. In November, 1875, thirty gentlemen of means and position united under the laws of the State and opened a co-operative store on Sixth Avenue for their own use and benefit. Each member contributed one hundred dollars in cash, and, under the management of a Board of Directors, a competent manager and four assistants were engaged at reasonable wages. A small store was hired, a choice stock of groceries purchased, a few simple rules prepared, and the store went into operation. By these rules, each member makes all his purchases at the store, and either pays cash or opens an account that must be paid on the first day of each month. The member has nothing to do beyond this. He pays in his hundred dollars, foregoes all interest in it, and expects no bonus or dividend of any kind. The profit comes in the reduced cost of the goods. Once each month the business of the store is examined by an Advisory Board, and, if there is a profit over the expenses, the prices are lowered sufficiently to extinguish it. If there is a loss, the prices are raised sufficiently to cover it during the next month. The experiment has, so far, worked smoothly and proved a success. The store not only supplies the members with the best goods, but delivers them free at their residences at a very material reduction from the retail market rates. The store itself is perfectly plain, and is exceptionally neat and attractive. There is no gilding nor display, not even a sign, except a card on the door. It is only open by daylight, and is only visited by the members. No member is liable beyond the $100 invested on joining the association, and any one may withdraw at any time by giving sufficient notice, and may then recover his money in the form of a gradual abatement on his monthly purchases.

The history of this association is brief and instructive. Beginning with only thirty members, and starting an entirely new business, it finished its first month's business at a small loss. The second month saw this reduced. In the third month a profit was made, which was promptly extinguished by lowering the prices. As the association increased its membership its business improved, and the prices of the goods were steadily lowered. When a sufficient number of members had been obtained, the association imitated the plan followed by some of the London co-operative stores, and made contracts with responsible butchers, bakers, milkmen, fish, ice, and vegetable dealers, hackmen, confectioners, and others, whereby the association agreed to give the entire custom of all its members to each dealer, in consideration of a discount on the regular prices. In such cases the dealer merely allowed favorable terms to a large mercantile association which gives him a business ready made. The dealers, receiving one hundred new first-class customers, readily made these contracts, and so far they have proved satisfactory to all concerned.

Another form of distributive co-operation departs from this system, by replacing the share with an irredeemable entrance fee. Each member, on joining the association, pays five dollars, and receives a ticket entitling him to one vote at the election of officers, and the privilege of purchasing goods at the stores and mills of the association. He pays cash for everything, and each purchase is entered in a pass-book, or its amount is represented by metal checks. If the association prospers, and is enabled to pay a dividend, it is divided among all the members, according to the amount of their purchases. The five dollars paid on joining the association draws no interest, and cannot be recovered unless the association comes to an end, in which case the available assets are divided equally among all the members.

There are many other experiments in co-operation, presenting every imaginable variety of combination. In all these methods, whether the plan be simple or complex, whether the stores, mills, and shops are managed by one man or a committee, the objects generally sought have been threefold: first, to sell the goods at a reduced price; secondly, to procure a superior quality of goods; and, lastly, to make a profit out of the transaction. Some associations merely seek to improve the quality of the goods and to lower the prices. Others seek to do all this and also to pay interest on the capital, to pay a bonus on the purchases, to open reading and lecture-rooms, and in other ways to be of use and benefit to their members. Some even do more, and open their stores to the public and have two prices—one for the members and another for non-members and any others ready to pay cash.

Of the many attempts at distributive co-operation that have been made in this country, by far the larger part have been failures. The causes may be found in a want of good methods, in a misunderstanding of the objects sought, and in our usual American impatience at results. Only a slow thinking, penny-counting, frugal, and painstaking people could bring co-operation to the success it has reached in Great Britain. The average American has thought it beneath him to consider the details of dimes; and if his experiments in distributive co-operation have miscarried, it has been through inattention, carelessness, and neglect.

The failure of the American experiment is generally on this wise. A number of people unite to form a co-operative association. Each buys as many shares as he is able, and each is particularly hungry after immediate and handsome dividends. Some of them, if not all, have keen appetites for an "office" in the company. The money is contributed, and, after a cheerful little scrimmage over the election of officers, the establishment is opened. The members soon begin to think it hard that they must pay cash for everything. The goods are cheap, it is true, but Bliggins & Co. give credit, and their stock is more varied. Here and there they begin to pick flaws, till the unfortunate manager or store-keeper is driven to a speedy resignation. If he knows his business (and commonly he does not), he quickly sees that it will be impossible to please either stockholders, directors, or purchasers, and gives up his position in disgust. If he does not know his business, and is blown about by every wind of opinion, he soon makes a wreck of the affair and the association comes to grief. Perhaps he is a man of ability, and withal unselfish. He hopes to make the store a success, and to place its business on a permanent basis. The first year passes quietly, and then the directors examine the affairs, and report that, in order to improve the stock and fixtures, and permanently to benefit the association, no dividend should be declared. The hungry stockholders, forgetting the profits they have reaped in reduced prices, and ignoring the greatly improved quality of the goods, at once rise in their might, and turn out directors, manager, and all, and try another manager who promises to "run the thing on a paying basis." The result is, that the stockholders wake some fine morning to find the manager missing, also much of the money. Another association may fail through mere indifference or positive dishonesty. The shareholders, having paid their money, imagine their duty done, and, under cover of their indifference, a ring is formed by a few dishonest members, to whom the control of the establishment is gradually released.

With all the failures that have attended distributive co-operation, both here and in Europe, we must notice that not all of these failures result from the causes mentioned. Many co-operative stores have failed from causes beyond their control, and the best writers on the subject seem to agree that the proportion of such failures is no greater than in ordinary business. They are subject to the same laws that govern all trade, and are quite as sensitive to dull times and financial storms as any in the same line of business.

From the experiments that have been described, it would seem as if the most simple and generally useful form of association is one where the share is represented by an entrance fee, and where no dividends are declared. The bonus on the purchases might in some instances prove of value, but its tendency is only to a complication of accounts, and a disappointment, if it for any reason is withheld. A far better way of distributing the profits would seem to consist in a simple reduction of prices. In our smaller cities and towns the contribution of ten or twenty dollars each on the part of one hundred families would be sufficient to start a small bakery, grocery, meat, or provision store, that in time would prove of great benefit to an entire ward or town. By electing able and unselfish officers to serve without pay; by appointing good servants at fair wages; by keeping only a first-class stock at low prices, and by liberal management in everything, such an association ought to be able to command a following of hundreds. By first creeping and then walking, by integrity and fair dealing, it might win at once respect and business. By inspiring all its members with a lively interest in its doings; by constantly increasing its capital, and, more than all, by conducting its affairs on a strictly cash basis, it might build itself upon a broad and permanent foundation that would endure for years. Should it happen at any time that such an association had better stop, its business could be easily closed up to the credit and satisfaction of all concerned.

The man who sells his labor has been of late casting about to see wherein he may better his condition. He sees that the comforts of life have in time come more nearly within his reach. Machinery has given him a taste of luxuries his fathers never knew, and, naturally enough, he wants more. Added to this comes the fact that just now the price of his labor is depressed and the demand is slack. The man who sells his money is also ill at ease, and he has grown jealous of his one friend, the laborer. Both are unhappy, and neither views the other with entire confidence. It is this that has drawn attention to co-operation, and it is with a view of assisting both that these few examples of practical co-operation as exhibited in this country are presented. They are cited as examples only. They are not the only ones to be found, but they are fairly representative of the methods commonly pursued.

THE LOVE OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

A QUIET day in Columbine. Old Smyler, the peddler, had come along in the morning, and stopped for a chat with the Widow Burden; and then his red cart dragged itself out of sight again, seeming, with its upright broom in one corner, to sweep everything in the shape of incident before it. Well on in the afternoon, however, Martha Doubleday, the neighbor's daughter, came over to Mrs. Burden's, and the two sat knitting and chatting by a sitting-room window in the old, low-browed farm-house, in the center of a silence so wide-spread that it might easily have been thought to extend over the whole State of New York.

"I had it on my mind to tell you something cheery," said the widow, "but now my pleasure in it's half gone."

"Why, how?" asked her little visitor, with that sort of complacence which practical people show in getting the details of misfortune. Then a sudden timidity interfered, and she asked:

"Is it anything I've done?"

"That took off the pleasure? No, child," says Mrs. Burden. "It's Mr. Smyler. He always *will* call, you know, though I've hardly bought a shilling's worth since my poor husband died. Well, I told him about it, like a goose."

"About what?"

"There! I forgot I hadn't told ye. Why, Will's a-coming home."

"Oh!" cried Martha, almost as if in pain, holding her needles crossed and motionless.

"I might have known it," exclaimed the widow. "You're going to take it jus' like the rest."

"How?" said the girl, knitting fast.

"Like Mr. Smyler. When I told him this morning. 'Coming home!' says he,—jus' like that."

Here Mrs. Burden, with energetic imitation, pulled her glasses down on her nose, threw her head back stiffly, and lifted her eyebrows till they looked like ripples in a pond—the dark pupils seeming like two little pebbles thrown in—and stared at Martha.

"Goodness!" cried the maiden, really astonished.

"'Well,' says he, 'I hope he ain't had 'ny particular bad luck down to York?' 'No, thank you,' says I; 'we're not that kind. His father, and his father's father before him, when they got into trouble, they pushed right through, and come out the other side. Will's no shirk, I can tell ye, and my husband's ancestors wa'n't pilgrims and pioneers for nothing.'"

Little Miss Doubleday's eyes kindled.

"It's easy to see," she said with enthusiasm, "where Will gets all his family pride from, and all those strange thoughts about his ancestors."

"Well, I don't know but you're right," confessed the widow. "I suppose he does get something of it from me, though it was his father's ancestors mostly. But Mr. Burden, though he talked into the boy all he could hold about it, never really stood up for his blood as I have. And what do I care if people have called me stuck-up, and have wagged their heads at my boy for his thoughts——"

"But aren't you afraid sometimes," suggested Martha, again with that mixture of the practical and the timid, "that he will get to live too much in the past, and forget the present?"

The widow looked grave, and did not answer.

"At any rate," she said soon after, "I'm glad he's coming back. I couldn't but agree with Smyler when he said how much the farm needed looking after. It's a deal better for Will to be here, smelling the hay and clover and running things a little, than drying up his lungs over those law-books. He can't seem to take kindly to them. And if he was to stay away, I don't know but I should have to look to some one else to help me with the farm; it's lonely without him, Martha."

"Yes, yes, it is," said Martha dreamily, sitting with silent needles in her hands, once more. Then, suddenly, she grew confused and looked up at the old woman.

"Did Mr. Smyler say so?" she asked.

Mrs. Burden became confused in her turn.

"What should *he* have to say about it, child? Where *are* your thoughts?"

"Oh, dear," cried Martha, jumping up, "it's time for me to go. I forgot."

And in a moment she had reined herself in, as it were, by a dexterous twist under her chin of the ribbons on her broad hat, and stood there, knitting in hand, blushing, smiling, and half-frightened, ready to go.

The widow looked out of the window after her, saw her pass down the weed-grown walk under the apple-trees, and, with a final momentary flutter of her fresh, bright dress, disappear through the gate-way into the road. Then she composed herself to her knitting and thinking. Hardly three minutes had passed when she became aware of some one running toward the house again. The outer door gave a great, quick flap, then that of the sitting-room was pushed open hurriedly, and Martha herself re-appeared, flushed with haste, and breathing heavily.

"Oh!" she shot forth, in little gasps—"Mrs. Burden!—I think—I really believe ——"

"What, child, for mercy's sake?"

"Your son is coming, I really believe. Just now—in the road ——"

Mrs. Burden did not wait for details. There was more opening and closing of doors, and then a fresh movement toward the road, executed by two figures, this time: one dark and thin, the other blooming and buoyant.

"Where—where is he?" demanded the dark one, in a tone of eager melancholy, searching the road.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the other, losing something of her buoyancy. "It was only Ik Appergill, after all, coming from the oil-mill. There, he's gone up the road."

"Ik Appergill!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, Martha, what has come over you?"

"I've been very foolish, I know. I can't think what it is. But I thought it was he, and—and that you'd like to be told!"

And so, half vexed and half laughing at herself, she turned around and hurried off.

"Good night!" she called, over her shoulder.

"Good night!'' threw back the widow, over hers.

What was there in their voices that sounded so like a tone of mutual understanding?

"The little goose," muttered Mrs. Burden, cheerfully, as she set about getting her supper. And then she fell to thinking of her boy.

II.

Will Burden had been strangely beautiful as a child. He had a large head, and luminous, large eyes, and silvery hair that blew softly about his head; so beautiful, that his mother was sometimes frightened. His father took it more calmly. One day, when Mrs. Burden had been fretting, asking in an awed way where the boy got his looks, old Burden went to his secretary, and drew out from it an engraved portrait of a certain Burden, buried a hundred years before, who had died young, in the ministry.

"That's Antony, you know," said he; "old Antony who left Norwich on account o' that love-cross with his cousin."

There was a startling resemblance between the pale image of the preacher and the joyous, beautiful little boy; but it did not comfort Will's mother. She knew the tradition of poor Antony's disappointment in love, which had driven him away from Connecticut to the then Far West of New York, and it troubled her. "Pray Heaven, Will is not to share his fate!" she murmured, with pious sadness.

But as Will grew, he threw off enough of this ancestral Burden, and enough of his rare childish bloom, to secure him against immediate disaster, it seemed. He went too far, however, and became proud, eccentric, peculiar. He entered school with Ik Appergill and Martha, but he was never bright at anything but his Reader. He was always unlucky in games, being forever "it" in tag, and mortally dreaded the laugh of his fellows when he missed catching or hitting a ball. Ik, on the contrary, was wonderfully handy at all sports, and had great mechanical skill. Once, he set up behind the Doubledays' house, on a little meadow-brook, a small saw-mill having a lively saw some two inches long, which fascinated Martha and cut Will to the heart with envy. He tried a long time to make one like it, but failed, and his failure was discovered.

"Poor Will!" cried Ik, when he found it out: "*You* can't build mills! You look half the time as if you saw a ghost."

Then the boy endeavored to look as if he did *not* see ghosts, but, being unable to discover how it was done, gave it up again, and resigned himself. About this time, his father, whose favorite subject of thought and discourse was that of his numerous good Connecticut ancestors, began to tell the boy old family histories. Among these, he related the romantic episode of Will's great-grandfather Antony's exile into New York, and early death there. All this sank deep into the boy's mind—deeper than any one imagined. He felt that a new world was opened to him, where he stood above his successful school-companions, and where he could escape their ridicule. He secretly resolved that some day he would become rich and powerful like his ancestors, and then! * * * At seventeen, he told his father with a grand manner that he meant to be a lawyer. Old Burden was delighted. He had a friend, an Assemblyman, at Albany, and thither they went in long and solemn pilgrimage, to consult him. Will was then a tall, broad-shouldered, but slender lad, with cheeks as clean and smooth as rose-leaves. His eyes he commonly held cast down, indescribably shaded by the long lashes, so that they seldom met your glance directly. But now and then he looked out swiftly for an instant, with a wide, rapt gaze, full of light and meaning.

The Assemblyman examined him severely, and was not well impressed. He kept his hands in his pockets, jingling some keys and a cork-screw, and swayed up and down on his toes, while Burden talked to him.

"Oh, yes, yes," he said. "Send him down to New York, when he gets ready, and I'll take care of him."

Will blazed out with one of those flashing glances, and said sturdily:

"I'm ready now."

"Good!" cried the lawyer, changing his style completely.

"When I get through law-making," he said decidedly, "I'll be glad, young man, to undertake the making of a lawyer out of *you*."

So father and son returned to the farm, and three years passed before the summons came. But these years altered everything. Old Burden died, and Will's taste for the law had time to grow very weak, and he had wandered farther and farther into "the corridors of time," searching for by-gone men. Still he behaved bravely. He left Columbine, bent upon making a good fight to be practical, and went down the Hudson to the great city, with big resolves beating high in his breast, much as the clanking engines shook the boat he was on.

But all his ancestors went with him. The law-office was not large enough to hold Burden and his ancestors too; and so he had to leave it. In fine, he failed in his law-study, as completely as he had in saw-mill building. And then he judiciously decided to go home and write poetry.

III.

It was not until the next day that Will arrived at his mother's.

In the evening, after she left Mrs. Burden, Martha overheard a conversation between her father and Smyler which gave her trouble. The peddler had come to spend the night at Doubleday's, and the two men sat in a small apartment which the farmer called his office, next to the dining-room. They were drinking cider, and talking their own peculiar gossip with the door slightly ajar. Martha sat sewing in the dining-room. Now, the apple has played a mischievous part in human affairs, no less than the grape. This time, it caused the farmer and his guest to forget that the door was not quite closed. Smyler went on for a while complaining of young Burden's shiftless career.

"Why don't he take after his mother?" said he. "'S tidy and saving a body's you'd wish to see. Why, if she'd had anyways a proper husband or son, she might have been a rich woman this minit; sure as I'm setting here. I vow, Doubleday, I'd like to have married that woman, and, if I thought there was any chance—"

Here the farmer's laugh rolled in, submerging with mellow sounds the rest of the sentence.

"Just what I was thinking when you was going on about the young fellow," Martha heard him saying, as his laughter subsided. "Division in the camp weakens the widow's cause; that's sound! The less the boy does, the more chance for you. My opinion, she's most tired out now, waiting for him to take hold and help; and, if you trade sharp, Smyler, I don't doubt you'll get her."

The words were muffled in a jollity natural to the man, but Martha could not but revolt against them.

The talk went on, and, as she listened, a singular sensation came over Martha. She felt as if she were in some hollow cave, all alone, without air. For she heard her father plotting more and more seriously to entrap the widow into a marriage with the peddler, by making her dependent upon them for money. She did not quite understand how it was to be done, except that Smyler was to advance funds to her father, which would be lent to Mrs. Burden until the farm should come into their power. Then Smyler might appear as a suitor, and all would be pleasantly arranged. The whole plan was laid in the most cheerful tones, and with frequent chuckling; but Martha trembled with indignation. "Yet, why should I feel so?" she asked herself.

"But the great drawback on the whole thing," said Smyler at that instant, "is the boy. What should I do with *him* on my hands?"

"Wake him up!" said Doubleday, with a laugh; "and, if he don't like it, send him sleep-walking somewhere else!"

Martha's questionings ended in a second's time; her little brain was all on fire again; and, as she clutched her sewing, and caught up the heavy cotton in folds, she cried to herself impetuously:

"I must save him!"

Will, however, not divining that there was the slightest need of his being saved, appeared so complacent and abstracted the next few times she saw him, that there was no convenient chance for beginning the rescue. So, at last, Martha felt that it was ridiculous to bother about it at all.

For his part, the young man, being free once more, had a thoroughly dreamy time of it. He rambled, wrote, dozed, dreamed, and read—to the despair of his neighbors and of even his mother. In this way he spent the better part of the summer.

One day, it chanced that in rummaging the garret he came upon a manuscript genealogical record compiled by his father. It was a mere dry list of family names, like a lot of withered peas in withered pods; but to Will it seemed a luscious feast. Within five minutes, sitting there in the rusty, straggling light of the garret, and poring over the pages, he was lost in the past. Men, women, and even children long dead and gone rose up and came to meet him as he read their names. And he communed with them. Suddenly there came before him the ghost of a stately maiden—tall, beautiful, calm, and kind, who wore around her neck a chain of ancient gold beads. Her name was Cynthia—Cynthia Elderkin. His soul went forth to her. In her, at last, he saw the creature whom for years he had dimly foreseen and loved,—and she was dead! The thought filled him with unutterable pathos, and roused him suddenly to his surroundings.

Where was he? Had he left the garret in the midst of his revery without knowing it? He found himself leaning against a gray rail-fence with his face toward a farmhouse not far off, below the slope on which he stood. The sun had just burst out from a cloud; he had come hither without knowing it. On the side of the house next toward him, a garden had been begun, and the figure of a young girl in a freshly starched dress was leaning over the beds of well-raked earth. He climbed the fence, and moved toward her.

"How do you do?" said Martha, looking up.

Burden started, looked bewildered, and stretched out his fingers to get hold of his father's manuscript. It was not with him.

"Oh, Martha!" he said confusedly, "is it you?"

"Of course," she answered. "Who else should it be?"

It was on Will's lips to say "Cynthia Elderkin," for at this instant the name had again come into his mind. But he checked himself, looking embarrassed.

"I declare," resumed Martha, with a pretty, inchoate sulkiness, "I think you will be asking people next what we call the village here. Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, no," he said, simply; "I remember: you mean Columbine?"

Martha dropped her trowel from her hand, and shook with laughter.

"Really, Will," said she, "I believe you must be daft."

Then she became quite sober, and frowned.

"No; you are fooling me!" she cried.

"I'm not; I'm not!" he urged eagerly. "But I really wasn't attending much to what you said."

"That's much better, certainly!" said Martha, with an air of sprightly sarcasm. "You're distinguishing yourself for politeness this afternoon."

Hereupon Will became vexed.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot.

"Pretty work you've made with my seeds," observed Martha in a half-tone, regaining her mirthfulness.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" exclaimed the exasperated dreamer.

"You may be sure I don't want you to get angry with me," she returned, laughing.

"Martha," said Will, quickly raising his eyes, with that peculiar, far-reaching glow that she had learned to know before now, "the fact is, I'm thinking of going away again."

"What? Back to the city?" asked she, becoming very solemn.

Her blue eyes, which had drooped for a mere instant, fluttered timidly up to meet his face, and, finding him by this time absorbed in gazing at the ground, rested there for an instant pensively.

"No, not to the city," he answered. "But, Martha, how I wish I could tell you all that I feel!"

Miss Doubleday began to blush. She was sorry, too, for her petulance just now.

"It can't be of much use to tell me," she murmured simply. "If you feel badly at parting, I suppose it is best to get over it quickly."

She was too much constrained to notice whether Will heeded her words or not; but she was aware that a moment or two passed before he responded. Then, in a half-arguing tone:

"Just think," he urged, "of all that we lose by not being in communication with those that a natural bond unites us to."

"Yes," said Martha, partially assenting, and yet feeling a slight tremor and a reluctance to remain where she was.

"I'm so glad you understand me," rejoined Will with ardor. "Very few people do. I suppose no one else will sympathize with my going off in this way to Norwich, to visit the graves of my ancestors and find who of our name live there still. Yet I feel as if ——"

"What *are* you talking of?" demanded the poor girl with an amazement that fell upon Will like the first cool drop from a cloud.

"You don't understand, then?" he said, with some superciliousness.

"Why, I—I thought so," she faltered. "No, no; I don't. And I believe you are dreaming. When did you get up this strange scheme?"

"Why, just now," said he frankly, to prove himself awake.

Martha laughed a clear, gay laugh.

"On account of my seeds?" she asked. "I suppose I'm driving you away by my temper. Isn't that it?"

"Listen a moment," he said. "Now, don't make fun, and you'll understand me. You know how my father's father came from Norwich?"

"Yes."

"Well, other branches of the family stayed there, and others still went to different places in the West. You see, it's tremendously interesting to trace the history of a family this way, and find out how it wanders and spreads like a great vine."

"Why, yes," assented Martha, all earnest sympathy now; "I can see how nice *that* must be."

"Well, some branches go on and increase, and others die out, and all of them make marriages with new families, till you suddenly find, in looking up your own ancestry, that you are connected with thousands of people all over the country."

"Mercy!" cried his demure listener, suddenly putting up her hands and clasping her pretty head and hat with a little finger over each eye. "How terrible! And yet," she added, relaxing her hold upon herself, "I don't know that it is. I was frightened at the idea at first; but now it seems to me that there's something splendid in *that* too."

"Why, of course there is!" cried Will, fully aroused. "Are we not all of one family, though we don't know each other? When you travel off a great distance you are not going among strangers; may be you pass along between the houses of your very relatives, without knowing it. The Burdens have spread into Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and they came from New England. Why, a quarter of the Union is inhabited by us! Think of the acres that belong to us, the amount of influence we wield, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars we own! Good gracious, is there nothing sublime in that? Don't tell me I'm a dreamer! I am practical. I believe in uniting a great family like this. Why shouldn't we meet now and then, and know each other, and love one another, and the rich ones help along the poor ones?"

Martha was dumb, now. She had never heard Will declaim in this way before. He seemed so reasonable, clear, coherent, and powerful, that she was overwhelmed. Always admiring him, in spite of what she had believed to be a weakness, she now threw her reserved force of practical dissent from his dreamings into a whole-souled delight at his expansive ideas. Suddenly there came a reaction.

"But, why need you go to Norwich, now?" she asked, a little tremblingly.

"Because that's a good place to begin in. The Burdens left a flourishing stock there."

"And when shall you start?"

"At once, I think—to-morrow."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Martha, with a pang, yet exultingly. Her tone of energetic sympathy cheered him like a merry bell.

"Are you going to be gone a long time?" she ventured to add.

"I don't know," said Will, suddenly, to his surprise, losing heart. "But why?"

"I was thinking—of your mother."

"Yes, yes," he replied. "I know it's hard for her. But she'll like me all the better when I come back."

"You don't know what it is to be lonely," sighed Martha, with an air of conviction.

It struck him as a new idea.

"No; perhaps I don't," he answered. "I've always lived with my ancestors."

Then they laughed, and he shook hands with her, and said good-bye and left her.

But, "Am I perhaps a fool, after all, following a myth?" he vainly asked himself, as he went homeward. "Cynthia—Cynthia Elderkin!" he murmured. And again the dim rapture of that ghostly presence rose about him and enveloped him; and he was once more lost to the consciousness of externals.

That night, the widow came to Doubleday, and borrowed money for the expenses of her son's new expedition. But when Martha heard of it, she was struck with remorse.

"Oh, he'll be turned out to beg," she groaned within herself. "Smyler will get the farm, and marry the widow, and then he'll be turned out to beg! Why, oh, why didn't I tell him?"

IV.

Burden left the Shore Line at New London, and took the train along the river bank to Norwich. The cars rolled slowly, and the track leaned and lurched to one side and the other; but at last it recovered its presence of mind, and stood up straight; the engine-bell rang, and they glided swiftly across the river into a quiet town surrounded by steep and fierce little hills. Was this the city of the ghosts?

It seemed too real; Burden made his way from the depot toward the hotel in great depression. He had not gone far, however, before a brisk pony-carriage came rattling by him down the street. In it were two young women. The one who drove was dressed in a rich but light costume; she had a serious and delicate face, from which a soft gray veil blew back, and a twinkling ear-ring under it glistened like a star. She happened to look toward him, as they passed, and he, confused, almost paused, then blushed and went on. A few steps off, he stopped to see where the little vehicle went to. It drove straight toward the station; and he had a queer kind of conviction that if he had waited long enough he might have been the person they were expecting.

After dinner, he made some inquiries at the office, but could learn of no Burdens living in the place. There were several Elderkins, however, and he at once set out to find them. His first aim was to find one John, a farmer, who lived near what is called the Old Town. The way led through a long avenue bordered by huge elms and lined with large and pleasant houses. The elms, towering up close by and tapering off in the distance, seemed to be solemnly and obsequiously ushering him into some august ancestral presence. But they came to an end, and disdainfully left him to the offices of a plain country road. On this, some distance out, he came—with a throb of the heart—to the house that belonged to John Elderkin. It was a large wooden structure refined by the long humility of paintlessness into an ebon-dark hue, gambrel-roofed, with a pair of high, heavy chimneys, and a big roof at the back that re-assured itself as to the safety of its high position by quietly reaching down nearly to the ground. In front, was a small grassy space, a few feet above the road; and, near the gate, a shapely cherry-tree, young, fresh, and sunny.

Will approached, and sounded a sharp summons with the iron knocker. After some delay, the door of the dark house was opened by a lovely young woman. The first impression he received was that of an unwonted, marvelous sort of radiance from her face; then his eyes sank to her dress, and he saw that, though subdued in tone and trimming, it was of rich material.

"Perhaps I have made a mistake," he faltered, as he looked up again. "I—I—"

"How curious!" said the young woman, eying him with quiet scrutiny. "Didn't I see you at the landing an hour or so ago? Excuse my asking, but it seemed so strange!"

Then, all at once, he perceived that it was the very same girl he had seen in the pony carriage.

"Yes, I am," he said, putting down his surprise. "But, is this John Elderkin's house?"

"Oh, yes. Would you like to see him?"

"Let me explain myself first. I have come on a queer, wild errand—to look up my ancestors."

His listener looked startled, then a flitting smile crossed her face; but she waited.

"My name is not Elderkin," he went on, "but there were Elderkins among my line."

Then her manner melted, and a genial, though curious surprise beamed from her face as she said:

"Come in then, do, for we're all Elderkins here."

"And you *are* Mr. Elderkin's daughter after all?" asked the pilgrim. "I was almost certain when I first saw you that you must be one of the family."

"You were right," said she, "but I'm not John's daughter—his cousin."

As she spoke they entered the hall, and she showed him into a low-studded, dimly lit keeping-room, where the twilight of memory reigned unbroken, and the beams in the ceiling appeared like the very ribs of Time. There she left him a moment, but returned with a brown-faced man of forty-five in a homely suit, over whose square forehead short curly knots of hair hung in a dark line. His features wore an expression which Burden had often seen in family daguerreotypes of his father's, and the young enthusiast's heart bounded toward him at once. The farmer was pleased with his hearty greeting, and bade him sit down.

"I never looked much into those matters myself," he said, when he learned Will's object; "but my wife has some papers. Cynthia," he added, turning toward the richly dressed cousin who still stood near the door, "would you get that paper of Sarah's?"

Will's head began to spin. He stared toward the radiant girl, but she had faded like a vision from the door-way. His heart throbbed, and an undefined awe began to creep over him.

"What did you call her?" he demanded, laying hold of Elderkin's arm in a feverish way.

"Cynthia."

"But she said she was an Elderkin."

"Well," said the farmer, with some testiness, "Cynthia Elderkin. Is there any harm in that?"

"It took me by surprise—that's all. There was another Cynthia Elderkin once."

"Did you know her?" asked John. "That *would* be curious!"

"Oh, no," Will hastened to explain. "I didn't know her. She lived a hundred years ago and more."

"Well, I swear!" ejaculated Elderkin, glancing at his visitor in alarm. At this point Cynthia re-entered, looking as if she had indeed stepped out of the past, for she held in her hand an old and many-creased yellow document, which she brought to Will; and to the young man's superstitious fancy she might have been the elder Cynthia herself, answering some invocation of his with this Sibylline leaf in hand. It was a chart in which the various family lines shot forth from a common center, radiating into a hopeless tracery. Will, however, was soon deftly engaged in exploring the maze, and skirmished over the tangled record with his pencil point, in search of his own particular Burdens. "Wethered, Elderkin—Bergamer—Elderkin," he muttered with a mystic repetition, while he ran first along one thread, then another. "Ah, here it is! Here are the Burdens! But, see!" he cried ruefully, holding up the dismal yellow page. "It stops short off! There is no record of my line."

Cynthia burst into a merry laugh. "Really, it's very unfortunate," she said, "but don't be disheartened. If your bough of the tree is invisible, *you're* not, you know."

"What would you advise me to do?" he asked perplexedly.

"You must come to see my mother," she answered.

"Can I?" he asked eagerly.

"I will take you with me now," she said, "if Cousin John will let me."

Cousin John seemed a good deal embarrassed. There was a disparity between his awkward manners and Cynthia's reposeful mien. Then his humble clothes and Cynthia's elegance—what did this mean? A fell suspicion crossed Burden's consciousness. "It must be," he thought, "that John is poor, and she rich."

But he followed Cynthia's voice. They bade their kinsman good-bye and went out, passing through the grim black door-way, and under the sunny boughs of the cherry-tree.

"What a splendid, honest fellow he seems!" burst out Will, as they walked down the road. "Don't you admire him?"

"Indeed I do; but I must tell you one thing before we go any farther. It is a secret that I would rather not have to tell; but ——"

"What can it be?" asked Burden, at once disturbed.

"It's not a pleasant one," she returned quietly. "I suppose when you came you expected to find a sort of ideal community here, didn't you? You fancied your relatives would all be living under a beautiful patriarchal system."

"I don't know; I suppose I did."

"And now I have to undeceive you."

"Oh," pleaded Will, with a kind of groan, "don't tell me that ——"

"I must, I must," persisted the grave, suave girl. "Yes, there is enmity and want of charity here, as well as in other places. Cousin John and my father don't speak to each other!"

Burden was silent with dismay. After a moment's interval, he said sadly:

"I see. John Elderkin is poor. He is a farmer. I am a farmer too, Miss Elderkin; at least my father was."

"You do not look like one," said she, measuring him well.

"I have been studying law," he confessed.

"Ah!" cried Cynthia, quite sharply. "Why, that is my father's profession. Isn't it strange that you should unite the two?"

She looked earnestly into his face, and a swift, mutual understanding and a something like hope seemed to kindle between them.

"You make me feel," he said, eagerly, "as if there were something fortunate in the fact. Can it be possible that I ——? I wish there may be something for me to do to heal the breach!"

He stopped short in the road, as if he would have devised instant measures.

"Mr. Burden," said Cynthia, "I begin to see that you are an ideal kinsman. You feel precisely as I do about this feud. I don't know how it began; there were political differences, and bitter speeches;—Cousin John was well off then;—and afterward there came lawsuits and estrangement. I don't know which side was in the right; but I never could believe that it was best for us all to harden our hearts against one another, and I have tried to show John and his wife how I felt."

"It was noble of you!" exclaimed poor Will. "That is like the Cynthia I had imagined."

Miss Elderkin stopped short at this, and, for the first time during their talk, lost her self-possession.

"How *could* you imagine?" she asked. "Did you know about me?"

"No," said Will, abashed. "Excuse me. It was another. You know there was a Cynthia Elderkin who lived here long ago,—an ancestress of ours."

"Yes," said she; "I have seen her grave in the cemetery, and, I assure you, it was not a cheering thing."

At this he laughed, and she laughed too, while the blush that his impetuous praise had brought began to fade from her cheek.

"But does your father know of your visits?" he resumed.

"No, he doesn't; that is why I told you. Neither he nor mamma knows."

A grave, censuring look overspread Burden's face.

"Is it possible?" he muttered.

Cynthia, too, grew serious.

"I appreciate the disappointment this must be to you," she said, thoughtfully. "We needn't speak of that again, because you may be sure of my sympathy,—as far as it is right for me. But do not be hasty in judging my father. To-night you may come and see us and make your inquiries."

"To-night?"

"Yes. I want you now to go down to the Yantic Falls; they will interest you."

The pair had come to a fork in the road, and, as she spoke, she pointed down the right-hand route:

"They are not far away."

"But this road leads away from yours."

"No; they come together beyond."

"Can I find my way to your house?"

"Yes, easily. Every one knows Judge Elderkin's."

The young man guessed her motive. She took the other road, but they kept each other in sight. He noticed now that she wore a chain of quaint gold beads around her neck, which glowed in the sun and wrought a kind of enchantment upon him. The earrings, too, which he had first seen sparkling below her veil only two hours ago, shone like a well-remembered thing. Then she passed behind a house, and he fared on alone, feeling a lonely misery suddenly creeping over him. He was not certain of anything. He could hardly believe that all that had just happened was real; he did not know whether or not to consider himself quite sane; and he wondered if Cynthia were a beautiful apparition sending him astray. Presently, he noticed a cemetery by the roadside, full of ancient head-stones standing askew amid clumps of evergreens, and showy modern monuments gleaming and bristling beyond. "She said she had seen her grave—Cynthia's grave," he murmured. "Is it there, I wonder?" Going on, he found his way at length to the falls. But there he fell to musing, and his musings grew bitter. He began to regret that he had come; he felt homeless and weary. Thus, meditating and meandering, he found himself, before he knew where he had got to, in the midst of the town at the landing again. So, in a fit of melancholy, he entered the hotel, and gave up seeing Cynthia that night.

Next morning, however, asking his way to the house of Judge Ambrose Elderkin, he followed the lead of the ushering elms once more.

The Judge's house, like John's, was also old; but it was splendid. Large, square and lofty, it had Queen Anne pilasters at the door-way, and a conservatory in the wing; its sides were made precious with custard-colored paint, and the trimmings thereof were unflinchingly white. An immense elm-tree stood by the gate, and a gravel walk led up to the portal, where knocker and bell-knob gleamed together. A graceful figure emerged from the conservatory, carrying a diminutive watering-pot, and robed in light white lawn, with a blue sash,—and again the gold beads!

"Why didn't you come last night?" she asked, good-humoredly.

"I had half a mind never to come," said Will.

"What! Are you moody? Well, forget it, now, and remember only that we do not know each other yet."

They went in together. Cynthia disappeared upstairs, and left him in a grand antiquated drawing-room touched at every point with European taste, though a tall clock of the old colonial fashion ticked with a homely energy, as if its heart was full of local memories. Some patches of bright, streaming sunlight lay on the cool, polished wood of the hall floor; everything was spacious, gracious, graven and reposeful, and Burden enjoyed it as if by birthright. The secret that he was to keep with Cynthia gave him a pleasant sense of intimacy, that deepened into excitement. It was with a delight mysterious to himself that he heard his kinswoman's voice in the upper privacy of the house, speaking as if to some one behind a door.

"Mamma, there is a young gentleman here, a connection of ours, to make inquiries about the family—Mr. Burden!"

He had almost believed she would not remember his name. Was she purposely speaking aloud? His well-inherited young head was full of whirling queries and agreeable confusions of this sort, when Mrs. Elderkin descended and entered, with Cynthia.

The Judge's wife, like his house, was cool, smooth, and stately; but she knew little concerning Will's progenitors. "There *were* Burdens here, long ago. Oh, yes!" was the substance of her knowledge. They had a good deal of talk, however, which ended in an invitation for him to come next day, to dine, and meet the Judge.

"I'll come, you may be sure!" exclaimed Will, frankly.

He left his hotel long before the hour, and idly strayed to the old burying-ground, instead of to the Judge's. There he roamed about for a time among the uneasy, twisted head-stones, hardly knowing what he was in search of, until, with a shock, he came upon it. This was it: an old, thin wedge of slate, scrawled with a clumsy, chiseled cherub's head, and the inscription:

Cynthia Elderkin. Died 1781.

The grave lay in a small space, inclosed by short evergreen trees. Something prompted him to approach this border and peer through an opening in it. As he had guessed, he could see from here the custard-colored mansion of the Judge rising proudly, far away behind its mighty tree. I can't tell how it was, but the sight flashed a sudden conclusion into his mind, which he had not foreseen, though now it came as easily as breath. Time and circumstance seemed to open out before him. Why should he repine? At home, when the spirit of the lost Cynthia had first come to him, it had seemed an irreparable grief that this one perfect being should have perished from the earth before he had come to it. And now, behold she had returned to life, clothed with a new-born loveliness! How could he hesitate? Did not time and fate conspire to bring him this gift? Nay; the very past had come back to assure him his happiness!

Full of these bewildering ideas, it is not strange that the meeting with Cynthia should well-nigh have thrown him off his balance. The Judge proved to be a man of massive and forcible presence, with a face like corrugated iron. But he was very gracious. He took a fancy to the young family pilgrim, and showed it by strongly urging him to resume his study of the law. He also brought up the old story about Antony's love, with which he seemed familiar; and, to Burden's mingled joy and terror, he revealed that it was the former Cynthia—Miss Elderkin's ancestress—for whom Antony had cherished his passion. This coincidence intoxicated the youth. He blushed, and came near losing his self-command. He did not see how they could talk of it so calmly, when any one must have seen what he felt toward the living and present Cynthia.

Late in the evening Burden returned to the landing. He was restless, excited, happy, mournful. Passing his hotel, he strolled across the bridge over the Shetucket, and ascended a steep hill at the other end of it. Out of the dense streets rose a desultory, indeterminate hum; the air was misty and warm, and the moon was up. Lights burned and blinked, and moved and went out among the houses, and the big illuminated clock in the City Hall tower shone mellow and unmoved over the whole. On the hill behind the town an antique belfry was darkly drawn against the throbbing sky, and a delicate arch of irradiated cloud curved toward it through the heavens. A multitude of thoughts burned in Burden's mind; memories, dreams, and hopes all swarmed upon him with a maddening intensity. He thought of Columbine, and of Martha and his mother there without him. It seemed as if, just at that moment, there were but four persons in the world—these two, and Cynthia, and himself—and over them all the dim moonlight was streaming as it had streamed over all those who had once lived here and were now but dust. How simple was this small world of four, yet how mysterious in the vast moonlight that bathed it! At moments it was almost as if Cynthia stood beside him, she seemed so wholly his, so nearly attainable. And then again she faded in the moonlight, and became as remote from his grasp as the ghost of her dead ancestress herself. Thus his passion for her glowed and gathered around him and then receded, and at length came on again, till at last he succumbed. He remembered that he had scarcely known her three days yet, but a voice in his heart cried out convincingly, "Have you not awaited her in your dreams and longings for years?"

He left the hill, went back to his room, and wrote. They had urged him at dinner to stay longer in Norwich, and he had promised to meet Cynthia the next day to drive about the town. But now he gave himself up to the writing of an impassioned letter, in which he explained to her the whole inner history of his life—his longing for sympathy, his love for the past, and the recent vision of his lost Cynthia. And then, beseeching her to forgive the suddenness and strangeness of his conduct, he offered her his whole heart and all his high hopes of future fame. It was not much to offer (he wrote), but it was all he had, and he did not come as one with a gift, but as one who begs unlimited bounty which nothing can repay.

"A hundred years ago," he concluded, "Anthony Burden went away with your name in his heart. I have brought it back, in mine!"

This mad epistle he dispatched by a messenger the next morning, so that she might have time to read it at least before he should present himself. After that, he was not clearly aware of anything until he found himself once more going up the stately door-path and confronting the glittering knocker and brass bell-pull. Then, indeed, he yielded to a rush of terror at what he had done. But it was too late to retreat now!

He was ushered into the drawing-room; almost at once Cynthia came in and greeted him, calmly, cordially and yet—as he imagined—with a certain gravity. But he was re-assured.

"You have not received a—a letter?" he asked.

"Here it is," said Cynthia, cheerfully, taking it out from behind her jewel-clasped belt. "Do you want it back?"

He flushed and stammered, and could have sunk through the floor with agonized embarrassment; but "Let us talk about something else," said she, quietly. "Do you know that my father has become greatly interested in you?"

Burden breathed more freely; she had certainly not yet read the letter.

"How is he interested?"

"I have been talking to him about having you for a student in his office."

This was very strange language for a woman to use to an ardent lover; and as Burden couldn't forget that he was one, it chafed him. "*Have* you read my letter?" he burst forth.

"Wait," she answered, "you must listen; I haven't finished yet. What do you think papa says? He smiles, and says: If you were only an Elderkin! But, he likes you; that is certain. Now, I know something which would change his opinion of you in an instant." She held up the mute, white letter, in solemn warning. "If I should read him this, he would say that you were either mad, or else a very foolish adventurer!"

Burden was chilled, was struck with horror at her words.

"Oh," he exclaimed, with a piteous awakening; "I never thought of that! And, do *you* think so? Do *you*, Cynthia? Tell me, quick!"

"You must control yourself, Mr. Burden," she insisted. "No; I believe in you, and I think I can see your life as you see it; I see now how everything must have impressed you. But it is all a mistake, my friend, and I think I'd better give you back your letter. Let us imagine—for you have a strong imagination—that nobody ever wrote it, and nobody else ever read it."

"But, why; oh! why a mistake?" cried he. "You are cruel."

"Because, Mr. Burden, I am already engaged to be married!"

Then the scales fell from his eyes. She had the letter in her hand still. He took it quickly, and tore it passionately in two; then, dizzy with mortification, he felt the cloud of anger drift away and leave him standing as if upon some gloomy mountain-peak, looking down into a stormy abyss. But it was only the altitude of a full manhood which he had that moment attained.

"Forgive me," he said, in a deeply different voice. "No! not forgive—but forget me, until I am worthy to be remembered again!"

"Stop, Mr. Burden; don't go!" said Cynthia, eagerly. "We have yet to arrange ——"

But he was gone.

V.

"WELL," said Mrs. Burden, finding her son unapproachable on the topic of his journey, as they sat together after tea—"Well, there have been great goings on *here!*"

"Hm?" responded he, indifferently. "What?"

"Well, in the first place, Ik Appergill has been proposing to ——"

"To Martha?" demanded the young man, with a flash of the eye. Then, with a vexed air: "How am I concerned?"

"Why, you know how she mistook him for you, that night in the spring? I tell him most likely she made the same mistake this time, and he'd better try again."

"Pshaw, mother!" said he. "I wish you wouldn't talk about me in that style. I'm enough of a laughing-stock already."

"But you're not!" exclaimed the widow, hotly. "You may be sure Martha Doubleday don't think so either."

The words brought consolation; the first he had felt since leaving Norwich. He wondered, incidentally, how it would do to go and question Martha on this point, himself. "But, Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, abruptly, "I haven't a cent of money, and Ik Appergill, I suppose, will own the whole oil-mill by and by!"

Then the widow's face underwent a great change. Some invisible hand seemed to be applied to it, first shaping the cheeks into a faint warmth, then twitching a fine muscle near the lip and another near the eye, heightening the arch of the eyebrows, and smoothing a few of the more pliant wrinkles in her forehead. When this was done, she appeared ready to speak. But she was excited; her eyes were bright, her lips slightly parted, yet for an instant no words came.

"What on earth is the trouble, mother?" inquired Burden, seeing her agitation.

And then she unfolded the whole plan that she had been cherishing, to marry Smyler, in order to procure further support for her boy! At first, he met her with angry spleen against the peddler, then with bitter appeal; finally, he perceived that it was himself who had driven her to it. For a moment, he was very humble; then, "Mother!" he burst forth—"mother, I'm going back to New York, and going to SUCCEED!"

He sprang up, knocking over a candle as he did so, stamped his foot on the bare floor, and glared at her with portentous energy.

"Hurrah!" he repeated. "I'm going to make your fortune, and Smyler be hanged!"

The next morning he walked over to Columbine Centre and mailed a short, vigorous letter to the Assemblyman, asking to be re-instated in his office. Then he went to the editor of the "Columbine Gazette," and succeeded in making an engagement to write letters from New York at a small compensation, inducing the editor also to let him write a careful report of the County Fair, which was to come off in a few days. On the way home, just as he was passing the Doubledays', he thought he would stop in and see Martha.

"She's right around at her garden," said Mrs. Doubleday, who met him in front.

He passed around the corner, accordingly, thinking keenly as he did so of his last interview with her, of how she had twitted him, of his own misty eloquence, and then the sadness that had mixed itself up with their parting. He came upon her suddenly, and she met him with a tremor; he saw, too, that she was pale and languid.

"Oh!" she cried, startled.

"I'm too sudden," said he, abashed, glancing back at the corner of the house, as if to suggest that his abruptness was a fault of its architecture. "I thought I'd come and see—mother said you weren't very well, and I thought you'd like to go to the Fair."

"Father is going," she said.

"But his wagon will be full; mother has room in hers."

"I don't know that I care to go at all," she answered.

Still, with the mistaken cheerfulness he had begun with, and further with an absurd air of prescribing for her:

"It will do you good," he urged. "A little change and excitement, you know."

"I'm perfectly well," she returned, sharply. "Haven't I everything to make me happy here?"

He had no answer ready, and she, bridging the gap of silence, asked him if he had had a pleasant visit at Norwich.

"In some ways," he answered, uneasily. "It did me good—a great deal of good. It ——"

"Gave you change and excitement, I suppose," interrupted Martha.

Will made a gesture of irritation; but something arrested his glance.

"How rusty your trowel is!" he exclaimed.

Little vertical wrinkles came into play between Martha's eyes, and then vanished; but the color which had overspread her cheeks found more difficulty in getting away. So it stayed.

"Yes," she said, "I left it out here the other day when you were here."

"And you laughed so hard at me that you dropped your trowel. It served you right!"

"Laughing? Oh no, indeed! I admir—I thought what you said was very splendid."

"But why did you leave your trowel out here?"

"Because I—I caught cold, and I haven't been well enough to be out."

"And just now you said you were perfectly well!"

"Well, am I not well enough?"

"They say," replied Burden, "'let *well enough* alone;' but it seems to be more than I can do, just now. I told you Norwich had done me good; I mean that it has cured me of a terrible, disguised, consuming conceit that was leading me away from life, and blinding my eyes to what was dearest to me. Can you forgive my folly and conceit?"

"Folly! Conceit! I never thought you had either," cried she, her sedate commonsense rebelling against his violence.

"Yes," said Burden, almost with pride, "folly and conceit. I've found it out, though neither yourself nor mother seems to have done so."

Martha suddenly covered her face with her hands; then, flinging them aside again, she looked at him imploringly.

"Don't talk like that!" she said.

"No, Martha, I will not hurt you; it was a mistake," he said.

This sensitiveness was dearer to him than any confession of love, for it told him where he stood in her heart.

"I am very sorry," he added, meekly. "But won't you go to the Fair?"

The sun was low, and its long beams, lying close to the ground, so as to get in under the orchard-trees, were flaring up against the farm-house and breathing fire into its windows. Martha looked at her friend with much agitation, and seemed to be repressing tears. Still there was a strange light in her face that did not proceed from the sunset. Burden gazed at her for a moment; the next instant they had come swiftly together, and he held her close without speaking.

Will and the widow and Martha went to the Fair together. The mere telling of it sounds rhythmical, like a ballad,—and all the succeeding events were in ballad form.

Within a few days, he got a letter from the Judge, with a postscript from Cynthia, offering him a salaried place in his office. At first, Burden resisted stoutly; but the Elderkins would take no denial, and so it was settled that the Burdens and Martha should go to Norwich. As for Smyler, of course, he never continued his suit to the widow. Burden soon repaid his loan; and thus it happened that the acute peddler, by the very advance of money intended to operate against the young idealist, had opened for him the gate to fortune.

Cynthia was married at about the same time with Burden and Martha, and a quadrilateral union was formed between the two couples, having for one of its objects the restoration of peace between the Judge and John Elderkin. One fine day this was accomplished; and Cynthia and Burden often talked over the happy change together,—she ascribing it wholly to Will. But he, with an air not altogether devoid of solemnity, used to say, to the mystification of his demure and happy wife: "No, Cynthia, all this is the mystic fruit of the hundred years' love."

THREE FRIENDS.

Oh, not to you, my mentor sweet,
And stern as only sweetness can,
Whose grave eyes look out steadfastly
Across my nature's plan,

And take unerring measure down
Where'er that plan is failed or foiled,
Thinking far less of purpose kept
Than of a vision spoiled.

And tender less to what I am
Than sad for what I might have been,
And walking softly before God
For my soul's sake I ween

'Tis not to you my spirit leans,
O grave, true judge! when spent with strife,
And groping out of gloom for light,
And out of death for life.

Nor yet to you, who calmly weigh
And measure every grace and fault,
Whose martial nature never turns
From right to left to halt

For any glamour of the heart,
Or any glow that ever is
Grander than Truth's high noonday glare,
In loves' sweet sunrises;

Who know me by the duller hues
Of common nights and common days,
And in their sober atmospheres
Find level blame and praise.

True hearts and dear! 'tis not in you
This fainting, warring soul of mine
Finds silver carven chalices
To hold life's choicest wine

Unto its thirsty lips, and bid
It drink and breathe, and battle on
Till all its dreams are deeds at last,
And all its heights are won.

I turn to *you*, confiding love.
O lifted eyes! look trustfully,
Till Heaven shall lend you other light,
Like kneeling saints—on me.

And let me be to you, dear eyes,
The thing I am not, till I too
Shall see as I am seen, and stand
At last revealed to you.

And let me, nobler than I am,
And braver still, eternally,
And finer, truer, purer than
My finest, purest, be

To your sweet vision. There I stand
Transfigured fair in love's deceit,
And while your soul looks up to mine,
My heart lies at your feet.

Believe me better than my best,
And stronger than my strength can hold,
Until your royal faith transmute
My pebbles into gold.

I'll *be* the thing you hold me, dear!—
After I'm dead, if not before,—
Nor through the climbing ages will
I give the conflict o'er.

But if upon the Perfect Peace,
And past the thing that was and is,
And past the lure of voices in
A world of silences,

A pain can crawl; a little one—
A cloud upon a sunlit land;
I think in Heaven my heart must ache—
That you should understand.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

WHEN a great poet, or painter, or musician dies, his life's work done, it is a name that the world drapes in black, more than a personality it mourns. Their completed work exists after their deaths just as it did during their lives, something which they have given to mankind, and which cannot be recalled. The ninth symphony is as beautiful now as when Beethoven lived; and, though Phidias has been for ages "brother to the insensate rock," his marbles are as glorious in the British Museum as when the sun first shone on them in Greece. The other day we heard that Freiligrath was dead, and, though the news was unwelcome to the literary world, there was little change except to transfer his name from the short list of the living to the long roll of the illustrious dead. His poetry had become a thing independent of himself, like a monument which stands unalterably, while the man whose memory it honors molders into dust beneath. The great workers in these branches of art are seldom known to the world in their own persons. So far as fame is concerned, such artists are fortunate, for the work into which they have put their whole souls may survive for centuries their mortal lives.

Of the great actor, exactly the opposite is true. The poet stands behind his book, and the painter behind his picture; but the actor is identified with his art, and must be in his own person the embodiment of his own genius. All that he has created dies when he dies. His fame may live, it is true; but not his work. We know almost nothing of the special genius of Betterton, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Kemble, or the elder Booth, except that they were wonderful in their day. It is said that Kean was so terrible in his tragedy that his acting once sent Lord Byron into convulsions; but what definite idea does that give of the performance? Kean's attitude, as he leaned against the side scenes in "Richard the Third," according to Hazlitt, was graceful as a Grecian sculpture; but what was the attitude? The finest criticism can give but a vague idea of that which the reader has never seen. Painters may preserve some shadow of an actor's personality, as Hogarth and Reynolds did for Garrick, as Reynolds did for Mrs. Siddons when he portrayed her as the Queen of Tragedy, as Lawrence did for Kemble, and as Sully did for George Frederick Cooke. But the most eloquent descriptions, the most faithful portraits, cannot restore the image of the man as he was. They are only traditions after all. Fame blows through her trumpet an uncertain sound for the actor when he treads the earthly stage no more. His own generation may bear enthusiastic and universal testimony to his greatness, but it cannot lay the evidence of it before the next generation. Oblivion slowly takes to herself all the achievements of men,—the Iliads that preserve languages, rather than are preserved by them; the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the mighty dynasties,—but the works of the actor follow him swiftly into the grave. They are buried with him, as in old times, when a hero fell, the horse was killed on which he rode to death, his slaves were slain, his armor was braced upon his form, and his sword placed in his hand. Thus attended, and thus accoutered, the actor passes to his last repose. So it was when Charlotte Cushman died,—vast shadowy figures descended with her into the tomb. In that solemn train strode the sleepless Queen of Scotland, the weird Queen of the Gypsies; there Katherine died once more, and Wolsey bade the world eternal farewell. Other spells may hereafter summon spirits from the pages of Shakspere; but, so far as they lived in her, they are gone forever.

In the distinctions which are thus indicated between the actor and other artists, exist the reasons for the especial sorrow which is felt when a great actor dies. If Garrick's death "eclipsed the gayety of nations," that of Dr. Johnson did not. In the first place, the actor, so far as he is really known, is known personally, and the close, continuous intercourse between the public and the player creates a bond of sympathy which often rises to reverence, and sometimes to affection. Actors know this. They have entire communities for their friends, and return to them in their travels, as if to a home. The re-entry of a favorite actor upon the stage is the signal for more spontaneous and genuine enthusiasm than is often known outside of a theater. The warm, living, direct popularity of an actor exceeds that of the most successful soldiers or politicians. Even Charles

Dickens, with all the advantage of the innumerable readers of his books, never touched the hearts of his auditors, as Clarke or Jefferson did when they played his characters. To this vast intellectual constituency, the death of the great player is naturally in greater or less degree a personal bereavement. In the second place, the intellectual loss, whatever its value, is irreparable. Nothing is left of all that he achieved but a memory. The sun when it sets bequeaths the sunset; but the star, when extinguished, leaves an empty space in heaven. This is the reason why the death of Charlotte Cushman was profoundly pathetic. No other woman of our day—in America at least—was as well known to so many people, for it is probable that, dying at the age of sixty, in her forty years of professional life she had been seen by millions. Her greatness intensified this feeling of absolutely irreparable loss, for, though ordinary actors may be replaced, as books are reprinted, or pictures copied, the life of genius can no more be repeated than one flash of lightning can follow on the vivid track of another.

It is right to remember these things in estimating an art which, more than any other, reflects the brevity of human glory. Shakspere could find no better comparison for life than that of "a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage." As generation after generation of men passes over the earth, so generations of actors arise, dazzle for a while, and vanish. Because nothing but their fame remains, the world often undervalues a merit of which there is no existing proof. It is often said that Garrick was not so great as his age believed; that Mrs. Siddons, had she lived in our day, would not be considered a wonder. But this is never said of those famous men whose reputations are authenticated by the works which survive them,—not of Shakspere, Milton, Raphael, Mozart, nor Michael Angelo. The very fame of the actor finally suffers from the limitations of his art; and, though the greatness of Charlotte Cushman is unquestioned now, it will be doubted hereafter. The injustice of denying the equality of genius, expressed in a personal effort of a few hours on the stage, to genius which is embodied in a work which becomes separate from the artist as a book or statue, is not always apparent. But the stage must be judged by its own laws.

As a tragic actress, Charlotte Cushman held an unsurpassed position. Of her greatness in her own art, there is no question. Shakspere in our day has had no grander exponent than she. Generally, the actor who appears in Shakspere is lifted upon the mighty wings of his passion and borne aloft to heights which, to his own powers, were inaccessible. Why do the clouds fly so fast and the birds shoot through the air? Their speed is not their own; they are carried in the invisible arms of irresistible storms. Often Ariel wins the credit which is due to his master, Prospero, who has broken his staff, drowned his book, and lies sleeping on the banks of Avon. But this was not entirely true of Miss Cushman. She frequently rose to the level of the Shaksperean mind, was kindled with the Shaksperean fire, so that in her inspired moments she realized the character. It was not always thus, for the greatest of actors can only effect by supreme effort that which Shakspere did with apparently unconscious ease. But it is enough glory for an actress when she can cause her auditors to forget, even if only for a moment, the difference between the Lady Macbeth of the stage and the Lady Macbeth of the book; that she, too, has something of that magic which deludes men to delight, and is able to re-create with no unworthy hand creations which are unrivaled in imagination. In relation to her own art, Charlotte Cushman stood easily upon its topmost height, as compared with other famous actresses of her time. But were this all that could be said of her, there would be room for misapprehension of her true position among the intellectual women of this century who have worked in other professions. She rendered an inestimable service to her sex by demonstrating the most brilliant methods, and, with conclusive force, the extent of its intellectual capacity. To judge that high service rightly, the relations of the drama to the other arts must be remembered. The disadvantages of the stage, as a lasting proof of individual genius, have been already pointed out, and, because of these, there is danger that Charlotte Cushman may be undervalued.

That the drama is no longer the great intellectual force it was, will be probably admitted by those who are most familiar with its history. Its decline is proved by the dearth of great modern plays. In vain have some of the greatest minds of the last hundred years striven to restore the drama, and the end of all their struggles may be epigrammatized in the title of Coleridge's tragedy "Remorse." The fault is not in men, but the cause is in the progress of man. Three hundred years ago learning was rare, science was a child hardly conscious of itself, journalism was unborn. The drama then, more than any other form of expression, answered the wants and uttered the aspirations of humanity. Philosophy was for philosophers, but the stage was for the living, active, busy world, and it alone could hold the mirror up to nature. Other glasses now show virtue her own feature and scorn her own image. Journalism has abolished the monopoly of the stage, and the novel has invaded the domain it once held exclusively. The great painters of character, as Scott, Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, and Thackeray, were compelled to write novels instead of dramas by the necessities of their times. Had they lived in the dramatic age, they would have been its Ben Jonsons, Massingers, and Websters. This is one reason why there are no great modern dramas—that the age does not need them, as other ages did, having other teachers, and beholding on a larger stage, with clearer vision, grand dramatic movements that sweep past, with empires for actors, and the world's unceasing struggle for a plot.

A more obvious reason for this decline is, that books, and schools, and newspapers have destroyed the illusions of the stage. It is told of Kean that, when he played Shylock, "the pit rose at him." But the rising of the pit is something unknown in this day. Salvini is probably as great as Kean ever was, but when he contrasted with the exquisite farewell which Othello bade to all that made life glorious and sweet, the thunderbolt of passion with which he smote down Iago, the spectators kept their places and applauded with enthusiastic decorum. Not Kean, nor any of the great actors of antiquity could move to such extreme manifestations of feeling the intelligent audiences of the New York theaters. The traditional old English sailor who used to leap over the footlights and grasp the villain of the piece by the collar, and say: "Avast there, you lubber! Let that 'ere young woman alone, or, shiver my timbers, I'll throw you down the hatchway," has disappeared forever. It is not that men do not sympathize deeply with the passions which they see strongly expressed in a theater, but that they are no longer carried away by the illusion. The stage remains, and will always be a great intellectual recreation; and, more than that, indeed, an intellectual necessity, in its own realm unrivaled; but it is not the teacher it was, nor any longer a prophetic voice of mankind.

Shakspere is, to a great extent, an exception to this rule. From him the decline of the drama dates, as, in fact, was inevitable, for he who crosses a mountain must descend after he has reached the summit. In his day the drama was the only form in which his soul could find a voice. He took the instrument upon which others had played but imperfect melodies, and made it express all music, from that of the divinest spirituality, the highest philosophy, to the lowest of emotions. But it is to be doubted whether Shakspere, had he lived in this day, would have chosen the stage as his interpreter. He might have been a grand epic poet, like Milton, or a great lyric poet, like Wordsworth. Perhaps Byron, in the vast range of style and thought he has traversed, from "Manfred" to "Don Juan," indicates more than any other modern poet what Shakspere might have done. But Shakspere's intellect was so much greater than that of Byron, Coleridge, or any writer of the nineteenth century, that there is no standard upon which to base conjecture. It can only be assumed that if his original force had been thrown into this new world, it would not have sought expression in the methods it adopted in the old. Indeed, it is unlikely that he could have written "Hamlet," or "Lear," or "Macbeth" under modern conditions. Poetry and philosophy endure through all time, but change their forms from age to age. What would the superhuman strength and celestial armor of Achilles have availed him in a modern battle? It is fortunate for the modern stage that Shakspere lived and wrote. He sustains it, inspires it, and keeps it a living power.

This inevitable fall of the drama from its ancient place as the greatest of all arts, is checked not only by the influence of Shakspere, but also to a great degree by the strength of dramatic genius. Great actors, either in comedy or in tragedy, can exalt the drama, and compel the busy world, pursuing other illusions, to pause and pay homage to its grandeur. In our own time and country such men as Edwin Booth, Forrest, E. L. Davenport, Salvini, and others who might be named, in tragedy, and J. S. Clarke, Joseph Jefferson, E. A. Sothern, Hackett, Burton, Raymond, and others who excelled in comedy, have done the stage this service. Charlotte Cushman, more than any other English-speaking actress of the day, has laid the drama under obligations to her fidelity and genius. Were the purpose of this article biographical, it might be told how she labored to become worthy of the drama, and to reveal to the world its excellences. "To be thoroughly in earnest," she said, "intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions—whether in my profession or out of it—became my one single idea, and I do not honestly believe that great success in life can be achieved without it. I do not believe that great success in any art can be achieved without it." She achieved this great success, but, now, what is left of it? A tradition, an influence, a memory, and a regret, which must gradually grow fainter and fainter.

The place of Charlotte Cushman in the sisterhood of artists in all arts must be, therefore, determined by other ways than a comparison based on the endurance of these works. Among the most distinguished of her female contemporaries in literature, for example, are Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, and George Sand. Their writings will long outlast her acting, yet they do not stand as high in their respective professions as she stands on the stage. A just view requires that the proportionate position of each to the standard of her respective art should be considered. Looking at the subject from this stand-point, it must be admitted that Mrs. Browning, although the greatest female poet of the nineteenth century, is far from being among the greatest poets, for, as compared with Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Coleridge, Morris, Swinburne, or Poe, she sinks to a fourth-rate, third-rate, or second-rate rank. Nor was Charlotte Brontë, whose works are as beautiful and as melancholy as a sunset, intellectually the equal of Thackeray, whom she so fervently admired. If it were possible to materialize (as now often happens to ghosts), her Jane Eyre, and Rochester, and Shirley, and Caroline, and then to contrast with them the vivified figures of Becky Sharpe, Colonel Newcome, Pendennis, and Lady Esmond, the latter would much the more resemble living human beings, and would move much less disjointedly. George Eliot, whom it is the fashion of English reviewers to compare to Shakspere, though she is no more like Shakspere than he to Hecuba, their objects and methods being widely different, is not as original a novelist as Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. Her moral purposes may be greater, but her genius is not. Even George Sand, with all her wonderful power, can hardly be placed upon an equal height with the best men in her own realm of art. But the relative position of Charlotte Cushman on the stage is higher than that of these great and celebrated women in fiction or poetry. She was not surpassed by the tragedians of this generation, and was, in fact, equaled by very few. She was on the stage like Minerva among the gods, armed as well as they, and able to contend with them on equal terms.

All the elements of Miss Cushman's artistic nature were large, and were cast in heroic mold. The grand characteristic of her genius seemed to be the rare union and perfect balance of her passion and intellect. The deep emotional powers are frequently lost upon the stage, because of the want of adequate intellectual direction. But the tremendous strength of Charlotte Cushman was controlled by the laws of intellectual beauty and truth. Even in the terrific outbursts of "Meg Merrillies," the agonized madness of Bianca, or the remorse of Lady Macbeth, she never ranted nor overstepped the modesty of nature. Passion is like fire—a good servant but a dangerous master, and with her it was kept within the bounds of the purest art. This gave to her acting the charm of reserved power; it did not convey the impression of labor and effort, but one of natural inspiration and ease. Her reading was the finest on the stage, especially in its justness. Its accuracy was wonderful, and the astonishing power of emphasis which she would sometimes concentrate upon a single word, was contrasted with the most delicate discriminations of meaning. It is not strange that she was almost as popular as a reader as an actress, for in the noblest dramas the thought is more important than the action, and produces greater effects,—a fact which Edwin Forrest illustrated during the last ten years of his life, when he simply read "Lear," and "Othello," and "Hamlet" on the stage, being physically unable to act them. Miss Cushman, however, did not depend upon her readings of the text entirely, but expressed the character she played in varied attitude and gesture. Her stately figure enabled her to dare successfully what in other women would have seemed exaggeration. The attitude which "Meg Merrillies" assumes on her first entrance lives in the memory of thousands as a picture of fearful beauty. It was more than picturesque—it was moral, for it told the story of undying love for Harry Bertram.

All through her great round of characters are scattered pictures of similar fascination and power. There is Queen Katherine, with extended arms, appealing to her royal husband, or with outstretched hand and averted head pointing to Wolsey: "Lord Cardinal, to *you* I speak." There is Wolsey himself, shuddering at the taunts of his enemies. There is Romeo stretched upon the ground, taking "the measure of an unmade grave." No other actor could fill the stage as she did. She had not only this vast variety of attitude and gesture, but also rapidity of motion, which was applied occasionally with splendid effect, particularly in the Gypsy Queen. But these bright flashes and moments of extreme passion were seen against an unalterable background of intellectual repose, and thus, her acting, and the word is used in its literal sense, harmonized with her beautiful elocution.

Another power which she possessed in the highest degree was that of creating character. Of course, her own character being so strongly marked, it was unavoidable that there should be a certain individuality impressed upon all her personations, but her mannerisms were few. Only an actress of great imagination and commensurate powers of execution could play Queen Katherine on one night and Cardinal Wolsey on the other, and make them seem like two utterly distinct beings. While she thus faithfully expressed the truth of human nature, she was not less able to interpret the pure poetry of Shakspere, in passages in which he seems to leave the earth infinite spaces below, and to oversoar

> "The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

In those passages where Shakspere, weary of painting the earth, aspired to paint the world of spiritual beauty, sound and sense were married in her exquisite elocution, like body and soul. It follows, logically, that she was not devoid of humor, for perfect tragedy without humor as a curb is impossible. Because Wordsworth had not even enough humor to understand a pun, he could begin a beautiful sonnet with the apostrophe, "Jones!" But Miss Cushman's humor was not a leading faculty of her mind; her Lady Teazle and Mrs. Simpson were only tragedy inverted.

If this estimate be true, Charlotte Cushman had no superior on the modern stage, and, therefore, was excelled by none of the women of her time, no matter in what profession they labored. For though the theater may have declined as a necessity, its usefulness being now shared by other teachers, it by no means follows that acting does not give as much opportunity to individual genius as any of the other arts—painting, sculpture, music, literature, or poetry.

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MY NASTURTIUMS.

Quaint blossom with the old fantastic name,
  By jester christened at some ancient feast!
  How royally to-day among the least
Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame.
How careless wears a velvet of the same
  Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
  To paint it in the robes of Doge and priest.
Oh, long lost loyal red which never came
Again to painter's palette,—on my sight
  It flashes at this moment, trained and poured
Through my nasturtiums in the morning light.
  Like great-souled kings to kingdoms full restored,
They stand alone and draw them to their height,
  And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Advertising Shame.

MR. SMALLEY, in a London letter to "The Tribune," more than intimates that there are many scandals floating from mouth to mouth among the British people which never find revelation through the press; and the difference between the American and the English treatment of such matters is remarked upon. Which is the better policy? There can be but one answer to the question, which is that that is the better policy which brings the most disgrace to the guilty parties, and operates best as a warning to the yet unoffending but temptable world. Suppression of a legitimately excited scandal undoubtedly has the look of a charitable leniency of judgment,—precisely the thing which the offending parties would desire, and which all who are tempted to wrong courses would covet for themselves.

The American hangs his head in shame when he sees the public press burdened with the revelations of malfeasance in office. He is pained to think that all the world must know how low-toned our political moralities are; how given to thieving and the betrayal of trust are multitudes of our men in responsible positions; what vulgarity of greed is exhibited by those whom the people have honored! It is all horrible, revolting, disgusting, humiliating; but this revelation is a thousand times better than the policy of concealment. A vice laid open to the public cautery is in a much better condition for being cured than one which is permitted to fester in semi-secrecy for personal or class considerations.

We therefore rejoice in all the exposures of villainy that have been made. They show the people just what they are to expect under the rule of the politicians. They show the people just what they must do to rid themselves of the occasions of scandal. They are a terrific warning to all who desire to enter upon public life, and all who are now in office. They prove to the country and to the politicians that there is but one way of safety, and that a pair of clean hands are a public man's most desirable and precious possession. No matter how terrible the punishment it may inflict upon the transgressors; no matter how much shame it bring to the American who is jealous of the honor of his country, it is better to brand the sinner with public infamy, than to attempt in any way to shield or hide him. The nation is sick—in its head and its heart—and it must be cured.

We have often wondered whether the people generally understand what the vulgar crimes that have been exposed in high places mean,—whether they realize that for every Belknap there are hundreds of debauched and demoralized tools scattered all over the country. The exposures thus far made are only the outcroppings of crime. Every principal in sin has numberless subordinates. Does any one suppose that Tweed and his gang were the only thieves in New York? Why, it was necessary for their guilty career to have thousands of active or consenting instruments. Rings of thieves and single thieves alike have succeeded in stealing—can succeed in stealing—only by the aid of confederates and subordinates. A great mass of men unexposed—a great mass who will never be exposed—have been steeped all through with dishonesty by influences poured down upon them from the high places of power. There is, therefore, no cure for them but the utter annihilation of all the influences that have demoralized them. They are to be exposed, denounced, killed. They are to be held up to public execration. The men in whose guilty brains they originated are to be overwhelmed with disgrace; to be pointed at, hooted at by the public press, until fear, if no worthier motive, shall drive their instruments forever from their guilty complicities and practices.

If we are to have a reformation, it is necessary for the people to know just how desperate the case is, and they can never be too grateful to a public press that tells them this. We hope the time may never come when the American press, for any consideration, will consent to cover crime. It may cost us the contempt of other nations; it may be humiliating to ourselves, but we can never cure an ulcer that we cannot see, or heal a disease whose existence we only suspect.

The Literary Class.

IN the great world of common and uncommon men and women who are outside of the pale of literary culture, there exist certain prejudices against the literary class, which are little recognized and little talked about, but which are positive and pernicious. There is a feeling that this class is conceited, supercilious, selfish, and, to a very great extent, useless. There is a feeling that it is exclusive; that it arrogates to itself the possession of tastes and powers above the rest of the world, upon which it looks down with contemptuous superiority. There is, undoubtedly, connected with this prejudice a dim conviction that the literary class is really superior to the rest of the world in its acquirements, its tastes, and its sources of pleasure; that culture is better than stocks and bonds; that literary life occupies a higher plane than commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural life, and that it holds a wealth which money cannot buy, and which ordinary values can in no way measure. Much of the unspoken protest that rises against the assumptions of the literary class, and against the arrogance which it is supposed to possess, undoubtedly comes from a feeling of inferiority and impotence—of conscious inability to rise into its atmosphere, and to appropriate its wealth and its satisfactions.

Having said this, it may also be said that the literary class is very largely to blame for this state of things. It has almost uniformly failed to recognize its relations and its duties to the world at large. It has been bound up in itself. It has read for itself, thought for itself, written for itself. It has had respect mainly to its own critical judgments. It has been a kind of close corporation—a mutual admiration society. It has looked for its inspirations mainly within its own circle. It has, in ten thousand ways, nourished the idea that it is not interested in the outside world; that it does not care for the outside world and its opinions; that it owes no duty to it, and has no message for it. Its criticisms and judgments, in their motive and method, are often of the most frivolous character. An author is not judged according to what he has done for the world, but for what he has done for himself, and for what they are pleased to denominate "literature." To certain, or most uncertain, men of art, or canons of art, or notions of art, it holds itself in allegiance, ignoring the uses of art altogether. It has its end in itself. It is a cat that plays with and swallows its own tail.

Now, it seems to us that if the literary class has any apology for existence, it must come from its uses to the world. It entertains a certain contempt for the world, which does not appreciate and will not take its wares, forgetting that it has not endeavored, in any way, to serve the world, by the adaptation of its wares to the world's use. Endeavoring to be true to itself, bowing in devotion and loyalty to its own opinions and notions, it utters its word, and then, because the great outside world will not hear it, complains, and finds its revenge in holding the popular judgment in contempt. It gives the world what it cannot appreciate, what it cannot appropriate; what, in its condition, it does not need; what it turns its back upon,—and finds its consolation in inside praise, and a reputation for good work among those who do not need it.

In the best Book we have, there are certain rules of life laid down, that are just as good for the literary as for the moral and religious world. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He that would be great must be a servant. If any man has special gifts, and achieves special culture of those gifts, his greatness is brought, by irreversible law and the divine policy, into immediate relation with the want of the world. He is to be a servant, and thus to prove his title to lordship. His true glory is only to be found in ministering. If he do not minister, he has no right to honor. If he will not minister, he holds his gift unworthily, and has no more reason to expect the honor of the world for what he does, than he would if he did nothing. The military and administrative gifts of Washington were, undoubtedly, well known and honored among the military and political classes, but their significance and glory were only brought out in service. He is honored and revered, not because he served his class, but because he served his country. Those eminent gifts of his had no meaning save as they were related to the wants of his time; and their glory is that they served those wants. The glory of Watt, and Fulton, and Stevenson, and Morse, and Howe, is, not that they were ingenious men, but that they placed their ingenuity in the service of the world. The honor we give to Howard and Florence Nightingale is not given to their sympathetic hearts, but to their helpful hands.

Why should the literary class, of all the gifted men and women of the world, alone hold its gifts in service of itself? Why should it refuse to come down into the service of life? There is an audience waiting for every literary man and woman who will speak to it. Why should the world be blamed for not overhearing what literary men and women say to each other? The talk is not meant for them. It has nothing in it for them; and there is a feeling among them—not thoroughly well-defined, perhaps, but real—that they are defrauded. All this feeling of contempt for the non-literary world on one side, and this jealousy of the literary class on the other, will not exist for a moment after the relations between them are practically recognized. When the world is served, it will regard its servant as its benefactor, and the great interest of literature will be prosperous. Book after book falls dead from the press, because, and only because, it is not the medium of service. The world finds nothing in it that it needs. Why should the world buy it? The golden age of American literature can never dawn until the world has learned to look upon the literary class as its helper, its inspirer, its leader in culture and thought; and it can never learn to look thus upon that class until it has been ministered to in all its wants by direct purpose, in simple things as well as in sublime.

A New Departure.

One of the great problems, apparently insoluble, that has vexed the pastors and churches of the great cities, more particularly during the last ten years, relates to the means by which they shall get hold of the great outlying world of the poor. So difficult has this question become, that pastors and churches alike have been in despair over it. The poor have not come into the churches of the rich, and few of them, comparatively, have had the Gospel preached to them. The results of mission-schools and missions have been unsatisfactory. The efforts made have not built up self-supporting institutions; those who were benefited have been quite content to remain beneficiaries, and the most strenuous efforts have been constantly necessary to keep schools and congregations together. In the meantime, the working churches have been comparatively small, and attended only by the higher classes. All has gone wrong. The high and the humble, who, if anywhere in the world, should come together in the churches, have kept themselves separate, and the work of Christianization has been carried on slowly, and at a tremendous and most discouraging disadvantage.

One of the leading reasons for the unanimous feeling of friendly interest in the late efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey on the part of the ministers of all denominations rested in this difficulty. These men drew the poor to them in great numbers, and not only attracted, but helped them and held them. To learn how it was done, ministers from all quarters assembled in convention, and the professional teachers became eager learners at the feet of the two successful laymen. The first result of this convention will undoubtedly be a modification of pulpit work—a modification so marked that it will amount to a revolution. The old-fashioned, highly intellectual and largely theological sermon will go out, and the simple preaching of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and the hortatory appeal, will come in. The ministers, however, have all been tending toward this for some years. The results of public discussion have been in this direction, so that the modification in preaching will not be a violent one, save in special instances. Still, the change may legitimately be noted as a new departure, and one on which the highest hopes may be built.

But the most important part of the problem is undoubtedly to be solved in another way. For some years it has been seen that the great non-church-going public has been quite ready to hear preaching, provided they could hear it in some other building than the church. Wherever the theater, the opera-house, or the hall has been opened, it has been uniformly filled, and often to overflowing. In Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, and New York, the poor have pressed into the theaters and public halls whenever there was preaching to be heard that promised to be worth the hearing. We are not going to stop to discuss the reason of this. We simply allude to it as a most significant fact in connection with the policy of the future. The distance between the poor, uneducated men, and the rich and cultured church, is proved to be too great to be spanned by a single leap.

The non-professional teacher and the public hall are to furnish the stepping-stones by which the poor are to reach the Church. When a man from the poorer walks of life—from the ranks of the laborer—stands in a public hall where all can come together on common ground, and talks to the people in his simple, straightforward way, upon subjects connected with their highest interests, he furnishes all the means, and is surrounded by all the conditions, necessary to success in his endeavors. He can do what no professional man can do in any building devoted to religious purposes. We make this statement, not as a matter of theory, but as a matter of well-established fact. The preachers know it; the people know it. It is a thing that has been marvelously demonstrated, and if the Christian world is not ready to accept this demonstration, with all its practical indications, it will show itself to be criminally blind.

Any new departure in the methods of Christian work will, therefore, be very incomplete—nugatory, in fact—which does not recognize lay preaching in public halls as an important part of its policy. We have seen just how the poor are to be reached and lifted into the churches, because we have seen just how they have been reached and lifted into the churches. During the efforts of Mr. Moody in London, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and New York, thousands whom no pulpit could ever influence have found their way through his audience-rooms into the Church. He has officiated as a mediator between the world and the Church, and has been a thousand times wiser than he knew, or the Church suspected. He has solved the one grand problem that has puzzled the Church and its ministry for years, and they will be short-sighted and stingy, indeed, if they fail to make his work the basis of a permanent policy.

In every considerable city of the United States all Christian sects should unite in the establishment of halls for the work of evangelists—of men who have a special gift for preaching the simple Gospel. The example of such a man as Mr. Moody cannot but be fruitful in calling out from the ranks of Christian laymen a little army of talented and devoted workers, who will enter into his methods and swell the results of his work. All evangelists whose work is worth the having should labor in this field. No man should be in it who cares more for building up one church than another, for one of the prime conditions of his success is, that he shall not be regarded as the mouthpiece of any Christian sect or party. The essential thing is, that he shall be a Christian, moved by the love of God and man, and desirous only of bringing men to God. If the Church does not see a new light upon its path, poured upon it by the events to which we have alluded, it must be blind indeed. But it does see the new light, and we believe that its leaders and teachers are ready to walk in it.

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THE OLD CABINET.

A RESPECTED and well-beloved friend of ours, a learned, analytical, and reverend Doctor of Sacred Theology, came over from New Jersey the other day and sat down by the Old Cabinet, and began to use the most severe expressions we have ever heard proceed from his lips. The innocent occasion of this theological outburst was a little beauty of a broken-haired Scotch terrier, who had been lost on St. Patrick's day, in the great wilderness of New York,—in honor of whose safe and happy return we were at that moment killing the fatted calf. The sacred Doctor, if not profane, was something quite as unexpected—he was jocose. His learned and analytical mind could discover no exegesis for such a waste of time and affection. If it had been a Newfoundland, or even a greyhound, he could have understood it; but the gentle and delicate graces of Thisbe were altogether lost upon him.

You shall not read novels, says the sage of Concord. You shall not keep broken-haired terriers; you shall keep setters, and Newfoundlands, and great big blood-hounds, with brass collars and muzzles, and large clanking iron chains. For our part, we have found no people more stupid than those who read nothing except that which is "improving." If a sage can find sufficient mental recreation in Hafiz, Plotinus, Hindoo mythology, and ethics,—it is well for the Sage. But there are others who can recreate more effectually in "Daniel Deronda," or even "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress." We have known persons of parts to find intellectual rest in a silly-bright story, telling about a set of rather vulgar Americans with whom they could not have spent half an hour without appealing to the heavenly powers for deliverance. Such is the perversity of the human intellect.

There is a large class of readers, however, who should be very careful about what they read: namely, readers who are also writers. We have heard of a man who declared that he never read anything but the very best literature—except the very worst. There is safety in extremes—as the man said who stood in the middle of the burning bridge. For a writer, nothing is so dangerous as to be intimate with mediocrity. A friend of ours, who is now in mid-career of a successful business life,—a business life whose successes have been greatly due, by the way, to what may be called applied imagination,—this friend of ours, in talking one day about literary style, confessed that, in his youth, after reading a lot of "Paradise Lost," he went to work and wrote page after page of blank verse that he would be hanged if you could tell from Milton's. If he had had his poetry by him at the time, he would probably have found that he was mistaken as to the supposed close resemblance of style; but, in principle, he was not so far out after all. Milton, himself, would not have had such an excellent "literary style," if he had not read some very good poetry written before his day.

We have heard an artist say in looking over the sketches of Michael Angelo and Raphael—that it seemed possible to do *that:* there was a simplicity, an ease in the work which gave encouragement and hope—as well as inspiration. The workmanship of other great, though inferior masters, seemed more unattainable. The same thing is true in literature. It is not mere conceit that makes the young writer feel, when he reads Shakspere, and Dante, and Milton, and Wordsworth, that here is something that he can do. The time will come when his limitations will close down upon him; but his flight has been farther and higher by reason of this daring, yet reverent, sense of mastery and companionship.

THE test of a picture is the same as that of a piece of cloth. The question is, How does it wear? During the few weeks that an Academy exhibition is open, there is evidently not enough time for the conscientious critic to see this test fairly applied. The power of wear can only be judged, in such a case, relatively. The conscientious critic of the daily newspaper, when he is compelled, if not to "pronounce upon" an exhibition within a few hours of its opening,—at least to make public a number of first thoughts about a great many works of art, must, before the exhibition closes, read again those earlier criticisms with some touches of mortification, if not of remorse. Should his conscientiousness be extreme, he may reflect, moreover, that if, instead of a new exhibition every year, the very same array should be presented annually, his annual criticisms, reflecting his own growth, his own experience with these very paintings, would be in little danger of monotony.

The amount of pleasure to be derived from any particular exhibition of the Academy depends in great measure upon the expectation with which we visit it. We have already spoken of the confusion in many minds with regard to art and artists. While the penny-a-liner in literature is not classed among authors, the mere reporter and penny-a-liner in art is called an artist, and his pictures are hung in the same exhibition with those, for instance, of William Page. We do not, of course, mean to deny that there are, legitimately enough, various grades in art; but, below all the legitimate grades, we find (to borrow again a literary illustration) a lot of police notes, puns, and scientific or news items. In every exhibition, the walls of the Academy will be found sprinkled with such irrelevant matter as this—sometimes the work of its own members—sometimes that of outside contributors. We are not among those who would have, under any circumstances, the paintings of an Academician excluded—if for no other reason, because every atrocity there displayed from the hand of one who signs his name with an "N. A." is a warning to the institution to keep the standard of membership above the reach of the vulgar.

It should also be remembered that the larger part of the wall-space will inevitably be occupied by the work of men of no genius. It is unreasonable to expect a genius in every painter who exhibits at any particular exhibition. Hundreds of books have been published in this country during the past twelve months; in how many of them have you felt the glow of the sacred fire? You can count on your fingers,—one hand will almost suffice. We are not wrong in demanding genius; it is the only thing that is interesting; it is the only thing that lasts. We are only unreasonable if we expect to discover the divine seal on five hundred and sixty-eight "works of art," instead of on half a dozen.

The exhibition now open has some points of great interest. We trust we are not too sanguine in thinking that there are indications here, as well as elsewhere, of a revival in American art. We know how soon disappointment is apt to follow any such hope as this; yet there is not only an earnestness among the artists themselves,—especially and principally we mean among those who are beginning,—but on the part of the public there is a curiosity and a sympathy which are full of encouragement.

A general review of the exhibition will not be attempted; it is proposed merely to mention some of the features which, in a number of tours of the galleries, have made the strongest and pleasantest impression upon the writer. Among the portraits, Mr. Page's portrait of President Eliot is the most commanding; you get the notion of a human being from a painting like this. It is a sign for the man himself, not for a portrait of the man: whereas in the case of most of the portraits here the artist has seemed to be trying mainly to produce something that looks like a picture, instead of like a person. The background of this picture seems to be needlessly uninteresting, and the color is not pleasing. The full-length portrait of a boy and another of a girl, by Frank D. Millet, are strong and serious works,—the painter evidently caring more for characterization than for mere ornament. These are certainly the most important portraits by a young artist exhibited this year. There is great sincerity, also, and a feeling both for color and character in the head of an "Italian Girl," by William Sartain, and a "Portrait Study," by Frank Lathrop,—two pictures having these qualities in common, though not alike in method. The portrait by Oliver Lay is the best example of the work of this artist we have seen; it is painted with great single-mindedness, and has much more charm than usual,—for Mr. Lay has a method of painting which the Germans call *geleckt;* he teases his pigments till they lose their freshness. There is a bright little picture of a child by D. Fredericks, in the corridor, that has a very attractive, flower-like quality. A charcoal head, by E. H. Bartol, is remarkable for delicacy and simplicity of drawing; it shows an understanding, more rarely seen than might be supposed, of the distinction between the art of drawing and that of painting or modeling.

To pass from portraits to figure subjects, in Winslow Homer's five pieces we find clearly marked this powerful and original painter's excellences and limitations. There is hardly anything to redeem such a picture as "Over the Hills" (193); the figures of the girls are out of tone; there is no composition, no harmony of color, the action is without interest, and what painters call the "values" are of no account. We never look for delicacy and subtlety in this artist; but he has his own view of nature: even at his worst, it is his *own* worst and not anybody's else; and in his best we have a unique, beautiful, and vigorous art. In "A Fair Wind" Homer *is* at his best; the fresh salt breeze blows through the entire picture, and almost every quality found wanting in "Over the Hills," here appears with full force. Eastman Johnson's "Husking Bee" is full of spirit and charm; it is nature in its good cheer, and humanity happy and contented both in youth and old age. The natural look of this picture is partly accounted for by that effect of gray, quiet sky above, and strong "local color" below, so characteristic of the fall, and so strangely reversing the usual pictorial rule: the scene is, so to speak, lit up from below. D. R. Knight's "French Washerwomen" is well-composed and remarkably well drawn—though thin and cold in color.

Take it all in all, the most striking picture in the South Room, the one that first attracts the eye, and that holds it long by reason of its force, its freshness, and the purity of its color, is Maria R. Oakey's "A Woman Serving." There is something unsatisfactory about the drawing; but, even in drawing, it compares favorably with the work of most of our well-known figure painters, and, as nearly the first picture of a young artist, it gives unusual promise.

Why should McEntee cease giving us his "one picture," so called,—if, with all its variations of time and place, the charge should hold good that it *is* but one,—while this one has so much of the poetry of nature in it, so much that is refined, and gentle, and accordant with our own cherished memories of winter or autumn in the country? Any one, we should think, must be pleasantly impressed with the pictures exhibited by Mr. R. Swain Gifford and Mr. Colman, with William Hart's sketchy "Group of Cows," Charles A. Fiske's "Landscape" (264), and Mr. Ryder's little gem of a "Cattle Piece,"—fine in action, beautiful in tone, and with such pearly transparency of sky. Homer Martin's landscapes look as if each one were a fresh attempt to reproduce effects in nature, and not the mere result of recipes; he has given with no little success the dewy atmosphere, and suffused light of "Morning in the Woods." The picture is so conventional in composition, that one does not discover, immediately, how good it is in other respects. But the landscape of this exhibition to which we return with ever-renewed and ever-increasing enjoyment, is La Farge's "New England Pasture Land." It does not need that those familiar with the technicalities of painting should tell us of the difficulties here met and almost miraculously overcome; of separation of planes, of the diffusion of light, the exquisite sense of atmosphere, the purity and depth of color, the strength and delicacy, the accuracy and the reticence of drawing: we *feel* the result of all these, and we recognize, besides, a spirituality, an intensity of mood, and a vital and typical truth; truth, that is, not only to the very landscape here so minutely and marvelously portrayed, but to the aspect of general nature of which this is a memorable presentation. For we feel that the artist has here preserved just such a type of out-door nature as we find embodied of human nature in some old marble like the Venus of Milo, or the Theseus. In *kind,* we mean; how far in degree also, only time can tell.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

How to See New York.

MANY visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will extend their journey to New York, and not a few, in the absence of available friends or other resource than the guide-books, will be anxious to know what there is for them to see. We will try to help them along with a few brief hints, that may enable them to go home with a better knowledge of the metropolis than many residents can claim.

First, then, buy a good map. The city is so regularly subdivided by avenues and streets, that any part can be easily reached by horse-cars, the uniform fare by which, except on two lines, is five cents. Broadway and the principal avenues, numbered from one to eleven, run generally north and south, and are intersected by "cross-town" streets, running east and west, and numbered from one up, except in the lower part of the city, where each street has a different name.

The bewildering confusion a stranger experiences in the incoherent alleys and by-ways of Europe are thus obviated here, and if you know on which street, and between which avenues, the place you seek is located, you can reach it afoot or by conveyance with little difficulty.

"If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of a city," says Boswell, "you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts." But as early impressions influence later ones, it may be desirable that the stranger should see the handsomest parts first.

For this purpose start at the south end of the island just below the foot of Broadway, from Battery Park, which looks out upon the Harbor and fortifications. Here is Castle Garden, the old-time opera-house in which Jenny Lind sang, famous now as the depot from which the thousands of newly arrived emigrants are forwarded to their destinations in all parts of the Union. Mondays and Wednesdays are the best for seeing it, and permission may be obtained from officers on the ground.

Broadway branches at its foot into Whitehall and State streets, and the small inclosed garden at the junction, "Bowling Green," once contained an equestrian statue of George the Third, which was destroyed by the Sons of Liberty. The locality is full of historic interest, as will be seen by a reference to the articles on "New York in the Revolution," published in the January and February numbers of this magazine.

A little way above Bowling Green, on Broadway, its doors always open, is Trinity Church, nearly surrounded by a grave-yard full of interesting memorials. The view from the steeple is particularly fine and on a clear day includes a large part of the city, the entire Harbor and Bay, a glimpse of the Ocean, the East and North (*i. e.* Hudson) Rivers, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken. Wall street enters Broadway at a right angle nearly opposite the church, and, with its tributaries, Broad street and Nassau street, is celebrated for its banks and brokers. Here, among other fine buildings, are located the Custom-House, the Treasury, the Clearing-House, and the Gold and Stock Exchange, the latter being supplied with a strangers' gallery, to which entrance may be obtained between the hours of ten and three, and from which an exhilarating insight is obtained of the traffic in valuable paper.

Proceeding up Broadway, you will pass many magnificent insurance buildings, including the Equitable, one of the highest, from the roof of which you can look down upon the whole city; conveyance by elevators and admission from the janitor without charge. Two blocks still farther up is the eight-story building of the Western Union Telegraph Company; admission to the roof, by elevator, free. Broadway and its confluent streets, above and below, swarm with traffic, which at this point culminates about noon each day in a confusion of vehicles and pedestrians which even London Bridge cannot surpass.

A few blocks farther north on Broadway are the new Post-Office, a showy granite building, and the City Hall Park, containing the City Hall, Tweed's expensive Court-House, etc. Running along the east side of this Park is the great newspaper street, Park Row: here, with those of many weeklies and other periodicals, are the offices of the "Herald," the "Times," the "Tribune," the "World," the "Sun," the "Mail," the "Daily News," and the "Staats-Zeitung." The "Evening Post" is situated in a new building at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway. Pleasure-seekers are much out of place in newspaper offices, but if you happen to have a friend on the staff, he may, as an especial favor, show you the mechanical part of the production of a great daily. The Governor's Room in the City Hall, open to visitors, contains some interesting historical paintings, and the old Astor House at the corner of Vesey street and Broadway, is a reminder of many social and political celebrities.

Between the City Hall and Union Square, two miles higher up, is an unbroken line, on both sides, of wholesale and retail warehouses, built in nearly every style of architecture, and varying in size from a building covering an entire block, to an old two-story dwelling with the lower front converted into a plate-glass show-window. At the corner of Chambers street is the enormous wholesale house of A. T. Stewart & Co. The retail store of this firm covers the block between Ninth and Tenth streets, and Broadway and Fourth Avenue. The principal hotels below Tenth street are the St. Nicholas, the Grand Central, and the New York. In the vicinity of Astor Place and Broadway a large number of book-sellers and publishers are congregated.

Of late years the retail trade has concentrated between Eighth and Thirty-fourth streets, and scores of imposing buildings are devoted to it. At Fourteenth street Broadway debouches into Union Square, the center of which is laid out as a park, and a very pretty little park it is. Passing under its sheltering trees, and glancing at Tiffany's on the left, and the Union Square Hotel, the Westmoreland and the Everett House on the right, you again reach the main thoroughfare, which, at Twenty-third street, intersects Fifth Avenue, and expands into Madison Square. On the west side of the Square is the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the St. James Hotel, the Albemarle Hotel and the Hoffman House, which are nearly all built of marble. On the east side are the Union League Club and some large brown-stone residences. The north and south sides are formed by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-third streets. A little farther up are the Gilsey House, the Grand Hotel, the Coleman and Sturtevant houses, the first two being conspicuous for their size and ornamental architecture. You have now come about three miles from the Battery, and Broadway continues for another mile, but in furtherance of the design to see the best side of the city first, you will do well to turn down Thirty-fourth street to the east. At the north-west corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth Avenue is the marble house of the late A. T. Stewart, and at the corresponding corner of Thirty-fourth street and Madison Avenue is the home of one of the Astors. The next block on the street turns into Park Avenue, and from the corner a view is obtained of another of the enormous structures with which Mr. Stewart has placed the imprint of his wealth upon the city—the building intended as a hotel for working-women. Park Avenue is full of handsome residences, and ends at Forty-second street, opposite the Grand Central depot.

Now turn eastward one block, and go down Lexington Avenue to Twenty-third street. This will bring you close to the southern terminus of Madison Avenue, which leads directly to Central Park, and for a distance of two miles is lined with fine residences. Then visit the Park itself, which is always beautiful. Carriages may be hired at the entrances, and a line of conveyances makes the round of the Park for a small amount. In returning take Fifth Avenue, the Belgravia of America, which has the characteristic of the best West-End London streets.

Adopting this itinerary, you will travel for ten miles continuously through substantial avenues without seeing a sign of poverty or squalor, enormous wealth and magnificence being apparent everywhere. Simplicity of the democratic order has abdicated in favor of fashion, and the foreign visitor who lands on our shores expecting to find any distinctively republican qualities in the externals of metropolitan life will be surprised at the long lines of carriages, with liveried footmen and escutcheoned panels, that wind through the principal streets.

To many, however, the most interesting side of New York will be, not in the congeries of brownstone houses and marble stores, but in the poorer and quainter districts. The Bowery, the great east side thoroughfare, and its confluents, deserve as much attention as Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

If possible, enlist the services of a policeman off duty, who will much facilitate your explorations, though he is not indispensable. Indeed, the writer's experience is, that a stranger may venture into the lowest quarter of the city without much fear of assault or insult. But there is a vast amount of comfort, and scarcely any expense, in having a policeman for a guide.

The Bowery ends in Chatham Square on the south, from which you had better start. In the immediate neighborhood are the notorious Five Points, Baxter street, and Donovan's Lane, which, besides affording an insight into the most degraded state of tenement life, are peculiarly interesting as the retreat of a Chinese colony and the location of several opium dens, which rival in horrors the pictures of like places drawn by Dickens in "Edwin Drood." In the same neighborhood is the Grand Duke Theater, a cellar in which extraordinary dramatic performances take place at certain seasons, the actors and audience principally comprising newsboys, bootblacks, and crossing sweepers. The immediate neighborhood of the Five Points is, as is well known, greatly improved in architecture, manners and morals.

Proceeding northward along the Bowery, the best time for seeing which is between the hours of six and twelve on Saturday nights, you soon reach the Old Bowery Theater, with its whitewashed classic façade, once a fashionable resort, and now the home of cheap though not demoralizing melodrama. The gallery (admission fifteen cents) is crowded every night with a mixed audience of street Arabs, who demonstrate their approval and displeasure in the most emphatic manner, and enter into the spirit of the play with the greatest earnestness. Next door to the theater is the Atlantic Beer Garden, admission free, in which about two thousand Germans are seen nightly drinking lager beer to the tune of the "Watch on the Rhine." Nothing seriously offends the moral sense at either place. Other beer gardens, concert saloon "dives," with gaudy entrances, pawnbrokers' shops and costumers' stores, at which fancy costumes and dress coats may be hired for a night or a week, predominate among the buildings on each side of the way. The curb-stones are lined with the itinerant venders of all sorts of commodities.

The Bowery in many parts has a foreign aspect. Turning down Grand street, and walking four blocks east to Allen street, you will enter a region distinctively Teutonic in all its characteristics. What may be called the French quarter lies on the west side of the city, between Amity, Canal, Wooster, and Mercer streets. Between Rivington and Houston streets, in Willett street, on the east side, is a colony of rag-pickers, among whom the writer once found an old man who had been a servant of Washington Irving, and was full of reminiscences of that author.

Of the public institutions to be seen, the most interesting and extensive are those on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands, in the East River. They include penitentiary, work-house, reformatory, hospital, and nursery. Cards of admission may be obtained from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, whose office is at the corner of Eleventh street and Third Avenue. A steamer leaves the foot of Twenty-sixth street for the islands at 10 A. M. daily. Bellevue Hospital, under the same control, is also at the foot of Twenty-sixth street. Attached to it are the dissecting-rooms of Bellevue Medical College, into which visiting physicians may be introduced by students, and the Morgue, which is open from sunrise to sunset. There are twenty-six other hospitals, prominent among which are St. Luke's, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street, and the Roosevelt, at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-eighth street.

The head-quarters of the various home and foreign missions are in the Bible House, between Third and Fourth Avenues and Eighth and Ninth streets. About twenty-five religious or reformatory societies are grouped in the same building. Immediately opposite is the Cooper Union, with its extensive reading-rooms, library, pictures, etc., open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Among other institutions worth visiting are the Newsboys' Lodging House, corner of William and Chambers streets; the Five Points House of Industry, No. 155 Worth street; the Institution for the Blind, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Ninth Avenue; the Sheltering Arms, a very picturesque home for neglected children, Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street; the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's Place; the Home for Little Wanderers, a refuge and school for poor children, No. 40 New Bowery; the Sailors' Home and Shipping Exchange, No. 190 Cherry street; Business Woman's Home, No. 222 Madison street, and the Home of the Prison Association, No. 110 Second Avenue. The stranger will be admitted to these any afternoon, and information concerning them and other charities will be supplied by Mr. Lewis E. Jackson, city missionary, No. 50 Bible House.

The American Geographical Society, with a fine collection of works of travel, is located in the Cooper Union, and the New York Historical Society, with a valuable historical library, museum, etc., is located in Second Avenue, at the corner of Eleventh street; an introduction by a member is necessary to secure admittance. The building of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth Avenue, contains a library, reading-room and reception-room, free admittance to which is cordially granted to visitors. The principal free library is the Astor, in Lafayette Place, which is open in summer from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. The Mercantile and Society Libraries, both near here—the former in Astor, and the latter in University Place—are open to none except members.

Many churches are closed during the summer, and those open are usually announced in Saturday's papers. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Fourteenth street near Sixth Avenue, which contains one of the finest collections of pictures in America, is open daily, except Sunday, from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M.; the admission is free on Mondays and Thursdays; on other days it is twenty-five cents. Fine art collections can also be seen, free of charge, at Goupil's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second street; Schaus's, No. 749 Broadway, and Snedicor's, on Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets.

There are many social clubs in New York conducted on the London plan, introduction to which can only be obtained through a member. The theaters are advertised in the daily papers. The most imposing are the Academy of Music, Booth's, the Fifth Avenue, the Grand Opera House, Wallack's, the Union Square, and the Lyceum; but the regular season closes at most of them early in June, and performances after that are not criterions of the usual standard of entertainment furnished.

No one who comes from the interior should miss seeing one of the great ocean steamers which ply between Liverpool, Glasgow and New York. Advertisements of the different lines will be found in the newspapers, and the local agents are usually very willing to issue cards of admittance to strangers. The steamers are seen at their best on the afternoon before sailing. The largest are the "Scythia" and "Bothnia," of the Cunard line; the "City of Berlin" and "City of Richmond," of the Inman line; the "Germanic and Britannic," of the White Star line; the "Spain" and "Egypt," of the National line; the "Anchoria" and "Alsatia," of the Anchor line, and the "State of Indiana," of the State line. Indeed, a tour of the entire water-front, which may be seen from the platforms of the "Belt-line" cars, will amply repay the stranger who is only used to the ways of inland transportation.

Country people will take great interest, of course, in the markets, and though the only one deserving notice architecturally,—the Manhattan,—is closed, both the Washington, at the foot of Barclay street, and the Fulton, at the foot of Fulton street, east, surpass the celebrated Covent Garden in the variety and richness of their wares, which include the fruits of the tropics, the game of the prairies, and the finest dairy produce of the Eastern States. The wholesale fish-market is directly opposite the Fulton, and early in the morning whole fleets of fishing vessels arrive and discharge their cargoes into curious floating tanks in the rear of the building.

Rural Topics.

FLOWERS, SHRUBS, STRAWBERRIES, ETC.

GARDEN DECORATION.—By the middle of May, in an extensive range of this country, the ground is usually warm enough for garden planting, and can easily be made rich and mellow,—conditions necessary before setting out bedding or foliaged plants in the open ground with any assurance of success. There is no place where cultivated taste and trained skill are more evident than in cutting out garden walks and flower beds, and planting them to produce the best effect, both in grace of outline and harmony of color. Complicated designs, especially in small places, seldom give satisfaction. The chief objects to be attained in garden decoration are simplicity of purpose, and proportion and harmony with the surroundings. In all instances, avoid as much as possible rigid lines and abrupt angles. Graceful forms are always bounded by curved lines, although curved lines are not always graceful, but become serious blemishes when carelessly drawn. It is an error to plant trees, shrubs, or flowering plants at regular intervals, or at corresponding positions on each side of the carriage-way, walks, or paths; the effect is always harsh and unnatural. This regularity in planting is at variance with all that is beautiful in modern gardening, and should be studiously avoided, and corrected if possible where it exists. Trees or shrubs, when planted on the lawn, should not be crowded, nor near enough to one another to destroy their outline, nor so placed as to obstruct desirable views; while, at the same time, pleasant effects and agreeable surprises may easily be produced by concealing terminal lines or the extent of the lawn, by the use of trees, shrubs, and climbing vines. Some of these vines are rapid growers, and their rich and abundant foliage may give great variety and picturesqueness to the lawn or garden, and may serve as screens to hide unsightly objects. No decorations, however expensive or elaborate, will appear to the best advantage in the absence of neatness. The grass plats must be closely trimmed, and, above all, the walks and paths kept clean and firm throughout the summer. Ragged edges, or stray weeds or grass in the walks, greatly detract from the general appearance.

The following lists will be found to embrace the most desirable varieties for lawn and garden planting:

HARDY SHRUBS.—Double Flowering Almond, white and red; Altheas, in sorts; Deutzia, double flowering; Deutzia Gracilis; Deutzia Fortuna; Forsythia; Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora extra; Philadelphus, Snowball, Spireas, in sorts (all fine); Weigelias, in sorts.

HARDY HERBACEOUS PLANTS.—Dielytra Spectabilis; Perennial Phlox, in great variety; Campanula, Spirea Japonica, Paonias, Hollyhocks, etc., etc.

BEDDING PLANTS.—For summer flowers, Fuchsias, Geraniums, Gladiolus, Heliotropes, Lobelias, Nievembergia, Petunias, Salvias, Sweet Alyssum, in variety; Verbenas, Roses, Tea and Monthly; Pansies, Feverfew, and Ageratum.

PLANTS FOR FOLIAGE.—Achyranthus, Alternantera, Cannas, Centaurea, Coleus, Gnaphalium, Caladium, etc.

CHOICE CLIMBERS.—For summer, Cobea Scandens, Maurandia, Laphospermum, Akebia Quinnata, hardy Bignonia, Clematis, in great variety; Wisterias and Honeysuckles, in sorts.

From this comparatively limited assortment, the amateur can select such varieties to start with as his space will admit of, and, from year to year, increase the number and kinds without any danger of exhausting the list. Another and important matter to consider is, that, to thrive, flowers need a rich, light, mellow, and fresh soil, and it is only when planted under such favorable conditions in a southern or south-eastern exposure, that the plants will make a rank growth and bloom freely through the season.

MULCHING STRAWBERRIES.—In strawberry culture the soil must be rich and mellow prior to planting; the weeds and grass must be kept out of the beds the first season, and there should be no disturbance of the ground near the roots, at any time in the spring of the second year, before the fruit is ripe. From the time the blossoms come out until the fruit is matured, strawberries require a great deal of moisture. If, from any cause, this moisture of the soil is cut off even for a short time, the yield as well as the size of the fruit will be materially reduced. In a climate like ours, where we are subject to long droughts, it is of the utmost importance to guard against such contingencies. The most simple, practical, and inexpensive way of doing this is by "mulching," or covering the ground between the rows, and among the "stools," with salt marsh hay or straw. This can be done any time through the month of May, and will always repay liberally for the outlay. When the mulching material—salt hay, straw, or pine hay—is plenty, it may be put on a couple of inches in thickness, no injury resulting from the quantity. The mulch answers a double purpose—of keeping the ground moist, cool, and of even temperature, and at the same time preserving the fruit clean and free from sand and grit, of which there is sure to be much in the fruit when the beds are left without it. By running the mulching material through a hay-cutter, the labor of putting it on is greatly lessened, especially if the rows and plants are close together. The mistake is often made of using fresh hay as a mulch on strawberries, which results in giving a first-class "set" in grass that will choke the vines.

TREE PLANTING.—In a country like ours, where large trees and extensive forests are, or at least have been, very abundant in almost every section, and the general custom has been to destroy either by the axe or fire, it is not difficult to account for the national apathy about forest-tree planting, either for pleasure or profit. There have been of late years a few exceptions to the rule, where State authorities have offered inducements to farmers and land owners to plant trees on a large scale, and these offers have met with some degree of success. Every now and then, some far-sighted economist becomes alarmed at this general waste of our best forests, and tries hard to awaken public interest in the subject, but up to this time with little success; for, in such instances, the scheme is usually too large, and the whole soon tumbles to the ground. But, with road and shade-tree planting, the good work goes on with more promising results. There is, however, plenty of room for improvement, and some of our native deciduous trees would add a great charm to many a barren country road or village street, and would, without doubt, even prove a pecuniary success. Mr. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the State Board of Education of Connecticut, has drawn attention to this subject in his own State, by offering cash prizes amounting to $200 for the encouragement of tree-planting this Centennial year, by teachers and scholars of the public schools of Connecticut. The sum of one dollar is offered to any teacher or pupil in public or private school, who will plant, or cause to be planted, five trees, not less than nine feet in height, of either elm, ash, maple, white oak, or walnut; the trees to be planted on the school grounds, road, or street; the prize to be awarded on the receipt of a certificate that the trees are living on August 1, 1876. It is to be hoped that others may follow this example, making the restriction as to height seven instead of nine feet. In this connection, it would be a step forward if some one or more persons would offer inducements to the scholars of public schools to plant tree-seeds of this year's growth. Persons not familiar with the best methods of raising shade-trees from seeds, will find timely and explicit directions in these columns.

P. T. Q.

NOTE.—Correspondence in regard to rural topics from the readers of these papers will receive the attention of the writer.

The Uses of Change.

THERE are one or two mistakes in the management of house and children which are oftenest made in notably "well-ordered Christian families," especially in those living in the country, or in quiet inland towns, where they are exposed to little friction with the outside world. The first is a hatred of change. The Squire and his wife married late perhaps; but, in any case, have hardened and settled down into certain admirable habits before the young people arrive at their teens. They cannot understand why these old ways should not be always admirable; nor why, when the old ways are suited to their own middle-age, like any well-woven comfortable garment, they are heavy iron yokes and bonds to uproarious Tom, and even to gentle Susy. For example, the same dishes appear on the table the year round; mother cannot guess why father and the boys relish even an ill-cooked meal away from home, and have no appetite for the everlasting beef and apple pie, or mutton hash, which she gives them from January until December. She is her own seamstress too, most probably, and cuts and trims the girls' dresses and boys' coats after some occult designs of her own. The more devout she is, or separated by high thoughts or past sorrows from worldly affairs, the more trivial do such matters appear to her, and the less likely is she to sympathize with Jenny's pangs as the girls giggle at her queer polonaise, or Ted's rage of mortification as the boys pursue him with yells of "Shoot the hat!"

We should live above our clothes or food, she wisely says, not seeing that she is willfully making clothes and food the objects of importance and perpetual uneasy anxiety to her children. She is slow, too, to perceive any necessity for change in her habits of visiting or receiving visits. Jenny and Ted yawn through the monthly sewing circle, or the tea-drinkings, where the doctrine of election, or the iniquities of ancient popes, are freely discussed; but it is a long time before their mother yields to their demand for tea-drinkings or circles of their own. It seldom occurs, too, to this class of parents that the minds of their children require absolute change of place, range of thought, and companions. Travel is the very last way in which the average farmer will spend money for his family. If somebody has to go to the county town to invest his savings, or sell his wheat, and his oldest son can be trusted, well and good; that is enough "outing" for the boy, and the old man prefers to sit in his own chimney corner, and wants no wider view than his own fields. If he were told that the fire-side, from sheer monotony, had become hateful to his children, and the home-hills an intolerable wall which barred them from the unknown world, he would declare them either insane or under the dominion of the devil. The boys usually manage to find their way out to the world; but unless the girls marry, they are stranded on the barren beach of home. Nobody who does not know what life is in this class of farm or village houses can imagine how barren a home may be.

There are at this day thousands of single, middle-aged women in the West or South to whom the sea or mountains, or the sea-board cities, are as vague and desirable objects of longing as heaven itself. They live with their mothers perhaps, who are affectionate and tender, but who never guessed at the restless discontent which might have been satisfied by a few short, inexpensive journeys. It would be worth while for every mother who reads SCRIBNER to consider whether much of the irritability, the crossness, the languor of body and soul, which she complains of in herself and her children, is not due simply to the monotony of home, and whether it would not be wise to cut down the outlay on dress and food and spend the money in car-fare. There is no such educator as travel, no such medicine for nervous diseases, and no speedier way to quiet that restless, vagabond blood which every observant mother has discovered in both her boys and girls.

* * *

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Wells's "Joseph and his Brethren." *

IT is with admiration and amazement that we lay this book down—admiration for the lofty and self-contained genius which penned it, amazement at the total neglect it has suffered from the hands of English critics and readers. How is it possible that a dramatic poem of such extraordinary power, of such singular excellence of diction, of such masterly beauty, should have sunk into oblivion for a half century until resurrected by Mr. Swinburne? We are apt to answer such questions hastily. Our first

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* Joseph and his Brethren. A Dramatic Poem. By Charles Wells; with an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

duty is that of gratitude to the poet who has insight enough to value Charles Wells at his right standard, and magnanimity enough to bring out of obscurity a brother bard.

For it cannot be an envious nature which wants the world to read the poetry of another man, who, if that ignoble word were allowable in the case, proves as dangerous a rival as the author of "Joseph and his Brethren." Mr. Swinburne gallantly says: "Only once before had such a character as that of the heroine been given with supreme success, and only by him who has given all things rightly, in whom there was no shadow of imperfection or failure. In the Cleopatra of Shakspere and in the Phraxanor of the present play there is the same imperious conscience of power by right of supreme beauty and supreme strength of will; the same subtle sweetness of speech; * * the same evidence of luxurious and patient pleasure found in all things sensually pleasant. * * * All women in literature, after these two, seem coarse or trivial when they touch on anything sensual; but in *their* passion there is nothing common or unclean."

Speaking generally, one can hardly do otherwise than acknowledge the justice of this criticism. There is a superb ease and wealth of literary power about the whole poem that makes one think at once of Shakspere. And this occurs not particularly in passages where the turn of phrase reminds one of Shakspere. Such passages occur, but the merit is too sustained, too general, the genius is too profound even to be hurt by such occasional likenesses. Wells is the only writer, not excepting Swinburne, in whom resemblances of that kind have appeared other than failings. And to think that there have not been a thousand critics in England to proclaim, any time these forty years, that here was a great poet!

The term dramatic poem is a good one. The dramatic element is present in that remarkable form where long digressions and soliloquies impossible to the stage do not hem or perplex the stately flow of the play. We find Joseph and his brethren meeting before their tents in the Valley of Hebron, and are prepared and attuned by a beautiful prologue into the general state of feeling existing among Jacob's sons. The character of Joseph is laid down at the start as a beautiful, imaginative one, too elevated and pure to suspect envy and malice in others. The atmosphere of the mountainous country, the breath of the shepherd life, is wonderfully lined in, touch after touch, without hesitation, without languor or weakness of any kind. The Ishmaelites with their caravan sound the transition tone to the heat and luxury of Egypt. Then comes the fiery, enervating scenes of Joseph's temptation by Potiphar's wife, given with a strength, and, even at this late day, with a novelty, which Shakspere would not disown.

Examples of his use of Shaksperian words, if not of turns of thought, are not unfrequent. Perhaps in quotations they may appear more Shaksperian than they really are. Wells is great enough to use what words he pleases. Issachar says of Joseph:

"He feeds too well;
He is too full of blood, too sleek and fair,
Whereof these fat and oily thoughts are bred;
We'll purge them off by letting forth his blood,
And, knowing that he loves to sleep and dream,
Forget the stop, and let him bleed to death." (P. 32.)

In Egypt, Joseph tells the harvest-men:

"Let them lose no single grain.
Plenty sometimes proves coy, and like a maid
Who fears a waste because too easy won,
Will frown and turn upon your confidence.
Then thriftless prodigals do think on orts,
Envy your beggars and o'er-beat the straw,
Where struggling grains are jewels." (P. 197.)

The characters of three or four of Jacob's sons are well marked. Gentle Reuben is first crafty, and then, when he thinks the others have killed Joseph, terrible:

"Surely, my brothers, you are not so bad,
So bloody, so unnaturally given,
To wish to paint your envy-chasèd cheeks
In the deep crimson that sustains the life
Of him, your brother, and your father's son! (P. 33.)

* * * * * *

JACOB.

But ours are ungovern'd qualities,
Liberal and unctuous as the dew from heaven:
As instinct, hope, and fear, and boundless love,
Far-sighted watchfulness, and wakeful care,
And fearful soundings in this dragon world,
To find them easy footings to their graves." (P. 89.)

All these may have a hint of Shakspere, but do not offend us nevertheless. It is not mere shell and imitation. Great passions and great thoughts seize on similar words for expression. Perhaps, as Mr. Swinburne says, the strongest passages are in the scenes between Joseph and Phraxanor. The sudden turn in Potiphar's guilty wife from love to fury, deserves all the praise he gives, and hardly calls for the apology he thinks necessary to make. The work is too powerful to let the trivial, hackneyed thought come up when the reader is in the full tide of the play. The cleanliness of the whole rendering is most admirable, and certainly very significant when admired by Mr. Swinburne.

PHRAXANOR.

"Thou hast no lord but me,—I am thy lord;
And thou shalt find it too—fool that I was
To stoop my stateliness to such a calf
Because he bore about a panther's hide.
That is not blood which fainteth in thy veins
But only infant milk. Thou minion!
Bought up for drudgery with idle gold,
How dar'st thou look or wink thy traitorous eye;
Much less to think, when I command thy will?
Oh, impudence! to scorn a noble dame!
Were't not that royalty had kissed my hand,
I'd surely strike thee."

JOSEPH.

"Madam! be temperate.

PHRAXANOR.

"Who bade thee speak, impudent slave? beware!
I'll have thee whipp'd.—Oh! I am mad to think
That ever I should bring myself to scorn
For such a stubborn minion as thou art.
Ha!—thou mere shadow—wretched atomy!—
Fill'd full of nothing—making a brave show,
Like to a robe blown with the boastful wind—
Thou worse than ice, for that melts to the sun—
Disgrace to Egypt and her feverish air." (P. 132.)

And, farther on, Phraxanor says:

"Oh, fool! you tie a stone about your neck,
And cross the yawning gulf upon a reed.
Hark! 'tis the main roars hoarsely underneath." (P. 144.)

But one does not know where to begin or stop in quoting from so sustained a work. The action of the play is very slow, almost similar to, and perhaps in some places slower than, the movement in the Greek tragedies. Now and then one hears chords like those Swinburne is fond of, but fond without temperance:

> PHRAXANOR.
> "Thou art like a beautiful and drowsy snake,
> Cold, and inanimate, and coil'd around
> Upon a bank of rarest sun-blown flowers.
> My eye shall be the renovating sun." (P. 128.)

But quotations cannot give an adequate idea of this extraordinary discovery of Mr. Swinburne's. We heartily refer all readers to the book itself. The pleas for freedom from ordinary restraints, set forth with subtlety by Phraxanor, do not strike us as immoral in effect, but rather the reverse. The writer has such fast hold of himself and of the truth, that with all the reality which breathes in the character of Phraxanor there is no temptation to imitate her. Herein Wells differs radically from another great poet who must almost have been a contemporary. Byron's wicked people impose themselves upon young minds in a way which urges them toward various desires and passions. Not so with one who must henceforth be ranked along with him among the great literary names of the nineteenth century.

Morris's "Æneids of Virgil."[*]

CONSIDERING the popularity of Virgil among the English and the Anglo-Americans, the small number of complete translations of this poet into English is quite remarkable,—only Dryden and one or two others having even attempted a version of the "Bucolics" and "Georgics," as well as the "Æneid." The latter, being the best known of the Mantuan poet's works, has been most frequently translated; but even this not so often as the "Iliad" of Homer. The first translation of the "Æneid" into anything like English was made by Gawain Douglas in 1512–13, just before he accompanied his unfortunate King, James IV., to the battle of Flodden. Gibbon, describing Boëthius and his times, says: "In his youth (A. D. 490) the studies of Rome were not totally abandoned. A 'Virgil' is now extant, corrected by the hand of a consul." Perhaps a Scotch bishop, the son of an Earl of Angus (old Bell-the-Cat), may be considered, in the time of the Tudors, as the equivalent of a Roman Consul under Theodoric the Goth. Before Douglas's "XII Bukes of Eneados of the famose poet Virgill, translated out of Latyne verse into Scottish meter," were printed in 1553, they had been widely circulated in manuscript, and had been read by Henry Howard (called the Earl of Surrey) among others; and this young Englishman, a far better poet than the Scotch bishop, had begun a translation of his own, which he never lived to complete. Then came Phaer's incomplete version (which Twyne finished) in the reign of Elizabeth; then Ogilby's translation in Cromwell's time (Thomas May having only translated the "Georgics"), and in 1697 Dryden published his version, which, all things considered, must still be regarded as the best. It was one of the last fruits of his genius, and it proceeded upon the only correct theory of poetic translation for the general reader, namely, that the work translated shall be made into an effectual vernacular poem. This feat Dryden achieved, though, in doing it, he inserted much that was never in Virgil's mind. "Where I have enlarged," he says, "I desire the false critics would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine; but either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him."

In 1735, Dr. Joseph Trapp published a translation, which is now only remembered by Dr. Johnson's sneer, that it might continue to exist, "so long as it is *the clandestine refuge of school-boys.*" For this class, modern luxury has provided literal translations, sent out by Bohn in England and Harper in America; so that poor Dr. Trapp is deprived even of his clandestine "excuse for being" as a pony. A little after Trapp, but still in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, the Reverend Christopher Pitt made another translation of "Virgil," supposed to be more faithful than Dryden's. Had any living person really read Pitt, we might, perhaps, not be compelled to go upon supposition; at any rate, neither Pitt's version, nor another made in England about a hundred years ago, ever has supplanted Dryden's; nor will the latest American version of the "Æneid," by C. P. Cranch, do this. Sotheby, who might have done it well, did not attempt the work.

Mr. William Morris comes to the work of translating the "Æneid" (or "Æneids," as he affectedly calls the twelve books), with higher claims than any one since Dryden. But he will first be compared, not with Dryden, but with Conington (who has made a spirited rendering of the poem into Walter Scott's octosyllabics), and with Cranch. If he can bear this test, he will then be compared with himself, writing original poems, such as his "Jason" and his "Earthly Paradise." High hopes were formed for the poet who could write such books as those, and the sweetness of his verse has been specially praised. But it can hardly be said that he has turned Virgil into sweetness, or even into light. He has written good lines, and whole passages that are forcible, in this new Virgil; but he has so far come under the dominion of an archaic literalness of rendering as to make hard reading out of what should be smooth and delightful. Thus in the famous *dux femina facti* passage in the first book, the story of Dido's escape from Tyre, after seeing and hearing the ghost of Sychæus, is thus quaintly related:

> "Sore moved hereby did Dido straight her flight and friends prepare:
> They meet together, such as are or driven by biting fear,
> Or bitter hatred of the wretch: such ships as *hap had dight*
> *They fall upon and lade with gold;* forth fare the treasures bright
> Of wretch Pygmalion o'er the sea, *a woman first therein.*"
> (P. 14.)

And again, in the same book, we find the couplet:

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[*] The Æneids of Virgil. Done into English Verse. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"I am Æneas, God-lover: I snatched forth from the foe
My Gods to bear aboard with me, a fame for heaven to know." (P. 15.)

If one remembers the original well in reading this, he will understand it; if not, it is a dark saying. Much better is the version of the *montibus umbræ* passage:

"Now while the rivers seaward run, and while the shadows stray
O'er hollow hills, and while the pole the stars is pasturing wide,
Still shall thine honor and thy name, still shall thy praise abide." (P. 24.)

This is literal, yet smooth, and makes the compliment as good in English as it is in Latin. Not so, however, with the list of saints in the "Elysian Fields."

"Lo, they who in their country's fight sword-wounded bodies bore;
Lo, priests of holy life and chaste, while they in life had part;
Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phœbus' heart;
And they who bettered life on earth by new-found mastery;
And they whose good deeds *left a tale for men to name them by.*" (P. 175.)

Mr. Bryant, in eulogizing Dr. Howe at the Boston memorial service in February, furnished a better translation of the passage, applying the last part to his friend, the philanthropist:

"Patriots were there in freedom's battles slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

In that noble passage, too, so often quoted in its last two verses,

Hæ tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Mr. Morris has fallen far short of the spirit of the original, and often says flat and laughable things, as thus:

"Others, I know, more tenderly may *beat the breathing brass,*
And better from the marble block *bring living looks to pass;*
Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven's face,
And mark it out, and tell the stars, their rising and their place.
But thou, O Roman! look to it the folks of earth to sway,
For this shall be thine *handicraft,* peace on the world to lay,
To spare the weak, to wear the proud by *constant weight of war.*" (P. 182.)

This last line illustrates the necessity under which Mr. Morris often finds himself, of piecing out or padding in the concise phrase of Virgil. *Debellare superbos* is one thing; "to wear the proud by constant weight of war" is quite another thing. So in the interview with Latinus in the seventh book, "*Teucros*" becomes "those Teucrian fellows," and for "*placido ore*" we have, "from his quiet mouth and grave." (P. 192.)

At Evander's home

"They see the herd-beasts feeding wide,
And lowing through the Roman Courts amid Carinæ's shine," (P. 229.)

which represent's Virgil's

Romanoque foro, et lautis mugire Carinis.

Here, in seeking to be concise, Morris fails to convey the contrast in Virgil's line between the cattle-pasture of Evander and the splendid "Keel Street" of Augustus, which "Carinæ's shine" does not recall to the unlearned reader. But perhaps the oddest result of this method of the translator (to be literal, and line for line, if possible), appears in this version of *socii consurgere tonsis,* in the tenth book:

"His fellows rise together hard on every shaven tree." (P. 287.)

What, then, are the merits of this new version, which is neither so readable as Conington's, nor so romantic as Mr. Morris's own poems, nor so permanently a part of English literature as is Dryden's translation, which Pope declared to be the noblest ever made in any language? In the first place, Mr. Morris has given a laboriously faithful rendering of the English into such English as it pleases him to use. He understands his author, which is much to say, even of a poet so universally read as Virgil; for the placid felicity of well-chosen words in the "Æneid" often disguises obscure and far-reaching meanings, which scholars have been expounding for fourteen centuries, at least, or ever since Macrobius and Servius tried their skill thereat. In putting these meanings into English verse, Mr. Morris, like Mr. Longfellow in his translation of Dante, has been more careful about the sense than about the structure or melody of the verse; but he has not, like Mr. Longfellow, chosen a good meter for his use. It may be said that Chapman used the same for his Homer, but then Chapman had a prodigious vigor and variety in his fancy, and was less fettered by the meter he had chosen than modern poets are. In Mr. Morris's hands this fourteen-syllable verse grows monotonous, as is almost inevitable. But the hexameter of Virgil is seldom monotonous; it adapts itself readily, like the blank verse of Shakspere and Milton, or perhaps more exactly like that of Tennyson, to all the necessities of the long narration. In this meter of his, however, Mr. Morris does manage to tell the story well, after one becomes versed in his dialect and reconciled to his quaintness. There is even an antiquarian and etymological flavor about this dialect, which indicates the scholarship of the translator, and makes it attractive to students. And the great favor with which the book has been received in England and America may give it a permanent hold upon those who read translations from the Latin at all,—a much smaller number than we sometimes imagine.

Life of Norman Macleod.*

THERE is no book so good as one that has a real man for its subject. If this were only the life of Dr. Macleod, the popular minister of Barony Parish, one of Her Majesty's chaplains, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Dean of the Most Ancient and Honorable Order of the Thistle, we should not care much for it. It is not for the "Convener of the India Mission," the Editor of "Good Words," the "Pope of Scotland," that we care. It does not require a great man to be a great ecclesiastic. But here at least we have a great man, whether we consider him in his physical, mental, moral, or spiritual amplitudes. His brother is one of the most judicious of biographers. He does not hide the narrowness of Dr. Macleod's earlier prejudices. It is as though he said: "See how a great man grows!" You can trace the influence of Highland traditions and scenery, of Celtic blood, of a rare and hearty physical constitution, of a fine home training, of life and literature, in the man. You see his sturdy sense of right struggling with the tendencies of youth, his good sense vanquishing his prejudices one by one, his rare poetic sensibility drinking in the glories of nature, the sweets of Wordsworth, the inspiration of Shakspere, the beauty of a work of art, and you can feel that the man grows larger. His sharp-set conscience forbids his attendance at a Burns festival when he is young; his broader charity made him the solitary clergyman on the platform at a Burns centenary celebration. But even then he spoke out amid the hisses of partisans in reprehension of what was evil and impure in the poetry of Burns. In these pages you see how Dr. Macleod came to be that awful thing—a "broad" clergyman. His was not the latitudinarianism of indifference, but the genuine catholicity of a soul that has got to be too big for the Kirk, too big for Scotland itself,—a soul that sees how much greater is God's universe than any of the measuring reeds by which men set bounds to it. He was enthusiastic in his advocacy of Missions, journeyed to India in their behalf, and then breasted a storm of wrath by maintaining that they must be conducted broadly, and that their results must be judged of broadly. He earnestly declared that to begin to preach the gospel to a Hindoo by telling him that all his ancestors were burning in perdition because they had the bad luck not to have heard of Christ, was to go contrary to the spirit of Christ and the New Testament. He knew how to confront, not only the heathenism of heathenism, but the heathenism of Christianity. While narrow pietists stormed at him for his position on the Sabbath question and other matters of debate, he was living, as these volumes show, in the very sanctuary of the Most High, and devoting himself to multifarious labors for the poorest and most abandoned of God's creatures.

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* Life of Norman Macleod, D. D. By his Brother, Donald Macleod, B. A. In two vols. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"One Summer." *

"WITH a half-amused, half-impatient expression, she slowly turned from an unsuccessful attempt to see through the blackness of darkness outside the window, and looked about the quaint old room. * * * * Everywhere was solidity, regularity, the quintessence of stiffness, except in a deep recessed window, where a pretty modern Vandal, with fluffy golden hair, was curled up upon the faded damask cushions, and gazing with wide-open saucy eyes upon the treasures of time surrounding her." This is Laura Leigh Doane, who ventures down to the village post-office, and runs her umbrella into the eye of her future. The eyes of the future are already weak, and this appears to finish them for the time being, so Laura leads him to his boarding-house with much feudal chafing of spirit at being taken by him for a country girl. She knows all about him, but prefers to resent this obtuseness on the part of her mangled victim, that being a part of her fascination. On the whole, the moral seems to be that he falls in love with her because she is pretty, and she accepts him because he is the best article of the damaged genus man to be seen that year in those parts.

To say that this is thoroughly a woman's novel, written for women, is by no means to disparage it. Many men of not too severe a taste would like one of their lady friends to write just such a story. The sweetness and brightness of her nature, breaking out now and then in fun, would be recalled by various passages in such a clever little tale of every-day life. The modernly romantic parts, as where the fascinating little heroine educates her uncouth boyish admirer "Gem," will afford occasion for a masculine smile of condescending and limited approval.

For this is woman in her especial province. On her own side she writes verses, makes frightful resolves to brave tremendous showers of rain, cuts up a little after a piquant fashion, and flirts in the most distant and my-dear-sir-I-do-not-see-you sort of way. In what relates to the other sex, she essays her hand at smoothing the roughness of youthful countrymen, and devotes herself to the sick with a malignant pertinacity only to be found to the fullest perfection in your really angelic woman. On the other hand, all women must rejoice at having the hero so true to nature. There he is—polite, plain, short-sighted, and intensely uninteresting, and adds to all these qualities a certain calm indifference about being married, which cannot for a moment be tolerated.

Nor do the other men fare much better. The dreary vista opened up by what little we see of the heroine's sister and brother-in-law makes us feel that Laura Leigh Doane is at least fortunate in not getting a "comic" man to husband. We suspect the author of "One Summer" of insistence in satire, for all the rest of the men on the yacht party are equally flat and jocose. But the whole story forms a very graceful generalization on the talk and conduct of average city people in the country. Marks of greater power are possibly to be seen in the Holbrook family, although the sketching there is too hasty; the hostile play between Philip Ogden and Leigh, through the Holbrook boy, is now and then amusing, and we do not doubt that some of the thousand young girls who read the novel will henceforth eschew "protoplasm," and take up a dignified middle course of German and self-improvement. We should like to hazard the remark that the writer has never had any profound emotions of love, or, having experienced them, deliberately refuses to use that experience in "One Summer."

"Her Dearest Foe." *

THERE is virtue in a novel which begins poorly, and improves in quality as one reads. Such is the

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* One Summer. (A New Edition.) Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* Her Dearest Foe. By Mrs. Alexander. N.Y.: H. Holt & Co.

character of Mrs. Alexander's last book, until one gets well on toward the end, when the pace slackens again, and the reader comes to the finish more by reason of the impetus gained in the middle ground than any good stuff in the closing pages themselves. When we look closer for cause to this effect it appears to lie in the weakness of the plot, or rather the weakness in handling the plot. The effective and picturesque portion lies in the details of Kate's shop-keeping in the "Berlin Bazaar," at Pierstoffe, while the introductory chapters, treating of Kate's first marriage, and the closing chapters, in which the machinations of one Ford are revealed, are decidedly unskillful and wearisome. The villain Ford is a very flabby and unsubstantial villain, although there are indications of a dim purpose to make him realistic and effective; the ruffians are very poor ruffians, indeed, and Sir Hugh Galbraith, the hero, is one of those very rude and lanky noblemen whom novelists love, and whose only creditable point appears to be that he is consumed with a passion for the baser-born, but really much finer-clayed heroine. The difficulty in which admirers of noblemen are plunged, and which consists, on the one hand, in the maxim that "blood tells" and on the other in the continual contradictions arising from the fact that the plebeians have all the real virtues on their side,—this difficulty Mrs. Alexander cleverly evades by hinting at her heroine's gentle blood by the mother's line. At the same time, Kate, while she is dispossessed of her fortune, and tending shop, indulges in some strong talk of a very radical sort.

Mrs. Alexander treats us to some of the usual qualities observable in the heroes of lady novelists. Their cigars are always of the greatest excellence, and often foretell their approach like "pricking of the thumbs." These and such are the weak points of the book; in other respects, "Her Dearest Foe," if not on a par with "The Wooing O't," is an agreeable time-killer.

Hare's "Cities of Northern and Central Italy."*

PRACTICAL, impartial, carefully systematized, and most gracefully written and illustrated, this work, the third in order, and the completion of Mr. Hare's Italian itineraries, appeals equally to persons familiar with Italy and to those who are not. The former will find in it an admirable book of reference, hardly to be read without a retrospective regret that its appearance should have been so long delayed; the latter, an almost faultless guide-book, minute, exact, and discriminating. Mr. Hare brings to his task a ripened knowledge, not of the beaten paths only, but of the lovely by-ways and hidden spots of which Italy is so full, and which, for lack of information or of knowledge, most travelers pass by unheeded. Of lack of information no one need complain in future, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hare's clear and precise directions may tempt many a tourist to cut loose from *ciceroni* and high roads, and wander off by himself in search of the less obvious beauties, so thick-sown in that land of beauty that one can hardly go amiss in seeking them.

The first volume of the present work treats of the approaches to Italy—Nice, Turin, the Lakes which lie at the foot of the Alpine passes, and the adjacent country. The second deals with Venice, the Marches, and Northern Tuscany; the third, with Florence, Southern Tuscany, and Umbria. There is full detail as to hotels, cab-fares, bankers' addresses, etc., and these *precis* are accurate, and, according to the last advices, an advantage which will be felt by those who have lugged pounds of red-bound Murray volumes over the Continent, only to find at critical moments their data out of date, and their information obsolete. When we add that the book is valuable in a literary as well as practical point of view, and is full of numerous and well-chosen extracts from the best authorities on art and antiquities, we need not further recommend its intelligent companionship to those who travel in the spirit of Mr. Hare's advice, and desire whatever they see or omit seeing, to "see *something* thoroughly."

French and German Books.

George Sand: *La tour de Percemonte.—Marianne.* New York: Christern, 77 University Place.

The inequality of merit which George Sand so frequently shows is again attested in these two stories. The first has for the most salient character a girl who is kept in a convent by her stepmother, and escapes therefrom to run through various compromising adventures, yet retaining at the same time what the French are fond of calling *la pureté de la colombe.* The question whether her character is really that of sublime ignorance or the most refined and crafty intrigue, holds well on toward the end. Her stepmother, whose sole passion is avarice, is a well-drawn character; somewhat less successful are the two young men whom Marie appears to be flirting with. Miette, her school friend and rival, is a young lady of the provinces, whose heroism and calmness under the severest assaults upon her pride few women will be found to appreciate. She plays the rôle of angel in a rather exasperating fashion.

The other story, however, is much stronger, although far less complicated. Here the heroine is an orphan, an heiress in a small way, who lives much alone and has nursed an affection for a roving cousin, a man much older than herself, who has practically failed in life. The delicate tracing of the character of André—who tells the story in the first person—and the alternately spirited and tender methods used by Marianne to open the eyes of his abashed and self-doubting love, make one cry out afresh over the genius of George Sand. Her descriptions of country scenery and life, her touches that reveal the very soul of natural objects, her wisdom that goes to the root of human feelings and plays about the branches of art, call for the reverence due to poets.

Le Colonel Chamberlain. Hector Malot. New York: Christern.—This is the first of four novels, or parts of a novel, published under the collective title of *L'Auberge du Monde.* Paris is this "world's tavern." Chamberlain is an immensely rich young American of French extraction, and his introduction into Paris gives a fine opportunity for chiaroscuro of a most marked variety. The demi-monde, the French "sport," and "sportsman," the organizer of a wonderful system of robbery, like that of Cartouche, witty Italian princes and gambling German barons form a dark background on which the virtues of Antoine, Colonel Chamberlain's workman uncle, and Thérèse, his charming little cousin, are strongly relieved. There is a powerful touch of realism in Malot's characters; that of the American serves to satirize Parisians very well. The fact that the novel is very readable in spite of these strong condiments,—not only readable, one may say, but also not at all morbid or vicious, is a proof of the writer's excellence. He seems to fall into fewer errors about the United States than is usual with headlong French novelists. It may be that his canvas is too crowded. The German baron and his simpering daughter are so hastily sketched that one feels them crude, but the plan of the four volumes may have required it. The next treats of *La Marquise de Lucillière*, the third, of *Ida et Carmélita*, two young ladies whom we find here maneuvering for the Colonel's fortune, and the last, of the Colonel's sweet little Parisian cousin, Thérèse. We hope to find these remaining members of the quartette with as little that is objectionable.

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*Cities of Northern and Central Italy. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

Alterthum und Gegenwart. Reden und Vorträge. Von E. Curtius. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.

The reputation of Curtius has spread so thoroughly abroad, that a collection of his essays and speeches needs no further advertisement. They extend over a number of years, embracing one on Art among the Greeks, delivered March 13th, 1853, the birthday of Schinkel, and another on Work and Leisure, dated March 22d, 1875. Many, but not all, are on Greek subjects. There are a number of patriotic speeches, and some which treat of politics from a professorial stand-point. One or two are of the widest scope, treating on the province of philology and the influence Greek art has had upon all the world, Asian or European, in its "world's-march."

Der Hund und seine Racen. Dr. Leopold J. Fitzinger. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street. This is an elaborate treatise on the domestic dog, published in three parts, decorated with several plates and many wood-cuts in the text. The first part examines the dog's habits and customs, breeding and age, education, diseases, and foes. History and mythology are laid under contribution, and the vexed question of his derivation leads to the presentation of considerable quantities of lore of one kind or another. The actual decision on the problem itself seems to be reserved, although the leaning is toward his descent from a number of different animals by mixture of breeds. The second and third parts take up the various breeds and varieties in order, and under certain groups. English bull-dogs are said to come from a Thibetan breed used for cattle, specimens of which have only recently been brought to Europe.

Errata.

In the April installment of "Revolutionary Letters," our contributor fell into the natural and very common error of confounding the author of the two letters there given—Colonel, better known as Judge, John Cleves Symmes, with his nephew of the same name, the author of the "Concentric Philosophy." The former, born in 1742, served with distinction in the Revolution, held several important legislative and judicial trusts, was the chief owner of the Miami Purchase, and the father-in-law of President W. H. Harrison. He died at Cincinnati in 1814. The latter, born in 1780, entered the United States army at an early age, and fought with gallantry in the war of 1812. After his retirement from the service, soon after the war, he began to write and lecture in support of his favorite theory. The last years of his life were passed near Hamilton, Ohio, where he died in 1829. He is said to have been much esteemed for the integrity and simplicity of his character, notwithstanding his vagaries.

On page 831 of our April number, in the article "The History of a Critic," Bulwer's contemptuous reference to Janin (there quoted from memory) is assigned to "Pelham." The exact quotation is as follows, from "Alice," book iv., chapter 1: "Even in the New School, as it is called, I can admire the real genius—the vital and creative power of Victor Hugo. But, oh, that a nation which has known a Corneille should ever spawn forth a Janin!" The correction was sent to us by the author before printing, but was overlooked.

In part of the edition of the May number, on page 132, lines 12 and 13, "Yet all are whimsical" was printed for "Yet all are musical."

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Hydraulic Shears.

THE immense weight of modern guns, boilers, and machinery, has made great demands upon the cranes and shears employed in handling, loading, and unloading these heavy masses of metal, and the size and power of such apparatus have been materially increased within the last few years. A large pair of shears just erected for the purpose of lifting very large guns, presents some features of interest on account of its size and peculiar construction. The shears consist of three upright tubular legs of iron, fastened together at the top; the pair in front, resting on trunnions placed at the edge of the dock, making the supports, while the third leg, extending to the rear, serves as a back-stay. When erect, the top of the shears is 33 meters (about 110 feet) above the base, while the stay enables the load suspended between the uprights to move a horizontal distance of 14 meters. No hoisting-chains, blocks, winding apparatus, or engines are employed, and the entire lifting power is obtained by means of an inverted hydraulic press suspended from the top of the shears. This press consists of an iron cylinder suspended at one end by trunnions fixed at the top of the shears, so that it can swing freely backward and forward. The cylinder is 14 meters (about 45 feet) long, and has a piston with a stroke of 12 meters, while the load to be lifted is fastened by heavy links to the lower end of the piston rod. A small pipe conveys the water, under a pressure of 425 kilograms (about 900 pounds), up one of the legs of the shears, and then down the outside of the press to the bottom, where it enters below the piston, subject to control by valves governed by an attendant standing on a platform suspended near the bottom of the press. The longer leg, serving as a back-stay, is fastened at the bottom to a heavy hydraulic engine sunk in a masonry pit, and is arranged to travel backward and forward on slides securely fastened down. Between the legs of the shears a track leads to the edge of the water, and on this cars bring their loads directly under the shears. When a load is to be shipped, the hydraulic engine draws the back-stay to the rear, and the shears become erect over the load. The piston is then allowed to fall to its full length, or till the links or chain on the piston rod can be secured to the load. The attendant then allows the water to enter the cylinder, and the piston is driven quickly upward, taking the load with it to a height of 12 meters, if desired. The hydraulic engine at the rear then begins to discharge, and the shears slowly tip over till the load overhangs the vessel. The water in the press is then allowed to escape, and the load is lowered in perfect safety to the hold of the vessel. This application of an inverted hydraulic press to shears and cranes presents several advantages over the usual chains, blocks, and winding engines. The power is greater for the space occupied; it is more easily controlled, is more speedy, and there is less danger of a fall through breakage of chains. The speed, though greater, is not, in the case of this pair of shears, considered an element of danger to the vessel. Though the horizontal range is limited to 14 meters for a height of 33 meters, such shears readily admit of a track under them, and the same pattern on a smaller scale could be readily given a greater range, by mounting the whole apparatus on a turntable or platform car.

Preservation of Meat by Cold.

THE interest manifested in the preparation of preserved meats, fruits, and vegetables for export, has called out a number of new devices for preserving perishable goods. Several of these have already been reported in this department, and a new and inexpensive one is now offered. It is the invention of Sawiczewsky, and has been approved by a commission of experts appointed to test it by the German Government. The process is merely to reduce meat to a temperature of 33° below zero Fahr., and while thus chilled to seal it in tins, precisely as is now done with cooked meats. The chilling to this low temperature is accomplished by artificial means, and its effect is said to be much the same as partial cooking. On opening the tins the meat may be roasted, boiled, or otherwise cooked, and it is reported by the commission that such preserved meats proved to be of a better quality and flavor than those given by the ordinary processes of preserving. In this connection, the researches of Boillot in this field of investigation, just reported before the French Academy, may be of interest. He selected two flasks having a capacity of two hundred cubic millimeters (11.8 cubic inches), and in one placed a piece of fresh meat weighing fifty grams (1¾ ounces) and sealed it up with emery. In the other flask he placed the same quantity of meat, and added ozone in the proportion of five milligrams to each liter (1.7 pints) of air. The two flasks, both sealed with emery, were then placed in a cellar having a steady temperature of 59° Fahr. At the end of five days the first flask, containing common air, was opened, and the meat was found to be tainted. At the end of ten days the flask charged with ozone was opened, and the meat was still sweet and fit for use. Further experiments with ozone in this direction are likely to be made soon.

Interior Decoration.

MUCH attention has been given of late to the decoration of walls, ceilings, and cornices, and kalsomining, painting and frescoing seem likely to partially supersede paper for the interior walls of our public and private buildings. While this is a gain in an artistic sense, it has one disadvantage. The paint, if applied too soon, cuts off the air from the plaster or stucco and retards its hardening, so that experts now recommend a delay of one year before coloring the walls or ceilings of new buildings. This has led to the suggestion of employing colored plasters and mortars, and it is thought that in time some modification may be made in decorative plastering by this means. The design is to replace the sand commonly employed in making mortars with colored sands, or powders made from durable colored substances, like marbles, slate, glass, pottery, and stones. Any material would answer that is free from metallic substances which might oxidize on exposure to air. Mica and bone ash are reported as giving good shades of gray, and many of our natural sands would give fine tints of reds, browns, and yellows. Cement bricks colored in this way have already been extensively used in the neighborhood of Boston, both for interior and exterior decoration, with good results, and, by the use of properly colored plasters, mortars, and stucco, judiciously combined, this field of household art might be happily extended.

Locomotive Engines.

AMONG the improvements in this branch of construction, a new "crown sheet," and a new style of brick arches for fire-boxes, may be noticed. In the ordinary locomotive engine fire-box the ends of the boiler tubes open directly upon the fire space. The enormous blast employed in such boilers tends to force the flame directly into the tubes, thus wasting the heat too quickly, besides clogging the tubes with half-burned coal and cinders. To prevent this,

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE TRUE POCAHONTAS.

Bitumen.

A COSTLY JOKE.

In the flush times when oil-wells were the theme
Whereon all enterprising minds were dwelling,
And every speculator's fondest dream
Saw great Petroleum's aromatic stream—
The fat of nature's broth, plutonic cream—
Spontaneously from his own well upwelling,
Twelve gentlemen on money-making bent
Assembled in an upper chamber spacious,
To listen to an "enterprising gent"
While he to them should make it evident
Much money might be made for little spent
By any one sufficiently sagacious
To furnish funds, by him to be invested
In a location he himself had tested.
"The territory where that well and derrick are
Is the best oil country in America.
The drill will very shortly reach bed-rock,
Being already promisingly started."

We paid our money and we took our stock,
Whereat our disinterested friend departed.
And then I marked, as I have marked before,
'Twas not possessing riches great or small,
That fixed the due proportion each one bore.
Those who have little always give the more,
And those give least who have the greatest store.
On them all burdens do most lightly fall,
While some are like the cobbler in his stall
When into one small hole he puts his little awl.

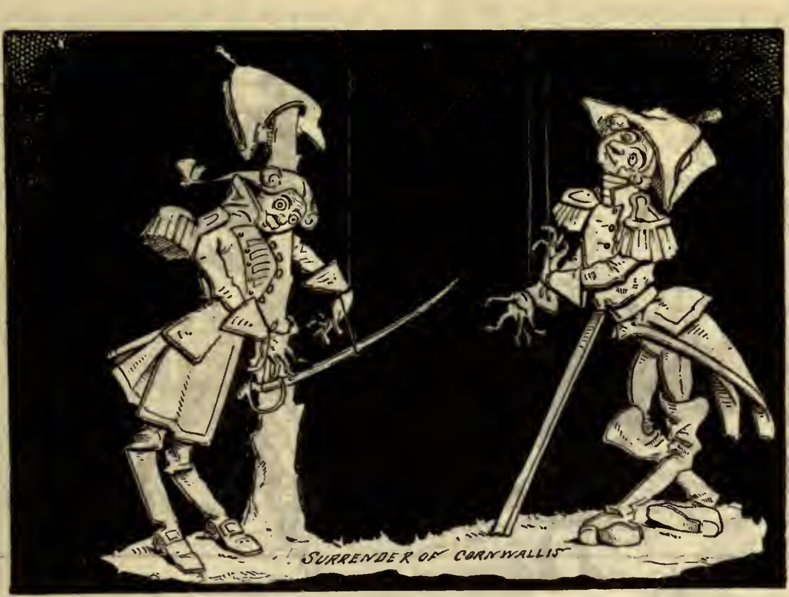
Why need I here repeat the old, old story?
We never saw again our cherished pelf;
The reader will have guessed so, *a priori*,
And very likely knows how 'tis, himself.
When the whole enterprise had gone to pot
Once more we stockholders convened a meeting:
In the same sadly well-remembered spot
We came to see where all our wealth was *not;*
And to the rest one then, there, thus gave greeting:
"We poor outsiders do not feel so sore
(Although we're neither more nor less than
human)
At having sacrificed our little store,
For you rich folk, who know so vastly more,
Have been deceived in spite of your acumen.
And this deep hole that's proved so great a bore,
Although it has no oil, it has *bit-you-men.*"

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

"*Dick Arnid*," of the Fusileer Guards, on one occasion nearly involved himself in a duel by his love of a "sell." He was dining at "the mess," and there happened to be present a fire-eating, quarrelsome man, who had been involved in many affairs of honor. Dick, who had all the pluck of a son of Erin, and who had listened patiently to this oracle laying down the law, thought he would cause a laugh at his expense; so, suddenly turning to him, he quietly said: "I saw a man to-day who would give any sum of money he possessed to kick you." "Kick me! kick me! I call upon you to name him," at the same time turning livid with rage. "Oh, bedad, I'll not tell you," replied his tormentor. "I insist upon knowing," interrupted the angry man. "Well, if you wish to know, but it must not go further, the man was ——" "Who? who?" "Ah, don't be in such a hurry; the man was Billy Water, who goes about in a bowl, because, why, he has not any legs, and, by the powers, would give all he has to be able to kick any one."

An auditor, being asked how he liked the performances of a certain dramatic club, replied that he should hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of sticks.

A gentleman, dining with a friend, was asked what part of the fowl he preferred. "Oh, only a bone." This request was literally taken, and, a bone, well-scraped, was sent to him. "*Half* of that, if you please," said he, sending back his plate.



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

Hero-Worship.

A LITTLE maiden read her books,
And only loved the more
Sir Philip Sidney every day,
Than even the day before.

And when her suitors came to woo
She matched them in her mind
With Philip Sidney, one and all,
But far they fell behind.

For this one lacked the courtliness,
And this, the perfect grace,
And this, the learning rare and wide,
And this, the handsome face.

And so she sent them all away,
But only loved the more
Sir Philip Sidney every day,
Than she did the day before.

O, maiden of the fancy bright,
If it could only be,
Sir Philip should himself o'erleap
For you the centuries three,

And come upon his doughty steed
A-riding to your gate,
And for your favor crave and sue,
And for your answer wait,

I ween you'd look him through and through.
But never bid him stay;
In favor of his fancied self
You'd send himself away.

S. W. P.

The Hour and the Man.

THERE was a man, he had a clock;
His name was Matthew Mears:
Which he wound it regular every night
For almost twenty years.

Until at length, his favorite clock
An eight-day proved to be;
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
You needn't expect to see!

J. A. T.

G.W. ENJOYING THE REPOSE OF PRIVATE LIFE.

NOTE.—The three accompanying historical sketches are from "A Comic History of the United States. By L. Hopkins. Illustrated by the author from sketches taken at a safe distance. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co."

Nebuchadnezzar.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

YOU, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XII. JULY, 1876. NO. 3.

THE STORY OF THE SIGNING.

JOHN NIXON READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE STATE-HOUSE YARD, JULY 8TH, 1776.

IN the days of the Continental Congress the delegates used to travel to the capital, at the beginning of each session, from their several homes, usually on horseback; fording streams, sleeping at miserable country inns, sometimes weather-bound for days, sometimes making circuits to avoid threatened dangers, sometimes accomplishing

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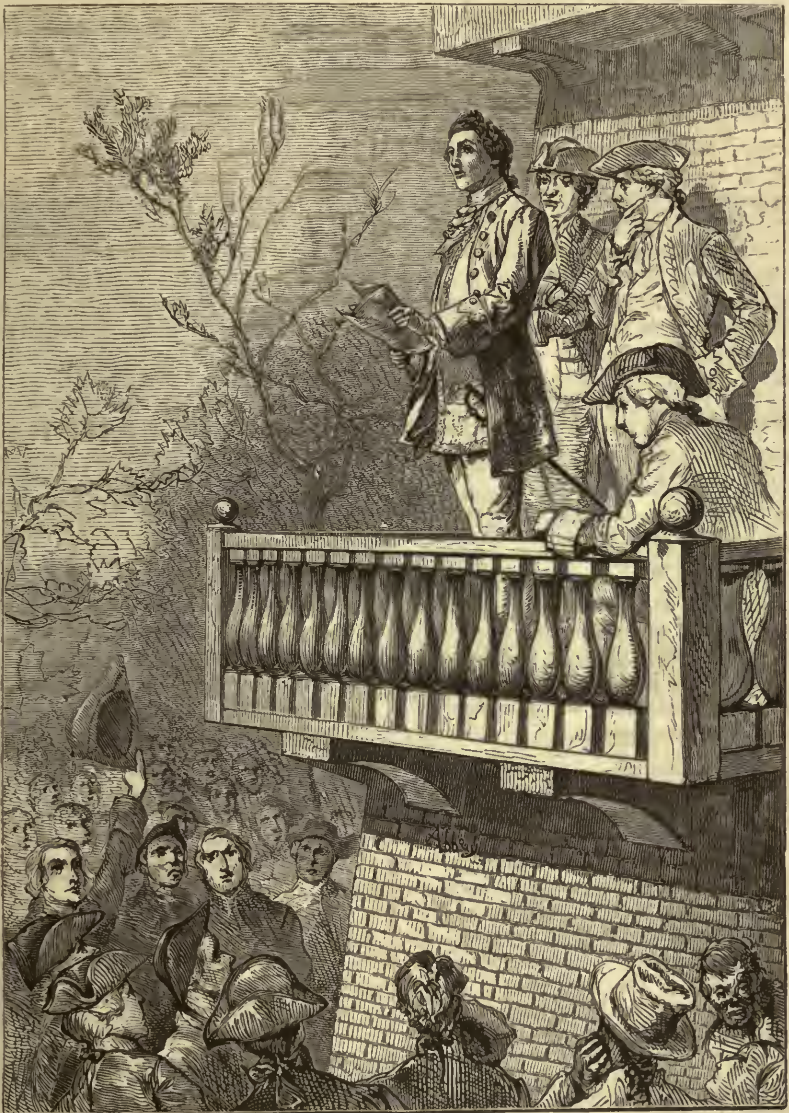

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IN the days of the Continental Congress the delegates used to travel to the capital, at the beginning of each session, from their several homes, usually on horseback; fording streams, sleeping at miserable country inns, sometimes weather-bound for days, sometimes making circuits to avoid threatened dangers, sometimes accomplishing forced marches to reach Philadelphia in time for some special vote. There lie before me the unpublished papers of one of the signers of the great Declaration, and these papers comprise the diaries of several such journeys. Their simple records rarely include bursts of patriotism or predictions of national glory, but they contain many plaintive chronicles of bad beds and worse food, mingled with pleasant glimpses of wayside chat, and now and then a bit of character-painting that recalls the jovial narratives of Fielding. Sometimes they give a passing rumor of "the glorious news of the surrendering of the Colonel of the Queen's Dragoons with his whole army," but more commonly they celebrate "milk toddy and bread and butter" after a wetting, or "the best dish of Bohea tea I have drank for a twelvemonth." When they arrived at Philadelphia, the delegates put up their horses, changed their riding gear for those habiliments which Trumbull has immortalized, and gathered to Independence Hall to greet their brother delegates, to interchange the gossip of the day, to repeat Dr. Franklin's last anecdote or Francis Hopkinson's last gibe; then proceeding, when the business of the day was opened, to lay the foundation for a new nation.

"Before the 19th of April, 1775," said Jefferson, "I had never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from the mother-country." Washington said: "When I first took command of the army (July 3, 1775), I abhorred the idea of independence; but I am now fully convinced that nothing else will save us." It is only by dwelling on such words as these that we can measure that vast educational process which brought the American people to the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

The Continental Congress, in the earlier months of that year, had for many days been steadily drifting on toward the distinct assertion of separate sovereignty, and had declared it irreconcilable with reason and a good conscience for the colonists to take the oaths required for the support of the Government under the Crown of Great Britain. But it was not till the 7th of June, that Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and read these resolutions:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

These resolutions were presented under direct instructions from the Virginia Assembly, the delegates from that colony selecting Mr. Lee as their spokesman.* They were at once seconded, probably after previous understanding, by John Adams, of Massachusetts,—Virginia and Massachusetts being then the leading colonies. It was a bold act, for it was still doubtful whether anything better than a degrading death would await these leaders, if unsuccessful. Gage had written, only the year before, of the prisoners left in his hands at Bunker Hill, that "their lives were destined to the cord." Indeed, the story runs that a similar threat was almost as frankly made to the son of Mr. Lee, then a schoolboy in England. He was one day standing near one of his teachers, when some visitor asked the question: "What boy is that?" "He is the son of Richard Henry Lee, of America," the teacher replied. On this the visitor put his hand on the boy's head and said: "We shall yet see your father's head upon Tower Hill,"—to which the boy answered: "You may have it when you can get it."† This was the way in which the danger was regarded in England; and we know that Congress directed the Secretary to omit from the journals the names of the mover and seconder of these resolutions. The record only says, "Certain resolutions respecting independence being moved and seconded, *Resolved*, That the consideration of them be deferred until to-morrow morning; and that the members be enjoined to attend punctually at ten o'clock, in order to take the same into their consideration."

On the next day the discussion came up promptly and was continued through Saturday, June 8, and on Monday, June 10. The resolutions were opposed, even with bitterness, by Robert Livingston, of New York, by Dickinson and Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and by Rutledge, of South Carolina. The latter is reported to have said privately, "that it required the impudence of a New Englander for them in their disjointed state to propose a treaty to a nation now at peace; that no reason could be assigned for pressing into this measure but, the reason of every madman, a show of spirit."* On the other hand, the impudence, if such it was, of John Adams, went so far as to defend the resolutions as stating "objects of the most stupendous magnitude, in which the lives and liberties of millions yet unborn were intimately interested;" as belonging to "a revolution, the most complete, unexpected, and remarkable, of any in the history of nations." On Monday, the resolutions were postponed, by a vote of seven colonies against five, until that day three weeks; and it was afterward voted (June 11), "in the meanwhile, that no time be lost, in case Congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to that effect." Of this committee, Mr. Lee would doubtless have been the chairman, had he not been already on his way to Virginia, to attend the sick-bed of his wife. His associate, Thomas Jefferson, was named in his place, together with John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York.

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* Lee's "Life of R. H. Lee," i., 169.

† Lossing, in Harper's Magazine, iii., 153.

This provided for the Declaration; and on the appointed day, July 1, 1776, Congress proceeded to the discussion of the momentous resolutions. Little remains to us of the debate, and the best glimpse of the opening situation is afforded to the modern reader through a letter written by Mr. Adams to Mercy Warren, the historian, —a letter dated "Quincy, 1807," but not printed until within a few years, when it was inserted by Mr. Frothingham in the appendix to his invaluable "Rise of the Republic of the United States." The important passage is as follows:

"I remember very well what I did say; but I will previously state a fact as it lies in my memory, which may be somewhat explanatory of it. In the previous multiplied debates which we had upon the subject of independence, the delegates from New Jersey had voted against us; their constituents were informed of it and recalled them, and sent us a new set on purpose to vote for independence. Among these were Chief-Justice Stockton and Dr. Witherspoon. In a morning when Congress met, we expected the question would be put and carried without any further debate; because we knew we had a majority, and thought that argument had been exhausted on both sides, as indeed it was, for nothing new was ever afterward advanced on either side. But the Jersey delegates, appearing for the first time,

TRUMBULL'S "SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION."

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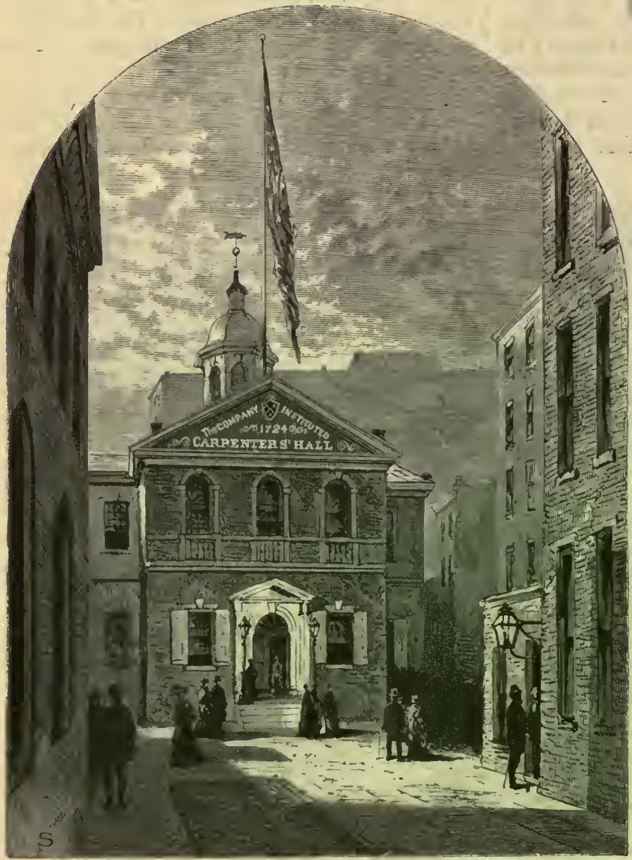
[*] Bancroft (8vo edition), viii., 390.

desired that the question might be discussed. We observed to them that the question was so public, and had been so long discussed in pamphlets, newspapers, and at every fireside, that they could not be uninformed, and must have made up their minds. They said it was true they had not been inattentive to what had been passing abroad. but they had not heard the arguments in Congress, and did not incline to give their opinions until they should hear the sentiments of members there. Judge Stockton was most particularly importunate, till the members began to say, 'Let the gentlemen be gratified,' and the eyes of the assembly were turned upon me, and several of them said: 'Come, Mr. Adams; you have had the subject longer at heart than any of us, and you must recapitulate the arguments.' I was somewhat confused at this personal application to me, and would have been very glad to be excused; but, as no other person rose, after some time I said: 'This is the first time in my life when I seriously wished for the genius and eloquence of the celebrated orators of Athens and Rome: called in this unexpected and unprepared manner to exhibit all the arguments in favor of a measure the most important, in my judgment, that had ever been discussed in civil or political society, I had no art or oratory to exhibit, and could produce nothing but simple reason and plain common sense. I felt myself oppressed by the weight of the subject, and I believed if Demosthenes or Cicero had ever been called to deliberate on so great a question, neither would have relied on his own talents without a supplication to Minerva, and a sacrifice to Mercury or the God of Eloquence.' All this, to be sure, was but a flourish, and not, as I conceive, a very bright exordium; but I felt awkwardly. * *



CARPENTERS' HALL, CHESTNUT STREET ABOVE THIRD, PHILADELPHIA.

"I wish some one had remembered the speech, for it is almost the only one I ever made that I wish was literally preserved."*

"John Adams," said Jefferson long afterward to Mr. Webster and Mr. Ticknor, "was our Colossus on the floor. He was not graceful, nor elegant, nor remarkably fluent, but he came out occasionally with a power of thought and expression that moved us from our seats." It seems a pity that no adequate specimens remain to us of this straightforward eloquence. And yet it is cause for congratulation, on the whole, that the only speech fully written out after that debate, was the leading argument for the negative. Long years have made us familiar with the considerations that led to national independence; the thing of interest is to know what was said against it; and this is just what we happen to know, through the record of a single speech.

After any great measure has been carried through, men speedily forget the objections and the objectors, and in a hundred years can hardly believe that any serious opposition was ever made. How utterly has the name of John Dickinson passed into oblivion!—and yet, up to the year 1776, he had, doubtless, contributed more than any one man, except Thomas Paine, to the political emancipation, so far as the press could effect it, of the American people. The "Farmer's Letters" had been reprinted in London with a preface by Dr. Franklin; they had been translated into French, and they had been more widely read in America than any patriotic pamphlet, excepting only the "Common Sense" of Paine. Now their author is forgotten—except through the college he founded—because he shrunk at the last moment before the storm he had aroused. Who can deny the attribute of moral courage to the man who stood up in the Continental Congress to argue against independence? But John Adams reports that Dickinson's mother used to say to him: "Johnny, you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited or confiscated; you will leave your excellent wife a widow," and so on; and Adams admits that if his wife and mother had held such language, it would have made him miserable at least. And it was under this restraining influence, so unlike the fearless counsels of Abby Adams, that Dickinson rose on that first of July, and spoke thus:

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* Frothingham's "Rise of the Republic," p. 618. Compare "Works of John Adams," i., 228; iii., 58.

"I value the love of my country as I ought, but I value my country more; and I desire this illustrious assembly to witness the integrity, if not the policy, of my conduct. The first campaign will be decisive of the controversy. The Declaration will not strengthen us by one man, or by the least supply, while it may expose our soldiers to additional cruelties and outrages. Without some prelusory trials of our strength, we ought not to commit our country upon an alternative, where to recede would be infamy, and to persist might be destruction.

"No instance is recollected of a people without a battle fought, or an ally gained, abrogating forever their connection with a warlike commercial empire. It might unite the different parties in Great Britain against us, and it might create disunion among ourselves.

"With other powers, it would rather injure than avail us. Foreign aid will not be obtained but by our actions in the field, which are the only evidences of our union and vigor that will be respected. In the war between the United Provinces and Spain, France and England assisted the provinces before they declared themselves independent; if it is the interest of any European kingdom to aid us, we shall be aided without such a declaration; if it is not, we shall not be aided with it. Before such an irrevocable step shall be taken, we ought to know the disposition of the great powers, and how far they will permit one or more of them to interfere. The erection of an independent empire on this continent is a phenomenon in the world; its effects will be immense, and may vibrate round the globe. How they may affect, or be supposed to affect, old establishments, is not ascertained. It is singularly disrespectful to France to make the Declaration before her sense is known, as we have sent an agent expressly to inquire whether such a Declaration would be acceptable to her, and we have reason to believe he is now arrived at the Court of Versailles. The measure ought to be delayed till the common interests shall in the best manner be consulted by common consent. Besides, the door to accommodation with Great Britain ought not to be shut, until we know what terms can be obtained from some competent power. Thus to break with her before we have compacted with another, is to make

HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION, CORNER OF SEVENTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

experiments on the lives and liberties of my countrymen, which I would sooner die than agree to make. At best, it is to throw us into the hands of some other power and to lie at mercy, for we shall have passed the river that is never to be repassed. We ought to retain the Declaration and remain masters of our own fame and fate." *

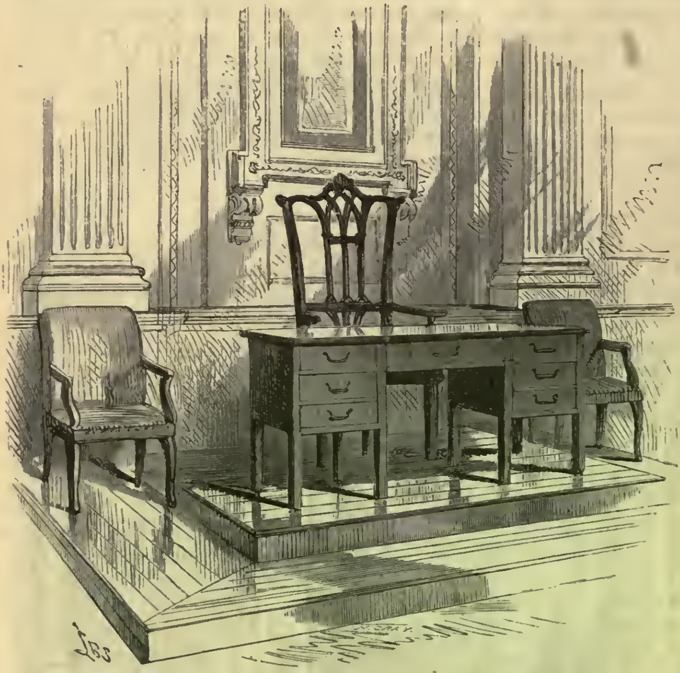

TABLE AND CHAIRS USED AT THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION.

These were the opinions of the "Pennsylvania Farmer," as condensed by Bancroft from Mr. Dickinson's own report, no words being employed but those of the orator. In the field, some of the bravest men were filled with similar anxieties. It was thus that the new Adjutant-General, Joseph Reed, described the military situation:

"With an army of force before, and a secret one behind, we stand on a point of land with six thousand old troops, if a year's service of about half can entitle them to this name, and about fifteen hundred raw levies of the province, many disaffected and more doubtful; every man, from the general to the private, acquainted with our true situation, is exceedingly discouraged. Had I known the true posture of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to take part in this scene; and this sentiment is universal."

This statement was not laid before the Congress, to be sure, but one from General Washington, conveying essentially the same facts, was read at the opening of that day's session. In spite of this mournful beginning, and notwithstanding the arguments of Mr. Dickinson, the opinions of the majority in Congress proved to be clear and strong; and the pressure from their constituencies was yet stronger. Nearly every colony had already taken separate action toward independence, and, on that first day of July, the Continental Congress adopted, in committee, the first resolution offered by the Virginia delegates. There were nine colonies in the affirmative, Pennsylvania and South Carolina voting in the negative, the latter unanimously, Delaware being divided, and New York not voting, the delegates from that colony favoring the measure, but having as yet no instructions. When the resolutions came up for final action, in convention, the next day, the state of things had changed. Dickinson and Morris of Pennsylvania had absented themselves and left an affirmative majority in the delegation; Cæsar Rodney had returned from an absence and brought Delaware into line; and South Carolina, though still disapproving the resolutions, joined in the vote for the sake of unanimity, as had been half promised by Edward Rutledge, the day before. Thus, twelve colonies united in the momentous action; and New York, though not voting, yet indorsed it through a State convention within a week. The best outburst of contemporary feeling over the great event is to be found in a letter by John Adams, to his wife, dated July 3, 1776. He writes as follows:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. * * * When I look back to 1761, * * * and recollect the series of political events, the chain of

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* Bancroft (8vo edition), viii., 452.

causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. * * * It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting and distresses yet more dreadful. * * * But I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe. * *

"The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America, I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, * * * from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory; I can see that the end is worth all the means. And that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not."*

CORRIDOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

John Adams was mistaken in one prediction. It is the Fourth of July, not the Second, which has been accepted by Americans as "the most memorable epocha." This is one of the many illustrations of the fact that words as well as deeds are needful, since a great act may seem incomplete until it has been put into a fitting form of words. It was the vote of July 2d that changed the thirteen colonies into independent States; the Declaration of Independence only promulgated the fact and assigned its reasons. Had this great proclamation turned out to be a confused or ill-written document, it would never have eclipsed in fame the original Resolution, which certainly had no such weak side. But this danger was well averted, for the Declaration was to be drawn up by Jefferson, unsurpassed in his time for power of expression. He accordingly framed it; Franklin and Adams suggested a few verbal amendments; Sherman and Livingston had none to offer; and the document stood ready to be reported to the Congress.

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* "Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife;" pp. 191—4.

Some of those who throng to Philadelphia, this summer, may feel an interest in knowing that the "title-deed of our liberties," as Webster called it, was written in "a new brick-house out in the fields"—a house still standing, at the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets, less than a quarter of a mile from Independence Square. Jefferson had there rented a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished, on the second floor, for thirty-five shillings a week; and he wrote the Declaration in this parlor, upon a little writing-desk, three inches high, which still exists. In that modest room we may fancy Franklin

TEARING DOWN KING'S ARMS FROM ABOVE THE DOOR, IN THE CHAMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT ROOM IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, JULY 8TH, 1776.

and Adams listening critically, Sherman and Livingston approvingly, to what was for them simply the report of a committee. Jefferson had written it, we are told, without the aid of a single book; he was merely putting into more systematic form a series of points long familiar; and Parton may be right in the opinion that the writer was not conscious of any very strenuous exercise of his faculties, or of any very eminent service done.

VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, THROUGH THE SQUARE.

Nothing is so difficult as to transport ourselves to the actual mood of mind in which great historic acts were performed, or in which their actors habitually dwelt. Thus, on the seventh day of that July, John Adams wrote to his wife a description of the condition of our army, so thrilling and harrowing that it was, as he says, "enough to fill a humane mind with horror." We fancy him spending that day in sackcloth and ashes; but there follows on the same page another letter, written to the same wife on the same day,—a long letter devoted solely to a discourse on the varieties of English style, in which he urges upon her a careful reading of Rollin's "Belles Lettres," and the Epistles of Pliny the Younger. Yet any one who has ever taken part in difficult or dangerous actions can understand the immense relief derived from that half hour's relapse into "the still air of delightful studies." And it is probable that Jefferson and his companions, even while discussing the title-deed of our liberties, may have let their talk stray over a hundred collateral themes as remote from the immediate task as were Pliny and Rollin.

During three days—the second, third, and fourth of July—the Declaration was debated in the Congress. The most vivid historic glimpse of that debate is in Franklin's consolatory anecdote, told to Jefferson, touching John Thompson, the hatter. The amendments adopted by Congress have always been accounted as improvements, because tending in the direction of conciseness and simplicity; though the loss of that stern condemnation of the slave trade —"a piratical warfare against human nature itself"—has always been regretted. The amended document was finally adopted, like the Virginia resolution, by the vote of twelve colonies, New York still abstaining. If Thomas McKean's reminiscences, at eighty, can be trusted, it cost another effort to secure this strong vote, and Cæsar Rodney had again to be sent for, to secure the Delaware delegation. McKean says, in a letter written in 1814 to John Adams: "I sent an express for Cæsar Rodney to Dover, in the county of Kent, in Delaware, at my private expense, whom I met at the State-house door on the 4th of July, in his boots; he resided eighty miles from the city, and just arrived as Congress met." Jefferson has, however, thrown much doubt over these octogenarian recollections by McKean, and thinks that he confounded the different votes together. There is little doubt that this hurried night-ride by Rodney was in preparation for the Second of July, not the Fourth; and that the vote on the Fourth went quietly through.

But the Declaration, being adopted, was next to be signed; and here again we come upon an equally hopeless contradiction in testimony. This same Thomas McKean wrote in 1814 to ex-President Adams, speaking of the Declaration of Independence, "No man signed it on that day," *—namely, July 4, 1776. Jefferson, on the other hand, writing some years later, thought that Mr. McKean's memory had deceived him, Jefferson himself asserting, from his early notes, that "The Declaration was reported by the Committee, agreed to by the House, and signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson." † But Jefferson, who was also an octogenarian, seems to have forgotten the subsequent signing of the Declaration parchment, until it was recalled to his memory, as he states, a few years later.‡ If there was a previous signing of a written document, the manuscript itself has long since disappeared; and the accepted historic opinion is that both these venerable witnesses were mistaken; that the original Declaration was signed only by the President and Secretary, John Hancock and Charles Thomson; and that the general signing of the parchment copy took place on August 2d.* It is probable, at least, that fifty-four of the fifty-six names were appended on that day; and that it was afterward signed by Thornton, of New Hampshire, who was not then a member, and by McKean, who was then temporarily absent.

Jefferson used to relate, "with much merriment," says Parton, that the final signing of the Declaration was hastened by a very trivial circumstance. Near the hall was a large stable, whence the flies issued in legions. Gentlemen were in those days peculiarly sensitive to such discomforts by reason of silk stockings; and when this annoyance, superadded to the summer heat of Philadelphia, had become intolerable, they hastened to bring the business to a conclusion. This may equally well refer, however, to the original vote; flies are flies, whether in July or August.

American tradition has clung to the phrases assigned to the different participants in this scene: John Hancock's commentary on his own bold handwriting, "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles;" Franklin's, "We must hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately;" and the heavy Harrison's remark to the slender Elbridge Gerry, that, in that event, Gerry would be kicking in the air long after his own fate would be settled. These things may or may not have been said; but it gives a more human interest to the event, when we know that they were even attributed. What we long to know is, that the great acts of history were done by men like ourselves, and not by dignified machines.

Even those who look with the greatest pride and hope upon the present and future of this nation, must admit that the Continental Congress contained in 1776 a remarkably large proportion of able and eminent men. The three most eminent delegations, naturally, were from what were then the three leading States—Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Virginia contributed Thomas Jefferson, who framed the Delaration; Richard Henry Lee, whose resolutions preceded it; Francis Lightfoot Lee, his brother; Wythe and Braxton, who had stood by Patrick Henry in the old House of Burgesses; Nelson, who had first proposed organizing the Colonial militia of Virginia, and who later, as a general in the field, bombarded his own house at Yorktown, and Harrison, afterward the father of a President. Massachusetts sent Hancock, the President of the Congress; Samuel Adams, who shared with Hancock the honor of being excepted from a royal pardon; John Adams, "our Colossus on the floor;" Elbridge Gerry, afterward Commissioner to France and Vice-President of the United States, and Robert Treat Paine, who had acted as public prosecutor after the Boston massacre. Pennsylvania contributed Dr. Franklin, "the Genius of the Day and the patron of American Liberty;" Robert Morris, "the financier of the Revolution," by whose sole credit the Continental army was sustained in its closing campaign, and who was afterward a prisoner for debt; Morton, who had been a member of the "Stamp Act Congress;" Ross, the mediator between the Colonists and the Indians; Dr. Rush, renowned for science and for humanity; Clymer, soldier, student, writer, and prison reformer; the Irish-born Taylor and Smith, and the Scotch Wilson.

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* "Works of John Adams," x, 88.

† "Works of Jefferson," i., 98.

‡ "Works of Jefferson," i., 100.

* Bancroft, ix., 59; Frothingham, "Rise of the Republic," 545.

GARDEN-HOUSE, OWNED BY DR. ENOCH EDWARDS, WHERE JEFFERSON AND OTHERS CELEBRATED THE PASSAGE OF THE DECLARATION.

Yet the other Colonies were represented by delegations hardly less eminent. New York sent Livingston, of "Livingston's Manor," the correspondent of Edmund Burke, and one of the framers of the "Address to the People of Great Britain" in the first Continental Congress; Lewis, the Welsh merchant, to whom the British Government had given five thousand acres of land for his services in the French and Indian war; Floyd, who, during the greater part of the Revolution, was an exile from his home, leaving it in the hands of the British; and Morris, afterward succeeded in Congress by his more famous brother, Gouverneur. New Jersey sent Hopkinson, lawyer, wit, and poet—the author of "The Battle of the Kegs;" Dr. Witherspoon, the Scotch clergyman, President of Princeton College; Stockton, a patriot, and the ancestor of patriots; Clarke, known as "The Poor Man's Counselor," though not a lawyer, and "honest John Hart." New Hampshire had chosen Dr. Bartlett, the first to sign the parchment roll; Dr. Thornton, who succeeded Governor Wentworth, and became acting-Governor of New Hampshire; and Whipple, who rose from a cabin-boy to be a general, commanding with Stark at Bennington, and under Gates at Saratoga. Connecticut sent Roger Sherman, shoemaker, lawyer, and judge, who had studied while working at his bench, and had become a profound lawyer on borrowed law-books; Huntington, afterward President of Congress, and Wolcott, who defended the Connecticut coast against Tryon, and, later, made peace with the Six Nations. Rhode Island sent Hopkins, who had introduced a bill into the Rhode Island Assembly to abolish slave importation, and had at the same time emancipated his own slaves; and Ellery, whose house was burned by the British army as soon as it took possession of the island.

Delaware had elected Rodney, who rode eighty miles, as already stated, to be present at the vote for independence; Reed, who had roused his colony to contribute for the sufferers by the Boston Port Bill, and McKean, the only man who served in Congress through the whole Revolutionary War. The South Carolina delegates, forming at first the only delegation which had united in opposing independence, were equally united in finally approving and practically sustaining it, Middleton losing his fortune in the cause, Hayward being scarred for life by a gunshot wound, and both, with Rutledge, being imprisoned for a year at St. Augustine by the British; while young Thomas Lynch, who had come from the London Temple to espouse his country's cause, escaped the dangers of war only to be lost at sea at thirty. These were all natives of the colony from which they came; but North Carolina and Georgia were honorably represented by what we should now call "carpet-baggers." North Carolina sent Hooper, a Massachusetts man, who had studied law under James Otis; Hewes, the

New Jersey Quaker, and Penn, the Virginian, who afterward rallied the mountaineers of his adopted State against Cornwallis. Georgia, again, sent the Virginian, Walton, who had learned to read by the light of pine-knots when a carpenter's apprentice; the English Gwinnett, and Hall, of Connecticut, who at first came alone to the Congress, and was admitted to represent his district before the young colony had made up its mind. Finally, Maryland was represented by Chase, who, as judge upon the bench, afterward said to a timid sheriff doubtful about getting some rioters to jail, "Summon me, Mr. Sheriff, and I'll take 'em;" by Paca, who said, after his first session, that the Virginia gentlemen alone seemed able to carry on the Government, so that no one else was needed; Stone, one of the committee that afterward framed the Articles of Confederation, and Charles Carroll, who, lest some namesake should share his risks, added "of Carrollton" to his name.

This is the story of the signing. Of the members who took part in that silent drama of 1776, some came to greatness in consequence, becoming Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Governors, Chief-Justices, or Judges; others came, in equally direct consequence, to poverty, flight, or imprisonment. "Hunted like a fox by the enemy;" "a prisoner twenty-four hours without food," "not daring to remain two successive nights beneath one shelter,"—these are the records we may find in the annals of the Revolution with respect to many a man who stood by John Hancock on that summer day to sign his name. It is a pleasure to think that not one of them ever disgraced, publicly or conspicuously, the name he had written. Of the rejoicings which, everywhere throughout the colonies, followed the signing, the tale has been often told. It has been told so often, if the truth must be confessed, that it is not now easy to distinguish the romance from the simple fact. The local antiquarians of Philadelphia bid us dismiss forever from the record the picturesque old bell-ringer and his eager boy, waiting breathlessly to announce to the assembled thousands the final vote of Congress on the Declaration. The tale is declared to be a pure fiction, of which there exists not even a local tradition. The sessions of Congress were then secret, and there was no expectant crowd outside. It was not till the fifth of July that Congress sent out circulars announcing the Declaration; not till the sixth that it appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper; and not till the eighth that it was read by John Nixon in the yard of Independence Hall. It was read from an observatory there erected by the American Philosophical Society, seven years before, to observe the transit of Venus. The king's arms over the door of the supreme court-room in Independence Hall were torn down by a Committee of the Volunteer force called "associators"; these trophies were burned in the evening in the presence of a great crowd of citizens, and no doubt amid the joyful pealing of the old "Independence" bell. There is also a tradition that on the afternoon of that day, or possibly a day or two earlier, there was a joyful private celebration of the great event, by Jefferson and others, at the garden-house of a country-seat in Frankford (near Philadelphia), then occupied by Dr. Enoch Edwards, a leading patriot of that time.

It is certain that a portion of the signers of the Declaration met two years after, for a cheery commemoration of their great achievement, in the Philadelphia City Tavern. The enjoyment of the occasion was enhanced by the recent deliverance of the city from the presence of General Howe, and by the contrast between this festival and that lately given by the British officers to him. A brief glimpse at the patriotic occasion, from the hitherto unpublished diaries of William Ellery, may well close this narrative.

"On the glorious Fourth of July [1778], I celebrated in the City Tavern, with my brother delegates of Congress and a number of other gentlemen, amounting, in the whole, to about eighty, the anniversary of Independency. The entertainment was elegant and well conducted. There were four tables spread; two of them extended the whole length of the room, the other two crossed them at right angles. At the end of the room, opposite the upper table, was erected an Orchestra. At the head of the upper table, and at the President's right hand, stood a large baked pudding, in the center of which was planted a staff, on which was displayed a crimson flag, in the midst of which was this emblematic device: An eye, denoting Providence; a label, on which was inscribed, 'An appeal to Heaven;' a man with a drawn sword in his hand, and in the other the Declaration of Independency, and at his feet a scroll inscribed, 'The declaratory acts.' As soon as the dinner began, the music, consisting of clarionets, hautboys, French horns, violins, and bass viols, opened and continued, making proper pauses, until it was finished. Then the toasts, followed by a discharge of field-pieces, were drank, and so the afternoon ended. In the evening there was a cold collation and a brilliant exhibition of fire-works. The street was crowded with people during the exhibition. * * * *

"What a strange vicissitude in human affairs! These, but a few years since colonies of Great Britain, are now free, sovereign, and independent States, and now celebrate the anniversary of their independence in the very city where, but a day or two before, General Howe exhibited his ridiculous *Champhaitre*."

QUILL USED BY WILLIAM FLOYD IN SIGNING THE DECLARATION.

A LITTLE CENTENNIAL LADY.

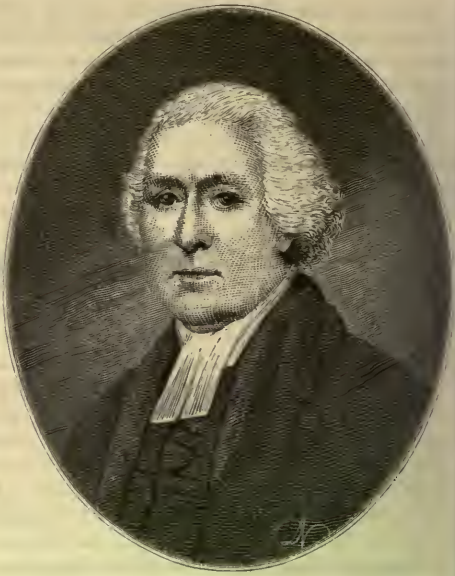
In these times, when everybody seems to be furbishing up his ancestors and setting them on end, as it were, in company with all the old tea-kettles, queue-ties, rusty muskets, snuff-boxes, and paduasoys, it has occurred to me to open the strong box of antiquity, and abstract from there a charming little figure, who, like the Bride of the Mistletoe Bough, has lain moldering many a long year.

More than one hundred years ago there lived in a quiet country home of Old Virginia a winsome little maid, General Washington's "Pet Marjorie," by name Sarah Fairfax, daughter of the Rt. Hon. and Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron and Rector of Fairfax Parish. Among the characters of that day, this staunch and God-fearing old Tory stands out conspicuous. He was the son of General Washington's dear friend and neighbor, William Fairfax, of Belvoir on the Potomac, and brother of the wife of Laurence Washington, elder brother of the General. He was through life a steady and devoted friend of Washington, and, with his son Ferdinando, one of the little group of chief mourners at that funeral in 1800, when a whole Republic wept. The Reverend Bryan Fairfax was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, of Ceelys, Virginia, and from 1790 till 1792 was Rector of Christ Church, in Alexandria, Va., residing then at Mount Eagle, a short distance beyond Hunting Creek Bridge. Christ Church, a venerable, ivy-covered pile, still remains, and is interesting not only as a Revolutionary landmark, but from the facts that one of its first twelve vestrymen, chosen in 1765, was Colonel George Washington, then thirty-three years of age, and that pew number five, which he bought for the sum of thirty-six pounds and ten shillings (the highest price paid), is carefully preserved and restored. In this church General Robert E. Lee was confirmed in the year 1853, and a mural tablet is there erected to his memory, opposite a similar one to Washington. There is an amusing record of a certain notable Mrs. Cook, who held the office of sexton of Christ Church for many years, and until she retired upon an annuity. "Her peculiar dress and physiognomy, her stately manner of ushering persons into their pews and *locking the doors* upon them, and the almost military air with which she patrolled the aisles, alert to detect and prompt to suppress any violation of order, are remembered by persons now living."

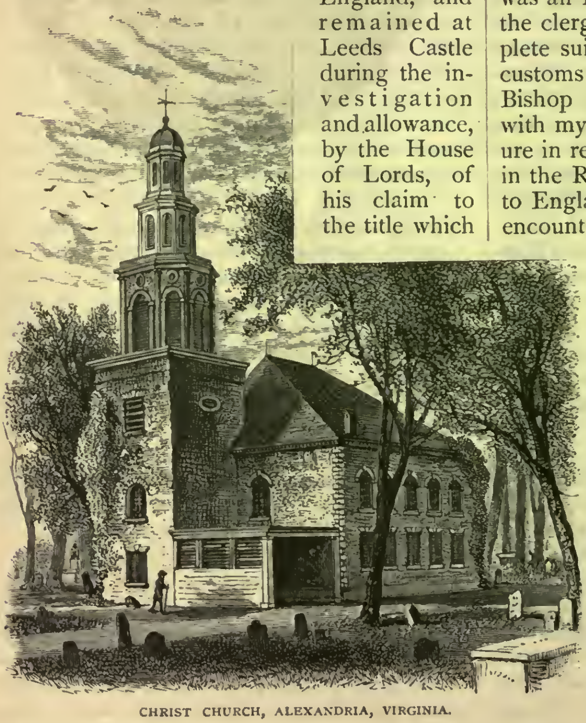
Of the father of our little heroine, Bishop Meade writes: "He endeavored to dissuade his friend, General Washington, from the war with England. The General, in his letter to him, deals most gently and respectfully with him. Reverend Mr. Fairfax acted with such dignity, if he did not see cause to change his sentiments, as not to forfeit the friendship of Washington and the patriots of Fairfax Parish, but was, as we have seen, chosen to be their minister."

Irving speaks of him as "Washington's valued friend, Bryan Fairfax; a man of liberal sentiments but attached to the ancient rule," and, again, as follows: "Washington was at Mount Vernon, preparing to set out for Philadelphia as a delegate to the second Congress, when he received tidings of the affair at Lexington. Bryan Fairfax and Major Horatio Gates were his guests at the time. They all regarded the event as decisive in its consequences, but they regarded it with different feelings. The worthy and gentle-spirited Fairfax deplored it deeply. He foresaw that it must break up all his pleasant relations in life; arraying his dearest friends against the Government to which, notwithstanding the errors of its policy, he was loyally attached and resolved to adhere."

In Washington's last will and testament occurs this passage: "To the Reverend, now Bryan, Lord Fairfax, I give a Bible in three large folio volumes with notes, presented to me by the Right Reverend Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man."*



BRYAN, EIGHTH LORD FAIRFAX.



CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

Succeeding, upon the death of Robert, the seventh Lord, in 1793, to the family title, the Reverend Bryan Fairfax went to England, and remained at Leeds Castle during the investigation and allowance, by the House of Lords, of his claim to the title which was confirmed to him in 1800. The late C. Wykeham Martin, Esq., M. P., says of him, in his "History of Leeds Castle:" "He was an Episcopalian clergyman, and, unlike the clergy of England, his dress was a complete suit of purple, in accordance with the customs of Virginia." To quote again from Bishop Meade: "Coming back to Virginia with my notices of this family, I take pleasure in recording the proofs of genuine piety in the Reverend Bryan Fairfax. On going to England to receive the title, and, perhaps, encounter some trouble, delay, and mortification, the Earl of Buchan, General Washington's friend, addressed a letter of religious sympathy and condolence to him, to which he thus responds: 'I have the happiness to say with the Psalmist, in respect of God's dealings toward me, "I know that of Thy very faithfulness Thou hast caused me to be troubled."'"

Family papers and letters of that date, as well as Washington's own private records, abound with allusions to the intimacy of the families of Towlston and Mount Vernon. The difference in political sentiment caused no break between those two pure and lofty men, of whom one bore, and the other in spirit adopted, that grand old Fairfax motto: *Mon Dieu je servirai tant que je vivrai.*

It was before those troublous times that tried men's souls, as far back as 1772, that we catch our first glimpse of little Sally. We must imagine the seclusion of life on a great Virginia plantation in that decade of the last century. The Towlston domain, in itself a petty principality, with a host of dependent negroes claiming daily care, with open gates to welcome every wayfarer, boasted no nearer neighbors than those of Belvoir, Mount Vernon, and Alexandria; and an invitation to dine, or to a ball, meant a hard trot of ten or fifteen miles across winter-bound roads, the ladies perched upon pillions, with a mule-mounted darkey to bear the bandboxes. Many a merry procession of periwigged cavaliers, escorting cardinal-wrapped belles, filed through the sere Virginia woodland, allured by stately minuet and jovial contra-dance. And, when the gay assembly was at last convened, there was no shirking work, but young and old alike were called upon to dance. Witness General Greene's story about the occasion at his head-quarters, when "His Excellency danced for three hours without once sitting down. * * Upon the whole," concludes this cheery old hero, "we had a pretty little frisk."

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* This Bible is among the Revolutionary relics to be exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition.

For the men, there were endless amusements in the free, gay life of the Virginia colony. Riding to hounds, cock-fighting, duck-shooting, fishing, sport in every shape was the whole duty of a gentleman of that day. An entry like this, for instance, is a frequent occurrence in Washington's journal:

> "November 25.—Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Philip Alexander came here by sunrise. Hunted and catched a fox with these, Lord Fairfax and Colonel Fairfax, all of whom, with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England, dined here. 26th and 29th.—Hunted again with same company."

Indoors, at little Sally's home, everything bore the stamp of the mother-land—old English furniture, silver, books, English forefathers frowning on the walls, odd tricks of English speech. The simple, homely tasks of baking, brewing, distilling, doctoring, were not considered beneath the dignity of any gentlewoman.

Sally was the only daughter of the Towlston house, and, between the ages of seven and ten, must have been a singularly quaint young person. Housewife, mistress of the poultry-yard, the right hand of a delicate mother, general arbitrator of family and plantation, and especial regulator of her brother Tommy. This last seems to us a queer state of things, for we remember him only as the stately patriarch of eighty odd (whose portrait is here introduced), with locks like spun glass, and so awful in his dignity, that mischief among his grandchildren fled at his approach. He was characterized by a hardy virtue, and by a republican simplicity that made him discard the empty title inherited from his father. He was in religious faith an advanced Swedenborgian; and, one of the first among Virginia gentlemen to do so, liberated all the slaves belonging to his patrimonial estate and established them in various trades. As a grandfather, he still cherished the memory of his dear little sister and comrade as one of the brightest of his long and honored life.

THOMAS, NINTH LORD FAIRFAX. (THE "TOMMY" OF THIS CHRONICLE.)

Sally's friendship with Washington began almost in her cradle, and continued steadfast throughout her brief career. Austere as he was always accounted, we have abundant proof of the extreme gentleness exhibited toward young girls and children by the great soldier and statesman. Many a hard cross-country ride did Colonel Washington take, to pass the evening and night with his old friend Bryan Fairfax, and over a bottle of Madeira or Bordeaux discuss the absorbing topics of the outer world, each from his firm stand-point of conviction, while Miss Sally would jingle the keys, join in the chat, order the servants, give vent to her opinion on the political situation, and ride upon her "Colonel's" knee—with equal dignity.

I have before me a few tattered saffron-colored pages of a diary kept by the little housewife, penned in large sprawling characters, in ink that for one hundred and four years has defied the effacing finger of time. Amid the delightful preparations for a Christmas ball at the old Virginia mansion, Miss Sally finds time for a few important items.

CANDLESTICK BELONGING TO THE FAIRFAX FAMILY, DATE 1760.

"On thursday the 26 of decem mama
"made 6 mince pyes and 7 custards 12 tarts
"1 chicking pye and 4 pudings for the ball."

We rather fancy the excitement of that occasion must have been too much for the young lady, as the subsequent day's record is only a somewhat involved list of names, viz.:

"miss molly payn and mr perce baillis
"and mr william payn and mr william
"Sandford, mr mody and miss Jenny, a man
"who lives at Colchester Mr hurst, Mrs.
"hurst's husband, young harry gunnell son of
"old william gunnell john seal from the little
"falls. Mr Watts and mr hunter [here some
"of the names escape us] these are all the
"gentlemin and ladies that were at the ball.
"Mrs Gunnell brought her sucking child
"with her——"

The next concerns a gentleman somewhat famous in Virginia history, whose adventure with Colonel George Washington many years before had formed one of the favorite topics for discussion in the colony:

"on Satterday the 28th of december I won
"10 shillings of Mr. William payn at Chex"

In 1754, Washington, then in command of the Virginia Rangers at Alexandria, awaiting the arrival of General Braddock's troops, supported Mr. Fairfax in an election contest for the House of Burgesses, against Mr., afterward Colonel, William Payne of the Continental Army. This seems to have been one of those rare occasions when Washington's hot blood got the better of his peerless judgment. Fierce words passed between the two gentlemen, in the Market Square of Alexandria, ending by an outburst of rage from Payne, in which he felled Washington to the earth. The Rangers rushed from their barracks and surrounded Payne, but Washington, with calm dignity, dispersed them. A duel seemed inevitable. On the following day, however, Washington sent for Payne, and, extending his hand, said, with a gentle courtesy, that touched the other to the heart: "Mr. Payne, to err is human. I was wrong yesterday; but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." Until the day of his death, Colonel Payne retained for Washington a devoted and unbroken regard, and the affair added one more link to the chain which bound together the families who form the principal subjects of our sketch.

SALVER BELONGING TO THE FAIRFAX FAMILY, DATE 1760.

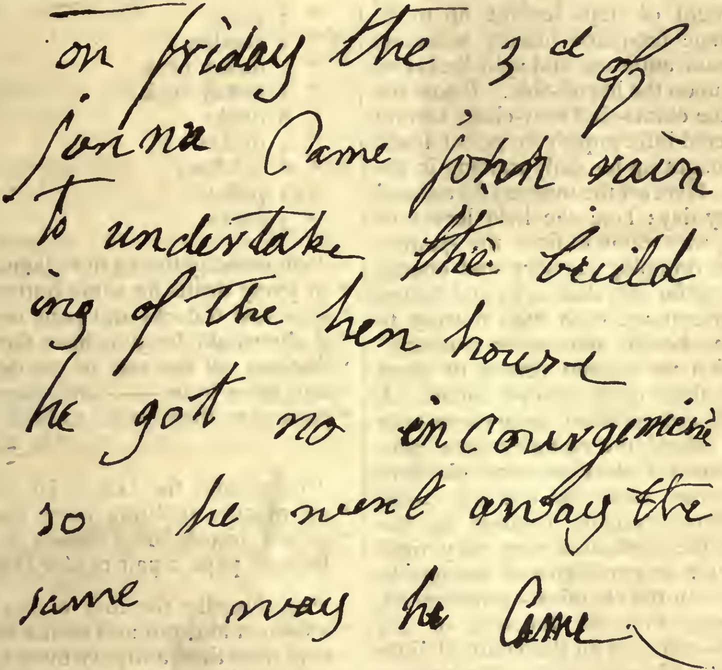
"On monday night," continues Miss Sally.

"when papa was at mount vernon my aunt "fairfax sent my muslin apron to him which "she gave me when I was at belvoir. but I "did not bring it home with me so she made "miss polly work it for me, and sent it to "m. vernon for p. to bring to me which he "did and in it she sent me a note. the "apron is worked mighty pritty—peter gullet and nicholas money all came here for "money.

"On friday the 3d of janna. came jonn "vain to undertake the building of the henhouse he got no incourgemint so he went "away the same way he came.

In this vivid outburst of Sally's wrath, one is reminded of Pet Marjorie and her turkey that "did not give a single dam." And then the offender was a "new negrow," (*i. e.*, not born upon the estate,) which, in itself, was a term of opprobrium.

"on monday the 6th of jannuary which "was old C mass day in the afternoon it "set to snowing and snowed till the snow "was above ancle-deep and then it held up "but the snow lasted upon the ground at "least a Week and then there came another "snow as deep.


on friday the 3 d of
jonna Came john vain
to undertake the build
ing of the hen house
he got no inCourgemint
so he went away the
same way he Came

FAC-SIMILE OF AN ENTRY IN SALLY'S JOURNAL.

"on friday the 3 of jan came here granny "carty she cut me out a short-gown, and "stayed all night.

"on friday the 3 of jannuary papa went to "Collo. Washington's and came home again "the next wednesday which was the 8.

"On friday the 3 of jan that vile man "adam at night kild a poor cat of rage be- "cause she eat a bit of meat out of his hand "and scrached it. o vile wreach of new "negrows if he was mine I woud cut him "to pieces a son of a gun a nice negrow he "shoud be kild himself by rites."

"on thursday the 2d of jan margerry went "to washing and brought all the things in "ready done on thursday the 9th of the "same mounth I think she was a great "while about them a wole week if you will "believe me reader.

"on friday the 10 of jannuary in the morning came here danny genens overseer for "taff and taff went away accordingly poor "taff I pitty him indeed reader."

Of "taff's" offenses and "taff's" punishment, we shall ever be left in ignorance; but, of one thing we are sure, that a tear pure as the recording angel's was dropped for him that "10 of jannuary!"

"On Sater day the 11th of Jan papa
"measured me on the right hand of the
"door as you come out of the Chamber."

The Chamber! This does not present a very clear image, perhaps, except to the understanding of a dyed-in-the-wool Virginian. Thus has always been designated the bedroom of the mistress in an old Virginia home. This room, generally situated upon the ground-floor, was broad, spacious, motherly, exquisitely neat. Here was the great mahogany bed shrouded in spotless dimity, with the flight of steps leading up to it; here the huge fire-place blazing welcome, and the brass andirons and split basket of pine knots upon the hearth-side. Before the fire stood the chintz-clad easy-chair, behind which cowered little impish shapes of black children brought up for daily training in the useful arts. Here sat the mistress for a stated period every day; here she held levees of her people, who came in from the quarter, one by one, dropping curtseys and courtly bows, offering for sale their eggs and butter, detailing grievances, each with a story to tell of some bodily ailment or "misery," without which no colored person of good standing in those days was ever found. A corner cupboard, situated somewhere near the ceiling, behind the chimney-piece, generally contained a stock of good old-fashioned medicines: castor oil that *was* castor oil, odoriferous rhubarb, calomel by the pound—for the applicants were very rigid in exacting the proper degree of strength to their doses. In the chamber—pronounced, if you please, with the broadest of a's, (chaamber)—centered all the hundred little family cares and interests; and, except at times when the mysteries of birth and death closed the portals, it was apt to be the most charming, inviting spot about the mansion. I can picture Miss Sally, standing on tip-toe to be measured, and the pencil marks that were never rubbed out! But, to resume the diary:

"on sater day the 11 th of jan nuary I
"made me a card box to keep my neck l ass
"in and I put them in.

"on friday the 10 th of jan margery
"mended my quilt very good."

Now comes a red-letter day! Think of it, fair kettle-drummers of Gotham, ye drinkers of untaxed tea in 1876!

"on monday the 13 th of jan mama made some tea—for a wonder indeed."

Aye, and Sally kept the key of the caddy, I do not doubt!

The following reminds one of Mary Bellenden's letter from the country to her "dear Henrietta Howard," when she is "taken with a fit of writing," and has nothing better to tell than the list of the stock of her farm that she is "fatting for her private tooth."

"A list of my fowls:
" 7 geece
" 2 ganders
" 2 turkey hens
" 1 turkey cock
" 8 ducks
" 2 drakes
" 6 old hens
" 13 pullets
" 3 cocks.

"on monday the 13 th of jannu john went
"to jenny thrifts for some butter and 2 tur-
"keys, and 6 ducks and papa sent her word
"if she would let him have them he woud
"discharg all the rest of the debt and she
"sent them to us —— and when they came
"papa gave them to me to bred from.
"S. FAIRFAX.

"on tuesday the 14th of jan john went to
"mr moodys to bring home the shoes and
"papa's bistole bags which he did and
"brought papa a pair of new shoes.

"on thursday the 16th of jan there came
"a woman and girl and mama bought 3 old
"hens from them and gave them to me, which
"reduced her dept she ow'd me which was
"5 and nine pence to three and nine pence
"which she now owes me and she owes me
"five teen pence about nancy perrys ribon
"which she never paid. S. F——x."

Oh! little Shylock S. F——x, how rigid art thou about that unlucky "ribon"!

Next, we have authority for Miss Theodosia Lambert's occupation, of which Mr. Thackeray says: "A hundred years ago, young ladies were not afraid either to make shirts or name them."

"on friday the 17th of jan I mended
"tommy's shirt from head to foot.
"S. F——x.

“A list of all the fowls on the plantation,
“viz.: 14 ducks in all, 9 geece in all 3 tur-
“keys in all 25 fowls in all of mine and 4
“of mamas she bought to eat I mean 3
“pullets and one cock of hers. there is 3
“hens with eggs to-day, jan the 18th.

“On friday the 17th of jannuary poor lucy
“colton died of a dropsy 1772 her child is
“dead also.

“on sunday the 19th of Jan papa went
“to Court and brought
“mama a comb and me
“a comb and tommy a
“comb course combs they
“were and he came home
“the 22nd.

“on saturday the 18th of jannuary top
“came to see dolly.

“on thursday the 23rd of jan john jacson
“came here and went a hunting with papa.

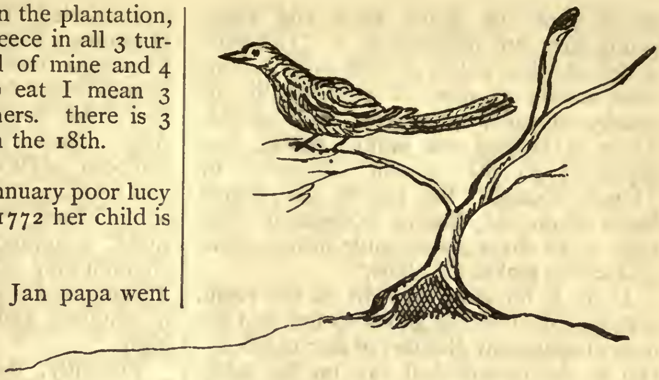
“on friday the 24 of jan about 12 o'clock
“at night margery was brought to bed of a
“boy 1772.”

Whether Miss Sally sat up till “about “twelve o'clock at night” for the purpose of presiding over this event, is not known; but, as in the loves of sable “top” and “dolly,” it is evident nothing escaped her vigilance.

“on sunday the 26th of janna came here
“Mr. Lewis, and dined with us and went
“away again at night.

“On monday the 27 of jan, there fell an
“amazeing snow two foot and a half deep.
“on tuesday the 28 of jan I craked a loaf
“of sugar on tuesday the 28, Adam cut
“down a cherry tree. on friday the 14 of
“febberary the red and white cow calfed
“and had a red and white calf 1772.
“S. FAIRFAX.”

Here ends the diary of a month; which duty to the world accomplished, the author seems to have relaxed her dignity—for, at the end, there is a wonderful pen-and-ink picture of a bird upon a bough, and scribbled in characters almost illegible a merry “ha! ha! ha!”



“HA! HA! HA!”

What we know of little great-aunt Sarah in the years that followed before her brief course was run, is principally through fireside tales from oracles, alas! now gone. There is no picture of the little maid. We may think of her, though, as very fair and pure, wearing a little, high-bred, *dame châtelaine* kind of a manner. I am persuaded that Sir Joshua Reynolds's charming “Miss Penelope Boothby” might have been taken from her.

A glimpse into the home circle at a moment when this important personage is temporarily off duty, may serve to better our acquaintance.

One must fancy the scene in the Towlston drawing-room, as the early winter twilight settles upon the family group. There are high-paneled walls, on which hang the old English Fairfaxes; here a Vandyck of the great Parliamentary General, “Black Tom,” of Cromwell's time, clad in leathern doublet, sash and gorget, and starting from the canvas with a strange fire which a couple of centuries have not yet dimmed any more than they have the luster of his fame; there a beautiful cabinet picture attributed to Lely, the only known portrait of the fourth Lord, a young warrior in full armor, whose rich color, flowing locks and slumberous hazel eyes, together with the lace ruffles and almost womanish beauty of the ungauntleted hand, seem to contradict his warlike array; yonder is a noble “Percy, Earl of Northumberland;” and there, again, a most fair and stately ancestress, bearing a long ostrich plume in one slim hand, who smiled down upon many a generation of English children of the line before she made her sea voyage to the colonies. Before the wide fire-place, which is fed with an armful of good Virginia hickory, lies a square of faded Turkey carpet, upon which is placed a spindle-shanked mahogany stand, which, like every other piece of furniture in the room, shines until the grave elder and saucy young faces are reflected in it. This wonderful, old-time polish of solid wood is gone from among us now, ill replaced by the shabby vulgarity of veneer and varnish. There is lacking the motive power, thus explained to the present chronicler by "Uncle Dennis," the courtly gray-haired butler of the old Virginia homestead, years ago. "It's elbow grease, little mistis, elbow grease that makes the shine."

There is no glare of light in the room, save that shed by the generous fire and the rather melancholy glimmer of four candles—two on the mantel-shelf, two on the table, set in tall columnar candlesticks of virgin silver.* In a high-backed, harp-shaped tapestry chair sits the gentle house-mistress, shading her eyes with a gorgeous turkey-tail fan, a trophy from her friend Colonel Washington. Mrs. Fairfax wears a mouse-colored brocade, a trifle faded—for those were not the days of frequent importations from Worth and Pingat; but her ruffles are of finest Mechlin, and so is the pigeon-bertha crossed upon her chest. (Sally was rather proud of her mother's lace. It had taken the *pas* at all the dinner-parties and balls given in Alexandria, as well as at Mount Vernon and Belvoir, when Martha Custis became Mrs. Washington.) In one corner sit the "boys"—Tommy poring over a six-months old copy of "The Spectator," allotted to him for the improvement of his mind by the unsparing Sally. Ferdinando, the second son, to whom George Washington was godfather and Martha Washington godmother, amuses himself with a fox's brush while awaiting the return of his father from the day of sport. Over against the wainscoted wall, perched before an ancient spinet, quavering away for dear life, sits Sarah Fairfax, spinster. She is singing, in her clear young voice "A favorite Air, set to musick by Doctor Arne," entitled "The Despairing Shepherd," and beginning:

"Ah, wella day! Must I endure this pain?"

I have the book before me as I write. Musty and yellow as to binding and paper, with indescribable type and setting, the "musick" full of odd intervals, trills, and runs. One gleans here and there, however, sweet bits of melody from Arne, and noble phrases from "Mr. Handell." The collection is styled "Clio and Euterpe; or, British Harmony, Curioſly Engrav'd, with the Thorough Bass for the Harpsicord, and Transposition for the German Flute," and bears the inscription, "London, Hand Alley, almost opposite Great Turn Stile, Holborn, MDCCLXII." As for the heroes and heroines, "curioſly engrav'd," one must see "Colinet," "Happy Bet," and "Chlorinda," to appreciate them. Tommy's grandchildren may call them muffs and guys, but Tommy, and Sally, and Ferdinando believed in, admired, and warbled about them untiringly.

Presently, the brothers weary of their occupations, and there comes a new demand for Sally, who, among other positions of honor, is the family Scheherezade. There is a wonderfully prim sofa, on which they all three nestle. Alas! for Sally's dignity, her feet do not begin to touch the floor. She pays no attention, however, to this trifling circumstance, and the tiny red-heeled slippers dangle, while the little Sir Joshua mob-cap stands forth in the twilight over a face as fresh as any rose. She has an arm around each brother's neck, while each demands his favorite tale. One asks for ghosts, the other for witches, but Sally will have none of these.

She weaves brave tales out of family legends, and tells of such stirring times, that the boys fairly thrill with longing to have lived in other days and shared in scenes like those—with Sir Nicholas, the Knight of Rhodes, who slaughtered the Turks long ago—with Fairfaxes who won their spurs, some in Italy, others in the Low Countries—with those of them who fought for the Parliament against Charles—or with her own young uncle who, with Wolfe and Montcalm, met a soldier's death at Quebec. But Sally will bear no suggestion that the heroes of the past overshadow the one her heart delights to honor. "There is none better, none braver," she avers, getting down to execute a little stamp, "than my dear Colonel Washington."

"At my little lady's service," says a voice. A cavalier, booted, mud-bespattered, stands open-armed within the door. Sally gives a little cry of pleasure and springs into his embrace. The mother rises with a stately curtsey. Doors fly open, and show through the broad hall-way huntsmen, hounds, negroes with pitch-pine torches and bestriding mules—negroes on foot, under foot, everywhere, closing in the background with a sable ring.

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* These candlesticks and a family salver, of both of which we give cuts on page 304, bear date 1760, and were buried for four years under the ruins of the old Fairfax homestead, "Vaucluse," during the late war between the States.

There is a stout supper presently for stout appetites—turkey, wild ducks, a roast opossum and sweet potatoes, perhaps with a good bottle of Bordeaux. I do not know how they contrived about the toast of "Church and King," without which no bottle of Mr. Fairfax's old wine was ever broached at his own table. Certain it is that, for such cause, the great republican never held back from sharing the salt of either Bryan Fairfax or his kinsman—my Lord of Greenway Court, Washington's earliest friend and patron, who, when he heard of the final success of the American colonies in their struggle for independence, turned his face to the wall, and said: "Let me die now; it is time for me to go." I have no doubt that little Sally's mob-cap stood between her honored father's powdered periwig and Colonel Washington's pigtail at this juncture. Perhaps she took a tiny sip out of papa's glass, and exhaled her loyalty in spirit, keeping tight hold meanwhile of her best beloved Washington.

And now, while the gentlemen are engaged at their cards, and Madame at her knitting, and that remorseless cherub, Sally, having marshaled her brothers off to bed, has herself yielded unwillingly to the extinguisher of sleep, we give place to a bit of gossip—a page from the "Chronique Scandaleuse" of the Virginia provinces, and possibly the key-note to Washington's friendship with our little Centennial Lady—the story of Washington's early love affair with little Sally's aunt.

Years before, when Washington was but a poor and unimportant young surveyor, in company with George William Fairfax of Belvoir, he was sent by my Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court upon an expedition to survey his estates in the Shenandoah Valley, a vast grant of land from the Crown, including leagues of trackless wilderness. The friendship between these young men, cemented in their lonely camp life in the wild Virginia woods, endured always in the closest bonds.

George William Fairfax and his younger half-brother, Bryan, married sisters, daughters of Colonel Wilson Cary, a gentleman of great wealth, who lived on a fine estate called "Ceelys," upon the lower James. Colonel Cary held the position of first magistrate of his county, and that of "Royal Collector of the Lower James," for thirty-four years. This last was an office of great profit and honor, held in those days only by the magnates, and, as Colonel Cary rejoiced in the possession of four charming daughters, his establishments at Ceelys and Rich Neck were the scene of much gayety, and the rendezvous of all the good society within reach.

Washington, shy, slow of speech, not particularly distinguished, never very handsome in his early youth, found his way into this brilliant circle, and fell a prey to the invincible charms of one of the sisters. Sally Cary, afterward Mrs. George William Fairfax, was the leading beauty and toast of her day. Of her it is related, that, coming into the town of Williamsburg one evening rather late, accompanied only by her maid, she was challenged by an imperious sentry, who demanded the pass-word. Much confused, and quite innocently, she faltered out her own name, in answer. "Pass!" said the sentry instantly, and Miss Cary hurried on, profiting unconsciously by the gallantry of the officer who had chosen the pass-word of the night.

The chroniclers of the Fairfax family have always asserted positively that to this one of the Miss Carys, *la belle des belles*, Washington offered his heart and hand, to be finally superseded by his friend and comrade, Fairfax, of Belvoir.

Irving gives a different version of this story, asserting that Washington's *tendresse* was for the younger sister of Mrs. George William Fairfax, whom the bride brought back with her on a visit to Belvoir. Bishop Meade, quoting from a paper of the Ambler family, says that the sister whom Washington sought in marriage was Mary Cary, afterward married to the wealthy Edward Ambler, Collector of York River, and owner of Jamestown Island. In the face of this distinguished controversy, we can only continue the story of Washington's wooing, as it has been handed down to us. When the young gentleman mustered up his courage at last to ask for the lady's hand, Colonel Cary flew into a great rage, and answered that, if that was his business, he might as well "go away the same as he came" (vide Sally's diary), for his daughter had been accustomed to ride in a coach and four.

Bishop Meade, who, in spite of his lawn sleeves, does not object to a little morsel of gossip, gives the tradition that, years after, when the lady was standing at a window in Williamsburg, she saw Washington, stately and noble, enter, riding at the head of his troops, the hero of all hearts and tongues. He caught sight of her amid the crowd and waved his sword in recognition, upon which, overpowered by a sense of her loss, she immediately fainted away. The Bishop goes on to say that it is a fact that the lady whom Washington eventually married was enough like Mrs. Ambler to have been her twin sister! In any case, the same blue eyes that had bewitched his boyhood, looked at Washington from little Sally's face!*

When Sally next takes tangible form in the family history, she is a young girl, left alone with her invalid mother and younger brother, upon the remote Virginia plantation, in the midst of the terrible war-times. George William Fairfax, always a devoted loyalist, had, upon the breaking out of the war, retired with his wife to England, where he died in 1787. In the autumn of the year, which Thackeray has characterized as "the awful winter of '77, when one blow struck by the sluggard at the head of the British forces might have ended the war, and all was doubt, confusion, and despair in the opposite camp (save in one indomitable breast alone)," Bryan Fairfax, furnished with a pass through the lines by Washington, to whose guardianship his family was commended, set off for England, taking with him his son, the "Tommy" of the journal. It was a dreary prospect for the sick wife and the little ones left behind, but was made necessary by imperative family business, which, it might be, would detain them in England for a year or more.†

We have one other legacy in Sally's hand, a letter, written by her and forwarded by Washington to New York, when her father was outward bound. It is dated October 18th, 1777, and reads thus:

"Honor'd Sir

"We last night had the pleasure of your "last letter, which we earnestly waited for & "and which mama being not very well able "to write has desired me to answer, which I "wish you may ever receive for there seems "to be a great many things to interfere and "prevent its journey. mama seems very "unwilling to a separation of 1 or two years, "at any rate, and desires you will shorten "the time as much as you can which at any "rate will sit exceeding heavy on her, she is "at present better than she has been, I carried her to Alexandria and she employ'd "a doctor there who prescribed something "Beneficial—I wish I could write free and "unreserve'd for I have many things I wou'd "say to my Dear & ever beloved father that "I don't like the curious shou'd see: I will "endeavour to act in the department I am "in as well as circumstances will permit, tho "exceeding troublesom in some respects. "however as to your 2d son, I think the "Best way will be to have him inoculated "& send him to school for it does not suit "otherwise, and a friend of yours is very "ready to Board him, if you stay long "enough at new York, pray write your "pleasure in this regard, the family here are "all well as can be & I am glad to hear no "more odd adventures befell you in your "way I suppose you met no difficultys where "you are, nothing coud reconcile me to "your voyage but the trust in the Almighty "that you will safely return I expect you "will leave my Brother in the other land "pray do not omit writeing and makeing him "do it, 'tis oweing to the general's interposition that you will receive this, I am exceeding glad of his protection. mama "will not be able to go to Alexandria again "this winter, there is always a regiment of "soldiers inocculated there a' most, & the "infection is never out of town. She will "be exceeding lonesom this year, however "this is circulocutious I hope to often hear "and yet I dont know how. Hon'd Sir, "give my love to my Brother, I hope he "will acquire the polite assurance and affa-

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* It is fair to say that papers which have never been given to the public set this question beyond a doubt. Mrs. George William Fairfax, the object of George Washington's early and passionate love, lived to an advanced age in Bath, England, widowed, childless, and utterly infirm. Upon her death, at the age of 81, letters, still in possession of the Fairfax family, were found among her effects, showing that Washington had never forgotten the influence of his youthful disappointment.

† A letter from him to his wife at this time is before me:

LANCASTER, Septr. the 27th, 1777.

MY DEAR:

"I have been detained here three or four Days but expect to set out this Afternoon for General Washington's camp, and from thence you shall hear further from me. In all this long Journey Nothing hath scarcely affected me more than the thought of leaving you so long. My mind is now depressed with anxiety about you. Pray write to me, and get some Friend to inclose yr. letter to Genl. Washington but the contents must be such that it may come open, perhaps. I hope God will continue his kindness & raise yr. Spirits according to my earnest prayers in yr. Behalf; and that He will protect and preserve You as well as our little ones. My love to Sally—tell her not to forget the days that are past—not to grow cold.

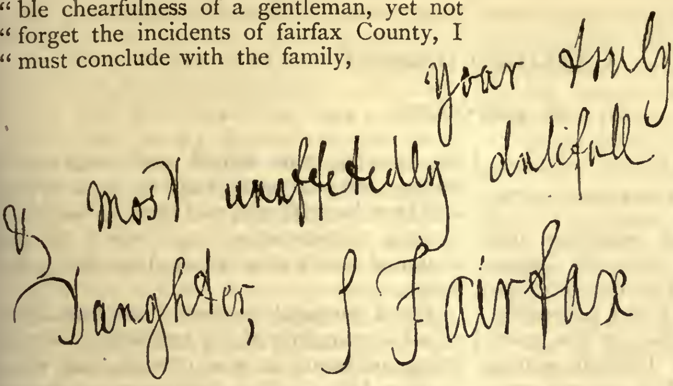
"The Lord bless & restore you—so prays

Yr. affectionate

BRYAN FAIRFAX.

"Tommy is well & desires his Duty, and love to Sally & Nando."

"ble chearfulness of a gentleman, yet not
"forget the incidents of fairfax County, I
"must conclude with the family,


your truly
& most unaffectedly dutifull
Daughter, S Fairfax

In the interest of the parents of to-day, we might commend the style of this poor little letter, to the consideration of modern youth, while quite assured of the scorn that would be lavished upon Sally's spelling and punctuation, by any one of the trained school-girls of the age. There is something very touching in the bravely repressed longing for her absent father, and in the Spartan firmness with which she puts it aside, in that ambitious phrase, "However, this is circulocutious." How wise and pithy the advice about her younger brother, "have him inoculated and send him to school:" something like the condensed style of treatment peculiar to the "Old woman who lived in a shoe!" How Johnsonian the rotund verbiage of her message to her brother "Tommy," who, in the face of the great world's distractions, is adjured to "acquire the polite "assurance and affable chearfulness of a "gentleman, yet not forget the incidents "of fairfax County!" How demure the promise to act as well as she is able in the department she is in, tho' "exceeding troublesom!"

Here, in the midst of the war-clouds of the Revolution, little Sally fades from our view, to re-appear again for a brief bright moment, before her beauty and her energies are translated to another sphere. It was upon the occasion of one of General Washington's birthnight balls, given at the Old City Hotel, in Alexandria, when Sally was seventeen years old, in the flush of her beauty, and, it was whispered, engaged to be married to a young Mr. Washington, cousin or nephew to the General. General and Mrs. Washington came up from Mount Vernon to dress and pass the night at the house of Sally's aunt Carlyle, in Alexandria—where Sally was also making a visit, in order to be present at the ball. They gathered, a merry party, in the drawing-room, to exhibit their toilets before setting out, and Mrs. Carlyle's little granddaughter, who afterward became "Tommy's" wife, remembered distinctly the awful length of Mrs. Washington's train.

"Sally wore a dress of white patnet over white satin, the patnet trimmed with a vine of rose-colored satin leaves, a pink rose in her hair with one white ostrich plume. She was very beautiful that night, and in high spirits, General Washington devoting himself to her especially, and leading off in a minuet with her, when they were the observed of all observers. It was the last ball that she ever attended."

This, from a family letter, contains the last glimpse of our little Centennial Lady. We could wish that there had been more to tell of her early *camaradarie* with Washington. It touches one to think of the great Leader so willing to be led by the hand of a little child. It may be, that they are friends now in the presence of Him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday.

ARMS OF FAIRFAX IMPALED BY CARY.

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH HECTOR ARISES FROM THE DITCH.

He stood for a moment breathless and paralyzed with surprise; then he began slowly and deliberately to examine the tunnel step by step. When he had proceeded a hundred feet from the spot, to his great relief he came upon Jack Hamlin, sitting upright in a side-drift. His manner was feverish and excited, and his declaration that he had not moved from the place where Gabriel had left him, at once was accepted by the latter as the aberration of incipient inflammation and fever. When Gabriel stated that it was time to go, he replied, "Yes," and added with such significance that his business with the murderer of Victor Ramirez was now over, and that he was ready to enter the Lunatic Asylum at once, that Gabriel with great precipitation lifted him in his arms and carried him without delay from the tunnel. Once more in the open air, the energies of both men seemed to rally; Jack became as a mere feather in Gabriel's powerful arms, and even forgot his querulous opposition to being treated as a helpless child, while Gabriel trod the familiar banks of the ditch, climbed the long ascent and threaded the aisles of the pillared pines of Reservoir Hill with the free experienced feet of the mountaineer. Here Gabriel knew he was safe until daybreak, and gathered together some withered pine boughs and fragrant fine tassels for a couch for his helpless companion. And here, as he feared, fever set in; the respiration of the wounded man grew quick and hurried; he began to talk rapidly and incoherently, of Olly, of Ramirez, of the beautiful girl whose picture hung upon his breast, of Gabriel himself, and finally of a stranger who was, as it seemed to him, his sole auditor, the gratuitous coinage of his own fancy. Once or twice he raised his voice to a shout, and then, to Gabriel's great alarm, suddenly he began to sing, and, before Gabriel could place his hand upon his mouth, he had trolled out the verse of a popular ballad. The rushing river below them gurgled, beat its bars, and sang an accompaniment; the swaying pine sighed and creaked in unison; the patient stars above them stared and bent breathlessly, and then, to Gabriel's exalted consciousness, an echo of the wounded man's song arose from the gulch below.

For a moment he held his breath with an awful mingling of joy and fear. Was he going mad too? or was it really the voice of little Olly? The delirious man beside him answered his query with another verse; the antiphonal response rose again from the valley. Gabriel hesitated no longer, but with feverish hands gathered a few dried twigs and pine cones into a pile, and touched a match to them. At the next moment they flashed a beacon to the sky, in another there was a crackling of the underbrush and the hurried onset of two figures, and before the slow Gabriel could recover from his astonishment, Olly flew, panting, to his arms, while her companion, the faithful Pete, sank breathlessly beside his wounded and insensible master.

Olly was first to find her speech. That speech, after the unfailing instincts of her sex, in moments of excitement, was the instant arraignment of somebody else as the cause of that excitement, and at once put the whole universe on the defensive.

"Why didn't you send word where you was," she said impatiently, "and wot did you have it so dark for, and up a steep hill, and leavin' me alone at Wingdam, and why didn't you call without singin'?"

And then Gabriel, after the fashion of *his* sex, ignored all but the present, and holding Olly in his arms, said:

"It's my little girl, ain't it, come to her own brother Gabe! bless her!"

Whereat, Mr. Hamlin, after the fashion of lunatics of any sex, must needs be consistent, and break out again into song.

"He's looney, Olly, what with fever along o' bein' shot in the leg a-savin' me, ez isn't worth savin'," explained Gabriel, apologetically. "It was him ez did the singin'."

Then Olly, still following the feminine instinct, at once deserted conscious rectitude for indefensible error, and flew to Mr. Hamlin's side.

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"Oh, where is he hurt, Pete? is he goin' to die?"

And Pete, suspicious of any medication but his own, replied doubtfully:

"He looks bad, Miss Olly, dat's a fac'—but now bein' in my han's, bress de Lord A'mighty, and we able to minister to him, we hopes fur de bess. Your brudder meant well, is a fair-meanin' man, Miss—a tol'able nuss, but he ain't got the peerfeshn'l knowledge dat Mars Jack in de habit o' gettin'."

Here Pete unslung from his shoulders a wallet, and proceeded to extract therefrom a small medicine case, with the resigned air of the family physician, who has been called full late to remedy the practice of rustic empiricism.

"How did ye come yer?" asked Gabriel of Olly, when he had submissively transferred his wounded charge to Pete. "What made you allow I was hidin' yer? How did you reckon to find me? but ye was allus peart and onhanded, Olly," he suggested, gazing admiringly at his sister.

"When I woke up at Wingdam, after Jack went away, who should I find, Gabe, but Lawyer Maxwell standin' thar, and askin' me a heap o' questions. I supposed you'd been makin' a fool o' yourself agin, Gabe, and afore I let on that I know'd a word, I jist made him tell me everythin' about you, Gabe, and it was orful! and you bein' arrested for murder, ez wouldn't harm a fly, let alone that Mexican ez I never liked, Gabe, and all this comes of tendin' his legs instead o' lookin' arter me. And all them questions waz about July, and whether she wazn't your enemy, and if they ever waz a woman, Gabe, ez waz sweet on you, you know it was July! And all thet kind of foolishness! And then when he couldn't git ennythin' out o' me agin July, he allowed to Pete that he must take me right to you, fur he said they waz talk o' the Vigilantes gettin' hold o' ye afore the trial, and he was goin' to get an order to take you outer the county, and he reckoned they wouldn't dare to tech ye if I waz with ye, Gabe—and I'd like to see 'em try it! and he allowed to Pete that he must take me right to you! and Pete—and there ain't a whiter nigger livin' than that ole man—said he would—reckonin', you know, to find Jack, as he allowed to me they'd hev to kill afore they got you,—and he came down yer with me. And when we got yer, you was off, and the sheriff gone, and the Vigilantes—what with bein' killed, the biggest o' them, by the earthquake—what was orful, Gabe, but we bein' on the road didn't get to feel!—jest scared outer their butes! And then a Chinyman gin us yer note—"

"My note?" interrupted Gabriel, "I didn't send ye any note."

"Then *his* note," said Olly impatiently, pointing to Hamlin, "sayin' 'You'll find your friends on Conroy's Hill!'—don't you see, Gabe?" continued Olly, stamping her foot in fury at her brother's slowness of comprehension, "and so we came and heard Jack's singin', and a mighty foolish thing it was to do, and yer we are."

"But he didn't send any note, Olly," persisted Gabriel.

"Well, you awful old Gabe, what difference does it make *who* sent it?" continued the practical Olly; "here we are along o' thet note, and," she added, feeling in her pocket, "there's the note!"

She handed Gabriel a small slip of paper with the penciled words, "You'll find your friends waiting for you to-night on Conroy's Hill."

The handwriting was unfamiliar, but even if it were Jack's, how did *he* manage to send it without his knowledge? He had not lost sight of Jack, except during the few moments he had reconnoitered the mouth of the tunnel, since they had escaped from the court-house. Gabriel was perplexed; in the presence of this anonymous note he was confused and speechless, and could only pass his hand helplessly across his forehead.

"But it's all right now, Gabe," continued Olly, re-assuringly; "the Vigilantes have run away—what's left of them; the sheriff ain't to be found nowhar! This yer earthquake hez frightened everybody outer the idea o' huntin' ye—nobody talks of ennything but the earthquake; they even say, Gabe—I forgot to tell ye—that our claim on Conroy Hill has busted, too, and the mine ain't worth shucks now!. But there's no one to interfere with us now, Gabe. And we're goin' to get into a waggin that Pete hez bespoke for us at the head of Reservoir Gulch, to-morrow mornin' at sun-up. And then Pete sez we kin git down to Stockton and 'Frisco and out to a place called San Antonio, that the devil himself wouldn't think o' goin' to, and thar we kin stay, me, and you, and Jack, until this whole thing is blown over, and Jack gits well agin, and July comes back!"

Gabriel, still holding the hand of his sister, dared not tell her of the suspicions of Lawyer Maxwell regarding her sister-in-law's complicity in this murder, nor Jack's conviction of her infidelity, and he hesitated. But after a pause, he suggested with a consciousness of great discretion and artfulness, "Suppose thet July doesn't come back?"

"Look yer, Gabe," said Olly suddenly, "ef yer goin' to be thet foolish and ridiklus agin, I'll jess quit. Ez if thet woman would ever leave ye." (Gabriel groaned inwardly.) "Why, when she hears o' this, wild hosses couldn't keep her from ye! Don't be a mule Gabe, don't!" And Gabriel was dumb.

Meantime, under the influence of some anodyne which Pete had found in his medicine chest, Mr. Hamlin became quiet and pretermitted his vocal obligato. Gabriel, whose superb physical adjustment no mental excitement could possibly overthrow, and whose regular habits were never broken by anxiety, nodded, even while holding Olly's hand, and in due time slept, and I regret to say—writing of a hero—snored! After a while Olly herself succumbed to the drowsy coolness of the night, and wrapped in Mr. Hamlin's shawl, pillowed her head upon her brother's broad breast and slept too. Only Pete remained to keep the watch, he being comparatively fresh and strong, and declaring that the condition of Mr. Hamlin required his constant attention.

It was after midnight that Olly dreamed a troubled dream. She thought that she was riding with Mr. Hamlin to seek her brother, when she suddenly came upon a crowd of excited men, who were bearing Gabriel to the gallows. She thought that she turned to Mr. Hamlin frantically for assistance, when she saw, to her horror, that his face had changed—that it was no longer he who sat beside her, but a strange, wild-looking, haggard man—a man whose face was old and pinched, but whose gray hair was discolored by a faded dye that had worn away, leaving the original color in patches, and the antique foppery of whose dress was deranged by violent exertion, and grimy with the dust of travel—a dandy whose strapped trowsers of a by-gone fashion were ridiculously loosened in one leg, whose high stock was unbuckled and awry! She awoke with a start. Even then, her dream was so vivid that it seemed to her this face was actually bending over her with such a pathetic earnestness and inquiry, that she called aloud. It was some minutes before Pete came to her, but as he averred, albeit somewhat incoherently, and rubbing his eyes to show that he had closed them, that he had never slept a wink, and that it was impossible for any stranger to have come upon them without his knowledge, Olly was obliged to accept it all as a dream! But she did not sleep again. She watched the moon slowly sink behind the serrated pines of Conroy's Hill; she listened to the crackling tread of strange animals in the underbrush, to the far-off rattle of wheels on the Wingdam turnpike, until the dark outline of the tree-trunks returned, and with the cold fires of the mountain sunrise the chilly tree-tops awoke to winged life, and the twitter of birds; while the faint mists of the river lingered with the paling moon, like tired sentinels for the relief of the coming day. And then Olly awoke her companions. They struggled back into consciousness with characteristic expressions, Gabriel slowly and apologetically, as of one who had overslept himself; Jack Hamlin violently and aggressively, as if some unfair advantage had been taken of his human weakness, that it was necessary to combat at once. I am sorry to say that his recognition of Pete was accompanied by a degree of profanity and irreverence that was dangerous to his own physical weakness.

"And you had to trapse down yer, sniffin' about my tracks, you black and tan idiot," continued Mr. Hamlin, raising himself on his arm, "and after I'd left everything all straight at Wingdam—and jest as I was beginning to reform and lead a new life! How do, Olly! You'll excuse my not rising. Come and kiss me! If that nigger of mine has let you want for anything, jest tell me and I'll discharge him. Well! blank it all! what are you waitin' for? Here it's daybreak and we've got to get down to the head of Reservoir Gulch. Come, little children, the picnic is over!"

Thus adjured, Gabriel rose, and, lifting Mr. Hamlin in his arms with infinite care and tenderness, headed the quaint procession. Mr. Hamlin, perhaps recognizing some absurdity in the situation, forebore exercising his querulous profanity on the man who held him helpless as an infant, and Olly and Pete followed slowly behind.

Their way led down Reservoir Cañon, beautiful, hopeful, and bracing in the early morning air. A few birds, awakened by the passing tread, started into song a moment, and then were still. With a cautious gentleness, habitual to the man, Gabriel forebore, as he strode along, to step upon the few woodland blossoms yet left to the dry summer woods. There was a strange fragrance in the air, the light odors liberated from a thousand nameless herbs, the faint melancholy spicery of dead leaves. There was, moreover, that sense of novelty which Nature always brings with the dawn in deep forests; a fancy that during the night the earth had been created anew, and was fresh from the Maker's hand, as yet untried by burden or tribulation, and guiltless of a Past. And so it seemed to the little caravan, albeit fleeing from danger and death, that yesterday and its fears were far away, or had, in some unaccountable manner, shrunk behind them in the west with the swiftly dwindling night. Olly once or twice strayed from the trail to pick an opening flower or lingering berry; Pete hummed to himself the fragment of an old camp-meeting song.

And so they walked on, keeping the rosy dawn and its promise before them. From time to time the sound of far-off voices came to them faintly. Slowly the light quickened; morning stole down the hills upon them stealthily, and at last the entrance of the cañon became dimly outlined. Olly uttered a shout and pointed to a black object moving backward and forward before the opening. It was the wagon and team awaiting them. Olly's shout was answered by a whistle from the driver, and they quickened their pace joyfully; in another moment they would be beyond the reach of danger.

Suddenly a voice that seemed to start from the ground before them called on Gabriel to stop! He did so unconsciously, drawing Hamlin closer to him with one hand, and with the other making a broad, protecting sweep toward Olly. And then a figure rose slowly from the ditch at the roadside and barred their passage.

It was only a single man! A small man bespattered with the slime of the ditch and torn with brambles; a man exhausted with fatigue and tremulous with nervous excitement, but still erect and threatening. A man whom Gabriel and Hamlin instantly recognized even through his rags and exhaustion! It was Joe Hall, the sheriff of Calaveras! He held a pistol in his right hand even while his left exhaustedly sought the support of a tree! By a common instinct both men saw that while the hand was feeble the muzzle of the weapon covered them.

"Gabriel Conroy, I want you," said the apparition.

"He's got us lined! Drop me," whispered Hamlin hastily, "drop me! It'll spoil his aim."

But Gabriel, by a swift, dexterous movement that seemed incompatible with his usual deliberation, instantly transferred Hamlin to his other arm, and with his burden completely shielded, presented his own right shoulder squarely to the muzzle of Hall's revolver.

"Gabriel Conroy, you are my prisoner," repeated the voice.

Gabriel did not move. But over his shoulder as a rest, dropped the long shining barrel of Jack's own favorite dueling pistol, and over it glanced the bright eye of its crippled owner. The issue was joined!

There was a deathlike silence. "Go on!" said Jack quietly. "Keep cool, Joe. For if *you* miss him, you're gone in; and hit or miss *I've* got *you* sure!"

The barrel of Hall's pistol wavered a moment, from physical weakness but not from fear. The great heart behind it, though broken, was still undaunted. "It's all right," said the voice fatefully. "It's all right, Jack! Ye'll kill me, I know! But ye can't help sayin' arter all that I did my duty to Calaveras as the sheriff, and 'specially to them fifty men ez elected me over Boggs! I ain't goin' to let ye pass. I've been on this yer hunt, up and down this cañon all night. Hevin' no possy I reckon I've got to die yer in my tracks. All right! But ye'll git into thet wagon over my dead body, Jack; over my dead body, sure."

Even as he spoke these words he straightened himself to his full height—which was not much, I fear—and steadied himself by the tree, his weapon still advanced and pointing at Gabriel, but with such a palpable and hopeless contrast between his determination and his evident inability to execute it, that his attitude impressed his audience less with its heroism than its half-pathetic absurdity. Mr. Hamlin laughed. But even then he suddenly felt the grasp of Gabriel relax, found himself slipping to his companion's feet, and the next moment was deposited carefully but ignominiously on the ground by Gabriel, who strode quietly and composedly up to the muzzle of the sheriff's pistol.

"I'm ready to go with ye, Mr. Hall," he said, gently, putting the pistol aside with a certain large indifferent wave of the hand—"ready to go with ye—now—at onct! But I've one little favor to ax ye. This yer pore young man, ez yur wounded, unbeknownst," he said, pointing to Hamlin, who was writhing and gritting his teeth in helpless rage and fury, "ez not to be tuk with me, nor for me! Thar ain't nothin' to be done to him. He hez been dragged inter this fight. But

I'm ready to go with ye now, Mr. Hall, and am sorry you got into the troubil along o' me."

CHAPTER XLV.

IN THE TRACK OF A STORM.

A QUARTER of an hour before the messenger of Peter Dumphy had reached Poinsett's office, Mr. Poinsett had received a more urgent message. A telegraph dispatch from San Antonio had been put into his hands. Its few curt words, more significant to an imaginative man than rhetorical expression, ran as follows:

"Mission Church destroyed. Father Felipe safe. Blessed Trinity in ruins and Dolores missing. My house spared. Come at once.—MARIA SEPULVIDA."

The following afternoon at four o'clock Arthur Poinsett reached San Geronimo, within fifteen miles of his destination. Here the dispatch was confirmed, with some slight local exaggeration.

"Saints and devils! There is no longer a St. Anthony! The *temblor* has swallowed him!" said the innkeeper, sententiously. "It is the end of all! Such is the world. Thou wilt find stones on stones instead of houses, Don Arturo. Wherefor another glass of the brandy of France, or the whisky of the American, as thou dost prefer? But of San Antonio, nothing! Absolutely! Perfectly. Truly—nothing!"

In spite of this cheering prophecy, Mr. Poinsett did not wait for the slow diligence, but, mounting a fleet mustang, dashed off in quest of the missing Mission. He was somewhat relieved, at the end of an hour, by the far-off flash of the sea, the rising of the dark green fringe of the Mission orchard and *Encinal*, and above it the white dome of one of the Mission towers. But at the next moment Arthur checked his horse and rubbed his eyes in wonder. Where was the other tower? He put spurs to his horse again and dashed off at another angle, and again stopped and gazed. *There was but one tower remaining.* The Mission Church must have been destroyed!

Perhaps it was this discovery, perhaps it was some instinct stronger than this; but when Arthur had satisfied himself of this fact he left the direct road, which would have brought him to the Mission, and diverged upon the open plain toward the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. A fierce wind from the sea swept the broad *llano* and seemed to oppose him step by step—a wind so persistent and gratuitous that it appeared to Arthur to possess a moral quality, and, as such, was to be resisted and overcome by his superior will. Here, at least, all was unchanged; here was the dead, flat monotony of land and sky. Here was the brittle, harsh stubble of the summer fields, sun-baked and wind-dried; here were the long stretches of silence, from which even the harrying wind made no opposition or complaint; here were the formless specks of slowly moving cattle even as he remembered them before. A momentary chill came over him as he recalled his own perilous experience on these plains, a momentary glow suffused his cheek as he thought of his rescue by the lovely but cold recluse. Again he heard the name of "Philip" softly whispered in his ears, again he felt the flood of old memories sweep over him as he rode, even as he had felt them when he lay that day panting upon the earth. And yet Arthur had long since convinced his mind that he was mistaken in supposing that Donna Dolores had addressed him at that extreme moment as "Philip;" he had long since believed it was a trick of his disordered and exhausted brain; the conduct of Dolores toward himself, habitually restrained by grave courtesy, never justified him in directly asking the question, nor suggested any familiarity that might have made it probable. She had never alluded to it again—but had apparently forgotten it. Not so Arthur! He had often gone over that memorable scene, with a strange, tormenting pleasure that was almost a pain. It was the one incident of his life, for whose poetry he was not immediately responsible—the one genuine heart-thrill whose sincerity he had not afterward stopped to question in his critical fashion—the one enjoyment that had not afterward appeared mean and delusive. And now the heroine of this episode was missing, and he might never perhaps see her again! And yet, when he first heard the news, he was conscious of a strange sense of relief—rather let me say of an awakening from a dream, that, though delicious, had become dangerous and might unfit him for the practical duties of his life. Donna Dolores had never affected him as a real personage—at least the interest he felt in her was, he had always considered, due to her relations to some romantic condition of his mind, and her final disappearance from the plane of his mental vision, was only the exit of an actress from the mimic stage. It seemed only natural that she should disappear as mysteriously as she came. There was no shock even to the instincts of his ordinary humanity—it was no catastrophe involving loss of life, or even suffering to the subject or spectator.

Such, at least, was Mr. Poinsett's analysis of his own mental condition on the receipt of Donna Maria's telegram. It was the cool self-examination of a man who believed himself cold-blooded and selfish, superior to the weakness of ordinary humanity, and yet was conscious of neither pride nor disgrace in the belief. Yet when he diverged from his direct road to the Mission, and turned his horse's head toward the home of Donna Dolores, he was conscious of a new impulse and anxiety that was stronger than his reason. Unable as he was to resist it, he took some satisfaction in believing that it was nearly akin to that feeling which, years before, had driven him back to Starvation Camp in quest of the survivors. Suddenly his horse recoiled with a bound that would have unseated a less skillful rider. Directly across his path stretched a chasm in the level plain—thirty feet broad and as many feet in depth, and at its bottom, in undistinguishable confusion, lay the wreck of the corral of the Blessed Trinity!

Except for the enormous size and depth of this fissure, Arthur might have mistaken it for the characteristic cracks in the sunburnt plain, which the long, dry summer had wrought upon its surface, some of which were so broad as to task the agility of his horse. But a second glance convinced him of the different character of the phenomenon. The earth had not cracked asunder nor separated, but had sunk. The width of the chasm below was nearly equal to the width above; the floor of this valley in miniature was carpeted by the same dry, brittle herbs and grasses which grew upon the plain around him.

In the preoccupation of the last hour he had forgotten the distance he had traversed. He had evidently ridden faster than he had imagined. But if this was really the corral, the walls of the Rancho should now be in sight at the base of the mountain! He turned in that direction. Nothing was to be seen! Only the monotonous plain stretched before him, vast and unbroken. Between the chasm where he stood and the *falda* of the first low foot-hills, neither roof nor wall nor ruin rose above the dull, dead level!

An ominous chill ran through his veins, and for an instant the reins slipped through his relaxed fingers. Good God! Could this have been what Donna Maria meant, or had there been a later convulsion of nature? He looked around him. The vast, far-stretching plain, desolate and trackless as the shining ocean beyond, took upon itself an awful likeness to that element! Standing on the brink of the revealed treachery of that yawning chasm, Arthur Poinsett read the fate of the Rancho. In the storm that had stirred the depths of this motionless level, the Rancho and its miserable inmates had *foundered* and gone down!

Arthur's first impulse was to push on toward the scene of the disaster, in the vague hope of rendering some service. But the chasm before him was impassable, and seemed to continue to the sea beyond. Then he reflected that the catastrophe briefly told in Donna Maria's dispatch had happened twenty-four hours before, and help was perhaps useless now. He cursed the insane impulse that had brought him here, aimlessly and without guidance, and left him powerless even to reach the object of his quest. If he had only gone first to the Mission, asked the advice and assistance of Father Felipe, or learned at least the full details of the disaster! He uttered an oath, rare to his usual calm expression, and, wheeling his horse, galloped fiercely back toward the Mission.

Night had deepened over the plain. With the going down of the sun, a fog that had been stealthily encompassing the coastline, stole with soft step across the shining beach, dulled its luster, and then moved slowly and solemnly upon the plain, blotting out the Point of Pines, at first salient with its sparkling Light-house, but now undistinguishable from the gray sea above and below, until it reached the galloping horse and its rider, and then, as it seemed to Arthur, isolated them from the rest of the world—from even the penciled outlines of the distant foot-hills—that it at last sponged from the blue gray slate before him. At times the far-off tolling of a fog-bell came faintly to his ear, but all sound seemed to be blotted out by the fog; even the rapid fall of his horse's hoofs was muffled and indistinct. By degrees the impression that he was riding in a dream overcame him, and was accepted by him without questioning or deliberation.

It seemed to be a consistent part of the dream or vision when he rode—or, rather, as it seemed to him, was borne by the fog—into the outlying fields and lanes of the Mission. A few lights, with a nimbus of fog around them, made the narrow street of the town appear still more ghostly and unreal, as he plunged through its obscurity toward the plaza and church. Even by the dim gray light he could see that one of the towers had fallen, and that the eastern wing and refectory were a mass of shapeless ruin. And what would at another time have excited his surprise, now only struck him as a natural part of his dream—the church a blaze of light, and filled with thronging worshipers! Still possessed by his strange fancy, Arthur Poinsett dismounted, led his horse beneath the shed beside the remaining tower, and entered the building. The body and nave of the church were intact; the outlandish paintings still hung from the walls; the waxen effigies of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints still leaned from their niches, yellow and lank, and at the high altar Father Felipe was officiating. As he entered, a dirge broke from the choir; he saw that the altar and its offerings were draped in black, and in the first words uttered by the priest, Arthur recognized the mass for the dead! The feverish impatience that had filled his breast and heightened the color of his cheeks for the last hour was gone. He sunk upon a bench beside one of the worshipers and buried his face in his hands. The voice of the organ rose again faintly; the quaint-voiced choir awoke, the fumes of incense filled the church, and the monotonous accents of the priest fell soothingly upon his ear, and Arthur seemed to sleep. I say seemed to sleep, for ten minutes later he came to himself with a start, as if awakening from a troubled dream, with the voice of Padre Felipe in his ear, and the soft, caressing touch of Padre Felipe on his shoulder. The worshipers had dispersed, the church was dark, save a few candles still burning on the high altar, and for an instant he could not recall himself.

"I knew you would come, son," said Padre Felipe; "but where is she? Did you bring her with you?"

"Who?" asked Arthur, striving to recall his scattered senses.

"Who? Saints preserve us, Don Arturo! She who sent for you, Donna Maria? Did you not get her message?"

Arthur replied that he had only just arrived, and had at once hastened to the Mission. For some reason that he was ashamed to confess, he did not say that he had tried to reach the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity, nor did he admit that he had forgotten for the last two hours even the existence of Donna Maria.

"You were having a mass for the dead, Father Felipe? You have, then, suffered here?"

He paused anxiously, for in his then confused state of mind he doubted how much of his late consciousness had been real or visionary.

"Mother of God," said Father Felipe, eying Arthur curiously. "You know not, then, for whom was this mass? You know not that a saint has gone; that Donna Dolores has at last met her reward?"

"I have heard—that is, Donna Maria's dispatch said—that she was missing," stammered Arthur, feeling with a new and insupportable disbelief in himself that his face was very pale and his voice uncertain.

"Missing!" echoed Father Felipe, with the least trace of impatience in his voice. "Missing! She will be found when the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity is restored; when the ruins of the *casa*, sunk fifty feet below the surface, are brought again to the level of the plain. Missing, Don Arturo! ah! missing indeed!—forever!—always!—entirely!"

Moved perhaps by something in Arthur's face, Padre Felipe sketched in a few graphic pictures the details of the catastrophe already forecast by Arthur. It was a repetition of the story of the sunken corral. The earthquake had not only leveled the walls of the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity, but had opened a grave-like chasm fifty feet below it, and none had escaped to tell the tale. The faithful *vaqueros* had rushed from the trembling and undulating plain to the Rancho, only to see it topple into a yawning abyss that opened to receive it. Don Juan, Donna Dolores, the faithful Manuela, and Alejandro, the *major-domo*, with a dozen peons and retainers, went down with the crumbling walls. No one had escaped. Was it not possible to dig in the ruins for the bodies? Mother of God! had not Don Arturo been told that the earth at the second shock had closed over the sunken ruins, burying beyond mortal resurrection all that the Rancho contained? They were digging, but hopelessly, a dozen men. They might, weeks hence, discover the bodies; but who knows?

The meek, fatalistic way that Father Felipe accepted the final doom of Donna Dolores exasperated Arthur beyond bounds. In San Francisco, a hundred men would have been digging night and day in the mere chance of recovering the buried family. Here—but Arthur remembered the sluggish, helpless retainers of Salvatierra, the dreadful fatalism which affected them on the occurrence of this mysterious catastrophe, even as shown in the man before him, their accepted guide and leader, and shuddered. Could anything be done? Could he not, with Dumphy's assistance, procure a gang of men from San Francisco? And then came the instinct of caution, always powerful with a nature like Arthur's. If these people, most concerned in the loss of their friends, their relations, accepted it so hopelessly, what right had he, a mere stranger, to interfere?

"But come, my son," said Padre Felipe, laying his large soft hand, parentally, on Arthur's shoulder. "Come, come with me to my rooms. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin I have still shelter and a roof to offer you. Ah," he added, stroking Arthur's riding-coat, and examining him critically as if he had been a large child, "what have we—what is this, eh? You are wet with this heretic fog—eh? Your hands are cold, and your cheeks hot. You have fatigue! Possibly, most possibly hunger! No! No! It is so. Come with me, come!" and drawing Arthur's passive arm through his own, he opened the vestry door, and led him across the little garden, choked with débris and plaster of the fallen tower, to a small adobe building that had been the Mission school-room. It was now hastily fitted up as Padre Felipe's own private apartment and meditative cell. A bright fire burned in the low, oven-like hearth. Around the walls hung various texts illustrating the achievement of youthful penmanship with profound religious instruction. At the extremity of the room there was a small organ. Midway and opposite the hearth was a deep embrasured window—the window at which, two weeks before, Mr. Jack Hamlin had beheld the Donna Dolores.

"She spent much of her time here, dear child, in the instruction of the young," said Father Felipe, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and applying a large red bandanna handkerchief to his eyes and nose. "It is her best monument! Thanks to her largess—and she was ever free-handed, Don Arturo, to the Church—the foundation of the Convent of our Lady of Sorrows, her own patron saint, thou see'st here. Thou knowest, possibly—most possibly as her legal adviser—that long ago, by her will, the whole of the Salvatierra estate is a benefaction to the Holy Church! eh?"

"No, I don't!" said Arthur, suddenly awakening with a glow of Protestant and heretical objection that was new to him, and eying Padre Felipe with the first glance of suspicion he had ever cast upon that venerable ecclesiastic. "No—sir, I never heard any intimation or suggestion of the kind from the late Donna Dolores. On the contrary I was engaged ——"

"Pardon—pardon me, my son," interrupted Father Felipe, taking another large pinch of snuff. "It is not now, scarce twenty-four hours since the dear child was translated—not in her masses and while her virgin strewments are not yet faded—that we will talk of this." (He blew his nose violently.) "No! All in good time—thou shalt see! But I have something here," he continued, turning over some letters and papers in his desk. "Something for you—possibly, most possibly more urgent. It is a telegraphic dispatch for you, to my care."

He handed a yellow envelope to Arthur. But Poinsett's eyes were suddenly fixed upon a card which lay upon Padre Felipe's table and which the Padre's search for the dispatch had disclosed. Written across its face was the name of Col. Culpepper Starbottle of Siskiyou!

"Do you know that man?" asked Poinsett, holding the dispatch unopened in his hand, and pointing to the card.

Father Felipe took another pinch of snuff. "Possibly—most possibly! A lawyer, I think—I think! Some business of the Church property! I have forgotten. But your dispatch, Don Arturo. What says it? It does not take you from us? And you—only an hour here?"

Father Felipe paused, and, looking up, innocently, found the eyes of Arthur regarding him gravely. The two men examined each other intently. Arthur's eyes, at last, withdrew from the clear, unshrinking glance of Padre Felipe, unabashed but unsatisfied. A sudden recollection of the thousand and one scandals against the Church, and wild stories of its far-reaching influence—a swift remembrance of the specious craft and cunning charged upon the religious order of which Padre Felipe was a member—scandals that he had hitherto laughed at as idle—flashed through his mind. Conscious that he was now putting himself in a guarded attitude before the man with whom he had always been free and outspoken, Arthur, after a moment's embarrassment that was new to him, turned for relief to the dispatch and opened it. In an instant it drove all other thoughts from his mind. Its few words were from Dumphy and ran, characteristically, as follows:

"*Gabriel Conroy arrested for murder of Victor Ramirez. What do you propose? Answer.*"

Arthur rose to his feet.

"When does the up stage pass through San Geronimo?" he asked hurriedly.

"At midnight!" returned Padre Felipe, "Surely—my son, you do not intend—"

"And it is now nine o'clock," continued Arthur, consulting his watch. "Can you procure me a fresh horse? It is of the greatest importance, Father," he added recovering his usual frankness.

"Ah! it is urgent!—it is a matter—" suggested the Padre gently.

"Of life and death!" responded Arthur gravely.

Father Felipe rang a bell and gave some directions to a servant, while Arthur, seating himself at the table, wrote an answer to the dispatch.

"I can trust you to send it as soon as possible to the telegraph office," he said, handing it to Father Felipe. The Padre took it in his hand, but glanced anxiously at Arthur.

"And Donna Maria?" he said hesitatingly—"you have not seen her yet! Surely you will stop at the Blessed Fisherman, if only for a moment, eh?" Arthur drew his riding coat and cape over his shoulders with a mischievous smile.

"I am afraid not, Father; I shall trust to you to explain that I was recalled suddenly, and that I had not time to call; knowing the fascinations of your society, Father, she will not begrudge the few moments I have spent with you." Before Father Felipe could reply the servant entered with the announcement that the horse was ready.

"Good-night, Father Felipe," said Arthur, pressing the priest's hands warmly with every trace of his former suspiciousness gone. "Good-night. A thousand thanks for the horse. In speeding the parting guest," he added gravely, "you have perhaps done more for the health of my soul than you imagine. Good-night. *Adios!*"

With a light laugh in his ears, the vision of a graceful, erect figure waving a salute from a phantom steed, an inward rush of the cold gray fog, and the muffled clatter of hoofs over the moldy and mossy marbles in the church-yard, Father Felipe parted from his guest. He uttered a characteristic adjuration, took a pinch of snuff, and, closing the door, picked up the card of the gallant Col. Starbottle and tossed it in the fire.

But the perplexities of the Holy Father ceased not with the night. At an early hour the next morning, Donna Maria Sepulvida appeared before him at breakfast, suspicious, indignant and irate.

"Tell me, Father Felipe," she said hastily, "did the Don Arturo pass the night here?"

"Truly no, my daughter," answered the Padre cautiously. "He was here but for a little—"

"And he went away when?" interrupted Donna Maria.

"At nine."

"And where?" continued Donna Maria with a rising color.

"To San Francisco, my child, it was business of great importance; but sit down, sit, little one! this impatience is of the devil, daughter, you must calm yourself."

"And do you know, Father Felipe, that he went away without coming *near me?*" continued Donna Maria in a higher key, scarcely heeding her ghostly confessor.

"Possibly, most possibly! But he received a dispatch—it was of the greatest importance."

"A dispatch!" repeated Donna Maria, scornfully,—"truly—from whom?"

"I know not, my child," said Father Felipe, gazing at the pink cheeks, indignant eyes, and slightly swollen eyelids of his visitor—"this impatience, this anger is most unseemly!"

"Was it from Mr. Dumphy?" reiterated Donna Maria, stamping her little foot!

Father Felipe drew back his chair. Through what unhallowed spell had this woman, once the meekest and humblest of wives, become the shrillest and most shrewish of widows? Was she about to revenge herself on Arthur for her long suffering with the late Don José? Father Felipe pitied Arthur now and prospectively.

"Are you going to tell me?" said Donna Maria tremulously, with alarming symptoms of hysteria.

"I believe it was from Mr. Dumphy," stammered Padre Felipe. "At least the answer Don Arturo gave me to send in reply—only three words, 'I will return at once,' was addressed to Mr. Dumphy. But I know not what was the message *he* received."

"You don't!" said Donna Maria, rising to her feet, with white in her cheek, fire in her eyes, and a stridulous pitch in her voice. "You don't! Well, I will tell you! It was the same news that *this* brought." She took a telegraphic dispatch from her pocket and shook it in the face of Father Felipe. "There! read it! That was the news sent to him! That was the reason why he turned and ran away like a coward, as he is! That was the reason why he never came near me, like a perjured traitor as he is! That is the reason why he came to you with his fastidious airs and his supercilious smile, and his—his— O how I HATE HIM! That is why!—read it! read it! Why don't you read it?" (She had been gesticulating with it, waving it in the air wildly, and evading every attempt of Father Felipe to take it from her.) "Read it! Read it and see why! Read and see that I am ruined!—a beggar! a cajoled and tricked and deceived woman—between these two villains, Dumphy and Mis—ter—Arthur—Poin—sett! Ah! Read it; or are you a traitor too? You and Dolores and all—"

She crumpled the paper in her hands, threw it on the floor, whitened suddenly around the lips, and then followed the paper as suddenly, at full length, in a nervous spasm at Father Felipe's feet. Father Felipe gazed, first at the paper, and then at the rigid form of his friend. He was a man, an old one, with some experience of the sex, and, I regret to say, he picked up the *paper* first, and straightened *it* out. It was a telegraphic dispatch in the following words:

"*Sorry to say telegram just received that earthquake has dropped out lead of Conroy Mine! Everything gone up! Can't make further advances, or sell stock.*—DUMPHY."

Father Felipe bent over Donna Maria and raised her in his arms. "Poor little one!" he said. "But I don't think Arthur knew it!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

COL. STARBOTTLE ACCEPTS AN APOLOGY.

FOR once, by a cruel irony, the adverse reports regarding the stability of the Conroy Mine were true! A few stockholders still clung to the belief that it was a fabrication to depress the stock; but the fact, as stated in Mr. Dumphy's dispatch to Donna Maria, was in possession of the public. The stock fell to $35, to $30, to $10—to nothing! An hour after the earthquake it was known in One Horse Gulch that the "lead" had "dropped" suddenly, and that a veil of granite of incalculable thickness had been upheaved between the seekers and the treasure, now lost in the mysterious depths below. The vein was gone! Where, no one could tell. There were various theories, more or less learned. There was one party who believed in the "subsidence" of the vein; another who believed in the "interposition" of the granite, but all tending to the same conclusion—the inaccessibility of the treasure. Science pointed with stony finger to the evidence of previous phenomena of the same character visible throughout the Gulch. But the grim "I told you so" of nature was, I fear, no more satisfactory to the dwellers of One Horse Gulch than the ordinary prophetic distrust of common humanity.

The news spread quickly, and far. It overtook several wandering Californians in Europe, and sent them to their bankers with anxious faces; it paled the cheeks of one or two guardians of orphan children, frightened several widows, drove a confidential clerk into shameful exile, and struck Mr. Raynor in Boston with such consternation, that people for the first time suspected that he had backed his opinion of the resources of California with capital. Throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific slope it produced a movement of aggression which the earthquake had hitherto failed to cover. The probabilities of danger to life and limb by a recurrence of the shock had been dismissed from the public consideration, but this actual loss of characteristic property awakened the gravest anxiety. If nature claimed the privilege of, at any time, withdrawing from that implied contract under which so many of California's best citizens had occupied and improved the country, it was high time that something should be done. Thus spake an intelligent and unfettered press. A few old residents talked of returning to the East.

During this excitement Mr. Dumphy bore himself toward the world generally with perfect self-confidence, and, if anything, an increased aggressiveness. His customers dared not talk of their losses before him, or exhibit a stoicism unequal to his own.

"It's a blank bad business," he would say; "what do you propose?" And as the one latent proposition in each human breast was the return of the money invested, and as no one dared to make that proposition, Mr. Dumphy was, as usual, triumphant. In this frame of mind Mr. Poinsett found him, on his return from the Mission of San Antonio, the next morning.

"Bad news, I suppose, down there," said Mr. Dumphy briskly; "and I reckon the widow, though she has been luckier than her neighbors, don't feel particularly lively, eh? I'm dev'lish sorry for you, Poinsett, though, as a man, you can see that the investment was a good one. But you can't make a woman understand business, eh? Well, the Rancho's worth double the mortgage, I reckon, eh? Ugly, ain't she?—of course! Said she'd been swindled? That's like a woman! You and me know 'em, eh, Poinsett?"

Mr. Dumphy emitted his characteristic bark, and winked at his visitor.

Arthur looked up in unaffected surprise.

"If you mean Mrs. Sepulvida," he said coldly, "I haven't seen her. I was on my way there when your telegram recalled me. I had some business with Padre Felipe."

"You don't know, then, that the Conroy Mine has gone up with the earthquake, eh? Lead dropped out, eh, and the widow's fifty-six thousand?" (Here Mr. Dumphy snapped his finger and thumb to illustrate the lame and impotent conclusion of Donna Maria's investment.) "Don't you know that?"

"No," said Arthur, with perfect indifference and a languid abstraction that awed Mr. Dumphy more than anxiety; "no, I don't. But I imagine that isn't the reason you telegraphed me."

"No," returned Dumphy, still eying Poinsett keenly for a possible clew to this singular and unheard-of apathy to the condition of the fortune of the woman his visitor was about to marry. "No, of course!"

"Well," said Arthur, with that dangerous quiet which was the only outward sign of interest and determination in his nature. "I'm going up to One Horse Gulch to offer my services as counsel to Gabriel Conroy. Now for the details of this murder, which, by the way, I don't believe Gabriel committed, unless he's another man than the one I knew! After that you can tell me *your* business with me, for I don't suppose you telegraphed to me on his account solely. Of course, at first you felt it was to your interest to get him and his wife out of the way, now that Ramirez is gone. But now, if you please, let me know what *you* know about this murder?"

Mr. Dumphy, thus commanded, and completely under the influence of Arthur's quiet will, briefly recounted the particulars already known to the reader, of which he had been kept informed by telegraph.

"He's been recaptured," added Dumphy, "I learn by a later dispatch; and I don't reckon there'll be another attempt to lynch him. I've managed *that*," he continued, with a return of his old self-assertion. "I've got some influence there!"

For the first time during the interview Arthur awoke from his preoccupation and glanced keenly at Dumphy.

"Of course," he returned coolly, "I don't suppose you such a fool as to allow the only witness you have of your wife's death to be sacrificed, even if you believed that the impostor who was personating your wife had been charged with complicity in a capital crime and had fled from justice. You're not such a fool as to believe that Mrs. Conroy won't try to help her husband, that she evidently loves, by every means in her power; that she won't make use of any secret she may have that concerns you to save him and herself. No, Mr. Peter Dumphy," said Arthur, significantly, "no, you're too much of a business man not to see that."

As he spoke, he noted the alternate flushing and paling of Mr. Dumphy's face, and read (I fear with the triumphant and instinctive consciousness of a superior intellect) that Mr. Dumphy *had* been precisely such a fool, and had failed!

"I reckon nobody will put much reliance on the evidence of a woman charged with a capital crime," said Mr. Dumphy, with a show of confidence he was far from feeling.

"Suppose that she and Gabriel both swear that *she* knows your abandoned wife, for instance; suppose that they both swear that she and you connived to personate Grace Conroy for the sake of getting the title to this mine; suppose that she alleges that she repented and married Gabriel, as she did, and suppose that they both admit the killing of this Ramirez, and assert that you were persecuting them through him, and still are. Suppose that they show that he forged a second grant to the mine—through *your* instigation?"

"It's a lie," interrupted Dumphy, starting to his feet, "he did it from jealousy."

"Can you *prove* his motives?" said Arthur.

"But the grant was not in my favor—it was to some old Californian down in the

Mission of San Antonio. I can prove that," said Dumphy excitedly.

"Suppose you can. Nobody imagines you so indiscreet as to have had another grant conveyed to *you directly*, while you were negotiating with Gabriel for *his*. Don't be foolish! *I* know you had nothing to do with the forged grant. I am only suggesting how you have laid yourself open to the charges of a woman of whom you are likely to make an enemy, and might have made an ally. If you calculate to revenge Ramirez, consider first if you care to have it proved that he was a confidential agent of yours—as they will, if you don't help *them*. Never mind whether they committed the murder. You are not their judge or accuser. You must help them for your own sake. No!" continued Arthur after a pause, "congratulate yourself that the Vigilance Committee did not hang Gabriel Conroy, and that you have not to add revenge to the other motives of a desperate and scheming woman."

"But are you satisfied that Mrs. Conroy *is* really the person who stands behind Col. Starbottle and personates my wife?"

"I am," replied Arthur positively.

Dumphy hesitated a moment. Should he tell Arthur of Col. Starbottle's interview with him, and the delivery and subsequent loss of the mysterious envelope? Arthur read his embarrassment plainly, and precipitated his decision with a single question.

"Have you had any further interview with Col. Starbottle?"

Thus directly adjured, Dumphy hesitated no longer, but at once repeated the details of his late conversation with Starbottle, his successful bribery of the Colonel, the delivery of the sealed envelope under certain conditions, and its mysterious disappearance. Arthur heard him through with quiet interest, but when Mr. Dumphy spoke of the loss of the envelope, he fixed his eyes on Mr. Dumphy's with a significance that was unmistakable.

"You say you lost this envelope trusted to your honor!" said Arthur with slow and insulting deliberation. "Lost it, without having opened it or learned its contents? That was very unfortunate, Mr. Dumphy, ve-ry un-for-tu-nate!"

The indignation of an honorable man at the imputation of some meanness foreign to his nature, is weak compared with the anger of a rascal accused of an offense which he might have committed, but didn't. Mr. Dumphy turned almost purple! It was so evident that he had not been guilty of concealing the envelope, and did not know its contents, that Arthur was satisfied.

"He denied any personal knowledge of Mrs. Conroy in this affair?" queried Arthur.

"Entirely! He gave me to understand that his instructions were received from another party unknown to me," said Dumphy; "look yer, Poinsett, you're wrong! I don't believe it is that woman."

Arthur shook his head. "No one else possesses the information necessary to blackmail you. No one else has a motive in doing it."

The door opened to a clerk bearing a card. Mr. Dumphy took it impatiently and read aloud, "Col. Starbottle of Siskiyou!" He then turned an anxious face to Poinsett.

"Good," said that gentleman quietly, "admit him!" As the clerk disappeared, Arthur turned to Dumphy—"I suppose it was to meet this man you sent for me?"

"Yes," returned Dumphy, with a return of his own brusqueness.

"Then hold your tongue, and leave everything to me!"

The door opened as he spoke, to Col. Starbottle's frilled shirt and expanding bosom, followed at a respectful interval by the gallant Colonel himself. He was evidently surprised by the appearance of Mr. Dumphy's guest, but by no means dashed in his usual chivalrous port and bearing.

"My legal adviser, Mr. Poinsett," said Dumphy, introducing Arthur briefly.

The gallant Colonel bowed stiffly, while Arthur, with a smile of fascinating courtesy and deference that astonished Dumphy in proportion as it evidently flattered and gratified Col. Starbottle, stepped forward and extended his hand.

"As a younger member of the profession I can hardly claim the attention of one so experienced as Col. Starbottle, but as the friend of poor Henry Beeswinger I can venture to take the hand of the man who so gallantly stood by him as his second, two years ago."

"Ged, sir," said Col. Starbottle, absolutely empurpling with pleasure, and exploding his handkerchief from his sweltering breast. "Ged! you—er—er do me proud! I am—er—gratified, sir, to meet any friend of er—er—gentleman like Hank Beeswinger—blank me! I remember the whole affair, sir, as if it was yesterday. I do, blank me! Gratifying, Mr. Poinsett, to every gentleman concerned. Your friend, sir—I'm proud to meet you—I am, blank me,—killed, sir, second fire! Dropped like a gentleman, blank me. No fuss; no reporters; no arrests. Friends considerate. Blank me, sir, one of the finest—blank me, I may say, sir, one of the very finest—er—meetings in which I have—er—participated. Glad to know you, sir. You call to mind, sir, one of the—er—highest illustrations of a code of honor—that—er—er—under the present—er—degrading state of public sentiment is—er—er—passing away. We are drifting, sir, drifting—drifting to—er—er—political and social condition where the Voice of Honor, sir, is drowned by the blank—er—Yankee watchword of Produce and Trade. Trade, sir, blank me!"

Col. Starbottle paused with a rhetorical full stop, blew his nose, and gazed at the ceiling with a plaintive suggestion that the days of chivalry had indeed passed, and that American institutions were indeed retrograding; Mr. Dumphy leaned back in his chair in helpless irritability; Mr. Arthur Poinsett alone retained an expression of courteous and sympathizing attention.

"I am the more gratified at meeting Col. Starbottle," said Arthur gravely, "from the fact that my friend and client here, Mr. Dumphy, is at present in a condition where he most needs the consideration and understanding of a gentleman and a man of honor. A paper, which has been intrusted to his safe keeping and custody as a gentleman, has disappeared since the earthquake, and it is believed that during the excitement of that moment it was lost! The paper is supposed to be intact, as it was in an envelope that *had never been opened, and whose seals were unbroken.* It is a delicate matter, but I am rejoiced that the gentleman who left the paper in trust is the honorable Col. Starbottle, whom I know by reputation, and the gentleman who suffered the misfortune of losing it is my personal friend Mr. Dumphy. It enables me at once to proffer my services as mediator, or as Mr. Dumphy's legal adviser and friend, to undertake *all* responsibility in the matter."

The tone and manner were so like Col. Starbottle's own, that Dumphy looked from Arthur to Col. Starbottle in hopeless amazement. The latter gentleman dropped his chin and fixed a pair of astonished and staring eyes upon Arthur.

"Do I understand—that—er—this gentleman, Mr. Dumphy, has placed you in possession of any confidential statement—that—er—"

"Pardon me, Colonel Starbottle," interrupted Arthur, rising with dignity; "the facts I have just stated are sufficient for the responsibility I assume in this case. I learn from my client that a sealed paper placed in his hands is missing. I have from him the statement that I am bound to believe, that it passed from his hands unopened; where, he knows not. This is a matter, between gentlemen, serious enough without further complication!"

"And the paper and envelope are lost?" continued Col. Starbottle, still gazing at Arthur.

"Are lost," returned Arthur quietly. "I have advised my friend, Mr. Dumphy, that, as a man of honor and a business man, he is by no means freed through this unfortunate accident from any promise or contract that he may have entered into with you concerning it. Any deposit as a collateral for its safe delivery which he might have made, *or has promised to make*, is clearly forfeited. This, he has been waiting only for your appearance to hand to you."

Arthur crossed to Mr. Dumphy's side and laid his hand lightly upon his shoulder, but with a certain significance of grip palpable to Mr. Dumphy, who after looking into his eyes drew out his check-book. When he had filled in a duplicate of the check he had given Col. Starbottle two days before, Arthur took it from his hand and touched the bell.

"As we will not burden Col. Starbottle unnecessarily, your cashier's acceptance of this paper will enable him to use it henceforth at his pleasure, and as I expect to have the pleasure of the Colonel's company to my office, will you kindly have this done at once."

The clerk appeared, and at Mr. Poinsett's direction took the check from the almost passive fingers of Mr. Dumphy.

"Allow me to express my perfect satisfaction with—er—er your explanation!" said Col. Starbottle, extending one hand to Arthur while at the same moment he gracefully readjusted his shirt-bosom with the other. "Trouble yourself no further—regarding the—er—er paper. I trust it will—er—yet be found, if not, sir, I shall—er—er—" added the Colonel with honorable resignation, "hold myself *personally responsible* to my client, blank me!"

"Was there no mark upon the envelope by which it might be known without explaining its contents?" suggested Arthur.

"None, sir,—a plain yellow envelope. Stop!" said the Colonel, striking his forehead with his hand. "Ged, sir! I do remember now that during our conversation, I made a memorandum, blank me, a memorandum upon the face of it, across it, a blank name, Ged sir, the very name of the party you were speaking of—Gabriel Conroy!"

"You wrote the name of Gabriel Conroy upon it! Good! That may lead to its identification without exposing its contents," returned Arthur. "Well, sir?" The last two words were addressed to Mr. Dumphy's clerk, who had entered during the Colonel's speech and stood staring alternately at him and his employer, holding the accepted check in his hand.

"Give it to the gentleman," said Dumphy, curtly.

The man obeyed. Col. Starbottle took the check, folded it and placed it somewhere in the moral recesses of his breast pocket. That done, he turned to Mr. Dumphy.

"I need not say—er—that—er—as far as my personal counsel and advice to my client can prevail, it will be my effort to prevent litigation in this—er—delicate affair, blank me! Should the envelope—er—er—turn up! you will of course—er—send it to me who am—er—personally responsible for it. Ged, sir," continued the Colonel, "I should be proud to conclude this affair, conducted as it has been on your side with the strictest honor, over the—er—festive board; but—er—business prevents me! I leave here in one hour for One Horse Gulch!"

Both Mr. Dumphy and Poinsett involuntarily started.

"One Horse Gulch?" repeated Arthur.

"Blank me! yes; Ged, sir, I'm retained in a murder case there; the case of this man Gabriel Conroy."

Arthur cast a swift precautionary look at Dumphy.

"Then perhaps we may be traveling companions?" he said to Starbottle, smiling pleasantly; "I am going there too. Perhaps my good fortune may bring us in friendly counsel. You are engaged—"

"For the prosecution," interrupted Starbottle, slightly expanding his chest. "At the request of relatives of the murdered man, a Spanish gentleman of—er—er—large and influential family connections, I shall assist the District Attorney, my old friend Nelse Buckthorne!"

The excitement kindled in Arthur's eyes luckily did not appear in his voice. It was still pleasant to Col. Starbottle's ear, as, after a single threatening glance of warning at the utterly mystified and half-exploding Dumphy, he turned gracefully toward him.

"And if, by the fortunes of war, we should be again on opposite sides, my dear Colonel, I trust that our relations may be as gratifying as they have been to-day. One moment! I am going your way. Let me beg you to take my arm a few blocks and a glass of wine afterward as a stirrup-cup on our journey." And, with a significant glance at Dumphy, Arthur Poinsett slipped Col. Starbottle's arm deftly under his own, and actually marched off with that doughty warrior, a blushing, expanding, but not unwilling captive.

When the door closed, Mr. Dumphy resumed his speech and action in a single expletive! What more he might have said is not known, for at the same moment he caught sight of his clerk, who had entered hastily at the exit of the others, but who now stood awed and abashed at Mr. Dumphy's passion.

"Dash it all! what in dash are you dashingly doing here, dash you?"

"Sorry sir," said the unlucky clerk, "but overhearing that gentleman say there was writing on the letter that you lost by which it might be identified, sir,—we think we've found it—that is, we know where it is!"

"How!" said Dumphy, starting up eagerly.

"When the shock came that afternoon," continued the clerk, "the express bag for Sacramento and Marysville had just been taken out by the expressman, and was lying on top of the wagon. The horses started to run at the second shock, and the bag fell and was jammed against a lamp-post in front of our window, bursting open as it did so, and spilling some letters and papers on the sidewalk. One of our night watchmen helped the expressman pick up the scattered letters, and picked up among them a plain yellow envelope with no address but the name of Gabriel Conroy written in pencil across the end. Supposing it had dropped from some package in the express bag, he put it back again in the bag. When you asked about a blank envelope missing from your desk, he did not connect it with the one he had picked up, for *that* had writing on it. We sent to the express office just now, and found that they had stamped it, and forwarded it to Conroy at One Horse Gulch, just as they had always done with his letters sent to our care. That's the way of it. Dare say it's there by this time, in his hands, sir, all right!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

MR. POINSETT, OF COUNSEL.

GABRIEL's petition on behalf of Mr. Hamlin was promptly granted by the sheriff. The wagon was at once put in requisition to convey the wounded man—albeit screaming and protesting—to the Grand Conroy Hotel, where, in company with his faithful henchman, he was left, to all intents a free man, and half an hour later a demented one, tossing in a burning fever.

Owing to the insecure condition of the county jail at One Horse Gulch, and possibly some belief in the equal untrustworthiness of the people, the sheriff conducted his prisoner, accompanied by Olly, to Wingdam. Nevertheless, Olly's statement of the changed condition of public sentiment, or rather its preoccupation with a calamity of more absorbing interest, was in the main correct. The news of the recapture of Gabriel by his legal guardian awoke no excitement nor comment. More than this, there was a favorable feeling toward the prisoner. The action of the Vigilance Committee had been unsuccessful, and had terminated disastrously to the principal movers therein. It is possible that the morality of their action was involved in their success. Somehow the whole affair had not resulted to the business interests of the Gulch. The three most prominent lynchers were dead—and clearly in error! The prisoner, who was still living, was possibly in the right. The Silveropolis "Messenger," which ten days before had alluded to the "noble spectacle of a free people, outraged in their holiest instincts, appealing to the first principles of Justice and Order, and rallying as a single man to their support," now quietly buried the victims and their motives from the public eye beneath the calm statement that they met their fate "while examining the roof of the Court House, with a view to estimate the damage caused by the first shock of the earthquake." The "Banner" favored the same idea a little less elegantly, and suggested ironically that hereafter "none but experts should be allowed to go foolin' round the statue of Justice." I trust that the intelligent reader will not accuse me of endeavoring to cast ridicule upon the general accuracy of spontaneous public emotion, or the infallibility of the true democratic impulse, which (I beg to quote from the "Messenger") "in the earliest ages of our history enabled us to resist legalized aggression, and take the reins of government into our own hands," or (I now refer to the glowing language of the "Banner") "gave us the right to run the machine ourselves and boss the job." And I trust that the reader will observe in this passing recognition of certain inconsistencies in the expression and action of these people, only the fidelity of a faithful chronicler, and no intent of churlish criticism nor moral or political admonition, which I here discreetly deprecate and disclaim.

Nor was there any opposition when Gabriel, upon the motion of Lawyer Maxwell, was admitted to bail, pending the action of the grand jury, nor any surprise when Mr. Dumphy's agent and banker came forward as his bondsman for the sum of fifty thousand dollars. By one of those strange vicissitudes in the fortunes of mining speculation, this act by Mr. Dumphy was looked upon as an evidence of his trust in the future of the unfortunate mine of which Gabriel had been the original locator and superintendent, and under that belief the stock rallied slightly. "It was a mighty sharp move of Pete Dumphy's bailin' thet Gabe, right in face of that there 'dropped lead' in his busted-up mine! O, you've got to set up all night to get any points to show *him!*" and to their mutual surprise Mr. Dumphy found himself more awe-inspiring than ever at One Horse Gulch, and Gabriel found himself a free man, with a slight popular flavor of martyrdom about him.

As he still persistently refused to enter again upon the premises which he had deeded to his wife on the day of the murder, temporary lodgings were found for him and Olly at the Grand Conroy Hotel. And here Mrs. Markle, although exhibiting to Lawyer Maxwell the greatest concern in Gabriel's trouble, by one of those inconsistencies of the sex which I shall not attempt to explain, treated the unfortunate accused with a degree of cold reserve that was as grateful, I fear, to Gabriel, as it was unexpected. Indeed, I imagine that if the kind-hearted widow had known the real comfort and assurance that the exasperating Gabriel extracted from her first cold and constrained greeting, she would have spent less of her time in consultation with Maxwell regarding his defense. But perhaps I am doing a large-hearted and unselfish sex a deep injustice. So I shall content myself with transcribing part of a dialogue which took place between them at the Grand Conroy.

Mrs. Markle (loftily, and regarding the ceiling with cold abstraction): "We can't gin ye here, Mister Conroy, the French style and attention ye're kinder habitooal to in yer own house on the Hill, bein' plain folks and mounting ways. But we know our place and don't reckon to promise the comforts of a home! Wot with lookin' arter forty reg'lar and twenty-five transient—ef I don't happen to see ye much myself, Mr. Conroy, ye'll understand. Ef ye ring thet there bell one o' the help will be always on hand. Yer lookin' well, Mr. Conroy. And bizness, I reckon" (the reader will here observe a lady-like ignoring of Gabriel's special trouble), "ez about what it allers waz, though, judging from remarks of transients, it's dull!"

Gabriel (endeavoring to conceal a large satisfaction under the thin glossing of conventional sentiment): "Don't let me nor Olly put ye out a cent, Mrs. Markle—a change bein' ordered by Olly's physicians—and variety bein', so to speak, the spice o' life! And ye're lookin' well, Mrs. Markle; thet ez" (with a sudden alarm at the danger of compliment), "so to speak, ez peart and strong-handed ez ever! And how's thet little Manty o' yours gettin' on? Jist how it waz thet me and Olly didn't get to see ye before, ez mighty queer! Times and times agin" (with shameless mendacity) "hez me and thet child bin on the p'int o' coming, and suthin' hez jest chipped in and interfered!"

Mrs. Markle (with freezing politeness): "You do me proud! I jest dropped in ez a matter o' not bein' able allers to trust to help. Good-night, Mister Conroy. I hope I see you well! Ye kin jest" (retiring with matronly dignity), "ye kin jest touch onto that bell thar, if ye're wantin' anything, and help'll come to ye! Good-night!"

Olly (appearing a moment later at the door of Gabriel's room, truculent and suspicious): "Afore I'd stand thar—chirpin' with thet crockidill—and you in troubil, and not knowin' wot's gone o' July—I'd pizen myself!"

Gabriel (blushing to the roots of his hair, and conscience-stricken to his inmost soul): "It's jest passin' the time o' day, Olly, with old friends—kinder influencin' the public sentyment and the jury. Thet's all. It's the advice o' Lawyer Maxwell, ez ye didn't get to hear, I reckon,—thet's all!"

But Gabriel's experience in the Grand Conroy Hotel was not, I fear, always as pleasant. A dark-faced, large-featured woman, manifestly in mourning, and as manifestly an avenging friend of the luckless deceased, in whose taking off Gabriel was supposed to be so largely instrumental, presently appeared at the Grand Conroy Hotel, waiting the action of the Grand Jury. She was accompanied by a dark-faced elderly gentleman, our old friend, Don Pedro—she being none other than the unstable-waisted Manuela of Pacific street—and was, I believe, in the opinion of One Horse Gulch, supposed to be charged with convincing and mysterious evidence against Gabriel Conroy. The sallow-faced pair had a way of meeting in the corridors of the hotel and conversing in mysterious whispers in a tongue foreign to One Horse Gulch, and to Olly, strongly suggestive of revenge and concealed *stilettos* that was darkly significant! Happily, however, for Gabriel, he was presently relieved from their gloomy *espionage* by the interposition of a third party—Sal Clark! That individual, herself in the deepest mourning and representing the deceased in his holiest affections, it is scarcely necessary to say, at once resented the presence of the strangers! The two women glared at each other at the public table, and in a chance meeting in the corridor of the hotel.

"In the name of God, what have we here in this imbecile and forward creature, and why is this so, and after this fashion?" asked Manuela of Don Pedro.

"Of a verity, I know not!" replied Don Pedro; "it is most possibly a person visited of God!—a helpless being of no brains. Peradventure a person filled with *aguardiente* or the whisky of the Americans. Have a care, little one, thou smallest Manuela" (she weighed at least three hundred pounds), "that she does no harm!"

Meanwhile Miss Sarah Clark relieved herself to Mrs. Markle in quite as positive language:

"Ef that black mulattar and that dried up old furriner reckons they're going to monopolize public sentyment in this yer way they're mighty mistaken. Ef thar ever was a shameless piece et's thet old woman; and, goodness knows! the man's a poor critter enyway! Ef anybody's goin' to take the word of thet woman under oath, et's mor'n Sal Clark would do—that's all! Who ez she, enyway? I never heard her name mentioned afore!"

And, ridiculous as it may seem to the unprejudiced reader, this positive expression and conviction of Miss Clark, like all positive convictions, was not without its influence on the larger unimpaneled Grand Jury of One Horse Gulch, and, by reflection, at last on the impaneled Jury itself.

"When you come to consider, gentlemen," said one of those dangerous characters, a sagacious, far-seeing juror, "when you come to consider that the principal witness o' the prosecution and the people at the inquest don't know this yer Greaser woman, and kinder throws off her testimony, and the prosecution don't seem to agree, it looks mighty queer. And I put it to you as far-minded men, if it ain't mighty queer? And this yer Sal Clark one of our own people."

An impression at once inimical to the new mistress and stranger, and favorable to the accused Gabriel, instantly took possession of One Horse Gulch.

Meanwhile the man who was largely responsible for this excitement and these conflicting opinions, maintained a gravity and silence as indomitable and impassive as his alleged victim then slumbering peacefully in the little cemetery on Round Hill. He conversed but little even with his counsel and friend, Lawyer Maxwell, and received with his usual submissiveness and gentle deprecatoriness the statement of that gentleman that Mr. Dumphy had already bespoken the services of one of the most prominent lawyers of San Francisco, Mr. Arthur Poinsett, to assist in the defense. When Maxwell added that Mr. Poinsett had expressed a wish to hold his first consultation with Gabriel privately, the latter replied with his usual simplicity:

"I reckon I've now't to say to him ez I hain't said to ye; but it's all right!"

"Then I'll expect you over to my office at eleven to-morrow?" asked Maxwell.

"Thet's so," responded Gabriel, "though I reckon thet anything you and him might fix up to be dumped onto thet jury, would be pleasin' and satisfactory to me."

At a few minutes of eleven the next morning Mr. Maxwell, in accordance with a previous understanding with Mr. Poinsett, put on his hat and left his office in the charge of that gentleman, that he might receive and entertain Gabriel in complete privacy and confidence. As Arthur sat there alone, fine gentleman as he was and famous in his profession, he was conscious of a certain degree of nervousness that galled his pride greatly. He was about to meet the man whose cherished sister six years ago he had stolen! Such at least Arthur felt was Gabriel's opinion! *He* had no remorse nor consciousness of guilt or wrong-doing in that act! But in looking at the fact, in his professional habit of viewing both sides of a question, he made this allowance for the sentiment of the prosecution; and putting himself, in his old fashion, in the position of his opponent, he judged that Gabriel might consistently exhibit some degree of indignation at their first meeting. That there was, however, really any *moral* question involved, he did not believe. The girl, Grace Conroy, had gone with him readily, after a careful and honorable statement of the facts of her situation, and Gabriel's authority or concern in any subsequent sentimental complication he utterly denied. That he, Arthur, had acted in a most honorable, high-minded, and even weakly generous fashion toward Grace, that he had obeyed her frivolous whims as well as her most reasonable demands, that he had gone back to Starvation Camp on a hopeless quest just to satisfy her, that everything had happened exactly as he had predicted, and that when he had returned to her he found that *she* had deserted *him*. These, these were the facts that were incontrovertible! Arthur was satisfied that he had been honorable and even generous; he was quite convinced that this very nervousness that he now experienced was solely the condition of a mind too sympathetic even with the feelings of an opponent in affliction. "I must *not* give way to this absurd Quixotic sense of honor," said this young gentleman to himself, severely.

Nevertheless, at exactly eleven o'clock, when the staircase creaked with the strong, steady tread of the giant Gabriel, Arthur felt a sudden start to his pulse. There was a hesitating rap at the door—a rap that was so absurdly inconsistent with the previous tread on the staircase—as inconsistent as were as all the mental and physical acts of Gabriel, that Arthur was amused and reassured.

"Come in," he said, with a return of his old confidence, and the door opened to Gabriel, diffident and embarrassed.

"I was told by Lawyer Maxwell," said Gabriel slowly, without raising his eyes and only dimly cognizant of the slight, strong, elegant figure before him, "I was told that Mr. Arthur Poinsett reckoned to see me today, at eleving o'clock—so I came. Be you Mr. Poinsett?" (Gabriel here raised his eyes) "be you, eh? Why it's—eh?—

why, I want to know! it can't be! yes, it is!"

He stopped; the recognition was complete!

Arthur did not move. If he had expected an outburst from the injured man before him he was disappointed. Gabriel passed his hard palm vaguely and confusedly across his forehead and through his hair, and lifted and put back behind his ears two tangled locks. And then, without heeding Arthur's proffered hand, yet without precipitation, anger or indignation, he strode toward him, and asked calmly and quietly, as Arthur himself might have done:

"Where is Grace?"

"I don't know," said Arthur, bluntly. "I have not known for years. I have never known her whereabouts, living or dead, since the day I left her at a logger's house to return to Starvation Camp to bring help to *you*." (Arthur could not resist italicizing the pronoun, nor despising himself for doing it when he saw the full significance of his emphasis touched the man before him.) "She was gone when I returned; where, no one knew! I traced her to the Presidio, but there she had disappeared."

Gabriel raised his eyes to Arthur's. The impression of nonchalant truthfulness which Arthur's speech always conveyed to his hearer, an impression that he did not prevaricate because he was not concerned sufficiently in his subject, was further sustained by his calm, clear eyes. But Gabriel did not speak, and Arthur went on:

"She left the logger's camp voluntarily, of her own free will, and doubtless for some reason that seemed sufficient to her. She abandoned me—if I may so express myself—left my care, relieved me of the responsibility I held toward her relatives—" he continued, with the first suggestion of personal apology in his tones—"without a word or previous intimation. Possibly she might have got tired of waiting for me. I was absent two weeks. It was the tenth day after my departure that she left the logger's hut."

Gabriel put his hand in his pocket and deliberately drew out the precious newspaper slip he had once shown to Olly.

"Then thet thar 'Personal' wozent writ by you, and thet P. A. don't stand for Philip Ashley?" asked Gabriel, with a hopeless dejection in his tone.

Arthur glanced quickly over the paper, and smiled.

"I never saw this before," he said. "What made you think *I* did it?" he asked curiously.

"Because July—my wife that was—said that P. A. meant you," said Gabriel, simply.

"Oh! *she* said so, did she?" said Arthur, still smiling.

"She did. And ef it wasn't you, who was it?"

"I really don't know," returned Arthur, carelessly; "possibly it might have been herself. From what I have heard of your wife I think this might be one, and perhaps the most innocent of her various impostures."

Gabriel cast down his eyes, and for a moment was gravely silent. Then the look of stronger inquiry and intelligence that he had worn during the interview faded utterly from his face, and he began again in his old tone of apology:

"For answerin' all my questions, I'm obliged to ye, Mr. Ashley, and it's right good in ye to remember ol' times, and ef I hev often thought hard on ye, ye'll kinder pass that by ez the nat'rel allowin's of a man ez was worried about a sister ez hasn't been heer'd from sens she left with ye. And ye mustn't think this yer meetin' was o' my seekin'. I kinder dropped in yer," he added wearily, "to see a man o' the name o' Poinsett. He allowed to be yer at eleving o'clock—mebbee it's airly yet—mebbee I've kinder got wrong o' the place!" and he glanced apologetically around the room.

"*My* name is Poinsett," said Arthur, smiling; "the name of Philip Ashley, by which you knew me, was merely the one I assumed when I undertook the long overland trip." He said this in no tone of apology or even explanation, but left the impression on Gabriel's mind that a change of name, like a change of dress, was part of the outfit of a gentleman emigrant. And looking at the elegant young figure before him, it seemed exceedingly plausible. "It was as Arthur Poinsett, the San Francisco lawyer, that I made this appointment with you, and it is now as your old friend Philip Ashley, that I invite your confidence, and ask you to tell me frankly the whole of this miserable business. I have come to help you, Gabriel, for your own—for your sister's sake. And I think I can do it!" He held out his hand again, and this time not in vain; with a sudden frank gesture it was taken in both of Gabriel's, and Arthur felt that the greatest difficulty he had anticipated in his advocacy of Gabriel's cause had been surmounted.

"He has told me the whole story, I

think," said Arthur, two hours later, when Maxwell returned and found his associate thoughtfully sitting beside the window alone. "And I believe it. He is as innocent of this crime as you or I. Of that I have always been confident. How far he is accessory *after* the fact—I know he is not accessory *before*—is another question. But his story, that to me is perfectly convincing, I am afraid won't do before a jury and the world generally. It involves too much that is incredible, and damning to him secondarily if believed. We must try something else. As far as I can see, really, it seems that his own suggestion of a defense, as you told it to me, has more significance in it than the absurdity you only saw. We must admit the killing, and confine ourselves to showing excessive provocation. I know something of the public sentiment here, and the sympathies of the average jury, and if Gabriel should tell them the story he has just told me, they would hang him at once! Unfortunately for him, the facts show a complication of property interests and impostures on the part of his wife, of which he is perfectly innocent, and which are not really the motive of the murder, but which the jury would instantly accept as a sufficient motive. We must fight, you understand, this very story, from the outset; you will find it to be the theory of the prosecution, but if we can keep him silent it cannot be proved except by him. The facts are such that if he had really committed the murder he could have defied prosecution, but through his very stupidity and blind anxiety to shield his wife, he has absolutely fixed the guilt upon himself."

"Then you don't think that Mrs. Conroy is the culprit?" asked Maxwell.

"No," said Arthur, "she is capable but not culpable. The real murderer has never been suspected nor his presence known to One Horse Gulch. But I must see Gabriel again and Olly, and you must hunt up a Chinaman—one Ah Ri—who, Gabriel tells me, brought him the note, and who is singularly enough missing, now that he is wanted."

"But you can't use a Chinaman's evidence before a jury?" interrupted Maxwell.

"Not directly; but I can find Christian Caucasians who would be willing to swear to the facts he supplied them with. I shall get at the facts in a few days—and then, my dear fellow," continued Arthur, laying his hand familiarly and patronizingly on the shoulder of his senior, "and then you and I will go to work to see how we can get rid of them."

When Gabriel recounted the events of the day to Olly, and described his interview with Poinsett, she became furiously indignant.

"And did that man mean to say he don't know whether Gracy is livin' or dead? And he pertendin' to hev bin her bo?"

"In course," explained Gabriel; "ye disremember, Olly, thet Gracy never hez let on to *me*, her own brother, war she ez, and she wouldn't be goin' to tell a stranger. Thar's them 'Personals' as she never answered!"

"Mebbe she didn't want to speak to him agin," said Olly, fiercely, with a toss of her curls. "I'd like to know what he'd bin sayin' to her—like his impudence. Enny how he ought to hev found her out, and she his sweetheart! Why didn't he go right off to the Presidio? What did he come back for? Not find her—indeed? Why, Gabe, do you suppose as July won't find *you* out soon—why, I bet anythin' she knows jest whar you are" (Gabriel trembled and felt an inward sinking), "and is on'y waitin' to come forward to the trial. And yer you are taken in agin and fooled by these yer lawyers!—you old Gabe, you. Let me git at thet Philip—Ashley Poinsett—thet's all!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHAT AH RI DOES NOT KNOW.

THUS admonished by the practical-minded Olley, Gabriel retired precipitately to the secure fastnesses of Conroy's Hill, where, over a consolatory pipe in his deserted cabin, he gave himself up to reflections upon the uncertainty of the sex and the general vagaries of womanhood. At such times, he would occasionally extend his wanderings to the gigantic pine-tree, which still towered preëminently above its fellows in ominous loneliness, and seated upon one of its outlying roots, would gently philosophize to himself regarding his condition, the vicissitudes of fortune, the awful prescience of Olly, and the beneficence of a Creator who permitted such awkward triviality and uselessness as was incarnate in himself to exist at all! Sometimes, following the impulse of habit, he would encroach abstractedly upon the limits of his own domain, and find himself under the shadow of his fine house on the hill; from which, since that eventful parting with his wife, he had always rigidly withheld his foot. As soon as he would make this alarming discovery he would turn back in honorable delicacy, and a slight sense of superstitious awe.

Retreating from one of these involuntary incursions one day, in passing through an opening in a little thicket of "buckeye" near his house, he stumbled over a small work-basket lying in the withered grass, apparently mislaid or forgotten. Gabriel instantly recognized it as the property of his wife, and as quickly recalled the locality as one of her favorite resorts during the excessive midday heats. He hesitated and then passed on, and then stopped and returned again awkwardly and bashfully. To have touched any property of his wife's, after their separation, was something distasteful and impossible to Gabriel's sense of honor; to leave it there the spoil of any passing Chinaman, or the prey of the elements, was equally inconsistent with a certain respect which Gabriel had for his wife's weaknesses. He compromised, by picking it up with the intention of sending it to Lawyer Maxwell, as his wife's trustee. But in doing this, to Gabriel's great alarm (for he would as soon have sacrificed the hand that held this treasure as to have exposed its contents in curiosity or suspicion), part of the multitudinous contents overflowed and fell on the ground, and he was obliged to pick them up and replace them. One of them was a baby's shirt—so small it scarcely filled the great hand that grasped it. In Gabriel's emigrant experience, as the frequent custodian and nurse of the incomplete human animal, he was somewhat familiar with those sacred, mummy-like inwrappings usually unknown to childless men, and he recognized it at once.

He did not replace it in the basket, but with a suffused cheek and an increased sense of his usual awkwardness, stuffed it into the pocket of his blouse. Nor did he send the basket to Lawyer Maxwell, as he had intended, and in fact omitted any allusion to it in his usual account to Olly of his daily experience. For the next two days he was peculiarly silent and thoughtful, and was sharply reprimanded by Olly for general idiocy and an especial evasion of some practical duties.

"Yer's them lawyers hez been huntin' ye to come over and examine that there Chinaman, Ah Ri, ez is just turned up agin, and you ain't no whar to be found; and Lawyer Maxwell sez it's a most important witness. And war 'bouts was ye found? Down in the Gulch chirpin' and gossipin' with that Arkansas family, and totin' round Mrs. Welch's baby. And you a growed man, with a fammerly of yer own to look after. I wonder ye ain't got more *sabe!*—prancin' round in this yer shiftless way, and you on trial, and accused o' killin' folks. Yer a high ole Gabe—rentin' yerself out fur a dry nuss for nothin'!"

Gabriel (coloring and hastily endeavoring to awaken Olly's feminine sympathies): "It waz the powerfullest smallest baby—ye oughter get ter see it, Olly! 'Tain't bigger nor a squirrel—on'y two weeks old yesterday!"

Olly (outwardly scornful, but inwardly resolving to visit the phenomenon next week): "Don't stand yowpin' here, but waltz down to Lawyer Maxwell and see thet Chinaman."

Gabriel reached the office of Lawyer Maxwell just as that gentleman and Arthur Poinsett were rising from a long, hopeless and unsatisfactory examination of Ah Ri. The lawyers had hoped to be able to establish the fact of Gabriel's remoteness from the scene of the murder, by some corroborating incident or individual that Ah Ri could furnish in support of the detailed narrative he had already given. But it did not appear that any Caucasian had been encountered or met by Ah Ri at the time of his errand. And Ah Ri's memory of the details he had already described was apparently beginning to be defective; it was evident that nothing was to be gained from him even if he had been constituted a legal witness. And then, more than all, he was becoming sullen!

"We are afraid that we haven't made much out of your friend, Ah Ri," said Arthur, taking Gabriel's hand. "You might try if *you* can revive his memory; but it looks doubtful."

Gabriel gazed at Ah Ri intently; possibly because he was the last person who had spoken to his missing wife. Ah Ri returned the gaze, discharging all expression from his countenance except a slight suggestion of the habitual vague astonishment always seen in the face of a new-born infant. Perhaps this peculiar expression, reminding Gabriel as it did of the phenomenon in the Welch family, interested him. But the few vague wandering questions he put were met by equally vague answers. Arthur rose in some impatience; Lawyer Maxwell wiped away the smile that had been lingering around his mouth. The interview was ended.

Arthur and Maxwell passed down the narrow stairway arm in arm. Gabriel would have followed them with Ah Ri, but turning toward that Mongolian, he was alarmed by a swift spasm of expression that suddenly convulsed Ah Ri's face. He winked both his eyes with the velocity of sheet-lightning, nodded his head with frightful rapidity, and snapped and apparently dislocated every finger on his right hand. Gabriel gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"All litey!" said Ah Ri, looking intently at Gabriel.

"Which?" asked Gabriel.

"All litey! You shabbee 'all litey!' *She* say 'all litey.'"

"Who's *she?*" asked Gabriel, in sudden alarm.

"You lifee!—shabbee?—Missee Conloy! She likee you—shabbee? Me likee you!—shabbee? Miss Conloy she say 'all litee!' You shabbee shelliff?"

"Which?" said Gabriel.

"Shelliff! Man plenty chokee bad man!"

"Sheriff, I reckon," suggested Gabriel with great gravity.

"Um! Shelliff. Mebbee you shabbee him bimeby. He chokee bad man. Much chokee. Chokee like hellee! *He no chokee you.* No. She say shelliff no chokee you. Shabbee?"

"I see," said Gabriel significantly.

"She say," continued Ah Ri, with gasping swiftness, "she say you talkee too much. She say me talkee too much. She say Maxwellee talkee too much. All talkee too much. She say 'no talkee!' Shabbee? She say 'ash up!' Shabbee? She say, 'dly up!' Shabbee? She say 'bimeby plenty talkee—bimeby all litee!' Shabbee?"

"But whar ez she—whar kin I git to see her?" asked Gabriel.

Ah Ri's face instantly discharged itself of all expression! A wet sponge could not have more completely obliterated all penciled outline of character or thought from his blank, slate-colored physiognomy than did Gabriel's simple question. He returned his questioner's glance with ineffable calmness and vacancy, patiently drew the long sleeves of his blouse still further over his varnished fingers, crossed them submissively and orientally before him, and waited apparently for Gabriel to become again intelligible.

"Look yer," said Gabriel, with gentle persuasiveness, "ef it's the same to ye, you'd be doin' me a heap o' good ef you'd let on whar thet July—thet Mrs. Conroy ez. Bein' a man ez in his blindness bows down to wood and stun, ye ain't supposed to allow fur a Christi'n's feelings. But I put to ye ez a far-minded brethren—a true man and a man whatsoever his color—that it's a square thing fur ye to allow to me whar thet woman ez ez my relation by marriage ez hidin'! Allowin' it's one o' my idols—I axes you ez a brother Pagan—whar ez she?"

A faint, flickering smile of pathetic abstraction and simplicity, as of one listening to far-off but incomprehensible music, stole over Ah Ri's face. Then he said kindly, gently, but somewhat vaguely and unsatisfactorily:

"Me no shabbee Melican man. Me washee shirtee! dollah and hap dozen!"

(To be continued.)

TO DORA.

Too calm, am I? What wouldst thou, dear? Is not my heart at peace?
Because life's sweetest day hath dawned, should rest and comfort cease?
Now that the dearest girl on earth hath rid me of my doubt,
Shall I begin to rave and sigh, and wear her patience out?

Yes, calmness *is* my passion, dear. Not all the joys I know,
Nor all the bliss that ever came to heart of man below,
Nor all the sweet surprises, nor the rapture of the blest,
Should ever make a lover lose the manhood in his breast.

Too calm, my love! Oh, say it not! My soul is like the sea;—
A glorious calmness should it know in bearing freight like thee;
Down to its deepest depths should be a peace unknown before—
In full tranquillity of love to bear thee evermore.

REMINISCENCES OF AUDUBON.

(BY A GRANDDAUGHTER.)

Among the most vivid of my childhood's memories, stand out the face and figure of my grandfather; a tall, old man, with snow-white hair and feeble step, wandering gently and quietly about the home he had made for himself on the banks of the Hudson. His travels were ended, his great work completed, and the soul which had quailed at no difficulty and paused at no obstacle had, if I may so express it, entered the Border Lands; not quite yet could it leave its earthly tenement, and the old man was as a child. But in such love and veneration was he held by all who knew him, that these few years, as I recall them, seem to have been a resting-place between the busy, active life, and the Hereafter. Had I been older, I should have felt, as his sons did most keenly, the change between the enthusiastic naturalist and the quiet, waiting dreamer; but, child as I was, no grief attached itself to my memory of him, excepting the regret that I did not know him longer and better. What I here relate, however, is additional to what has been already stated in his Biography, and the general interest that has been taken in the subject has prompted me to write down these recollections. To us, his grandchildren, his life was and always will be a wonderful story; and though much has been written of him in his Biography and elsewhere, there are still some anecdotes which are not generally known.

Many a happy hour have I passed, listening to incidents of his daring, his patience and endurance,—his quick, nervous nature causing strange contradictions in his character. One can hardly believe that the man who for three weeks spent every day, and all day long, lying on his back under a tree watching two little birds build their nest, could be the same who would sometimes become so discouraged, and so impatient, when the effect he desired could not be produced, that he would throw canvas, easel, paints and brushes from him, and rush from the house, to find consolation in his beloved woods. On his return he would find his implements collected together and arranged, and would resume work as if no outburst of temper had interrupted him.

His enthusiasm was sometimes intense; he would rise before daylight and walk about, eagerly waiting for the dawn that he might begin his work, and once at work would steadily and earnestly continue to paint all day. Sunset found him at his picture full of vigor and energy, but with no interest in anything else. He would retire almost immediately in order to rise early on the following morning, and would pursue this course for days till the fever left him, when he would lay his brushes aside, and roam through woods and fields, his keen, clear perceptions giving him far deeper insight into the heart of Nature than is granted to the world in general.

At no time did he lose sight of his work, and he carried it with him wherever he went; if not in the tangible form of paints and brushes, it appeared in his earnest questions addressed to those he might be with, or in the quick glances of those eagle eyes which were such a noticeable feature of his handsome face. Animals of various kinds, many of them far from attractive, were at one time or another inmates of his house. I remember my mother telling me that one of her first experiences with my grandfather, was being called up one night in common with the rest of the household to catch a number of white mice, which had escaped from their cage; and very amusing was her account of the pursuit and final capture of the runaways, the excited owner leading the chase, under tables and chairs, into corners and behind curtains, eventually securing them all, though not without a brave resistance on the part of the mice, whose sharp teeth left painful records on the fingers of their captors.

I sometimes think his enthusiasm must have absorbed his sense of smell, for, while he and my father were engaged on the picture of the American polecat, that animal to the view of which, above all others, "distance lends enchantment," and which they had made a resident of their "painting-room," in common with other fourfooted associates, my mother and aunt were compelled to leave the house for a more congenial atmosphere. At another time, the remains of a California buzzard, in the last stages of decomposition, lay for days on our piazza, and I never look at that picture without an involuntary shudder at the memory of its skinny head and neck, and general unpleasantness of appearance and smell. Whenever it was possible, the drawings were made from living specimens; bears, wolves, foxes, deer, moose, elk, and many smaller quadrupeds as well as birds, formed part of the establishment, though most of them were kept about a quarter of a mile from the house, and sketched as they moved about their inclosures, untrammeled by chain or rope. Though kindly treated, these animals rarely became tame, and we children always inspected them from a safe distance with the greatest interest, and we one and all looked down on the child visitors we had from time to time, and to whom these animals were new and wonderful, with a scorn which the overpowering conceit of childhood alone could have engendered.

Those animals which, from any cause, could not be secured or kept alive, were painted as soon after death as possible, before the muscles had relaxed, or the coloring lost the gloss and brilliancy of life, and the most careful study was given to the motions and attitudes of both bird and beast while in their native home, in order that the delineation might in every case be as perfect as genius and industry could make it. Not only were the drawings accurate in action, but in size; the smallest bird was carefully measured, and I have memoranda in which are noted the length of bill and tongue, of tiny claw and bead-like eye. The figures of birds or animals were very frequently painted with no background whatever, my grandfather merely grouping them, and passing them over to his eldest son, Victor, who supplied the deficiency. Again, the landscape was sketched round a mere outline, and the animal painted in afterward, being copied by father or sons, as the case might be, from the original drawings, which were often made on paper; in the case of the birds, all the original drawings were on this perishable material. The reason for using paper was that most of the drawings were made in the woods, or on the prairie, or by the sea-side, or wherever the bird was found, and the light weight of paper in comparison to that of canvas recommended it for drawing purposes, while the studio was an ever-changing one. On more than one occasion, personal risk and inconvenience were accepted, rather than the chance of the treasured drawings being injured. A curious thing about these sketches is the harmony with which different materials are used. It is common to find oils, water-colors, India ink, lead-pencil, and crayons, all employed on the same bird; the artist's aim was to represent nature truthfully, and anything that helped him to fulfill this aim was instantly employed.

The entire collection of the original drawings of the birds have been mounted, and are now in the possession of the New York Historical Society. At the time of purchasing, the Society purposed building a room for the especial exhibition of these drawings; but, I am told they have not yet carried out this design, and the public is therefore unable to enjoy them, as the delicacy of the work would be ruined by careless or frequent handling.

In appearance Audubon was a man of wonderful beauty, added to which he had most attractive manners. In his conversation with those with whom he was intimate he always used the "thee" and "thou," acquired in his education among the French; and, though of American birth, and so proud of his democratic nationality that he never, even when in Europe, used his family crest, I find in his letters and memoranda many words wholly French, and others where the etymology of that language is preserved.

My mother relates her first meeting with my grandfather as follows: Some years before her marriage she crossed from England with my uncle Victor, with whom she became quite intimate, and, at his request, she went, soon after her arrival, and, in company with a sister-in-law, to call on my grandmother, Mrs. Audubon. While walking up Broadway, they met a superb-looking old man, with white hair curling on his shoulders. Involuntarily, both ladies stopped to look at him as he passed, while he, too, paused to look back at them. My mother exclaimed: "What a beautiful old man!" Her sister, a young and lovely girl, added: "How I should like to kiss him!" They went on their way, and, during their call, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Audubon, in whom they immediately recognized the object of their admiration. He walked up to my mother directly and said: "Ah! I thought I knew the English girl of whom Victor has told us!" and, on my aunt's remark being repeated to him, he insisted on taking her at her word, and kissed her then and there. Though, of course, familiar, in after years, with the face and form which had so attracted her at first sight, my mother has never forgotten the impression made that afternoon.

We have several portraits of my grandfather painted at different periods of his life. The earliest is a miniature by Cruikshank, taken when he was, perhaps, forty; one by Inman, which has been used as the original of the portrait in his Biography; and one by his son John, a full-length, with a favorite dog at his feet. These three have been photographed and engraved; but there is another, little known to the world, but the most real to me. It is unfinished, only three sittings having been given, and it was taken on my grandfather's return from the Rocky Mountains. He never retained the peculiarities of his woodman's dress longer than he could help doing so, after his return to civilized life, and one of his first steps was to remove the greater part of his luxuriant hair and beard. My father was very anxious to secure his portrait just as he was, fresh from the woods, and began it immediately on my grandfather's return, and worked vigorously for three days. On the fourth day urgent business called him to New York, whither he reluctantly went, charging my mother to keep strict watch, lest "the old coon-skin," as he called him, should take advantage of his freedom, and have the snowy locks trimmed off to more moderate proportions. All the morning my mother kept faithful, though unspoken, guard, having the old man constantly in sight. He made no allusions to the matter, and in the afternoon she went to her room for a few moments, to be met, on her descent to the parlor, by my grandfather, with smooth-shaven face. My father was in such despair that he did not touch the portrait for years. It was framed and hung in its unfinished state, and a few years before his own death he took it down and touched up the background. The face and figure were sacred to him as he had drawn them. It is a half-length, life-size, the head a little thrown back, the keen eyes undimmed, though the face shows deep lines of age and thought. He holds his gun in his hands, and his backwoodsman coat of green baize, with fur collar and cuffs, is but roughly painted; but it is the grandfather of my remembrance.

I have a description of him in this dress, or a similar one, which was given me by a gentleman who met him for the first time in his singular attire. He says: "I was at a fashionable hotel at Niagara, when an elderly man arrived, whose appearance excited much comment. He seemed to have sprung from the woods; his dress, which was of leather and heavy cloth, was dreadfully dilapidated, a worn-out blanket was strapped to his shoulders, a large knife hung at one side, a rusty tin box on the other, and his hair and beard were so long and thick, that they alone would have rendered him remarkable. He walked in and asked for breakfast, and as he did so, gave, as requested, his name. An instant change took place in the feelings of the spectators, and those who a moment before had been only curious and amused, were now anxious to speak to him, only to be able to say they had met the ornithologist Audubon." Very different is this account of his personal appearance from the idea formed from a remark of an old lady, one of his contemporaries: "When I first knew Mr. Audubon, people used to ask, who was the gay young Frenchman, who danced with all the girls?"

He always loved children, and many a time did I stop on meeting him, and hold out my hand for the "comfit," which I knew would presently be forthcoming from a little wooden box kept in one of the pockets of the gray coat he generally wore. Often, too, did I evade the care of my nurse, and slip into the dining-room to partake of sly mouthfuls of omelette and bread, his customary lunch; the forbidden treat being eaten with all the keener enjoyment, if, as sometimes happened, my grandmother attempted to depose me from my chair at his side; he always overruled her arguments and kept me with him.

It does not seem to me out of place to allude, at the close of this little article, to the services and assistance rendered to my grandfather by his two sons, Victor and John. The aid rendered by my grandmother has often been noticed, and is well known to the world; but that given by the sons has been almost ignored, and the entire labor of the "Birds" and "Quadrupeds of America," is generally accredited solely to my grandfather, assisted in some of the technicalities and descriptions of the latter, by his friend, the late Dr. John Bachman, of Charleston, S. C. I cannot feel that it is detracting from the honor due my grandfather, to state that he was materially assisted in both great undertakings, especially the latter, by his two sons. Of the three volumes which comprise the "Quadrupeds," two were published after my grandfather's death, though both had been in preparation for many years. A large number of the animals were secured and painted by the younger son, John, and nearly all the landscapes are the work of the elder, Victor. I am the more emboldened to state this, knowing that my grandfather, in both journals and writings, is especially careful to mention by name the very many kind strangers, as well as friends, who in any way tendered him their assistance. Devoted as he and his sons were to each other, working as they did, in the utmost unison, with perfect freedom from all jealousy, he would have been the last to ignore the filial love which led them to merge their genius so wholly in his, that their identity as artists was lost. While his younger son, John, spent months in Texas when Texas was a wilderness, procuring specimens and drawings, and afterward risked his life many times in crossing overland to California for the same purpose,—the elder, Victor, was busy at home, working for the same end, though in other ways. In my grandfather's journal he mentions receiving assistance from his sons when they were boys of fourteen and sixteen; in the same journal my grandfather invariably says: "our work." Yet Mr. Robert Buchanan, in the volume he prepared from my grandmother's carefully written "Life of Audubon," makes little mention of his sons, if I except one or two slight allusions, and this one direct remark: "The second volume was prepared mostly by his sons Victor and John, and was published the year their father died." Let me then bear loving witness, that the work those sons took up as boys with so much enthusiasm, was not laid down till death stiffened the hands which had so skillfully portrayed "the denizens of field and forest." Both sons were laid with the father whose talents they had to a great extent inherited.

NIGHTFALL.

Alone I stand;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretcn sea and land;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night;
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems
With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train,—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June!
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moon-lit lays,
A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.*

THE OLD WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

THERE are three ways by which one may approach Harvard. He may take a boat and row up the winding Charles, letting his eye rest on the Brookline hills or the slope of Mt. Auburn, turning to sight the lofty Memorial tower, and passing six-oars, four-oars and wherries skimming down the river,—the student's way; or he may cross from Boston by the breezy West Boston bridge, in a jingling horse-car,—the citizen's way; or he may start from the vote of the General Court of Massachusetts, October 28, 1636, "to give 400l towards a schoole or colledge," and come leisurely down the ages by the route of statutes, laws, general resolves and college records,—the antiquarian's way; and if he comes thus, he will surely look sharply at the old mile-stone planted now in front of the college yard, bearing the rather incredible inscription that makes innocent people wonder if the distance to Boston is measured by the actual space traversed by some unwieldy student who is unable to take the straightest line; should he be so fortunate as to fall in with the librarian—a ripe apple from the University orchard—he would learn that this dignitary discovered the stone after it had been suffering an ignominious imprisonment in some back yard, and replaced it near the spot where it was originally planted, perhaps by Abel Ireson, the surveyor, whose initials seem to supply the stone with some new era of departure, when the road from Boston to Cambridge led by Roxbury, Brookline and Brighton, before the West Boston bridge was built. But however one may reach Harvard, he can scarcely fail to find in the University at Cambridge an institution of learning which, without and within, is a most excellent sign of the New England of history and of to-day.

Since history has been at work upon Cambridge and the college for nearly two hundred and fifty years, it has managed to lift the dusty plain out of the commonplace, and to invest even the somewhat dull surroundings of the college grounds with a charm that is a faint reminder of the penumbra which juts out beyond more classic shades in older coun-

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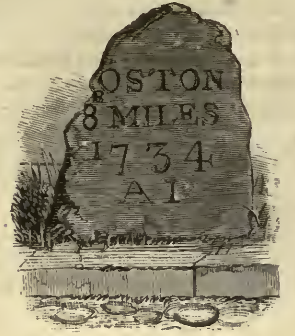
* In preparing this paper use has been made especially of the important "Harvard Book" in two volumes, quarto, collected and published by F. O. Vaille and H. A. Clark, of the class of 1874. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow & Co.



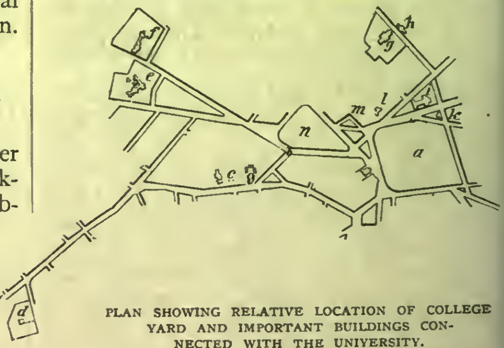
OLD MILE-STONE.

tries. The college yard itself, which contains three-fifths of the buildings, occupies somewhat less than twenty-five acres, while other departments of the University find place outside, and even, for practical reasons, are quartered in Boston and West Roxbury. But the life of the college is warmest within the inclosure which carries still the homely name of the college yard; and the golden mile-stone has been successively Harvard Hall, University, and now Memorial Hall. New buildings, following this or that style of architecture, are elbowing their way into the college yard, and doubtless will gather to themselves in time the rime with which frosty memory shall cover them. But there is a homely sturdiness about the old buildings which somehow seems a rest to the eye, that has tried to follow the jumble of lines that marks the roof of Weld, or to the mind that has tried to carry the formal Gothic of Matthews into a little richer region. "There," wrote Lowell thirty years ago,

> "There, in red-brick, which softening time defies,
> Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories."

Yet we question whether the newer buildings with their attempts at more striking architecture will ever succeed in robbing Massachusetts, Harvard and Holden, and even Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy, of their charm. In the recent Centennial celebration at Cambridge, large white cotton screens were stretched upon the face of such buildings as enjoyed historic memories, with inscriptions in bold letters, indicating the age of the building and the purpose which it served during the occupation of the town by the American troops. Of these the University furnished five: Wadsworth, or the old President's House, Massachusetts Hall, Holden Chapel, Harvard Hall, and Hollis Hall. With the exception of the first, an old wooden structure, these are red brick buildings standing in immediate neighborhood of one another, but without any apparent relation to each other. This, indeed, characterizes the aspect of all the buildings in the college yard. They have a look as if they had grown out of the ground from some careless dropping of brick or stone seeds, and the entire result is not especially picturesque, because the individual buildings contribute each so little grace to the picture. Yet as one enters by the gate-way that stands midway between Massachusetts Hall and Harvard Hall, he feels for a moment a touch of academic and historic shadow, and if he will stop a moment and suffer the mists to gather about this entrance, shutting out what is behind, and revealing only the green sward and trees beyond, he may be able to catch a glimpse of the college world which is so populous with memories.

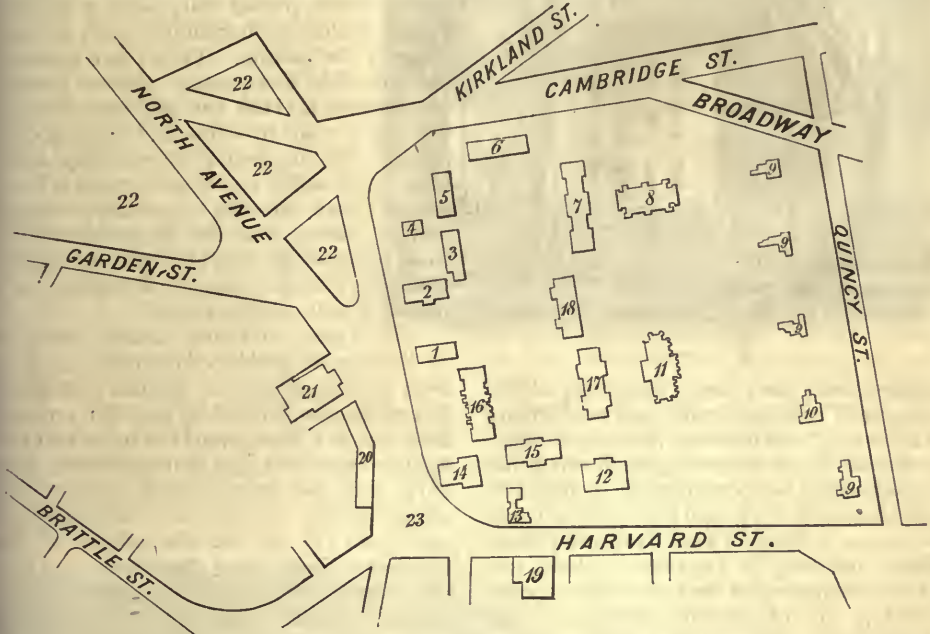
An old print of Harvard and Stoughton Halls reproduces Harvard College as it was from 1720 to 1744; of the three buildings, Massachusetts, built in 1720, is the only one now standing, Stoughton Hall in the rear having been removed, and Harvard Hall having been replaced by a second of the same name, built in 1764–5. Massachusetts externally preserves the same appearance that it did one hundred and fifty years since, except that the clock has been removed, and only the wooden shield on which the dial was placed remains. The oldest of the buildings, Massachusetts and Harvard, retain, as I have said, a dignity and character not to be found in most of the later buildings. They repeat the spirit of an age



PLAN SHOWING RELATIVE LOCATION OF COLLEGE YARD AND IMPORTANT BUILDINGS CONNECTED WITH THE UNIVERSITY.

a, College Yard; *b*, Washington Elm; *c*, Longfellow's House; *d*, Lowell's House; *e*, Astronomical Observatory; *f*, Botanic Garden; *g*, Museum of Comparative Zoölogy; *h*, Divinity School; *i*, Memorial Hall; *k*, Gymnasium; *l*, Lawrence Scientific School; *m*, Holmes House; *n*, Cambridge Common; *o*, Episcopal Theological School.

which had great self-respect and a certain colonial splendor which was heightened by the social contrasts which college manners and customs retained long after they had been roughly disordered in the outer world. The engraving just referred to, and the copy from Paul Revere's copper plate, both preserved in "The Harvard Book," indicate a little of the life that moved about these buildings in harmony with them. The dress, with swords and canes and academic gowns and hats and queues and powdered wigs, all hinting at leisure and freedom from manual labor, the governor's coach with attendant footmen, the horsemen and horsewomen, the courteous and low salutations,—all these find a fitting background in the well-proportioned buildings with hipped roofs, so suggestive of gradations of rank in interior occupation. The young gentlemen hurrying through the college yard, bearing their hats in their hands, are Freshmen obeying the regulation which forbade their wearing their hats in the presence of upper classmen or college officers; they are hurrying, too, on errands for their seniors, which they did as unquestioningly as they would for their elder brothers at home. The place of each student was fixed upon entrance, determined by his family rank, and that place he was to keep in hall, chapel and recitation-room,—an illustration of colonial manners which will suggest to some the placing in the village church,—a custom I think that survived this college custom.



PLAN OF COLLEGE YARD AND IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

1, Massachusetts Hall; 2, Harvard Hall; 3, Hollis Hall; 4, Holden Chapel; 5, Stoughton Hall; 6, Holworthy Hall; 7, Thayer Hall; 8, Appleton Chapel; 9, Professors' Houses; 10, President's House; 11, Gore Hall; 12, Boylston Hall; 13, Old President's (Wadsworth) House; 14, Dane Hall; 15, Gray's Hall; 16, Matthews Hall; 17, Weld Hall; 18, University Hall; 19, Holyoke House; 20, College House; 21, First Church; 22, Commons; 23, Harvard Square.

Massachusetts, during the greater period of its history, was wholly occupied by students' rooms, which were appropriated in 1775–6 by the army encamped in Cambridge. Fifty years or so ago, a portion of the lower floor was first devoted to the uses of college societies and recitation-rooms, and in 1870 the whole interior was remodeled, the students' rooms abolished, and the space disposed for examination-halls and a reading-room; a change rendered necessary, perhaps, yet looked upon with regret by many who had enjoyed the reveries of student-life in the deep window-seats of the old low-studded rooms.

In the old group of buildings, those built before 1815, Harvard Hall was most distinctly the center of college life. Here was the dining-hall where the students dined in common, the kitchen and the buttery to which they went morning and evening for their bowl of chocolate or milk and piece of bread, to be eaten in the yard or in one's room. There was the chapel, where morning and evening prayers were held, with a fine of twopence for absence and a penny for tardiness; the library, which was almost completely destroyed with the first Harvard Hall in 1765, was replaced by a larger collection at once and housed again in this building, remaining here, except when scattered for safe keeping in 1775, until the excess of books led to the building of Gore Hall, the present library building, in 1837–41. Here, too, was the beginning of the mineralogical cabinet and the philosophical apparatus and lecture-room. As one after another of these departments of college life required more room, they were removed from Harvard Hall to special buildings. The last notable occupant of this warm, hospitable-looking building was the Commencement dinner, which was held for many years on the lower floor, which had been thrown into one large hall after the dining-room and chapel had been removed. Here were hung the college portraits, and here, each year, the Commencement dinner was eaten with due dispatch, that time might be had for the wit and fun that followed fast, while the recent graduates, excluded from the hall for want of room, practiced eating future Commencement dinners in the hall above with immense ardor. Here, too, was dancing on class-day, strolling under the eyes of the Copleys, Smiberts, and still older portraits that hung from the walls. Commencement dinner, class-day dancing, and college portraits have all emigrated now to the nobler quarters of Memorial Hall, and the interior of Harvard is occupied mainly by philosophical apparatus and lecture-room.

MASSACHUSETTS HALL.

We have lingered about Massachusetts and Harvard Halls with an affectionate interest. They stand flanking the proper entrance to the college yard, and hold on either hand memories of academic and the dearer student life, epitomizing the college life of a hundred years ago; but they would have little value, had they not been followed by a larger, broader growth of the University, which appeals to the eye as soon as one has passed down the broad walk between the two ancient buildings and entered the pleasant green, which is surrounded in irregular order by the several buildings which contain the college life of to-day, while through the openings one catches sight of buildings outside of this informal quadrangle, that show the college world is not wholly bounded by these brick and stone walls. As one enters the green, directly before him stands University Hall, which I have noted as the second collegiate center, occupying that position from 1815 until the present time, and still the official center, so to speak, of the college world, for in it are the offices of the President, Dean, and Secretary. Here, for a long period, was the college chapel and the commons, but now the building is given up mainly to lecture and recitation-rooms, and the bulletin board at the entrance, together with the remains of countless notifications, marks the building as the daily resort of all classes.

Standing within this inclosure, with his back to Gray's, one finds before him the scene of the domestic life of the undergraduate. In the buildings within range of the eye are most of the students' rooms, though there are still dormitories outside of the college yard, while many undergraduates are obliged to seek rooms in private houses. Here in Gray's, named after two recent generous benefactors of the college, are rooms bringing somewhat higher rental than in the older buildings. Matthews, introducing into the college yard a more positive element of Gothic domestic architecture than it had seen, was the gift of Nathan Matthews of Boston. It is a curious coincidence, if one choose so to regard it, that Mr. Matthews made it a condition of his gift, that one-half the net income from the Hall should be used to provide scholarships for students who enter college with the intention of becoming ministers in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and that, in digging for the foundations, the workmen should have unearthed remains of an ancient wall, which antiquarians averred marked the site of the old Indian college, built two hundred years before by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England. The Indian college is one of the shadowy reminiscences of Harvard, antedating all of the present buildings, and producing in the roll of students one solitary graduate, Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, who died in one year, too soon, alas! to take his master's degree. Passing by Massachusetts and Harvard, the line of buildings is continued by Hollis and Stoughton, twin piles of brick, by Holworthy, standing at the opposite end of the yard, and bearing once a year on its broad front gas-jets figuring the year of the class about to graduate. Appleton Chapel, the present successor to the chapel in University, preceded by that in Harvard, the successor of the still earlier, simple, and dignified Holden Chapel, begins the other side of the quadrangle, which is completed by Thayer Hall, University, already mentioned, and Weld Hall, which shares with Matthews the honor of attempting a more stately and collegiate style of architecture. The mere naming of these halls, which commemorate by their titles the gifts of friends of the college from early days to the present, is but a barren exhibition of the exterior of college life. The green which they inclose is crossed by men and women, boys and girls, who see only blank walls pierced by rows of windows, behind which red curtains hang or lights flare; but to the student the buildings are familiar friends; four years spent within their walls give to each a character and personality which it is vain for one to attempt to reproduce. A student of too sedentary habits need not leave the college yard except to cross the street which separates it from the Delta containing the dining-hall. His own room being in one of the dormitories, he will find his lecture-room in another building, his chapel a few rods distant, the library just beyond, and the college reading-room and certain college societies harbored under the roofs of halls which I have named. The college world is made up of many sorts of young men, and there are some almost eremitic enough to bound their days within these academic limits; but the life of a student at Harvard, as elsewhere, would hardly be described as consisting in a daily attendance at chapel, a vigorous application to study during study hours, and punctual attendance at the recitation and lecture-room. As we shall have occasion to see, the influences affecting student life here, intellectually and socially, have altered greatly in the growth of the college; and that which is distinctive of Harvard student life now could hardly be asserted of it within the memory of living graduates.

HARVARD HALL.

It would be hard to say in just what the difference consists, but perhaps as near an account as any would be given, if we were to say that the tone of the college was once provincial, but that the enlargement into a university, the increased number of students and of professional schools, and the more cosmopolitan education of those who make up the great body of each class, have served to efface certain old-time customs, to rub down peculiarities, and to bring college manners and occupations more nearly akin to those of gentlemen, wherever found, in college or out. For example: At the time this was written the President declared that no instance of hazing had occurred since the entrance of the new Freshman class, a month before. Whether this be strictly so or not, it is very certain that the hazing which once raged to the terror of innocent Freshmen has substantially disappeared. This is due, partly, to the general improvement of manners, partly to certain changes in the college curriculum, incident both to the growth of the University idea and to the unwieldy size of the classes, by which the old class spirit is not so strong as formerly, whether as regards the cohesion of members of the same year or the antagonism of different years, and partly, also, by the vigorous repressive force used by the present administration.

Men whose boys are not yet ready to enter college, remember well the annual contest which took place shortly after the beginning of the year, when Sophomores and Freshmen engaged in a mock foot-ball match on the Delta, now occupied by Memorial Hall. I say *mock*, for while the Freshmen generally went into it in dead earnest, and the ball got severely kicked on both sides, the point of the contest was in the opportunity which the better organized Sophomores had of making foot-balls of the Freshmen, who had not yet learned to tell friend from foe. He can laugh over it now with his wounds healed, but that rather brutal degradation of a noble sport was long a dreaded *rencontre* by the Freshman who went up to college with the war-cry heard in anticipation, and felt too keenly the new honor of his class to stand back when the dreaded fight came. Foot-ball for a time gave place to base-ball, and when the old Delta was taken for Memorial Hall, the authorities provided by purchase a new playground in Jarvis Field, which offers an admirable place for the more scientific, but, to the uneducated looker-on, less animated and exciting game which aspires easily to the title of national. Of late foot-ball has been revived, and is played upon the Holmes Field which adjoins the ancient house bearing that name.

THE COLLEGE YARD.

Something of the same reason, perhaps, which led to the decline of hazing, may be found for the change in the relative importance which college societies hold now as compared with former days, and for the change, also, in the aim of these societies. There are three societies or companies which once played an important part in college life, but now have ceased to exist. One was the so-called Med. Facs. (Medical Faculty), a secret society which turned hazing into a systematic pursuit, and mixed with it a good deal of genuine fun and frolic. The story goes, that the society audaciously sent an honorary certificate of membership to the Czar, which was acknowledged in all seriousness by the present of a case of medical instruments, that fell into the hands of the genuine Medical Faculty.

The Med. Facs. went out as an organization in 1834, and, though hoaxing has gone on since, and still, no doubt, has its individual triumphs, there is no longer the elaborate, organized perpetration. There was another association that was the parent of a good deal of fun and is now abandoned—the Navy Club. The navy—whatever its origin, lost in the fog of the last century, may have been—consisted, when in its heyday, of all the members of the Senior Class who failed to receive part at the Senior Exhibition. There was a Lord High Admiral, who was ordinarily the student who had been "sent away" more than any one in his class; a Vice-Admiral, who was the poorest scholar; a Rear-Admiral, the laziest man, and a general band of marines, all of whom affected so much of the nautical in their dress and swagger as would account for the name of the club, and carried out the style still further, by excursions down the bay or even to Cape Cod. The club gradually changed its form of amusement, until, at the time of its decease twenty-five years ago, its most public performance was a burlesque procession, which marched about the grounds cheering and groaning for buildings and professors. In its earlier days it carried its fun to great excess, and gloried in a marquee moored in the woods near Divinity Hall, where the Lord High Admiral held despotic sway.

The training-school for base-ball and boating, the characteristic sports of college, is, properly speaking, the Gymnasium, which receives a certain amount of attention at Harvard, although the present building, while well adapted to its use, is too small. It has been proposed to construct a larger, more complete one, and the fact that the use of the Gymnasium has hitherto been largely dependent upon the personal influence of the instructor, has led some to look to a more explicit incorporation of the exercise there into the regular college course.

President Eliot has recommended that, in the event of building a new gymnasium, the present one should be turned into a swimming-bath. The Charles River, which once was the bathing-place of the college, has been fouled, like many of our beautiful streams, by offensive factories on its banks, and it has, moreover, been approached more closely than before by dwelling-houses, so that it does not offer much attraction to the swimmer. But the river, in spite of these drawbacks, and in spite, also, of the close-legged bridges that walk across it every now and then, is, during a large part of the year, half the home of some students. It carries, so to speak, the fame of the college almost as widely as the towers and halls that answer to the academic idea. Many a young fellow in the preparatory schools plies his wherry or makes one of a boat club, in eager anticipation of the day when he may possibly row in the University crew. The story of this victory or that defeat is told in college with more ardor than attends the recital of intellectual exploits, and the heroes of the class are the athletes. Boat clubs have only been in existence at Harvard for thirty years or so, but a great impetus was given to the rowing fever by the race rowed with Yale on Lake Winnipiseogee in 1852. From that day to this the interest has steadily increased, helped, no doubt, by the prevalent disposition, not in college only, but outside, to glorify the pursuit of bodily strength, which has deposited the doctrine of muscular Christianity, and found apostles in Kingsley and Hughes. There are exceptional advantages for practice at Harvard in the roomy river, and any afternoon one may see stalwart fellows going two by two to the marsh and making their way over the plank walk to the plain, serviceable boat-house. Whether or no they lift their eyes above their oars, all the same the view up and down the river is very charming. Broad salt meadows, unoccupied as yet, for the most part, skirt one bank; picturesque coal-sheds lean upon stone or wooden wharves, and the wooded declivity of Mount Auburn, or the rounded heights of Brookline, take the eye. A few wood and coal sloops and schooners come up the river, and a fussy little tug plies up and down; but, in the main, the river seems to exist for the convenience of boating.

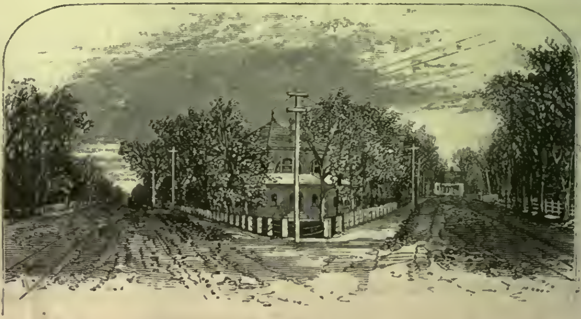
HOLDEN CHAPEL.

There always, at least during the past hundred years, have been college societies, more or less in keeping with the ostensible end of college life, and more or less leaning toward the convivial; but the turn which these societies have taken during the last few years is in the direction of the lighter culture more than formerly. One exception may be made

THE OLD NAVY MARQUEE—FROM A STUDENT'S SKETCH.

where the change has been only in the fashion of following the same general end. The Institute of 1770 remains practically what it was when formed—a club for debate and declamation, owning also a library much used by its members; but the secret societies, called Greek Letter Societies, which have flourished elsewhere, never planted very deep root at Harvard, and were abandoned a few years since with no signs of great distress. There are clubs whose members are reserved in their statement of the organization, but the day of profound mystery, and dreaded initiations, and owlish symbols, has pretty much disappeared. There is a Natural History Society; a musical society called the Pierian Sodality, of respectable traditions; a Glee Club, Art Club, Chess Club, Society of Christian Brethren and St. Paul's Society, all organizations naturally springing out of the fertile soil of college companionship; but the societies which have the most marked character and the firmest traditions are the Hasty Pudding Club and the Porcellian, names which indicate, at first glance, a certain amount of conviviality, though the uninitiated would suppose a little pig more satisfying to the *bon vivant* than a bowl of mush and milk. Both societies run back into the last century, and each has maintained steadily a tone of good breeding and good fellowship. They have excellent libraries and agreeable quarters, and offer *rendezvous* for graduates revisiting the college. The Hasty Pudding Club especially presents one of the most pleasing glimpses of college fraternity in the regular occasions, when the club-room holds gray-haired members, and the younger, more active sort. These occasions are the play nights, for the club gives special attention to dramatic performances, as do one or two other societies; and, besides light farces and extravaganzas, attempts genteel comedy, and produces, not infrequently, some capital amateur acting.

The proximity of Cambridge to Boston, and the large number of graduates living in the city, enables the college to keep a close connection with the city, and, on the great days of the year, Commencement and Class day, there is no difficulty in bringing together a large and interested company. Time was when Commencement was the great holiday of the year, not only for Cambridge and Boston, but, it may be said, for the State. The Governor and Council came with great parade, tents were pitched on the Common, and the whole surrounding country seemed to precipitate itself into the town. "The holiday," writes Lowell, in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," "preserved all the features of an English fair. Stations were marked out beforehand by the town constables, and distinguished by numbered stakes. These were assigned to the different vendors of small wares and exhibitors of varieties, whose canvas booths, beginning at the Market Place, sometimes half encircled the Common with their jovial embrace." Only recently, indeed, has it ceased to be a legal holiday, and, doubtless, some ardent sons of Harvard regard the opening of banks and Custom-house in Boston on



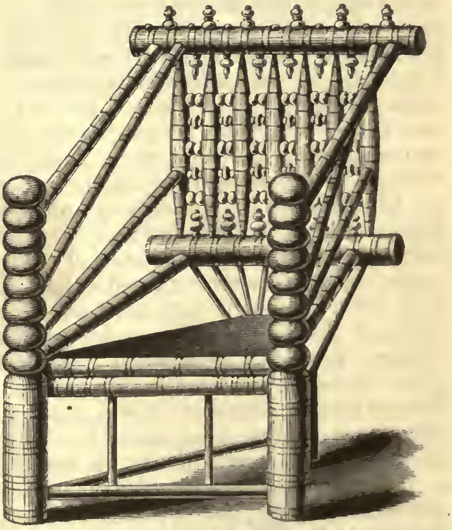
THE GYMNASIUM.

Commencement day, as little less than desecration of the Sabbath. The academic procession marched to the church from Gore Hall, its broad doors for once in a year being thrown open to permit the passage, and, the President, wearing the academic hat and gown, sat in the curious old chair, whose origin is lost in the fogs of New England antiquity, and of which Holmes sings so amusingly in his "Parson Turell's Legacy."

THE BOAT-HOUSE.

The exercises were formerly held in the parish church, and for once at least in the year extraordinary efforts were made by the unorganized part of the procession to get inside, the rush at other times not being so great as to require police force. The usual parts were taken by Seniors, and degrees given, and the whole company of graduates and invited guests sat down to dinner. The day was long the occasion for the graduating class to receive their friends; still, as for more than two centuries, on Commencement Day the Governor comes out from his Capitol with a brilliant cavalry escort; still the orations pronounced by candidates for degrees are listened to by a large and distinguished assembly; and still the annual dinner is thronged by the graduates, and every year seems more brilliant, bringing out the wit of Holmes, and Choate, and Lowell, and Quincy, and giving opportunity for earnest words and stirring reminiscences.

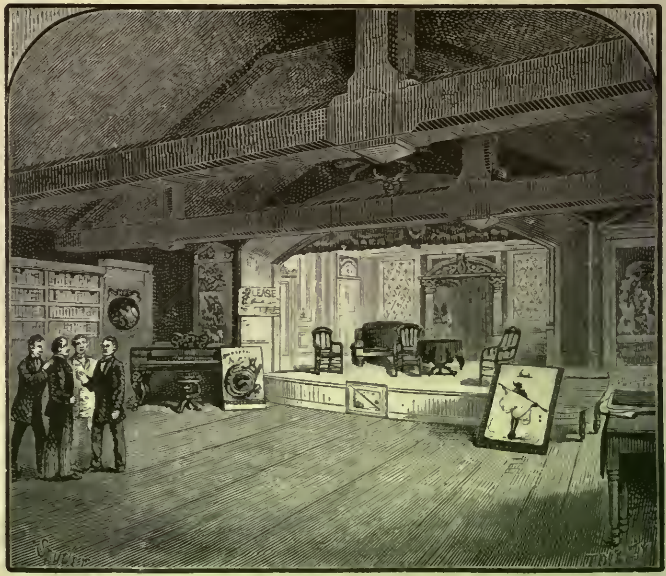
Class day now offers to the student, excited by the prospect of chipping his shell, a more attractive vent than the sober festivities of Commencement. Its formal investment is in a procession of the class, escorting college officials to Appleton Chapel, where a poem is recited, an oration pronounced, and an ode sung,—all productions of members who are appointed by election early in the year. The rest of the day is given up to social entertainment, excepting a brief ceremony near the close of the afternoon, when, at the sound of quick music the class meets again, wearing the most disorderly hats that can be secured or have been cherished, adorned sometimes with mottoes, figures, and other embellishments, and the more prudent ones dressed otherwise, as for stress of weather or mortal combat. Marching in procession under direction of the class marshal, they move about the college yard, cheering the buildings with the Harvard cheer, a barking *rah-rah-rah*, which, coming from one or two hundred jovial throats, is as near to a Bacchanalian chorus as our New England coast can get. This is followed by the dance round the Liberty-tree in front of Hollis, and here I cannot do better than copy the description of this most characteristic performance from Lowell's entertaining paper on Class day, in the Harvard Book: "Long before that [hour of five o'clock], every inch of vantage ground whence even a glimpse at this frenzy of muscular sentiment may be hoped for has been taken up. The trees are garlanded with wriggling boys, who here apply the skill won by long practice in neighboring orchards and gardens, while every post becomes the



THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

pedestal of an unsteady group. In the street, a huddled drove of carriages bristle with more luxurious gazers. The Senior Class are distinguished by the various shapes of eccentric ruin displayed in their hats, as if the wildest nightmares of the maddest of hatters had suddenly taken form and substance. First, the Seniors whirl hand in hand about the tree with the energy of excitement gathered through the day; class after class is taken in, till all college is swaying in the unwieldy ring, which at last breaks to pieces of its own weight. Then comes the frantic leaping and struggling for a bit of the wreath of flowers that circles the tree at a fairly difficult height. Here trained muscle tells; but sometimes mere agility and lightness, which know how to climb on others' shoulders, win the richest trophy. This contest is perhaps the most striking single analogy between the life of college and that of the larger world which is to follow it. Each secures his memorial leaf or blossom, many to forget ere long its special significance; some, of less changeful temper or less prosperous lives, to treasure it as a link that binds them inseparably with youth and happy days." All day long, after the exercises in the church, open house is kept by the Seniors; college spreads, some characterized by an unseemly pretentiousness of display, are found in all the halls and in private houses, and flocks of light-hearted girls and anxious but smiling matrons cover the College Green, and tread the passage-ways of the halls, and sit courageously in curtained window-seats. It is the prettiest sight conceivable to see this yearly invasion of college walls, and the scene is heightened in the evenning when Chinese lanterns are hung about the yard, colored fire flashes in this and that corner, a band discourses various music, and glees are sung by the students, while all who have tickets of admission saunter about the grounds or enter the great dining hall, where there is a kaleidoscope of dancing figures.

It is at this time that the Seniors have an opportunity to play the part of host to the hospitable families of country and town that have been receiving them as guests during the college course. The growth of Cambridge from a college village into a suburban town, the nearness of Boston, and the attractions of a city where music, art, and the drama find ardent votaries among eager youth, and especially the rapid transformation of the college itself into a university with appointments which make it a home for wealth and culture—all these influences have tended to make college life far less eremitic than formerly. Scattered about Cambridge are old houses and hospitable firesides; many families establish themselves there during the college life of a son of the house, and thus there is a social stir during the whole college year. The families of those connected with the government of the college make no small part of the society of the town. The latest catalogue gives the number of actual instructors in the University as one hundred and twelve, not including administrative officers, librarians, curators and assistants, and the list includes the names of men eminent far beyond the college walls, as well as of those of modest fame but untiring diligence in their calling. The number of students is given as twelve hundred and seventy-eight.


HASTY PUDDING CLUB ROOM, SHOWING THE STAGE.

The Presidents of Harvard have been again and again men of mark. Within the college yard stands an old wooden building, known sometimes as the Wadsworth, sometimes as the old President's House. It is occupied now by students and professors, while a large wing of later erection contains the office of the bursar of the University, and also the small printing-office used for the minor printing required by the University. But, for years, it was the regular residence of the college presidents. It was first occupied in 1726, by President Wadsworth, and continued to be so used until the accession of President Sparks, in 1849, who, having his own house already in Cambridge, preferred to occupy that. Edward Everett was the last President of Harvard who lived there, and before him were Presidents Quincy and Kirkland. Here Washington was first accommodated when he came to Cambridge in 1775, and it has been truly said that "no house in Cambridge, and but few houses in the country have received within their walls so many distinguished men and women as has the old President's House." Since its disuse as an official residence, a new house of modest exterior has been built within the college yard on Quincy street, and is occupied by Charles William Eliot, the present President of the college.

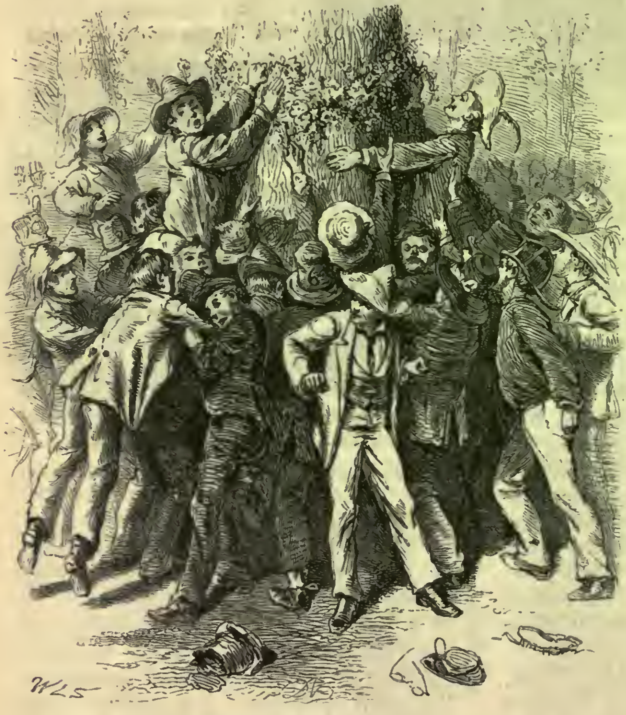
There seems indeed to have been a happy fortune by which notable houses in Cambridge are occupied still by occupants who carry forward the fame of the historic buildings into the wider, if airier, regions of literary renown. Hard by the college yard stands the old Holmes House, occupied at the time of the Revolution as head-quarters of Artemas Ward, who was commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts army before the institution of the Continental army, and it was here that the plans were laid for the occupation of Charlestown Heights, resulting in the battle of Bunker Hill. The estate afterward came into the hands of Dr. Abiel Holmes, the author of "American Annals," and still further rescued to fame by being the author of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who no longer lives in it, it is true, but still continues to hold his post as Professor, not at the Breakfast Table alone, but in the Medical College of the University. Here now, carrying forward the traditions of the house, lives one of the younger professors, William Everett, son of President Edward Everett.

More famous still is the Craigie House, and on the way thither from the Holmes House, one passes under the shadow of the Washington Elm, sheltering the memory of the great General who there drew his sword and with it knighted the American army, as once it harbored the great General himself, who was wont to sit enchaired among its boughs, looking out over the open prospect to Boston beyond, his eye resting on the way, not upon Memorial Tower, that rises upon the left, but upon the walls of Harvard Hall, which was a barrack then for the soldiery. It was not a long walk thence to the Craigie House, which, abandoned by its Tory owner then, the wealthy Vassal, was appropriated to Washington's use by the Provincial Congress, and was occupied by him during the siege of Boston. It took its name of the Craigie House from a subsequent owner, but has now resumed its old name of Washington's Head-quarters, interchanging it with Longfellow's House, a name which bids fair to carry it forward in the affection of Americans. Whatever may be the fate of this generous mansion, planted broadly in a fair field, it has already acquired in its double name a title to respect which can hardly be predicated of any other American mansion.

THE RUSH AT THE CHURCH DOOR, AT COMMENCEMENT. (OBSOLETE.)

The road upon which Longfellow's house stands has half-a-dozen colonial halls, for such they may fairly be termed, which once held the families of wealthy Tories, but have passed into other hands, and are held now by families of various degrees of antiquity. One of them, having more of its pristine rustic surroundings than any other, is Elmwood, the home of the poet James Russell Lowell, as it was his father's before him. The house was used after the battle of Bunker Hill as a hospital for soldiers, but stronger associations of patriotic force attach to it as the place where "The Biglow Papers" were written, and whence have come those recent odes fired by a spirit that has flamed anew, and sent out sharp tongues of flashing scorn for the meaner side of our national life.

We have strayed away from the college yard, but are still within the bounds of the University life; Longfellow and Lowell are both to be named among the professors, the former having held from 1836 to 1854 the professorship which the latter has held since 1855. Nor are we far away from buildings which house two departments of the University. Upon a hill north of Elmwood is placed the Astronomical Observatory, and hard by it the Botanic Garden. The Observatory, equipped with large instruments, other apparatus and a library, has been exceedingly efficient under the direction of the two Bonds, and Professsor Winlock, who died last summer. The Botanic Garden, not far distant, contains within its inclosure a Conservatory, a Herbarium building, and the Professor's house, with connections containing a valuable library, a lecture-room and laboratory. The ruling spirit here for the past thirty-four years has been Professor Asa Gray, whose name is known throughout the country by the text-books in botany which have come from his hand. By his influence, also, much of the funds at the command of the Garden was contributed, and it is an interesting fact that a large amount of money, notably sixteen thousand dollars in 1871, has been contributed by that modest donor, who appears too infrequently upon lists of magnified subscribers as "A Friend." Professor Gray gave up active work as professor and director of the Garden in 1873, in order that he might give himself more entirely to his great work, "The Flora of North America."


THE SCRAMBLE FOR FLOWERS.

The instruction in botany is given at the Botanic Garden, and the scientific work of the University is to a large extent done beyond the immediate walls of the college. At Harvard, as elsewhere, the sudden and rapid development of scientific knowledge called imperatively for a change in the old system, and here as elsewhere the experiment was made of forming a distinct scientific school, growing up within the University, but independent of the college. In 1847, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, by a gift of fifty thousand dollars, founded the Lawrence Scientific School, and by generous gifts afterward helped to maintain it. The school was organized, a building erected, and the new education pursued there; but from that day to this the problem has been how to accomplish the two ends of giving a special course of education to men who desired a training in science, but not a scholastic education, and of employing the same resources for satisfying the demands that grew out of the scientific part of a full collegiate education. For a while the school and college carried on their work side by side, duplicating much, and so far working against economy; but four years ago the system was re-organized with the purpose of making the relations of the school and college more intimate, and rendering each helpful to the other; by consolidation of the two chemical laboratories, by enlargement of the course in engineering, by introducing a more complete study of Physics in the course of the Scientific School, by throwing open the college halls to the scientific students, by opening courses of study at the School as electives for undergraduates in college,—by these and other means, a coalition has been effected which greatly increases the capacity both of college and school to satisfy the needs of both classes,—those who desire a special study of science, and those who wish to incorporate the study into a more general scheme.

When the Lawrence Scientific School was first established, it was intended to incorporate with it the work in Natural History, and Professor Louis Agassiz was appointed to the chair of Zoölogy and Geology, and was looked upon as the leader in the movement to make Natural History a department of science, properly so called. The energy and enthusiasm of the Swiss were immensely contagious. His popular lectures in Boston were an event in that lecture-ridden city. The school bought his collections, but had no place to display them, and they were stowed in sheds, cellars, and out-of-the-way buildings, never to the despair, but certainly to the deep vexation, of this enthusiast. In 1858 the influence of Agassiz, which for ten years had been growing steadily, resulted in the establishment of that magnificent enterprise, colossal in its plan, and great even in its present execution,—the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The immediate impulse was in a bequest of fifty thousand dollars made by Mr. Francis C. Gray for this purpose; over seventy thousand dollars was raised in addition by citizens of Boston, and the State granted the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. When the Legislature was considering the matter, Professor Agassiz was called before them. "My great object," he said, "is to have a museum founded here which will equal the great museums of the Old World. We have a continent before us for exploration, which has as yet been only skimmed on the surface. * * * My earnest desire has always been, and is now, to put our universities on a footing with those of Europe, or even ahead of them; so that there would be the same disposition among European students to come to America for the completion of their education that there always has been among our students to avail themselves of the advantages of European universities and schools. * * * My idea in regard to the collections is to furnish you with what money will not buy you when I am gone; with specimens which will be invaluable, because they cannot be procured elsewhere. I receive no compensation whatever for the salaries of my assistants, but pay them out of my own pocket."

OLD PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

It was this entire absorption in his work, and utter disregard of lower ends, that gave him a powerful influence. Under the magnetism of his presence, purses were opened and labor given. Teachers flocked to the lectures which he gave in the different parts of the State, young men eagerly put themselves under his direction, and the great institution which owed its origin to him was carried forward by the impulse which his untiring zeal gave it. Twice he went out on exploring expeditions,—to Brazil, under the auspices of Nathaniel Thayer, a wealthy merchant of Boston and munificent friend of Harvard, and again in the Coast Survey steamer "Hassler" along the coast, on both oceans of

North and South America. Treasures poured into the museum from these expeditions, and the Professor, who gave so entirely of his own possessions, used with a generous faith in the future whatever funds came into his hands, regardless of economic outlook. He gave of his strength also, and in 1869 broke down under his labors; but he rallied again, and in 1872 began the practical development of a scheme over which he had long brooded, to present an exhibition of animal creation, not from a single point of view, but from several points, so that its intricate relations might severally be illustrated. Beginning with a synthetic room, wherein should be placed a representative of each of the natural families among Vertebrates, Mollusks, Articulates, and Radiates, fossil as well as living, and where each representative should, when possible, be shown by specimens of the male, female, and young, and preparations of the embryo, he proposed to continue the series by faunal rooms, where grouping of animals now living in the different marine and terrestrial provinces would be exhibited, and then by other rooms where the fossil faunæ would, in like manner, be placed in their proper groups, while finally there was to be a series of rooms in which all animals, living and fossil, should be arranged systematically, or according to their natural affinities—splendid conception, gradually unfolding still, though it is in effect the arrangement, not of one but of several museums. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, as planned, is to comprise three sides of a hollow square, but as yet only a portion of the north building has been erected. The incomplete but steadily advancing purpose is a great monument to the Enthusiast, Scholar, Collector, Classifier—best of all, Teacher, who died too young, under the strain of the labor he had undertaken.

Josiah Quincy. Edward Everett. Jared Sparks. James Walker. Cornelius Conway Felton.

PAST PRESIDENTS OF HARVARD.

It may fairly be said that this scientific fervor has expended itself in other directions also. Within the college yard stands the granite Boylston Hall, containing the Chemical Laboratory, and also the beginning of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology,—a department yet in its infancy, but destined to have, I think, a great impulse given to it as soon as the fund of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars given to it by George Peabody in 1866 shall have accumulated sufficiently to warrant the Trustees in building and placing on a permanent foundation the museum already begun. Another embryo department is the Bussey Institution, a School of Agriculture and Horticulture, founded by the late Benjamin Bussey, and established upon a superb estate of three hundred and sixty acres in Jamaica Plain. Here has been built a fine structure, containing lecture-room, library, office, laboratory, with store-room and glass-houses attached, recitation and collection-rooms, and an arboretum has been begun from funds especially given for this purpose by the late James Arnold, of New Bedford. The course, which is allied with the course of the Lawrence Scientific School, provides for instruction in the several arts and sciences which are the basis of modern agriculture and horticulture.

The Bussey Institution is not the only department which has its habitation away from Cambridge. The Medical School and the Dental School are established in Boston, hard by the bridge which leads to Cambridge, and in close proximity to the Massachusetts General Hospital. The Medical School has long enjoyed a high reputation from the character of its Professors; but the most notable fact in its history is the recent change in its plans, by which a system in vogue for half a century was discarded and a more scientific and exacting one substituted. It had long been felt that the training of physicians was not as thorough or as formal as the profession demanded. "It was a great feast," says Dr. Holmes, in summing up the old scheme, "of many courses to which the student was invited, but they were all set on at once; which was not the best arrangement, either for mental appetite or digestion." A higher standard of acquirement was determined on, and a more rigid system. "The changes," continues Dr. Holmes, "may be briefly stated thus: The whole academic year is now devoted to medical instruction. It is divided into two terms, the first beginning in September and ending in February; the second, after a recess of a week, extending from February to the last part of June. Each of these terms is more than the equivalent of the former winter term. The most essential change of all is that the instruction is made progressive, the students being divided into three classes, taking up the different branches in their natural succession, and passing through the entire range of their medical studies in due order, in place of having the whole load of knowledge upset at once upon them. Practical instruction in the various laboratories has been either substituted for, or added to, the didactic lectures, and attendance upon them is expected of the student as much as on the lectures. In the place of the somewhat hasty oral examinations for the degree which have prevailed in this college, as in others, written examinations, lasting three hours for each branch, are substituted, and the student must pass a satisfactory examination in every one of the principal departments of study, in order to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine." The change was made when the School was financially successful, and it required courage to make it; but, though the result at first was a diminution of the number of students and of receipts, the system is so sound, that already the receipts are greater than ever, and it is likely that the old number of students will be had, under vastly improved preparation and training; nor is it difficult to see in the improved *morale* and manners of the students a proof of the wisdom that seeks the best culture rather than the most popular method.

PRESIDENT CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

The School of Medicine is accompanied at Harvard by schools in the other two great departments of learning—Law and Divinity. The Law School, established in 1815, and now having its quarters in Dane Hall, owes its chief reputation to the impulse given it in 1829, when the Hon. Nathan Dane founded a Professorship of Law, and the Hon. Joseph Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was appointed to fill it. From that day to this it has had a national fame, drawing its scholars from all States, and numbering among its Professors Simon Greenleaf and Joel Parker, and among its lecturers Charles Sumner, Henry Wheaton, Edward Everett, R. H. Dana, Jr., and B. R. Curtis. Its library numbers a little short of fifteen thousand volumes, and its students the present year are one hundred and sixty-six in number.

The Divinity School, founded in 1805, drew its nourishment at the start from the intense interest in theological discussion, and in the application of scientific methods to the study, which characterized the schism in the Congregational Church in New England. Its origin, and the character of the support which it has received, have determined the school of theology with which it is identified; but the work of some of the men who have been Professors, notably that of Andrew Norton, and Henry Ware, has risen above the level of party lines. An effort was made about twenty years ago to divorce the school from the University, on the plea that the connection was prejudicial to Harvard, by conveying the impression that the college was distinctly an institution under Unitarian control; but the movement failed, and since that time the University has expanded in so many directions, while the Divinity School has pursued its special work so quietly, that the charge has lost its force; and if the religious education of the students is an indication, the college is less Unitarian than Trinitarian. As a matter of fact, the governing body has studiously avoided of late committing the college to any party in the Church, and has sought to do its work independently of all. Its organic divorce from ecclesiastical bodies is now so complete, that it remains to be seen how far it can maintain itself upon a positive footing of independence.

LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

It is a somewhat notable fact, that twice within a few years two large divisions of the Church have meditated an encampment under the walls of the University. The Boston University, under the auspices of the Methodist body, began its special work as a School of Theology, and there were those of its Trustees who argued that, inasmuch as it was proposed not to build great dormitories, and to make a separate community of the students, it would be wise to plant the school at Cambridge, and make such alliance with the University as would place the literary and scholarly accumulations there at the service of the students and Professors. The arguments failed, and an interesting experiment was not tried. But the Episcopal Theological School, incorporated in 1867, and unattached to any plan of a general Episcopal University, was established in Cambridge, and now occupies a site on the old road which Washington traversed between his quarters and the camp by the old elm. The school has already been provided with a chapel, dormitory, and library and, when the proposed refectory is added, a cloistered quadrangle of exceptional beauty will furnish provision for a flourishing school. This institution has no connection, organically, with the University, but its members are able to avail themselves of the privileges offered by lectures and libraries.

The libraries of the University, indeed, constituting so important a part of its treasures, are not all gathered into one building, as I have already intimated. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy has its own library; so have the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical College, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Observatory, the Botanic Garden, the Bussey Institution, and so, also, have the various students' societies and clubs; but the general library of the college is contained in Gore Hall, within the college yard. As already stated, the first collection of books was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1764 and a new collection begun, and housed in the new Harvard Hall, which replaced the building burned. It outgrew its confined limits, and in 1841 was removed to the building which it now occupies, and which was erected with money left by Christopher Gore. King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, England, was the model of the building, and its Gothic design, executed in the not very sympathetic Quincy granite, has long been the basis upon which imaginative students have endeavored to erect in their minds the classic structures of Oxford and Cambridge. The building, however, can hardly be regarded as a success, either as an inspiration of Gothic architecture or as a home for books. Nevertheless, the effect of the interior to the spectator is not unimpressive. The alcoves of books, retreating beyond the eye, surmounted by names of donors to the library; the busts of eminent men connected with the college; the great cabinet, containing the card catalogue; the cases of rare books and manuscripts and literary curiosities; the silent tread of librarians and assistants, and the groined, vaulted ceiling covering the whole and resting upon white pillars,—all this satisfies the eye, even though the trained judgment pronounces the building not only inadequate, but inconvenient. The veteran librarian, Mr. Sibley, has lost no opportunity to urge the erection of another fitter building; indeed, as the library was crowded out of Harvard Hall, so it was likely to be crowded, also, out of Gore Hall, which already holds about one hundred and fifty thousand bound books, and as many, if not more, pamphlets, while the collections outside would add sixty thousand to the total number of books belonging to the University.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

ELMWOOD, THE HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Here, also, is shown the Gray collection of engravings, given to the University by William Gray, of Boston, in execution of the purpose of his uncle, Francis C. Gray, who made the original collection. It occupies a high place in the small number of really valuable collections in America. By a simple contrivance, selections from the portfolios are displayed from time to time upon frames swinging from a pillar. In consequence of this increasing pressure it has been determined to extend the present building by adding a wing larger than the original structure, and ground has already been broken.

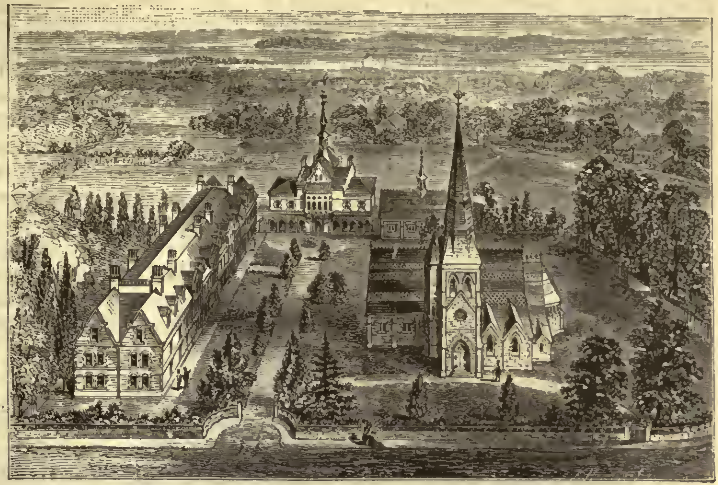
ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.

At the library meet all members of the University, officers and students, finding in its crowded shelves the last recorded result of the manifold education which is pursued in the college proper and in the several professional schools. I have used the terms Harvard College and Harvard University interchangeably throughout this paper, as the terms are used ordinarily; but, strictly speaking, the State Constitution recognizes, I believe, only the "University at Cambridge," Harvard College being the old title of the academic department, and Harvard University a convenient term popularly given to the whole institution. The growth from a college to a university has been the double one of an expansion of the outward organization, and an enlargement of the freedom of the student; while there has been an accumulation of the apparatus of education in every direction, there has also been a steady development of the college curriculum in the direction of individual freedom. Ever since the days of President Quincy, what were called elective studies held a prominent place in the work of the upper classes; but, by a recent, somewhat sweeping change, the lowest or Freshman Class alone has a fixed curriculum, while the three upper classes have the largest freedom in the choice of study, certain regulations only being observed by which the amount of work to be done is made presumably equal. This system cannot, of course, be discussed in full here; but it is to be noted as characterizing a wide departure of Harvard from the traditional system of American colleges. That it throws much responsibility into the hands of the young student is certain; it is contended that the result, so far, indicates a general raising of the average of the college work, and a marked increase of the enthusiasm and special work of those who are students by nature and training. No longer compelled to acquire a little of many branches of learning, the student, shaping his study in accordance with his special genius, is able to push his researches farther, and more thoroughly to master the studies to which he commits himself. There is a complex

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY AS PLANNED.

THE BUSSEY INSTITUTION.

consideration growing out of this which may be just hinted at. The power of a student to direct his own education is determined by the maturity of his judgment, and this, in most cases, is acquired by obedience to masters and men of experience, by the attainment of fundamental principles of scholarship, and the power of exact work. The foundations of such a judgment must be laid far back in youth. If the Sophomore, making his choice of studies as he passes out of the first year of his college life, has been steadily trained to this point, he may have acquired that *majority* of mind which will entitle him safely to make the decision, and the question, no doubt, fairly may be asked, Are the preparatory schools now capable of presenting students who will need but one year of a fixed curriculum?



THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

At all events, the gradual raising of the standard of admission has been a necessary concomitant of the new system, and there is little doubt that the influence is felt in the preparatory schools. There has been also a slight, but not very noticeable, increase of the average age of candidates for admission; but Harvard has always been, in this respect, the youngest, I believe, of the colleges,—for the reason, probably, that, placed in the center of a community which has always set a high value upon education, and drawing a large proportion of its students from well-to-do families, its students have, more generally than elsewhere, had the advantage of an early start in education, and an uninterrupted pursuit under skillful trainers up to the day of entrance at college.

GORE HALL, AS EXTENDED.

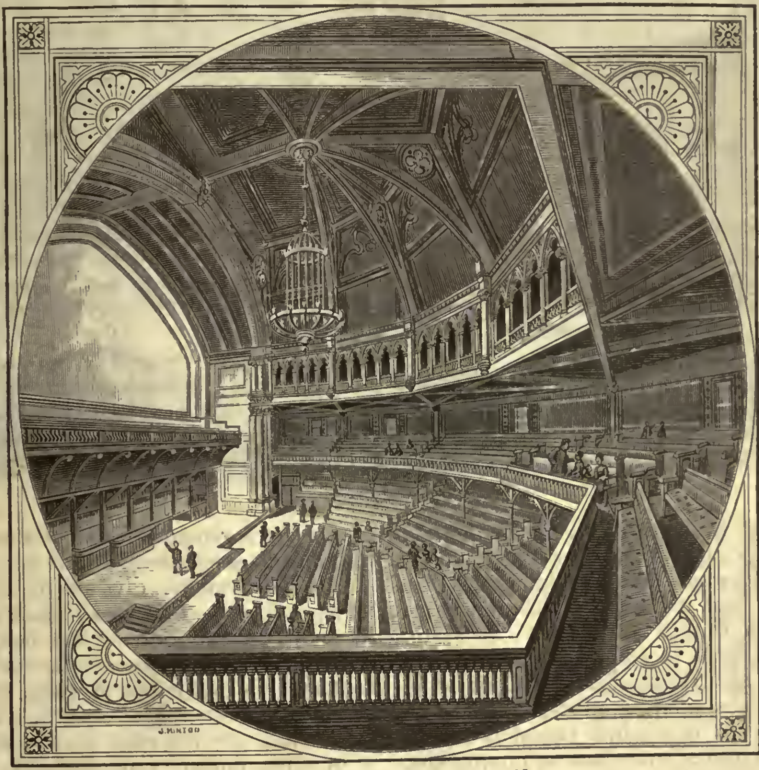
This influence of wealth and society has in other ways shown itself at Harvard. Manners have been esteemed highly, and while there have been, as there always must be, exceptions in the very class where one has a right to expect good breeding, the general tone of politeness is high; and along with this refinement of manners goes also a certain aim at refinement of learning, so that there is an absence of *spread-eagle* in writing and speaking, and an aim at elegance and lightness of style. But no one who has observed this temper has failed to discern also that companion quality of bloodless order; that repression, or even disdain, of enthusiasm; that emulation of well-bred cynicism and arrogant coolness, which, in a young man, do not betoken the healthiest, strongest character. At Harvard, among the weaker sort, the principal question is, What is the Thing to do? Among the wiser men, How may I express myself most dispassionately? The divine fervor of enthusiasm is openly, or by implication, voted a vulgar thing. There has grown up, too, out of the cultivation of a system which sets the high prize of sound learning before the really ambitious student, and the low prize of a degree before the student who aims at little more than having a good time, a practice of *coaching*, to use an English university word, which seems to set at defiance the standard provided to determine the capacity and industry of the students. The employment of private tutors is not in itself necessarily evil or irrational, but the abuse of the practice is frequent enough now to attract attention,—when an unofficial tutor of mental aptitude and skill makes a careful abstract of the work done in any department during the term, seizes upon the salient points, and then, by a short, hard process of cramming, so stuffs the delinquent student with the necessary knowledge and drills him with the essential facts, that he enables him to pass his examinations only to forget in another week all the learning which, for a short time, he had at his tongue's end—and nowhere else.

MEMORIAL HALL.

Yet, in taking a general survey of the University at this time, the observer can hardly fail to see how surely there is forming at Cambridge a community of scholars and a massive organization. The list of names that appears under the head "Government" in the University catalogue, includes men of renown wherever the English language is spoken and wherever sound learning is cultivated; it includes also specialists, who, in their several departments are recognized as the advance guard of learning, and, while some of these have small show of classes, they help to carry out the true idea of a university which shall give opportunity for the advancement of learning in every direction. More and more, also, students linger about the walls of the college after their own college days are over, held by the strong inducements to remain and work in the higher fields. A few years ago the college resolutely rescinded the custom, which it held in common with other American colleges, of bestowing the degree of Master of Arts in course upon any who chose to pay the fee for the diploma, three years after receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and now gives the degree only to such graduates as pursue at Cambridge a course of liberal study approved by the Council, and pass a thorough examination in the same; the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science are bestowed only upon similar conditions. This step lifts at once these degrees into their true place, and offers an additional incentive to students to postpone a while longer their departure from the University; thus Alma Mater proves a sheltering mother who keeps such of her children as she may still with her, and, out of this number, doubtless, will come, from time to time, such new instructors as the college may require.

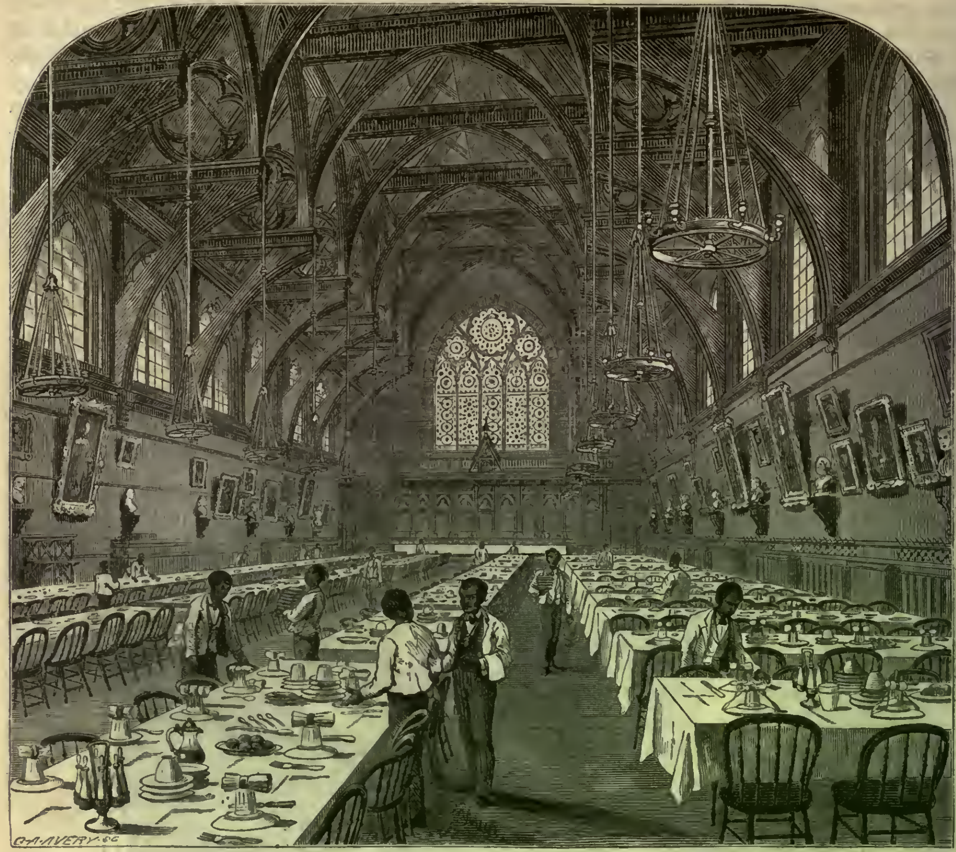
But the invitation to higher scholarship is not held out to graduates alone. Any student who chooses may enter his name toward the close of his Junior year as a candidate for honors, and receive them upon passing certain examinations, while what are termed second year honors are also open to Sophomores and Juniors. Again, there are in the college one hundred and four scholarships, varying in their annual income from forty to three hundred dollars, and choice is made among applicants according to the rank sustained in scholarship; there are, besides, scholarships attached to the several schools connected with the University, and prizes, deturs, and pecuniary aid generally so disposed that the government is justified in saying: "The experience of the past warrants the statement that good scholars of high character but slender means are seldom or never obliged to leave college for want of money;" and it is not an unknown thing for a student to present himself penniless at the beginning of his Freshman year and carry off the highest honors, sustaining himself by the pecuniary rewards given to high scholarship.

One cannot take up the full and interesting catalogue issued each year by the college without being struck by the wealth of opportunity offered to those ambitious of attainments. The catalogue is something more than a bare list of names and studies; it contains the history of the University as told in enactments and endowments, and the multitudinous courses of instruction open freely to students. As a single illustration of what may almost be called the excess of its scholarly wealth, I note that during the past winter evening readings were to be given in Dante, by Charles Eliot Norton; in Homer, by Mr. Palmer; in Cervantes, by James Russell Lowell; in Chaucer, by Professor Child; in Molière, by Professer Bôcher, and the whole tendency of the University is to make its treasures accessible, and not to hoard them.



SANDERS' THEATER, MEMORIAL HALL.

It is this spiritual vitality of the University which must carry it forward. The ambition at Harvard is to make an effective educational body of scholars, with requisite apparatus, rather than a weighty organization that shall impress men by its material grandeur. Yet the dignity of external presence attending this high aim of scholarship is not wanting. The impulse given to the University ever since the war, seems almost like a consecration from the men who left its walls cheerfully to make secure those political foundations which render all scholarship worthy and enduring. In memory of them, and as a perpetual shrine for the enthusiasm, historic and present, of the University, the pile of buildings, passing under the general name of Memorial Hall, has been raised, and is now rapidly approaching completion. The Alumni, who, since the separation of the University from State control, are now responsible electors in the government, have signalized at once their devotion to their trust, and their respect for



MEMORIAL HALL, DINING-HALL.

those of their number who fell in the late war, by erecting this great building.

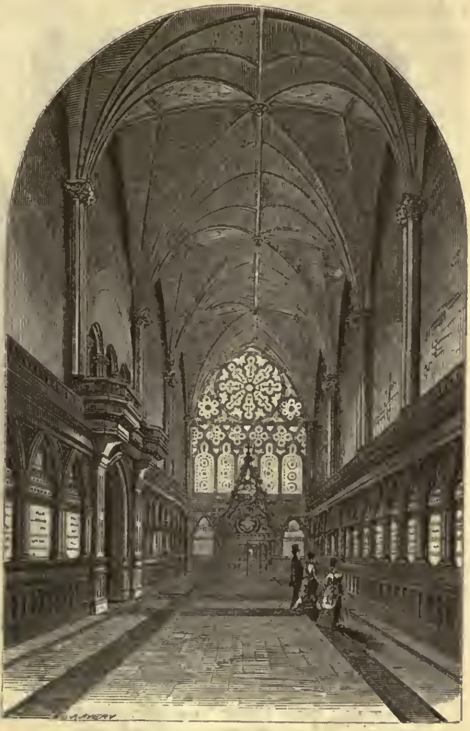
The longer axis of the building runs east and west, and its extreme dimensions are 310 feet in length, and 115 feet in width. The exterior is of red brick laid in black mortar, decorated with lines of black brick, and with belts, window tracery, and weatherings of Nova Scotia buff sandstone. The roofs are covered with slates in three colors, with hips, saddles, and finials of copper, zinc, and wrought-iron. The building is composed of three grand divisions, the easternmost of which, now completing, is the academic theater for the use of public exercises, arranged in general upon the plan of classic theaters, having an open timber roof, seventy-six feet high from the arena, and accommodating fifteen hundred people. Upon the exterior, one notes in the window-heads strong sculptured heads of representative orators—Demosthenes, Cicero, S. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke, and Webster. It is called the Sanders' Theater as a tribute to the memory of a generous friend of the college, whose bequest was turned into this channel.

The westernmost division is the great dining-hall of the college, accommodating a thousand persons, and having below capacious kitchens and offices. Its interior dimensions are sixty feet in width, one hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and eighty feet in height to the apex of the roof, which is of open timber, supported by hammer beam trusses,—proportions marking it as a third larger than the largest of the English University dining-halls. At each end of the hall is a carved screen and gallery. The walls are faced with red and black brick-work, with belts of tiles. The side windows, nine on either side, are twenty-two feet above the floor, and that space is occupied by an ash wainscoting, upon which are hung the portraits and placed the busts belonging to the University. The windows are filled with plain glass at present, but it is expected that from time to time they will each be made memorial, in some form. At the west end is a great window, twenty-five feet by thirty, filled with stained glass, and bearing, emblazoned, the arms of the college, of the State, and of the United States.

Both theater and dining-hall have their entrance from Memorial Hall proper, which cuts the building into unequal parts, running through it from north to south. The great entrance door-ways are thus upon the transept front, each being a wide arched door-way, in a carved stone screen, containing niches, and crowned with an open parapet; over the parapet, on each front, being a large stone tracery window, filled with stained glass, while the gables above bear dedicatory inscriptions. As one enters by either door-way, he finds himself within the Memorial Hall, which rises under the lofty tower that crowns the building. The floor on which he treads is a marble pavement, thirty feet wide and one hundred and twelve feet long, while, above him, at a height of nearly sixty feet, is a wooden vaulting of brown ash. The walls are occupied to the height of eighteen feet by a carved black walnut screen in the form of an arcade; the arches, twenty-eight in number, contain each a marble tablet surmounted by a mosaic or inlay of marbles. On these tablets are inscribed the names, under the separate departments of the University, of the one hundred and forty students or graduates who fell in defense of the Union in the late civil war; with the date of their death, and the place of death of those who died in battle.

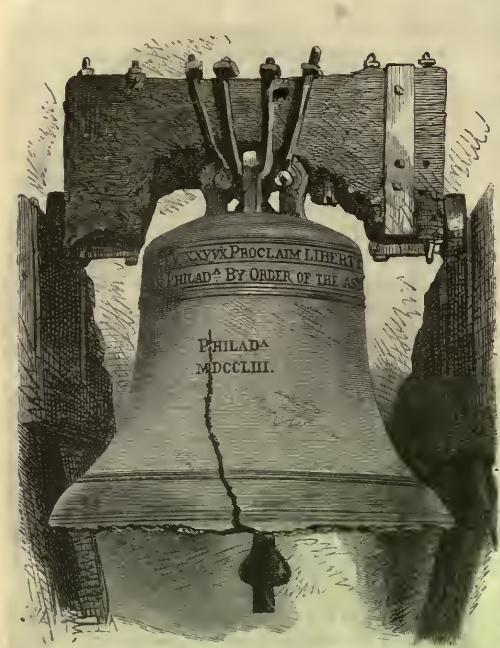
Above, in monochrome, are Latin inscriptions, reciting in a dead language the ever-living, immortal truths of patriotism, valor, faithfulness, piety, sacrifice. On the right are lofty staircases, under the lesser towers, leading to the theater; on the left, one passes by a broad door-way into the great dining-hall.

It is this building which holds the choicest hope and the bravest memory of the University. For, after all, what is the University, what the whole garner of scholastic wealth, if it be not, first, last and always ἀγαϑὴ κουροτρόφος, nurse of stalwart youth? This, Memorial Hall keeps ever in remembrance. The lofty vestibule, by silent iteration, bids one lay deep the foundation of scholarship upon national well-being, connecting as things inseparable the heroic sacrifice and the heroic devotion to learning. The great dining-hall is at once the meeting-place of hundreds of young men, bound together by all that makes youth glad; and constantly before one are the faces of that long line of men, and of women too, who have joined the college by a thousand ties to the New England of history. The stern ancestry of early New England days, the opulent, orderly men and women whom Copley and Stuart painted when the colonies were consciously and unconsciously husbanding their strength for the approaching autonomy; the familiar faces of presidents and professors, whose devotion to learning remains, as a precious legacy; the younger, nearer face of the hero of young Harvard, brave, generous, dying with the halo of obloquy,—all these forms and spiritual presences fill the air of the great hall with something more than an academic glory. The procession of men that tells of the two hundred and fifty years of college life, is ever before the eyes of the restless, hopeful, eager youth of the day; and the hall, with its silent witness, is a constant voice calling to a noble life and worthy aims. The crowd that gathers there daily passing in and out, dancing gayly Class Day evening, and listening to the wit and eloquence of Commencement dinner,—this is the college, and here is the center of the University to-day, binding the past and the future, making great things possible because it holds and records great things achieved.



MEMORIAL HALL, VESTIBULE.

CENTENNIAL BELLS.



Ye belfry'd blacksmiths in the air,
Smite your sweet anvils good and strong!
Ye lions in your lofty lair,
Roar out from tower to tower, along
The wrinkled coasts and scalloped seas,
Till winter meets the orange breeze
From bridal lands that always wear
The orange-blossoms round their hair.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Pour out, ye goblets, far and near,
Your grand melodious iron flood,
Till pine and palm shall think they hear
The axes smite the stately wood,
Nor dream the measured cadence meant
The clock-tick of the continent!
The foot-fall of a world that nears
The field-day of a hundred years.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ye blossoms of the furnace fires,
Ye iron tulips rock and swing,
The People's Primal Age expires,
A hundred years the reigning king.
Strike one, ye hammers overhead,
Ye rusty tongues, ring off the red,
Ring up the Concord Minute Men,
Ring out old Putnam's wolf again.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Where prairies hold their flowery breath
Like statues in the marble ledge,—
Where mountains set their glittering teeth
Through wide horizon's rugged edge,
And hold the world with granite grip
As steady as a marble lip,
And here, and there, and everywhere,
With rhythmic thunder strike the air.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ring down the curtain on To-day
And give the Past the right of way,
Till fields of battle red with rust,
Shine through the ashes and the dust
Across the Age, and burn as plain
As glowing Mars through window-pane.
How grandly loom like grenadiers
These heroes with their hundred years!
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ring for the blue-eyed errand boy
That quavered up the belfry stair,
"They've signed it! Signed it!" and the joy
Rolled forth as rolls the Delaware.
The old man started from a dream,
His white hair blew, a silver stream,
Above his head the bell unswung
Dumb as a morning-glory hung;
The time had come awaited long,
His wrinkled hand grew young and strong,
He grasped the rope as men that drown
Clutch at the life-line drifting down,
The iron dome as wildly flung
As if Alaska's winds had rung.

Strange that the founder never knew,
When from the molten glow he drew
That bell, he hid within its rim
An anthem and a birthday hymn!

So rashly rung, so madly tossed,
Its old melodious volume lost,
Its thrilled horizon rent and cleft,
Of sweet vibration all bereft,
And yet, to hear that tocsin break
The silence of a hundred years,
Its rude discordant murmurs shake
And rally out the soul in cheers
Would set me longing to be rid
Of sweeter voices, and to bid
Centennial Bells be dumb!

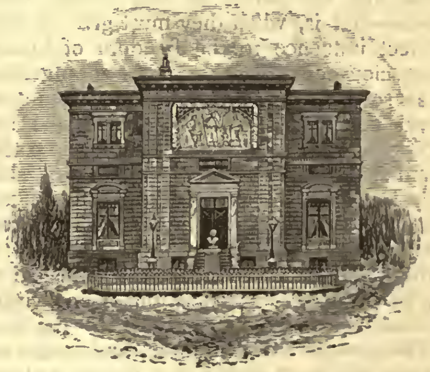
Although no mighty Muscovite,
No iron welkin rudely hurled,
That bell of Liberty and Right
Was heard around the Babel world!
Land of the green and golden robe!
A three-hours journey for the Sun,
Two oceans kiss thee round the globe,
Up the steep world thy rivers run
From geologic ice to June.
A hundred years from night to noon!
In blossom still, like Aaron's rod!
The clocks are on the stroke of one,
One land, one tongue, one Flag, one God!
Centennial Bells, ring on!

WAGNER AT BAYREUTH.

RICHARD WAGNER.

THE public is more interested in Richard Wagner than in any living musician, and as the time for his long-talked of musical festival at Bayreuth approaches, the interest is naturally increased. It is unfortunate that our Centennial celebration occurs during the same summer. Wagner was asked to postpone the production of his operas, as so many Americans would otherwise be prevented from visiting Bayreuth; but he replied that his singers were all engaged, and furthermore that they could give him no other time, having their regular operatic engagements during the preceding and following months. Consequently the opera-house at Bayreuth will be opened for the performance of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" in August. The first performance will take place on Sunday, August 13th, beginning at five o'clock in the afternoon. The division of the music will be as follows: Sunday afternoon and evening, "Rheingold"; Monday, "Walküre"; Tuesday, "Siegfried"; Wednesday, the "Götterdämmerung." The second performance will be from August 20th to 23d, inclusive; and the third performance from August 27th to 30th, inclusive; all in the same order. There are one thousand seats reserved in the building for the patrons, and only about three hundred for the "casual visitor." Tickets admitting one person to the three performances are 300 Prussian thalers. The orchestra will number one hundred and fifty picked men, and the solo singers are to be from the best the country can produce. Niemann will be the principal tenor. The rehearsals have been going on for some time, of course under Wagner's personal supervision. The land on which the theater is built was presented for the purpose by the City of Bayreuth. The building has already cost over 300,000 thalers; but his admirers, headed by King Ludwig of Bavaria, will see to it that Wagner loses nothing. Never was an enterprise conducted on higher principles. Wagner has no thought of making money by the festival. Art is his one object. He thoroughly believes in his theories, and he wants to put them fairly before the world before he dies. The Nibelungen trilogy is the consummation of the composer's theories, and by it his rank will be reckoned in future ages; though, if he had never written anything but the "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," he would, in the estimation of many whose judgment is of worth, stand not far from Beethoven on the list of the great composers.

The libretto of the Nibelungen, like most of Wagner's operas, is founded on a fantastic legend. The reader will see at once how grand is the opportunity for the imagination. From the womb of night and of death, says the legend, there sprang a race, who dwelt in Nibelheim: that is, in dim subterranean chasms and caves. They were called Nibelungen. They wrought in metals. Among them



WAGNER'S VILLA AT BAYREUTH

Alberich gained possession of the bright and beautiful gold of the Rhine, the Rheingold, from which he made a ring that gave him power over all the Nibelungen. Thus he became their master, and forced them to collect for him the rich treasure of the Nibelungen, the chief jewel of which was the Tarnhelm (helmet), by means of which one could assume any figure that he pleased. The great cunning of the gods succeeded in the capture of Alberich, and he was compelled to give the treasure as ransom for his life. The gods, knowing the power of the ring, took that from him. Then he laid a curse upon it, that it should prove the ruin of all who should possess it. The giants forced it from the god Wotan, and left it on the Guita plain under the guardianship of an enormous dragon. The soul and freedom of the Nibelungen lay buried beneath the body of the dragon. But Wotan could not expiate the wrong without committing a new injustice. Only a free will independent of the gods themselves, which could take upon itself all the fault and do penance for it, had it in its power to loose the enchantment, and the gods saw the capability of such a free will in man. They sought therefore to infuse their divinity into man, that they might raise his strength so high that he, conscious of this power, might withdraw himself even from the divine protection in order to do, according to his own will, what his mind suggested to him. So the gods educated men for this high purpose, to be the expiators of their crime; and their object was to be attained when they had lost themselves in this human creation—that is, when they must give up their direct influence to the freedom of human consciousness. Mighty races sprang from this seed, who steeled their strength in strife and conflict. At last Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinda (twin brother and sister) was born. Siegmund was slain by Hunding, the enraged husband of Sieglinda. For interfering in this combat Brunhilda was expelled from the company of the Valkyres (Walküre), and banished to a barren rock, where she, the divine virgin, should be given in marriage to the man who should find her there, and wake her from the sleep into which Wotan had cast her. But she begged as a boon that Wotan should surround the rock with the terrors of flame, that she might be certain that only the bravest of heroes could win her.

Reigin brought up Siegfried; he taught him the art of the smithy; told him of the death of his father; and produced for him the two pieces of the latter's broken sword, from which Siegfried, under Mime's direction, forged the sword Balmung. Mime urged the youth to the destruction of the dragon, but Siegfried determined first to avenge the death of his father. So he sallied forth and after killing Hunding slew the dragon and took possession of the ring and helmet. As he put his finger heated with the dragon's blood into his mouth, the taste of the blood gave him knowledge of the language of the birds, who warned him against Mime, and he slew him. The birds also counseled him to win the heart of Brunhilda, the most beautiful of women. Siegfried immediately penetrated to her rocky fortress, and she recognized in him the noble hero of the Volsung race, yielded herself to him, and he wedded her with the ring of Alberich. They swore truth to each other, and he left her.

Another race of heroes living on the Rhine was that of the Gibichungen. Among them were Gunther, his sister Gudrun, and Hagen, a natural son of their mother. The Gibichungen looked to Hagen to get the Nibelungen ring, and he laid a contemptible plot to trap Siegfried. Gudrun, inspired with love for Siegfried by the praise which Hagen had lavished upon him, gave Siegfried, by Hagen's advice, a goblet of welcome prepared through Hagen's art in such a way that it caused Siegfried to forget his life with Brunhilda and his espousal with her. Siegfried sought Gudrun for his wife, and Gunther consented on condition that he should aid him to gain Brunhilda, for she possessed the magic ring. Siegfried by the power of the helmet changed himself into Gunther, penetrated into Brunhilda's fortress and took the ring and carried her to Gunther, and they all returned to their home upon the Rhine. When Brunhilda saw that Siegfried had deserted her for Gudrun, she was very angry and swore to be revenged. She declared that she was Siegfried's wife, and he declared that she was not. Gunther, in the deepest shame and wretchedness, seated himself apart and covered his face; and Hagen approached Brunhilda and offered himself as the avenger of her honor; but she laughed at him as powerless to conquer Siegfried. Then Hagen said that she must tell him how Siegfried was to be overcome. She, who had hallowed Siegfried, and had secured him, by secret charms, against wounds, advised Hagen that he must strike him in the back; for, as she knew the hero would never turn his back to his foes, she had not made that also enchanted. A plan for his murder was arranged between Hagen, Brunhilda and Gunther,—the latter urged on against his better nature by Hagen's entreaties and Brunhilda's jeers. Hagen's desire was to possess the Nibelungen ring, which Siegfried would let go at his death. Hagen planned a hunt for the next day, at which Siegfried should be killed. As Siegfried was riding to the meet he was accosted by three water-sprites, who warned him of approaching danger, but he only laughed at them. Soon the hunters approached. Gunther was gloomy and depressed, while Hagen was noisy and jolly; Siegfried tried to cheer Gunther by telling him stories of his youth. Two ravens flew swiftly over their heads. "What do those ravens tell thee?" shouted Hagen. Siegfried sprang quickly up; and Hagen continued: "I understood them that they hasten to announce thy coming to Wotan." With that he thrust his spear into Siegfried's back.

Gunther, guessing by Siegfried's story the truth of his incomprehensible relations with Brunhilda, and suddenly recognizing from it Siegfried's innocence, had seized Hagen's arm to save the hero, but without being able to avert the stroke. Siegfried raised his shield to dash down Hagen with it, but his strength failed him and he sank groaning to the earth. Hagen had turned away; Gunther and his men gathered, sympathizing and agitated, about Siegfried, when he opened his eyes once more and cried: "Brunhilda! Brunhilda! Thou glorious child of Wotan! How fair and bright thou comest to me! * * * Brunhilda! Brunhilda! I greet thee!"

Thus he died. And the men raised his corpse upon his shield, and, led by Gunther, bore it away in solemn procession over the rocky heights.

They set down the dead hero in the hall of the Gibichungen, the court of which opened at the rear upon the banks of the Rhine. Hagen had called forth Gudrun with a loud cry, telling her a wild boar had slain her husband. Filled with horror, Gudrun threw herself upon Siegfried's body; she accused the brothers of his murder; but Gunther pointed to Hagen; he was the wild boar, the murderer of the hero. And Hagen said: "If I have slain him, than whom none other dared touch, what was his is my rightful booty. The ring is mine!" Gunther stepped before him:—"Shameless bastard! the ring is *mine*—Brunhilda meant it for me! Hear me, all of you!"

Then Hagen and Gunther fought, and Gunther fell. Hagen sought to draw the ring from the body, but it raised its hand threateningly. Hagen shrank back in horror—Gudrun shrieked aloud. Then Brunhilda strode solemnly between them:

"Silence your clamor; your idle rage! Here stands his wife, whom you have all betrayed! I demand my right, for what was to happen has come to pass."

"Wretch!" cried Gudrun, "it was thou who wrought us ruin."

But Brunhilda said, "Silence, miserable one! Thou wast but his mistress; I am his wife, to whom he swore faith before he had ever seen thee! Woe is me!"

Then cried Gudrun: "Accursed Hagen, why didst thou advise me of the draught by which I stole her husband from her? For now I know it was the draught that made him forget Brunhilda."

Then Brunhilda said: "Oh, he is pure! Never were vows more truly kept than he kept them. And Hagen has not slain him, he has but marked him out for Wotan, to whom I now lead him. For now I, too, have done my penance; I am pure and free; for he only, the noble one, has had me to wife."

Then she had a funeral pyre built upon the bank to burn Siegfried's body; no horse, no slave was to be sacrificed with him: she alone would offer her body to the gods in his honor. But first she took possession of his inheritance; the helmet should be burned with him, but the ring she herself put on.

Amid solemn songs Brunhilda mounted Siegfried's funeral pyre; Gudrun bent in bitter grief over the murdered Gunther. The flames rose above Siegfried and Brunhilda; suddenly they streamed up in the brightest luster, and above a dark cloud of smoke arose a glory, in which Brunhilda, armed and mounted upon her steed as a Valkyr, led Siegfried by the hand. At the same moment the waves of the Rhine rose to the entrance of the hall; the three water-sprites bore away upon them the helmet and the ring. Hagen rushed madly forward to tear the treasure from them; but they seized him and bore him to the depths below.*

The story is as dramatic as it is fantastic, and the spectacular effects in the last scene can be made as beautiful as a bit out of fairy-land.

Before going any further it might be well to give a few dates from the life of the composer: Richard Wagner was born in Leipsic on the 22d of May, 1813. His father died when he was six months old, and his step-father designed him for a painter; but he showed little or no talent for that art. As he grew older he wanted to be a poet, and projected ambitious tragedies, that were strangled at their birth. Shakspere was his model, and he learned English for the sole purpose of studying that master. On hearing Beethoven's music he decided that he must write like him, and so, against the wishes of his family, who thought he had no talent, he began the study of music. In 1839 he left Germany completely discouraged, and traveled with his wife to Paris. There he had the friendship of Meyerbeer, but the enmity of almost every other musician. Reduced to the verge of starvation, he wrote articles for the "Gazette Musicale" which attracted considerable attention. He gained experience in Paris, if nothing else, and left that city in 1842 to direct the production of his "Rienzi" at Dresden. This opera met with success, and he was made Kapellmeister at the Dresden Opera-house. Being a man of liberal political opinions, he was an active leader in the agitation which led to the revolution of 1848, and was compelled to flee to Zurich for his life. During his residence in Switzerland, where he was well received, he completed "Lohengrin," and the libretto and part of the music of the "Nibelungen." He left Zurich in 1858 and resided in Italy, Paris, Vienna, and Carlsruhe. "Lohengrin" was produced unsuccessfully during his residence in Paris. Returning to Germany, he had the good fortune to win the favor of King Ludwig of Bavaria, an enthusiastic musical amateur. From this time success crowned his efforts, and on the 22d of May, 1872, the corner-stone of his theater at Bayreuth was laid with imposing ceremonies.

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* See "Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner. Selected from his Writings and Translated by Edward L. Burlingame." Henry Holt & Co.

WAGNER'S LIBRARY.

Wagner had passed the best part of his life before meeting recognition. Even when the performance of his "Tannhäuser" was ordered in Paris by the Emperor, it had to be withdrawn from the boards of the Grand Opera through the outrageous treatment of the Jockey Club and the press.

Liszt was the first musician of rank to introduce Wagner's music to the public. The friendship between these two is strong and of long standing, and every year Liszt is a guest at Bayreuth in Wagner's house.

Wagner is now in his sixty-fourth year. He has not a few of the eccentricities of genius, in dress and manner. He is about the medium height. His face is strongly marked, and in it one can well read the character of the man. His brow is high and bold, and he wears his iron-gray hair pushed straight back from it. His eyes are deep-set and of a piercing gray-blue, though they vary in color with the passing emotion. A large, slightly Roman nose stands guard over a broad mouth, so firmly compressed that only a thin line of red defines the lips. The chin is prominent and wide. The face is clean-shaven with only a fringe of beard running close to the throat and passing up to the ears. The countenance is intellectual, and the features, though stern when in repose, soften occasionally into a smile. Wagner is not a morose man, nor is he a despot; yet he likes to have things "his way," because he believes that his ideas are right. In conversation he is affable and agreeable, though his manner is somewhat that of a preoccupied man. There is nothing trifling in his nature; his life is real and earnest, and he is looking a long way ahead. At home he usually dresses in a loose coat or gown of black velvet with a high-cut waistcoat of the same material. His shirt collar is of no particular style, and his tie is a scarf of ribbon carelessly hung about his neck and the ends tucked under his waistcoat. He generally wears short breeches and leggings. On his head is a velvet cap, somewhat like a Scotch cap, only fuller and more baggy. This, as has been stated, is his dress in his own house, and not in public; away from home he dresses like other people. A friend of mine, who attended some of the rehearsals at Bayreuth, says that his appearance would remind you of the familiar German professor: "Short, wearing spectacles, nervous in his movements: but his manner in directing is the most determined of any person I ever saw,—stamping his foot if the least fault is detected, singing the part as it should be, and every five minutes taking off and putting on his black velvet cap."

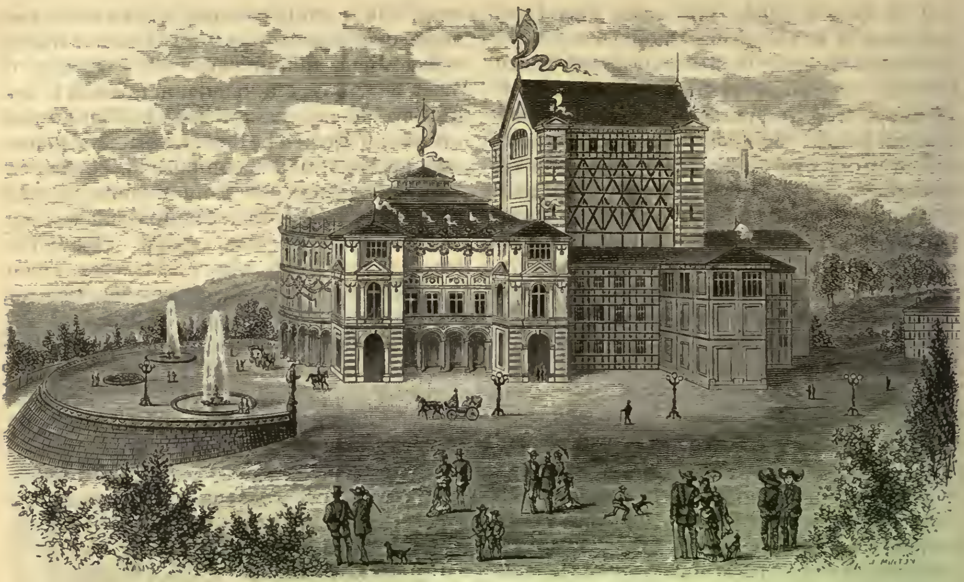
At ten o'clock Wagner retires and the guests generally leave at that hour. He sleeps with his gas burning brightly all night. By seven o'clock in the morning he is up and has a cup of coffee; but the business of the toilet does not begin much before ten.

Wagner has much inventive genius, and now and then tries his hand at some new instrument. He recently invented a brass horn, the largest ever made,—the lowest tones of which were to be as rich and powerful as an organ. When he had it completed and raised it to his lips it would not make a sound. But he was not discouraged. The theory, he declared, was right, and he would accomplish his object yet.

Mme. Wagner, or Frau Cosima, as she is generally called, is a fine-looking woman about thirty-seven years of age. She is the daughter of Liszt, whom she very much resembles, and was formerly the wife of Von Bülow. She is an intelligent and accomplished woman. Frau Cosima is devoted to her husband, takes charge of many of his affairs, and attends all his rehearsals. She has several children, some of them by her former husband.

Wagner's house at Bayreuth is just finished, and, as will be seen by the foregoing picture, is as plain as it is odd-looking. It is built of pure white marble. A bust of King Ludwig, father of the present King, more famous even than his son as a patron of music, stands on a pedestal before the front door, surrounded by an iron railing. At the rear of the house the grounds are laid out beautifully, and adjoin the Royal Gardens. The most singular thing about the place is the tomb erected for the composer and his wife, which stands but a stone's throw from the house. It is all ready and waiting for its occupants. The inscription is engraved on it, and only needs the dates of death to make it complete. Guests are constantly taken out to visit it by the host and hostess. Directly over the door of the house a group in bass-relief is cut out of the marble and the name "Wahnfried" engraved beneath it. Over one window are engraved the words "*Hier wo mein Wahn Frieden fand*," which when freely translated mean "Here the troubled mind has found rest," or "Here my ideal has been realized"; and over the other window "*Sei dies Haus von mir genannt;*" "Let this house be named by me."

The interior of "Wahnfried" is as luxurious as the exterior is plain. You enter at once through a large door into a square hall or vestibule, with a mosaic marble floor. Around the walls are pedestals on which stand statuettes in marble of scenes from Wagner's operas; above these are frescoes made of similar subjects. On each side of the door leading into the main room are busts of Wagner and Mme. Cosima Wagner on pedestals. A door on the right leads to a little reception-room and Mme. Wagner's private



WAGNER'S THEATER AT BAYREUTH.

apartments, which are most luxuriously furnished. On the opposite side is the dining-room. The grand room of the house is called Wagner's room, and is situated in the rear of the building, and runs nearly its entire length. It is lighted by an immense bay window which looks out into the park, and which is hung with rich curtains in lace and damask. The ceiling is heavily ornamented with carvings and paintings. Heavy curtains hang across the door-way leading into the hall. Book-cases line three sides of the wall and are filled with rare musical scores as well as books of general interest. His musical library is complete and very valuable. All his books are bound in rich bindings. Portraits of King Ludwig and other of Wagner's friends hang upon the walls. The carpet is of the softest velvet, and although there are not two pieces of furniture in the room of the same color or design, the general tone is a warm red. Rich rugs lie before the luxurious sofas, and elaborately upholstered chairs invite the visitor to try their comfortable depths. A large and oddly shaped table strewn with bric-à-brac occupies one side of the room. At the edge of the bay window stands the grand piano whose cold, white keys have warmed under the touch of Wagner and of Liszt. A porcelain stove, upon which stands a bust of Schnorr, the first "Tristan," hides itself in a corner of the room; and near it stands the table at which Wagner composes. Before him on the table are seven portraits of his wife; growing plants in the window, his own park, and the royal park outside, make a pretty picture. In the upper part of the house is the composer's bedroom, which is hung in pink silk. Contrast the scene here sketched with the one drawn by himself of the musician's wretched surroundings in "An End in Paris."

The famous opera-house stands on an eminence within easy walking distance of the heart of the town of Bayreuth. It is strikingly queer in appearance. No particular style of architecture has been followed, and the exterior is made subservient to the interior arrangements. The front, which contains the auditorium, is rather ornamental, but very odd. The high part in the rear is directly over the stage, and is intended for scenery; the wings at the rear and sides are also intended for that purpose. The foundation of the building is of sandstone, and the upper part of different-colored brick. The stage is much larger than the auditorium. It is 100 feet wide by 103 feet in height, and 83 feet in depth. Back of this is another stage of 50 feet in depth that may be used on grand occasions.

The auditorium is exceedingly plain. There are no galleries or boxes to break its monotony. The seats rise one above the other as in an ancient amphitheater, but they are only in the center of the house. The sides are perfectly bare, being broken only by a few columns. At the rear there is a row of royal boxes, or *fürsten logé.*

One of the first things the visitor will notice is the absence of seats for the orchestra. If he will wait a moment he will hear the music coming up from the "mystic gulf." It is one of Wagner's peculiar ideas that the orchestra should be kept out of sight, as it destroys the illusion when it intervenes between the audience and the stage. In his speech made at the laying of the corner-stone of the theater, Wagner said: "You will perhaps miss with surprise the simple decorations with which festive halls used to be beautified. But then, in the proportions and arrangements of the hall itself and the auditorium, you will find a thought expressed which will establish between yourselves and the play you came to see, a new relation very different from that which previously existed. Should this effect be simply and completely produced, then the mysterious entrance of the music will prepare you for the unveiling and plain exposition of scenic paintings, which, appearing to come out of an ideal world of dreams, will acquaint you with the full reality of the ingenious deceptions whereof the art of painting is capable. Here nothing will even provisionally speak to you with mere hints; so far as is permitted by the artistic possibilities of the times, the most perfect representation will be set before you in scenic as in mimic play."

The first Richard Wagner Society was established in Mannheim, and the name created a great deal of amusement among the enemies of the composer. It was not long after this that similar societies were established in Vienna, Pesth, Brussels, London, New York, and many other cities. The avowed purpose of these societies is to advance Wagner's music, and the interest of his Bayreuth enterprise, and, if possible, to attend the performances. The month of August will find Bayreuth filled with musical enthusiasts, and the quiet little town so long asleep among the hills will awake to the music of Richard Wagner, and to fame.

TABLET IN FRONT OF WAGNER'S HOUSE.

THE STUART PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

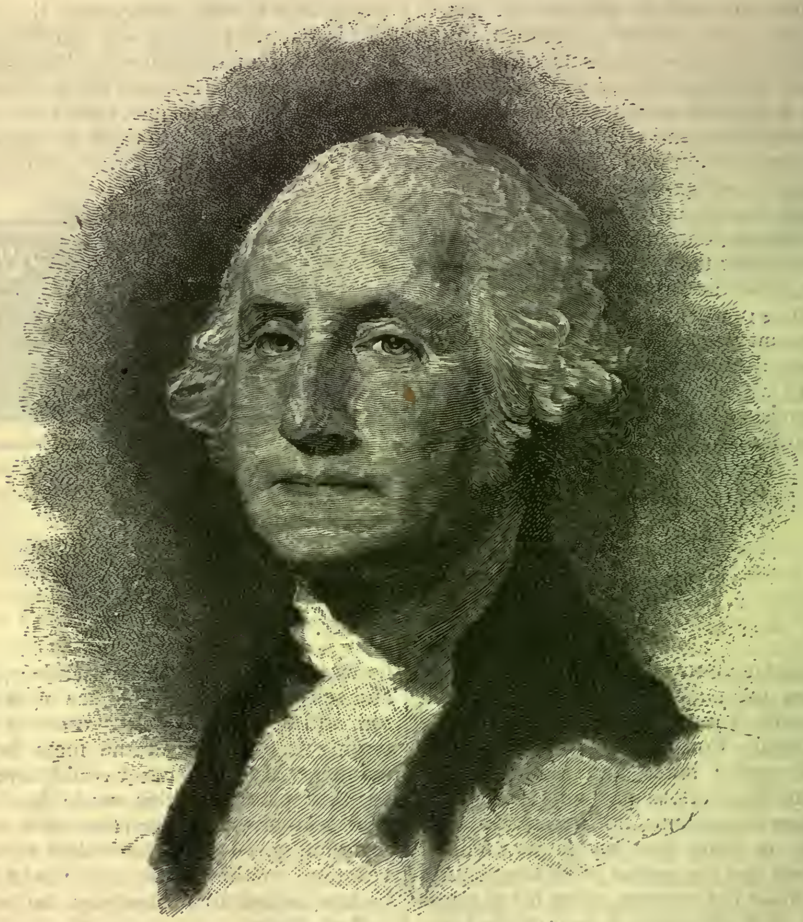
BY JANE STUART.

It appears almost to require an apology for boring the public with what I supposed so generally known as the history of the "Washington Portraits;" and yet, judging from the various letters and inquiries I receive and the various accounts published, an apology is, perhaps, not necessary.

I wish to state that my father, Gilbert Stuart, was not the author of all the pictures passed about the country under his name, as originals of Washington. I hear of the highest prices paid for portraits which I am sure he never saw. I have disappointed many persons by declaring that their pictures were not from his pencil. I remember that the possessor of one of these portraits once sent for me to see it; it was the likeness of a pleasant spruce-looking individual, with just enough of a cast in the eye to give a playful, cunning expression to the whole face. I felt horrified at this picture's being attributed to my father, knowing how much he was impressed with the grandeur, dignity and self-possession of the face of Washington, and how well he had succeeded in portraying it. I said, in the most emphatic manner, "My father never could have painted that picture;" this made the owner, who had given a large price for it, exceedingly angry. I could have shed tears from vexation, to think that such daubs should be transmitted to posterity as the work of Gilbert Stuart.

I also remember another picture of the kind I was taken to see; this was a gloomy, depressing work of art. The painter had laid in the head and face with lake and Antwerp blue (a sort of neutral tint) under the impression that he could, in this way, obtain the pearly tone of the original; but the blue could not be eradicated by any after-work, and the consequence was an effect very suggestive of Asiatic cholera; the mouth was fearfully determined, he had given it a most malignant expression; in fact it was the representation of a cold-blooded, belligerent personage, exasperating to the beholder. I was very much chagrined at learning that it was to be sent to England, knowing, as I did, that my father's most hasty sketches of this subject had, at any rate, healthy complexions, and were dignified in expression. If a copyright could have been secured, the public never would have suffered from the imposition.

I read, not long since, the following statement:—"Stuart's 'Washington' is not much to be depended upon, as he only saw him once passing through Boston in 1789." Now this must have been a spiritual manifestation, as far as my father was concerned, as he happened to be in Ireland in 1789. I was also amused at a description I saw of a picture of the Washington family at Mount Vernon; among the guests was Lafayette (in his younger days) in one group, my sister and myself in another, representing some scene in 1778 or '9. Now this is too bad; I like the idea of being in such distinguished society, but for a woman to be so disgracefully old! After some little reflection, I think I would rather forego the honor of the association. I imagine the persons here represented were members of the Stewart family from Baltimore, and probably not born at the period represented. This was the work of some historical painter. Why it is not as bad to tell a falsehood in colors



THE STUART PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IN POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.*

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* Engraved by David Nichols from a photograph taken for the purpose through the courtesy of the Fine Arts Committee of the Athenæum.

as in any other way, is something I am too prosaic to understand.

I have also frequently been told that the best likeness of Washington was cut from a china pitcher, framed and placed at Mount Vernon, or Arlington House. I have been much amused at several discussions upon the singular circumstance that a Chinese artist should be inspired to make the finest portrait of our great patriot without ever having seen him! I think, myself, it would be curious, with the Chinese *zigzag* view of nature and great desire to avoid making anything that looks like a human being. The facts are these: Edward A. Newton, a nephew of Mr. Stuart, who was in England on business, commissioned my father to paint him a Washington for the especial purpose of having it copied on china pitchers, at Liverpool, and had some dozen struck off to send to his friends in America. I am sorry to do away with this idea of "Chinese inspiration," as there is always a fascination in mystery.

I have been exceedingly amused at persons taking the shadows about the nose of the Washington portraits for snuff,—even ladies and gentlemen who, I should suppose, would know better. One lady observed to me, "Washington must have been as fond of snuff as your father was." I replied that I was not aware of it. "Why," said she, "he has painted it on his nose." I replied that it was not necessarily the case with people who took snuff. When my father took a pinch, it disappeared directly; and Washington was remarkably neat and too economical to leave much on the exterior.

I have heard that there was a very fine portrait of him painted on glass (somewhere in Vermont), of undoubted authenticity, with some romantic history attached to it, and that it smiles on the Fourth of July! I have often thought, if I could witness such a miracle, on that glorious day, it would be well worth the pains of a pilgrimage.

My father secured a letter of introduction from the Hon. John Jay, in 1794, to General Washington, then President of the United States. Soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, he called upon the President, and left his card and letter. After returning from a visit he had made in the country, he found a note from Washington's secretary, Mr. Dandridge, inviting him to pass that evening with the President. On his arrival at the house, he was ushered into a room which he supposed was an antechamber, but to his surprise he found himself in the immediate presence of the great man. Although accustomed to the first society of Europe, and possessed of great self-respect and excellent manners, he afterward declared that he was so intimidated as to lose, for the moment, all self-possession. But the President came forward and addressed him by name,—some one present having told him, I suppose, that it was Mr. Stuart. The latter soon recovered himself, and entered into conversation, an art in which he was well versed. The President then introduced him to the company.

Toward the spring of 1795, Stuart painted his first portrait of Washington, with which he was very much dissatisfied. His admiration and respect were so great, that he could not feel at ease in his presence, and he ultimately erased this picture; but it is evident it was not a failure, in the estimation of others, as Lord Lansdowne gave him a commission to paint for him a whole-length of Washington to take to England. Mr. Bingham, a resident of Philadelphia, called upon Stuart, and was very solicitous of having the honor of presenting the picture to his Lordship. Stuart, knowing the extreme fastidiousness of the English nobility, declined; but Mr. Bingham persuaded him that it would be considered a compliment, and then hurried him so to complete it, that Stuart was made seriously ill by the effort. This picture was taken to England, and engraved by Heath. The engraving was exceedingly bad, and, as some one has said, a libel both upon Stuart and Washington. This was a severe mortification to the artist, in many ways, he being annoyed at having so imperfect a representation of his art circulated among his old friends and admirers in England. He requested Mr. Bingham to secure a copyright, which he agreed to do. But he did not attend to the business, and now began all Stuart's trouble with regard to copyright, spurious pictures, etc.*

When Stuart saw the engraving of his picture by Heath announced for sale, he called upon Mr. Bingham for an explanation, and finding there could be no redress, they quarreled; and my father would not finish any of the pictures he had been commissioned by him to paint, with the exception of a portrait of Mr. Bingham, now in the possession of some one in Philadelphia.

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* I am sorry to acknowledge that my father did swear at times: he was very faulty in this respect, but there was some apology for him. He was, however, tamed down by the time I came into this miserable world, and all that I can remember, is that when the engraving was alluded to, he would walk up and down the room, taking tremendous pinches of snuff.

After this picture was completed for Lord Lansdowne, Washington gave a commission to paint the portraits of himself and Mrs. Washington. As my father was, at this time, inundated with visitors, he found it impossible to attend to his profession, and moved from Chestnut street, Philadelphia, to a country home in Germantown, where he transformed a barn into a painting-room. Here Washington sat for the portrait now at the Athenæum, Boston. Having by this time become better acquainted with the great man, Stuart gained his entire self-possession; and the General could not fail to be interested in the accomplished artist. After touching upon various subjects, the conversation turned upon horses, a subject on which the artist was perfectly at home. This roused the General, giving Stuart a great advantage, in seizing his expression. Then Stuart's love of country life, and knowledge of agriculture in all its forms, gained the sitter's attention. He may, too, have spoken of the heroes he had painted but recently in England, of Lord St. Vincent, and of Lord Rodney.

The great desire on the part of Mrs. Washington to have a portrait by Stuart of her husband and of the different members of his family, is proof of her confidence in the artist's skill in portraiture. The enthusiasm this portrait occasioned, during the life of Washington, is another proof of its truthfulness.

When General and Mrs. Washington took their last sittings my father told Washington it would be of great importance to him to retain the originals, to which Washington replied: "Certainly, Mr. Stuart, if they are of any consequence to you; I shall be perfectly satisfied with copies from your hand, as it will be impossible for me to sit again at present." The copies made of the originals were for Mount Vernon, but where the copies are now I do not know. A short time after these last pictures were finished, the President called on my father to express the perfect satisfaction of Mrs. Washington and himself at his success; he promised that if he should sit again for his picture, it would be to him. My father, at this time, had so many commissions to copy the head of the President, and the anxiety to possess them was so great, that gentlemen would tell him if he would make only a sketch, they would be satisfied; and as he was painting other distinguished men of the day, and hurrying to complete their portraits, these Washingtons were, with some exceptions, literally nothing but sketches. He probably painted two at a time, that is, an hour on each in two mornings. So many people wrote to Stuart's family, after Washington's death, to know if certain heads of the President were from life, that my father was wont to say: "If the General had sat for all these portraits, he could have done nothing else; our Independence would have been a secondary matter, or out of the question."

The Germantown head of Washington, and the head of Mrs. Washington, were offered to the State of Massachusetts for $1000. This sum the State could not give. After the death of the artist, an Englishman offered his widow ten thousand dollars for them; but while she was hesitating whether to do this or not, thinking that they ought to remain in America, the gentleman became impatient and returned to England. Some time after this, in an emergency, she accepted the offer of fifteen hundred dollars from the Washington Association and other gentlemen, who, in October, 1831, presented them to the Boston Athenæum.

These heads my father was perfectly satisfied with, and always expressed himself to that effect in private and in public; he was, in fact, proud of his success. It was his intention to have these last heads engraved by Sharp, the finest engraver in Europe, not only for his own reputation, but in order to leave some provision for his family. When asked once for his candid opinion of the comparative merits of the various busts and pictures of Washington, taken at different periods, he answered in the most emphatic manner: "Houdon's bust came first, and my head of him next. When I painted him, he had just had a set of false teeth inserted, which accounts for the constrained expression so noticeable about the mouth and lower part of the face. Houdon's bust does not suffer from this defect.* I wanted him as he looked at that time." These gentlemen thanked him most cordially for his candor, and spoke of it afterward with great satisfaction.

There has been much fault found with the mouth of Washington, as painted by my father. The history of the Washington portraits, by Henry T. Tuckerman, is written with an evident desire to be just and true; but, with all respect for that author, I must be allowed to express my surprise at some of his remarks. I cannot comprehend what he means when he speaks of "the want of support of those muscles consequent on the loss of teeth, a defect which Stuart vainly attempted to remedy by inserting cotton between the jaw and the lips."*

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* Houdon's bust was made in 1783; Stuart's head in 1796.

Stuart was the only artist that gave any expression to that portion of Washington's face. In the mouth of Houdon's bust there is nothing characteristic of great qualities. In looking over Tuckerman's collection of the Washington portraits, I was struck with the deficiency of character in that feature. In the miniature of him, at five and twenty (and a very fine one it is), the mouth is positively weak, and had I not known it was the great patriot, I should have thought it was the representation of a very simple person. The picture of him at forty, painted by the elder Peale, must have been like him at the time; but the mouth is decidedly effeminate. In fact, whenever an artist pretended to give strength of expression to the mouth of Washington, he produced a ludicrous combination of fierceness and vanity. In Wertmüller's portrait † there is a most facetious expression about the mouth which destroys the idea of dignity at once. This feature in Rembrandt Peale's portrait, has a look of disgust at the follies and wickedness of poor human nature.

Rembrandt Peale, at the age of eighteen, had one sitting of Washington. Of course the picture by this artist, now in Philadelphia (I believe), was constructed from pictures painted of him by other artists, principally his father; but the false teeth are conspicuous.

There have been many stories manufactured as coming from my father, respecting Washington, some of which are without foundation, and some very much exaggerated.

It is impossible for any human being to have a more exalted admiration (and I might say love) than my father had for Washington. An old friend of my father's told me he remembered, that, when speaking of Washington, an exalted expression would pass over the face of the artist as he recalled the countenance and character of the great man.

One morning, while Washington was sitting for his picture, a little brother of mine ran into the room, when my father, thinking it would annoy the General, told him he must leave; but the General took him upon his knee, held him some time, had quite a little chat with him, and, in fact, they seemed to be pleased with each other. My brother remembered with pride, as long as he lived, that Washington had actually talked to him. Of course this added to my father's regard.

While talking one day, to Gen. Henry Lee, my father happened to remark that Washington had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonderful control. General Lee breakfasted with the President and Mrs. Washington a few days afterward.

"I saw your portrait the other day—a capital likeness," said the General, "but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Washington, coloring, "Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself, to make such a remark."

"But stay, my dear lady," said General Lee, "he added, that the President had it under wonderful control."

With something like a smile, General Washington remarked, "He is right."

About the time that the Washingtons were sitting for their portraits, my father's painting-room was the resort of many of the most distinguished and interesting persons of the day.

Nelly Custis, Mrs. Law, Miss Harriet Shaw (afterward Mrs. Carroll), generally accompanied Mrs. Washington; General Knox and General Henry Lee, and others, came with the President. The British Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Liston, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, Counselor Dunn (an Irish barrister), and the Viscount de Noailles were particularly fond of Stuart's society, and were daily visitors.

It has always been a source of great satisfaction to me, that the Washington family were so much attached to my father, on account of his portrait of the General. We have been continually sought, by different connections of the family, who invariably have spoken of Stuart with gratitude—I may say, indeed, with affection. Miss Elizabeth Parke Custis (who married the Hon. Mr. Law, and afterward took her maiden name) was a great enthusiast upon the subject of this picture. She used to go about with the General, and whenever she could find an opportunity, would accompany him to my father's painting-room. She has said to me, with great satisfaction: "I was present during many of the sittings, and have seen the likeness of the dear General grow under your father's pencil." I told her that many persons thought my father's portrait of him was too fair. This seemed to provoke her exceedingly. "Too fair!" she exclaimed; "my dear, his neck was as fair as that of a girl of seventeen." This was said with great indignation, as if it were an insult to his memory, to suppose that Washington had a dark complexion. (She herself was a brunette, with very beautiful dark eyes.) My father painted Miss Custis about this time, and it is said to be one of the most beautiful pictures that ever came from his pencil. I did not see her until she had had much trouble and illness, but there were remains of great beauty. When she heard that my father was ill, she set out on a journey to Boston to see him. After reaching Newport, however, she was taken ill, and could go no farther; while awaiting recovery, in order to proceed on her journey, she heard, to her profound grief, of Stuart's death.

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* A gentleman who died years ago, told Mr. I. P. Davis, of Boston, that just previous to Washington's sitting to Stuart for his portrait, he met, in traveling in a stage-coach, a dentist named Greenwood, who was on his way to insert a set of false teeth for General Washington.

† It is confidently asserted that Washington noted in his diary his sittings to portrait painters, and that no entry appears in reference to this picture.—See Tuckerman's Washington Portraits.

Many years after the death of Stuart, Mr. Peale gave a lecture on the Washington portraits, in which he made an attack on the style of dress in which Stuart had represented Washington, and denied his ever having worn lace on his bosom and wrists. The next day my sister Anne wrote him a note to say that we had in our possession some lace which my father cut from Washington's linen. The circumstances were these: my father asked Mrs. Washington if she could let him have a piece of lace, such as the General wore, to paint from. She said "Certainly," and then inquired if it would make any difference if it were old. He replied, "Certainly not. I only wish the general effect." She then brought the linen with the lace on it, and said: "Keep it, it may be of use for other pictures."

Mr. Peale answered my sister's note very politely, but said he had never seen Washington in lace ruffles. I have given away this lace, an inch at a time, until it has all disappeared; the largest piece I gave to the late Mrs. H. G. Otis, which she had framed.

I once heard my father, in a private conversation with Washington Allston, give his candid opinion of Gen. Washington's appearance. He said that his figure was by no means good; that his shoulders were high and narrow, and his hands and feet remarkably large. He had "aldermanic proportions;" and this defect was increased by the form of the vest of that day. But, with all these drawbacks, his appearance was singularly fine. I have heard my mother say that the first time she saw him, he entered the hall door, as she passed from the entry to the parlor, and that she thought him the most superb-looking person she had ever seen. He was then dressed in black velvet, with white lace ruffles, etc., exactly as Stuart's picture represented him.

When Stuart lived in Germantown, a young man called upon him, announcing himself as Mr. Winstanley. He had made a number of copies of his full-length Washingtons, he said, and added: "I have now six that I have brought to Philadelphia. I have a room in the State-house and have put them up; but before I show them to the public, and offer them for sale, I have a proposal to make to you. It would enhance their value if I could say that you had given them the last touch. Now, sir, all you have to do is to ride to town, and give each of them a tap with your riding switch." My father listened to this sketch very quietly; but when the young man went on to say: "And we will share the amount of the sale," his indignation was aroused to the utmost. "Did you ever hear that I was a swindler, sir?" he cried out. "You will please to walk down-stairs, sir, very quickly, or I shall throw you out of the window." As he probably looked as if he could and would do it, the painter suddenly disappeared.

A full-length portrait of Washington was painted for a Mr. Gardner Baker, of New York, who afterward sold it to a committee of gentlemen who were furnishing the President's house. Knowing Winstanley as a painter, they employed him to pack the picture, instead of which he packed one of his own copies. The moment my father saw it in Washington, he declared it was not from his pencil. In the mean time this man took the one by my father abroad. A year or two since, I saw an account of a very fine portrait of Washington, probably found in some part of Europe; and I should not be surprised if this were the one. But the circumstances connected with the portrait of Washington were such a source of bitterness to my father, in the latter part of his life, that the friends who knew him best never alluded to the subject in his presence. Certainly there was excuse for him, for he found himself growing old, with the prospect of leaving his family destitute, while the proceeds of his labor were in the hands of strangers. The vile engraving of the picture that went to Europe made a fortune for the engraver. To secure a home for his declining years and a provision for his family, my father painted five whole-lengths of Washington, and twenty others of different sizes, the proceeds from all of which were invested (together with proceeds from other works) in an estate in Pennsylvania, which he had stocked with cattle, importing the Durham breed of cows. But his heart and soul were in his profession; he was unacquainted with business; he did not realize the necessity of taking receipts, etc., and he finally lost the entire estate.

Some little time after his arrival in this country he received, through his brother-in-law, Henry Newton, Collector at Halifax, Nova Scotia, a letter inviting him to come there; at the request of the Duke of Kent (the father of Victoria), to paint his portrait and that of others, saying that a ship of war would be sent for him; but his desire to paint Washington prevailed, and he declined.

Among the few papers that have escaped destruction, in removal, I found in an old writing-desk, a note from Gen. and Mrs. Washington, inviting my father to breakfast with them, written by Mr. Dandridge, private secretary of Washington, but without date. I gave this note to Mr. F. Brinley.

The following is a list, taken from my father's own handwriting, of copies of Washington, which he was to make for gentlemen; two or three, I think, were to be sent abroad; but whether he ever painted them all or not it is impossible to say. I know he painted the portraits of Viscount and Lady Cremorne, in Ireland; but I do not know whether he met his Lordship in this country or not.

The following is a literal copy of the original list. I have written it, thinking it may lead to the history of some of the copies by his own hand.

"A list of gentlemen who are to have copies of the Portrait of the President of the United States:

Philadelphia, April 20th, 1795.

J. Wharton, Esq.	1	Greenleaf, Esq, 100 ..	1
Don Jos. DeJaudennes.	5	Wm. Hamilton, Esq. ..	1
Marquis of Lansdowne.	1	Mr. Chief Justice Jay.	1
Lord Viscount Cremorne	1	Col. Read	1
B. West, Esq., P.R.A. .	1	Mr. Holmes, 100.. .	1
Mess. Pollock, N.Y. 100.	2	Mr. Fitzsimons, 100. .	1
I. Vaughan, Esq. 200...	2	Mr. Necklin...	1
Col. Burr, N.Y. 100....	1	Gen. Lee...........	1
—— Mead, Esq........	1	Mr. Crammond.....	2
Mr. T. Barrow, N.Y....	1	I. Swan, Esq........	1
John Craig, Esq. 100....	1	Smith, Esq., S.C.....	1
John Stoughton, Esq...	1	Crammond, Esq......	1
Kearney Wharton ...	1	Doctor Stevens......	1
Casaubon, Esq. 153 M.I.	1	Scott, Esq., Lancaster.	1
Meredith, Esq.........	1	Grant, Esq. Susqueha'a	1
Blodget, Esq...........	1	Will'm Ludwell Lee Greenspring, Va.	1

In a list of portraits painted by my father, of the Washington connections (handed me by Mr. Rogers, of Baltimore), are the following:—

"The portrait of Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, formerly Ellenor Custis, painted by Stuart, is now probably in the possession of his grandson, Washington Lewis, of Audley, Clarke County, Virginia.

"Mrs. George Goldsborough of Talbot County, Maryland (who was formerly Miss Ellenor A. Rogers, of Baltimore), has, in her possession a portrait of Mrs. Thomas Law, her grandmother, formerly Eliza Parke Custis, the finest female portrait ever painted by Stuart; also a portrait of Mrs. Robinson,* formerly Miss Stewart (half sister of Mrs. Law), whose mother was second wife of John Parke Custis, only son of Mrs. Washington: Also a portrait of George Washington, painted by Stuart for Robert Barry of Baltimore, now in the possession of Edmund L. Rogers, of Baltimore, grandson of Mrs. Law.

"A portrait of Washington, and a very good one, is in the possession of Mr. Daniels, of Virginia."

There is a Washington by my father's own hand, in the possession of Mrs. Harrison, wife of Gesner Harrison, and daughter of Prof. George Tucker of the University of Virginia, which, I think, she wishes to dispose of. Then there is a very fine copy owned by M. D. Lewis, Esq., of Philadelphia; one owned by B. Ogle Taylor, painted for his father (Mr. Ogle, of Washington, D.C.); a full-length at Mr. Pierpont's, of Brooklyn, New York, painted originally for Mr. Constable, of New York; one in Faneuil Hall, Boston; a full-length, in President's dress, in the Newport Court-house, —one with which Stuart was particularly well satisfied. Mr. Russell Sturgis informs me that he is the possessor of a full-length Washington, painted, he thinks, for the Marquis of Lansdowne, and also of a kit-cat of the same, painted for his uncle, James P. Sturgis.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has in his possession the original of the following:

"Sir: I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham to sit for you to-morrow at 9 o'clock, and wishing to know if it be convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house (as she talked of the State-house), I send this note to you to ask information.

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* Of Chantilly, Fairfax Co., Virginia.

"I am, sir, your obt. servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.
"Monday, 11th April, 1796."

This letter was indorsed in Washington's handwriting, "Mr. Stuart, Chestnut St." At the end of the manuscript are the following certificates:—

"In looking over my papers to find one that had the signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams, of London. I have thought it proper it should be his, especially as he owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but rubbed it out. I now present this to his brother, Timo. Williams, for said Samuel.

GT. STUART.
"Boston, 9th day of March, 1823.
"Attest, I. P. Davis. W. Dutton. L. Baldwin.

"N.B. Mr. Stuart painted in the *winter season* his first portrait of Washington, but destroyed it; the next painting was owned by S. Williams; the third Mr. S. now has—two only remain as above stated.
"T. W."

The picture alluded to in the above note of the late Timo. Williams, as being then in Mr. Stuart's possession, is the one now in the Boston Athenæum; and that which belonged to the late Samuel Williams, Esq., alluded to in Mr. Stuart's note above quoted, is yet extant, and owned by the son of an American gentleman (John D. Lewis, Esq.), who died, some years since, in London, where the picture still remains. Mr. Williams had paid two thousand guineas for it, at the sale of the personal effects of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to whom it was originally presented by Mr. Bingham.

I am anxious to know where copies of his Washington, by my father's own hand, are to be found, as I desire to make an authentic list of them.

A PROVIDENCE.

THE Phelps family were seated at the tea-table. Mr. Phelps sat at the head and Mrs. Phelps at the foot, or rather, let us call it the other head. His bald forehead, the gray streaks in his long silky beard, the crows'-feet about his kindly gray eyes; the wrinkles in her yet plump cheeks, her features suffused by that soft radiant haze which often mellows aging faces to a grace of harmony surpassing the sharp-cut beauty of youth, respectively justified their claim to be called father and mother by the four children around their table.

Next his mother, sat Bill—his mother and sister called him Will—coming on eighteen, a promising hobbledehoy; awkward, mostly legs, but good-natured, and always the first to laugh at the unexpected transitions of his voice from bass to treble. Like other youths of his age, his conversation was mostly concerning what he called his muscle, and an incipient shadow on his upper lip, which his sister Kate saw or was unable to see, merely according to his behavior. She sat now beside him, and next her father, whose favorite she was because she favored her mother in face and figure. She had the same brown eyes and auburn brown hair, which Will did not scruple to call red, on the days when she could not see his mustache. She was a bright, fun-loving girl, and her father used often to say after her sallies of wit, that she reminded him of her Aunt Kate; so that finally, by one of those odd processes by which sobriquets are affixed, she came to be called by her brothers "Aunt Kate."

On the other side, next his mother, sat Reginald, the eldest, a young man of twenty-five, a student of law and of billiards, who was beginning to feel rather too big for the family circle, with a good many "engagements" with "fellows" of an evening. Little Tot, the five-year-old, completed the circle.

The lively chatter and scattering fire of jest and repartee going on around the tea-table is interrupted by the sound of the door-bell. The one domestic of the household is busy in the kitchen, and Reginald, sitting nearest the hall door, rises to answer the bell. As he returns, the eyes of the group turn expectantly upon him.

"Little imps, I'd like to lay my hands on one of them. I'd pull his ears till he was sick of pulling door-bells," he said.

"What was it, Reginald?" asked his mother.

"A little scamp who rang the bell for fun and then ran. I saw him scudding as tight as he could around the corner."

"They've been bothering the neighbors for several nights, and I supposed it would be our turn soon. But I'll catch the next boy who tries it," said Bill.

At this juncture the attention of the young people was attracted to the singular demeanor of their parents. They were gazing at each other, and through each other, into the vacancy of introspection, with an expression of great amusement, mingled with that tender, pensive look that fills the face when the laughter of lips long silent is echoing in the ears.

"I haven't thought of it in twenty years, Ada," exclaimed Mr. Phelps, "but it is as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday."

His wife laughed till the tears came, and seemed fairly rejuvenated by the influence of a train of recollections. And both then and afterward during the evening they stole frequent glances at each other of a loving, but most keen curiosity, animated by the impulse we always feel when a portrait of the memory comes out brightly, to compare it with the original as now preserved, and note the changes. Often, indeed, does it prove a severe test, and one to be feared in its moral as well as its physical bearing.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were apparently as oblivious of the children as if they had been alone. But the latter, who had observed their behavior with the utmost astonishment, now broke in simultaneously:

"What is it? do tell us, quick!" cried Kate.

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Reginald, with a petulant curiosity.

"What larks!" said the irreverent Bill.

It was a singular expression with which Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, roused by these importunate inquiries, turned their eyes from each other to meet the eager young faces about them. It was as if they had just awakened to the fact of their children's existence.

Children regard it quite as a matter of course that they should forget their parents, but resent with surprise and a quite genuine sense of grievance the least sign of even a temporary obliviousness of themselves on their parents' part. The theory they go on is that what is theirs is their own, and what is their parents' is theirs too. The feeling of these young people was some astonishment, and a slight shock to their sense of propriety, that there should be any such things as secrets from them in lives which they had supposed to be so completely sequestrated to their use and held in common.

Mr. Phelps, looking suddenly at the children, with eyes focused for half a life-time before, actually failed for a moment to recognize them. They impressed him, just an instant, as interlopers.

"Won't you tell us?" asked Kate of her father, in a more subdued tone.

"Some day, perhaps. It is rather too long a story for the tea-table."

"Bill," he continued, "do you think you could catch me a boy to-morrow night if they try that trick again? Don't hurt him, but just bring him in to me, and I'll teach him a lesson he will remember."

"Why, George, you are not going to hurt the poor little fellow," said Mrs. Phelps, quite as much in surprise as in protest, for her husband was not generally given to harsh methods of discipline.

The following evening was moonless and rather cool. There is something in such evenings that rouses the imp of mischief in the juvenile bosom. Boys, not having any sentimental nature, feel the thrill and stimulus of spring exclusively in an accession of activity, and a zest for out-of-door life, which boils over in every sort of mischief against in-door folks.

On such evenings as this, bands of urchins race about the streets, playing "I spy" and "Bankallilla," while others tie strings across the sidewalk in shady spots, and from behind trees watch with ecstasy and irrepressible laughter, which too often betrays them, the trips and falls of unwary pedestrians. Still others are ringing door-bells and gloating from secure coverts over the exasperation of the householder, whose company smile can be seen by the light of his lamp suddenly changing to an expression of disgust, as he finds himself the victim of a familiar trick. Some more cautious lads tie a string to the knob and thus ring the bell from across the street. The chances are that the one who answers the bell will not detect the string, and the contrivance can be worked till the family is half distracted. This is a rare night for mischief, and there will be bells pulled before bed-time.

This little chap in roundabouts, for instance, is evidently brimful of impishness.

See him stealing along the dusky street like an Indian scout, his bright eyes peering on every side for opportunities for pranks. Now, just for the sensation of it, he hides behind a bush as a pedestrian passes, and then, pretending to himself that he is scouting him, he glides stealthily along behind the unconscious object of his espionage, with an immense affectation of caution, till the latter turns in at some gate. Now he sees another lad approaching, and, tingling with excitement, puts himself in ambush. See him quivering like a cat about to spring. Now he jumps out; there is a little scrimmage, and shortly the two fall to comparing notes as to their exploits of the evening, and plotting new ones. Oh, it is rare fun to be a boy on such evenings as this in a village where policemen are unknown!

Mr. Phelps was reading his paper before the cheerful grate fire which the cool evenings yet made comfortable. Mrs. Phelps was sitting opposite, her chubby person comfortably filling an easy chair, her small gaiters resting on the fender, and serving her eyes as *points d'appui* for a complacent revery. Kate could be seen through the open door flitting about the table in preparations for tea. Reginald stood looking out at the window, absently drumming with his fingers on the pane. At this moment there was a ring at the door, a short scuffle in the hall, and an instant later Tot came running into the parlor, crying out with much agitation and immense eyes:

"Oh, papa, Will has got him, and it's Freddy Patterson, and, oh! I'm afraid he's hurting him," and with this she began to whimper.

"What on earth ails the child?" exclaimed her father. "What is she talking about?"

"It's those everlasting boys at the bell again! I hope Bill will shake him well," answered Reginald.

"Bless me, I had forgotten all about it," said Mr. Phelps, jumping up. "He must bring him right in."

"Now, George, don't do anything dreadful," protested Mrs. Phelps.

"They're coming now," said Reginald; at which Mr. Phelps took his seat again and resumed his paper.

A moment after, Bill hustled a little fellow about twelve years old into the parlor by the shoulders, and stood in the door barring his escape. He was a bright, sturdy, spirited-looking lad, as, panting from the resistance he had made to his captor, he stood fingering his cap, and looking crest-fallen, frightened, and yet half defiant. (It is the very same little imp who was playing those pranks on the street a moment ago. He has played one too many.) Tot stood in front of him, her hands on her hips, staring at him, expecting something tragical, and ready to cry. Kate peered into the room over Bill's shoulder as he stood in the door, to see what was the matter. Reginald was nonchalantly looking on. Mrs. Phelps's motherly heart at once warmed toward the pretty little rogue, and she turned toward her husband, ready to intercede. But there was no need. Bill began:

"Here's the little——;" but his father, without giving him a chance to finish his speech, put down his paper with an air of smiling patronage, and welcomed the small prisoner with the words:

"Why, Freddy! how do you do? Glad to see you. It's good of you to make us a call. Sit down, my boy."

The little chap was more put out by this mode of address than if he had been trounced. He looked wild. Mrs. Phelps and Kate took the cue at once. The former asked him how his mamma was, and Kate took his cap and got him into a chair in the middle of the room, sitting in which his feet barely touched the ground, an attitude which completed his embarrassment.

"Let's see. Do you go to school now, Freddy?" asked Mrs. Phelps, with an appearance of interest.

"Yes ma'am," he replied, in a frightened whimper.

"Who is your teacher?" she asked.

"Miss Smith, sir—I mean ma'am."

"What do you study, Freddy?" asked Kate.

"Rifmetic, jogrify, an' readin'," he answered, falling into the school-boy sing-song.

"Do you like to go to school?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

And then they asked him what he liked best of his studies, and whether he liked his teacher, how old he was, and a great many more questions of that class, and all with an air of so much affability and interest, that he became entirely bewildered. Did they know, or didn't they? Were they fooled, or were they fooling him? Boy-nature has very little faculty for adapting itself to a false position, and he kept getting redder and redder.

Finally, summoning up all his resolution, he slid off his chair, and mumbled out that he guessed he must go home.

"Must you go so soon? I'm so sorry!" said Mrs. Phelps graciously. "You have made us ever so nice a call!"

He stood a moment, getting very red, and then blurted out indistinctly:

"Mr. Phelps, I rang your bell for fun, but I'm sorry," and with that he slid out of the room.

"I fancy he won't trouble us again," said Reginald. "If that's what you call coals of fire, it is tolerably effective treatment."

"I suppose it's called coals of fire because it scorches one's cheeks so. I thought he would burn up," said Kate.

"I'm afraid it wasn't exactly coals of fire in the Apostle's sense," said Mrs. Phelps, "for Freddy thought we misunderstood him all the while."

"It was a much more effective kind than the Apostle's, for that very reason."

"Why, Reginald!" said his mother, for it was he who had spoken.

"There's no 'why Reginald' about it," answered he. "When you act as if you didn't know a person had intended to harm you and do a kindness to him, it makes him five times as ashamed as if he thought you knew what he had intended, and were being good in order to shame him."

"The boy's right enough there," remarked his father. "In fact, for my part, I think nothing is more impertinent than being good in an ostentatious way to your enemies. Returning good for evil is fine when you don't seem to know you are doing it, but that is the only thing that excuses it, either as a point of manners or morals, for I believe coals of fire are capable of being used as offensively as any carnal weapons. I have often answered an ugly speech in a sharper tone than I otherwise would, because I thought I should less anger somebody that way, than by assuming to be better than he."

"Oh, by the way, what was that joke between mother and you last night?" asked Bill, lounging on the sofa.

"Oh, yes, to be sure; you know you said you would tell us," said Kate, "and now Reginald is at home, it would be a good time. Please, do!"

"Would you tell them, Ada?"

"I suppose they will not give us any rest till we do," Mrs. Phelps replied, with a smile of resignation.

"If you really don't want to tell us, I wouldn't," said Reginald.

"Why, no; of course!" said Kate. "I didn't mean to tease."

"Oh, it isn't so serious a matter as all that," remarked Mr. Phelps. "It's no secret, really. I don't believe in secrets. The only really secret things about people are the things they don't know themselves. We needn't be afraid of telling too much about ourselves, if we only tell all we know, for that's mighty little, and generally mistaken at that."

"I'm not at all sure that I remember enough of the story to tell it at all," he pursued, collecting his thoughts; "you should have heard your Aunt Kate. I never knew anybody who loved a joke as she did, poor girl. Well, it happened in this wise: Your grandfather was living in Pittsfield then, a half-grown city, one of those hobbledehoy communities that combine the disadvantages of city and village. Kate and I were the two oldest children, as old about as Reginald there, and you, Kate. One evening—it couldn't have been much later in the year than now—she and I were coming home from evening meeting, it being about nine o'clock. Kate had on a white dress; that I remember distinctly."

"Then it must have been considerably later in the year than this, father, because girls don't put on white for a month or two yet," said Kate.

"Very likely; I'm not particular about the season," he replied. "The dress was white, anyhow. Well, Kate and I were walking along in the bright moonlight, laughing, and talking, and having a high time. She was always full of fun when coming home from meeting, or any other place where she had been obliged to be sober. Such places never damped her spirits as they do some people's, but only bottled them up, and when she got out you might expect an explosion. She was mimicking some of the personal peculiarities of the good brethren who had participated in the meeting. She was an excellent mimic, but so tender-hearted that when she had been taking anybody off, she always ended with saying, 'I'm sorry for him.'

"Some little scamps were around ringing door-bells, just as they are to-night, and Kate, having exhausted the material of the prayer-meeting, took a crazy notion into her head that it would be good fun for us to try it just for once, and dared me to ring somebody's bell. It was in vain I argued with her, and showed her how seriously it would compromise persons of our age and responsibilities to be caught in such a prank. She would not listen to reason. The risk, she said, made it all the more fun. There is nothing crazier, I tell you, Reginald, than a girl who is bent on a prank. She actually scares a man by her foolhardiness.

"All my efforts to reason Kate out of her freak," continued Mr. Phelps, "were useless, and she finally declared that unless I would take my life in my hand and ring somebody's door-bell, she would. And she meant it, too; for, suddenly dropping my arm, she was half-way up the walk to the stoop of a house, before I saw what she was bent on. Then I whispered: 'Come back, Kate, come back. I'll do it.'

"How well I remember just how she looked under the bright moon as she paused and glanced back at me! I can see her black eyes dance now. She was standing on the grass by the brick walk, daintily holding her dress up from the dew. For a moment she seemed irresolute whether or not to keep on, but finally came back to me.

"'Not this house,' said I, anxious to gain time, and inventing a fib for the purpose. 'There's somebody sick here.'

"The next was Deacon Tuttle's, whose gift for praying and talking against time was invaluable, when the evening meetings were thinner than usual. Nevertheless Kate had taken a dislike to him because his wife always looked scared, and no story of sickness or guests that I could trump up would do, but that I must ring that bell.

"But at that moment steps approached from behind, and Deacon Tuttle himself overtook us. He had not been at prayer-meeting that evening for a wonder, and so we had supposed him to be at home. Seeing us pausing at his gate, and looking toward the house, he naturally inferred that we were going to make a call.

"'Come in, young folks, come in,' he said with effusion. 'I suppose you've come to labor with me for neglecting the means of grace according to Scripture rule.'

"The deacon, as a regular attendant, felt that he could afford to make this joke. But he was so urgent to have us come in that I did not know how to get out of it, and was afraid we should actually have to accept his invitation and make him a call, which would have been rather a stupid ending of our freak. But Kate never lost her head, whatever happened. She smiled bewitchingly on the deacon,—women are the only strategists who use the same artillery against friends and foes,—and answered mischievously, nudging me:

"'We were just debating whether to ring your bell or not, deacon, as you came along, but I'm afraid it is rather late for a call. We shall have to postpone your discipline to another evening.'

"And so, with a good-night to the deacon, we went along.

"'Got out of that neatly,' said Kate. 'Isn't it fun?'

"The next house showed light in the front windows and we voted it unsafe. But the next was unexceptionable for our purposes. The front windows were dark, and the gate was quite near to the stoop, so that retreat would be easy, while a row of shrubbery along the fence offered still further cover to the fugitive. A new-comer whom we will call Mr. Jones, though that was not his name, lived there. I knew him as a bowing acquaintance, but nothing more; and, whether he had a family, or in what it consisted, we had not heard. He was not in our set.

"'Do be careful,' whispered Kate, just as if she hadn't put me up to it. That little scene with the deacon, though she managed it so cleverly, had left her rather fluttered and nervous, and I believe she would have been willing to let me off. Pretending to be children was funny enough for a few minutes, but it had already palled on us. Still I thought it would be a pity after so much talk and maneuvering not to do something, and so, telling Kate to be ready to run, I stepped lightly up by the side of the walk to the door. I felt for the handle of the bell, bound to have it over with as soon as possible, and jerked it with that thoroughness one puts into a thing which he does in spite of himself.

"Another moment would have seen me flying up the street dragging Kate by the hand, but, while I was yet in the act of pulling, before I had let go, the door opened; the dark hall, like the mouth of a dragon, gaped upon me; and Mr. Jones sprang out with a vindictive ejaculation. It took only an instant. Instinctively I dodged, just in time to save my collar from his grasp, and was in the act of taking to my heels in a panic, when he started back, exclaiming with an appearance of great regret and chagrin:

"'I beg pardon, sir, a thousand times. I took you for one of those rascally boys who have been tormenting me all the evening. I had been lying in wait, and thought I had caught one for sure; I cannot sufficiently apologize.'

"His profuse regrets gave me time to recover a small share of my scattered wits, and I managed to mumble in reply,

"'Certainly, sir, very excusable; odd mistake,' and even forced a very feeble 'ha, ha.'

"'Come in, sir, come in,' said Mr. Jones with effusion, anxious to make amends for his rough reception, and evidently ascribing wholly to that, my state of confusion.

"I had no choice but to follow him in. As I did so, I heard something that sounded like an hysterical giggle from behind the shrubbery.

"As I stood under the hall lamp, I was conscious that Jones was regarding me rather closely. As I said before, I barely knew him by sight, and could think of no possible excuse of business or politeness for my presence in his hall. No rule of etiquette made it in the least suitable for me to be making a formal call, besides the facts that it was a full hour too late for that purpose, and my toilet was by no means faultless. I came to a desperate resolve that if he did not recognize me, of which I was quite doubtful, I would ask for some money and pass myself off as a gentlemanly mendicant. But he did.

"'Mr. Phelps, I believe,' he said with a slight hesitation, and paused as if to allow me to announce my business.

"I stood looking like a perfect fool, red in the face, speechless, abject, not daring to meet his eye. No chicken-thief, caught with chickens' legs sticking out under his coat, was ever a more complete picture of conscious guilt. That was what I seemed to myself, but to him I suppose I appeared merely rather embarrassed at being obliged to explain that my call was wholly of a social nature. You see he was himself somewhat embarrassed at having received a guest in so singular a manner, and this made him the less attentive to my demeanor. He thought he was the one who was in the awkward position. So, on seeing that my call was not on business, he said affably:

"'I am glad you called. Will you walk into the parlor? My daughter and I are quite alone.'

"I followed him helplessly, like a sheep led to the slaughter, and was ushered into a cozy room with but a single occupant.

"The prettiest young lady that I ever saw, with the brownest eyes, the sunniest hair, most tempting hands, daintiest figure and dearest smile that God ever put together, sat demurely reading by the table.

"It was your mother."

THE RIVER MOSEL AND ITS OLD ROMAN POET.

THE Guide-books of the Rhine-land, in their descriptions of the Mosel region, occasionally mention, and perhaps quote, the glowing strains in which the Latin writer, Ausonius, fifteen hundred years ago, celebrated its lovely scenery. To most readers, however, Ausonius is hardly more than a name. Before taking up, therefore, his famous poem, of which it is the chief purpose of this paper to give copious specimens, we shall speak for a moment of the Poet and the man himself.

Decimus Magnus Ausonius, son of an eminent and esteemed physician, who died at the good old age of ninety, was born at Bordeaux (Burdigala) early in the fourth century, and lived nearly to its close.

The predictions of his grandfather, who had (soon after his birth) cast the infant's horoscope, and their echoes by surrounding friends and neighbors, may have not only stimulated that self-complacency in the boy and youth, which continued, in a mild and amiable way, through manhood and old age, but, what was better, kindled in him the ambition to fulfill the glowing anticipations his elders had formed of his future career.

His highest ambition would presumably have been, to be not exactly *Decimus* Magnus (10th great), but *Secundus* Magnus,—the Second Great Ausonius; for of his father Julius he himself says:

"As, in his life-time, Ausonius had none whom
he followed as master,
So is there none now alive ever can imitate him."

The young Ausonius received a legal training, and practiced for a while at the bar; but he soon showed so decided a taste and talent for letters, that his father procured him tutors to accomplish him in both languages (Greek as well as Latin); and at the age of thirty we find him beginning to teach as a grammarian in his native town. But it was not long before he was promoted to a Chair of Rhetoric, which he continued to occupy for a number of years. At length his growing reputation, aided, perhaps, by that of his father, who had been called, as physician, to the Imperial household, induced the Emperor Valentinian to appoint him successively Questor and Prefect, for Gaul and some other provinces. And finally when he was about fifty years old, or upward, the Emperor sent for him to be tutor to his son Gratian. He accompanied them on their campaigns against the tribes of Northern Barbarians, and amused his leisure hours, on the marches or in the armistices, in his favorite philological and poetic exercises. It was during one of these campaigns, probably when he was residing in some administrative capacity at the venerable city of Trier, that he conceived at least the most famous of his poems, the description of the River Mosella.

His pupil, Gratian, had now become himself Emperor, and one of his earliest acts was to show his grateful appreciation of the character and services of Ausonius, by investing him, at the age of seventy, with the Consular dignity. The letter of thanks Ausonius wrote in acknowledgment of this honor is one of the most remarkable pieces of sustained praise to the face we remember in all literature. The simple-hearted old master fully appreciates the *wisdom* of his pupil in making the selection, and his delicacy in the letter announcing his decision. He actually praises himself in praising the Imperial pupil who praises *him*,—and he does it, apparently, with a charming half-unconsciousness. He admires the ingenious modesty with which the Emperor mystified the courtiers in regard to his preferred candidate. He had told them, *there could be no doubt who was the man.* He quotes back in capital letters to the Emperor many of his own phrases. For instance, Gratian having said: *Designavi, et declaravi, et nuncupavi* (thee as Consul), Ausonius seems to have found this climax more eloquent than the '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' and exclaims: "Who taught thee these words? I never knew *any* so appropriate and so Latin!"

Ausonius did not long enjoy his Consular honors. A few years after, Gratian was cut off, and the old man asked a release from public office, and went back to spend the few remaining years of his life in honor and happiness at the old homestead in the suburbs of dear Burdigala, and by the shores of his loved Garonne. In his "Praise of Cities," he sings:

"I love Burdigala; I worship Rome.
She has the citizen,—the Consul, both.
Here is my cradle,—there my curule-chair."

The poems of Ausonius are interesting and valuable as a mirror of contemporary persons and events (including among the *persons* himself prominently). They are a picture of his life, and times, and character. Even his genealogical tree has been constructed out of them alone, so full are they of family reminiscence. In his worldly wisdom, knowledge of affairs, cheerfulness of disposition, humane piety, and even in his homely poetry, he seems like a kind of Franklin of his time.

We cannot say, as a general thing, in what order the poems of Ausonius, or the several classes of them, were composed. The first that we encounter, on opening the little book which contains his literary remains, is a collection of Epigrams, which, requiring the principal attention of the pruning and purging editors, probably date from the period of his Greek study and his days of grammatical teaching. Here is one lively specimen:

"Poor Dido found but little rest,
By neither of her spouses blest;
She flies, because the first was dead,
And dies, because the second fled."

Next comes a pleasant little group of pieces entitled "Ephemeris, or How to Spend a Day." In this occurs the beautiful morning prayer beginning:

"Omnipotent! Thou who to me art known
By thoughtful worship of the mind alone!"

For want of space we pass over a group of "Parentalia" or domestic poems and come to "The Play of the Seven Wise Men," in which the seven successively come upon the stage, and expound briefly, each his special saying. Here is a specimen;

CHILON.

"With aching back and weary eyes I sit,
Waiting for Solon to expend his wit.
Heigh-ho! how long these men of Attica
Talk, and how little, after all, they say!
Here's one who in three hundred verses, now
Hath spoke a single sentence; and I trow,
He grudges even now the sight of me.
I am the Spartan Chilon, whom you see.
With our well-known Laconic brevity,
To you our *Gnothi seauton* (NOSCE TE),
The precept, 'Know thyself,' fit to descend
From Heaven, and writ at Delphi, I commend.
Sore is the labor, sweet the fruit, to know
The line o'er which thy genius cannot go;
To meditate from dawn to set of sun
On each least thing thou doest and hast done.
All duty, honor, shame, doth this comprise,
In this our scorned and slighted glory lies.
I've done. Farewell. Remember Nature's laws.
I go, not waiting your applause."

Of the twenty Idyls, the tenth is entitled "Mosella." This "erudite and elegant panegyric," as the editor of the Delphin edition calls it, is one of the few remaining specimens of its kind; indeed, it is, perhaps, the only (or, at the very least, the first) example of a whole piece, purely and simply devoted to the description of Nature, of rural life and scenery, to be found in old Latin poetry. It contains many passages which have the minute mirroring of Crabbe, and many that wear the sunny light and remind us of the genial picturesqueness of Goldsmith.

The "Mosella" contains four hundred and eighty lines; and yet, so full of the subject was the old man's mind, that more than once, after having poured out two or three hundred verses, he breaks out, as if he had been only thinking all the time of *undertaking* the attractive theme, into the exclamation that *one day*, if he ever gets leisure, he will sing the glorious river as it deserves! The very copiousness of its waters seems to have communicated something of a like inexhaustible fluency to his thought.

The opening of the poem, describing the author's return (probably from one of the Imperial campaigns) to the region which reminds him so vividly of his native scenery, and city, and stream, presents a striking glimpse of the mingled lights of history and landscape:

"In nebulous light I crossed swift Nava's stream,
Saw the new walls of ancient Bingen gleam;
Where Gallia once matched Latian Cannæ's day,
And piles of dead, unwept, unburied lay.
Thence through lone forest depths my journey ran,
That showed no trace of civilizing man;
O'er dry Dumnissus; then where with sweet sound
Perennial fountains murmur all around
Roman Tabernæ; and through fields where now
The Sauromatian colonist drives his plow.
At length I see upon the Belgian line
The castle famed of glorious Constantine,
Nivomagus; and here a purer air
Breathes o'er the fields; and now, serene and fair,
The face of Phœbus to the wondering sight
Renews Olympus clothed in purple light.
No longer vainly the bewildered eye
Through the green gloom of branches seeks the sky;
No more the ruddy ray and liquid light
Of the free heavens are hid by envious night.
The lovely light that smiles o'er hill and stream
Brings back the scenes that live in childhood's dream:
My own Burdigala's dear features lie
Imaged in all I see to memory's eye;
The villa roofs that crown the craggy steeps,
And overhang the valley's winding sweeps;
Hills green with vines, and at their feet the swell
And low-voiced murmur of thy waves, Mosel."

"Mosella,"—the key-note has been struck, —the key-word that unlocks the poet's soul has been spoken,—and he breaks forth in the apostrophe which opens his proper theme:

"Hail, O illustrious River! renowned for thy fields and thy farmers!
River that washest the walls of the Belgæ's Imperial city!
River, whose ridges are crowned with the vine's odoriferous clusters!
River, whose meadows are clothed by the grass with an emerald verdure!
Ships on thy bosom thou bearest,—a sea; a river, thou rollest
Down from the uplands; a lake, in the crystalline depth of thy waters;
Yet like a rill from the mountains, with silvery foot canst meander;
Nor can the coldest spring yield such refreshment as thine.
River and brooklet and lake art thou, and fountain and ocean,—
Ocean, with ebb and flow of its multitudinous waters.
Peaceful and placid the speed of thy current; no howling of storm-winds
Vexes thy brow; no dark rocks lie lurking to anger thy bosom.

* * * * * * *

Oft, in the bend of thy current, thou lookest across, and with wonder
Seemest to see thy own waves gliding backward, and then for a moment
Thou, in thine own proper course, (so dreamest thou haply?) dost linger;
Yet with no slime-gendered reeds thou lazily linest thy borders,
Nor on thy shore in mud and ooze dost thou sluggishly stagnate,
But all unsoiled and unwet come the feet to thy silvery margin.

* * * * * * *

Go, and with Phrygian mosaics inlay thou the floor of thy mansion,
Till like the face of a mirror the marble-paved corridors glisten!
I, meanwhile, despising what wealth and luxury offer,
Wonder at Nature's works, where never a miserly boaster,
Not even Poverty, grasps, in the joy of the lavish creation.
Silvery sand and pure pebbles adorn this clean floor of the river,
And it retains in remembrance no trace of the last passing foot-print.
Down through the crystalline depths of the waters we see to the bottom.
They have no mysteries to hide; and, as in the clear upper heavens
Ranges the eye far round through all the circling horizon,
What time no breath of wind shakes a leaflet or ripples the water,
So in the blue heaven below the eye freely ranges or lingers,
And in the azure-light chambers sees manifold shapes of rare beauty;
Plants that gracefully wave in the silent sway of the waters,
And through green groves of moss glittering jewels of sand.

* * * * * * *

Lo! how the slippery swarms of fishes that chase one another
Through the green labyrinth there, in and out, in perpetual motion,
Charm and bewilder at once the eye of the wearied beholder!
All the names and the tribes of the numberless finny creation,
Whether of those that swim down stream on their way to the ocean,
Or those that follow each other up-river in shoals never-ending,

Who can describe? — 'Tis forbid by Him to whom is committed
Lordship the Second in rank, and the Scepter of Sea-rule, the Trident."

He devotes, however, no less than seventy-five lines to the enumeration of the scaly inhabitants, for several of which even the German commentators seem unable to find any modern name,—"the Mace, tender of flesh and stuffed full of bones,"—"available only six hours for table use;"—"the Trout, with purple-starred back;"—"the Grayling, with the swiftness of a shot eluding the eye of the beholder;"—"the Barbel, ennobled by the weight of years;"—"the Salmon;"—"the Lamprey" (both fully described);—"the inhabitant of ponds whose Latin name provokes laughter,—*Lucius*, the Pike;"—and

"Never shalt thou be forgotten, O Perch, the delight of the table;"—

then the fish that "is not yet a *Salmon*, and cannot be called a *Trout*, . . . but is neither and both;"—the Gudgeon, "whose length is not more than the breadth of two hands, with the thumbs not included."

From the denizens of the flood he now turns to the shore-population, and describes the joys of the vintagers:

* * * * * * *

"Yet not to human hearts alone the charms
Of this fair region yield delight; no less
Do rural Satyrs (I can well believe)
And lovely blue-eyed Naiads mingle here
Their sports along thy banks; and if, perchance,
Goat-footed Pans intrude with wanton glance,
They spring across the ford, and, helplessly
Beating the waves beneath their snowy feet,
Alarm their trembling sisters in the stream.

* * * * * * *

Panope, too, oft-times, the nymph of the flood, when, in friendship
Joined with the Oreads, she slyly has stolen the grapes from the vine-hills,
Flies from the Gods of the pastures, the Fauns, the riotous teasers!

* * * * * * *

But what was never seen by human eye
I may but half unfold. Veiled by the flood,
With sacred awe I leave its mysteries!
Beauty enough invites our open gaze!
When the blue stream mirrors the shady hill,
And all the waters now with green are dyed,
And in the waves the mimic clusters glow,
And then when Hesper leads the Evening in,
What an enchanted world the boatman's eyes
Behold beneath him, trembling in the deep!
There, in the liquid glass, the bending forms of the oarsmen,—
Shadowy oarsmen, dipping alternate in time with the real,
Only in inverse position, are seen gliding merrily onward.
How the illusive picture delights the charmed eyes of the young folk!
Such the ecstatic delight of the child when the nurse at the toilet
Holds up before her the glass and shows her her shadowy sister,
Looking so real to her—as if 'twere her double incarnate—
That she must needs imprint a kiss, in her wondering transport,
On the blank metal that stares with a cold, unanswering surface."

Then come thirty or forty lines describing with a curious minuteness the various ways in which the boys catch fish from the beach or the rocks. The author elaborates the subject with the enthusiastic interest of one who had just dropped upon our planet. He must have witnessed, if not practiced, such sports in boyhood on his native Garumna, and yet he looks on here with as fresh a delight as if it were all new to him,—as undoubtedly it was,—in hexameter verse. Wordsworth has a similar way of spinning out, at times, a simple matter into a long chant, as when he calls tea "the beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb," and says that a child caught cold, in this wise:

"The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction."

Now see how Ausonius relates the process of hooking a fish:

"When, of the snare all unconscious, the greedy and swift-darting swimmers
Snap at the bait with their jaws, and then painfully all of a sudden
Feel in their wide-open throats, too late, the merciless iron;
Quivering, they own themselves caught, and answering now the crisp tremor
Borne through the vibrating line, the rod bends down to the water.
Then—not an instant's delay; with a whiz of the line o'er his shoulder,
Out on the grass the youngster nimbly has landed his victim,
There to gasp and to die by the merciless shaft of Apollo."

But sometimes, when drawn up a steep rock, the fish flaps back into the river, and then the boy plunges after him,—and the admiring author must devote several lines to this spectacle.

"But what end can I find of celebrating thy waters,
Blue as the blue of the ocean, that mirrors the heavens, O Mosella!
Lo! what innumerable streams come down, either side, from the mountains,
Eager to mingle their waters with thine! full fain would they linger

In the fair regions they pass; but a yearning far mightier bids them
Baptize themselves into thy name, and bury themselves in thy bosom.

* * * * * * *

Yea, majestic Mosella! had Smyrna but lent thee her singer,—
Mantua bequeathed thee her bard,—not Simois, then, nor Ilyssus,
Nay, not Tiber himself should go before thee in glory!
Mighty Rome—thy forgiveness! Far from thy greatness be envy!
Ever my prayer is: May Nemesis (strange to the tongue of the Latin)
Guard thee, of Empire the seat—guard, Rome!, thy illustrious Fathers!
Hail! O Mosella, to thee, great parent of fruits and of peoples!
Thee an heroic nobility graces, a youth of tried prowess,
Thee an excellent speech that rivals the Latian tongue.
Nay, to thy sons has been given by Nature, with earnest, grave faces,
And with refinement of manners, the deep-welling joy of the Spirit.
Not old Rome alone can point with pride to her Catos;
Nor was the model of truth and integrity buried forever
With the just Aristides, sometime the glory of Athens.
But why thus, with slack rein, do I measure the glorious arena,
Lessening thy praise by comparison, proudly my true love constraining?
Hide for a season the harp, O Muse, when the chords that now ring out
Faintly these closing numbers shall vibrate their last, and grow silent.
Happy shall come hereafter an hour of leisure and quiet,
When the mild sunshine of age shall smile on my still occupation;
Then may I freelier renew the song of the days of old glory,
Sing of my country's renown, and the deeds of the Belgian sires.
Then the Pierian maids shall weave with a delicate distaff
Threads of a finer web, and purple shall grow from our spindles.

* * * * * * *

But let first the task I have now undertaken be ended;
Let me sing to the close the praise of the glorious river,
Follow the sweep of its tide rejoicing along the green meadows,
Till in the waves of the Rhine it shall come to receive consecration!
Open, O Rhine! thy blue bosom! Spread wide thy green fluttering garments
To the new stream that with thine would mingle its sisterly waters!
Nor does it bring thee alone the wealth of its waters; but stately
Sweeps from the walls of the city, the princely that once saw in triumph
Father and son return from Nicer and Lupodunum.

* * * * * * *

Proud grew the laurel and high from the field of the freshly won battles;
Soon other lands may bear others; but ye, as brother and sister,
Roll in majesty on to the purple expanse of the ocean!
Fear not, O glorious Rhine! that thy name and thy fame shall be lessened!
Far from the host be all envy! Thy name and renown are immortal!
Sure of thy glory, then open thy wide arms to welcome thy sister!

* * * * * * *

Thus I sang, who, sprung from the race of the ancient Vivisci,
Lately in friendly alliance a guest at the Belgian hearth-stone,
Roman Ausonius am named, and claim as the home of my fathers
Gallia's uttermost limits, and where the high Pyrenean
Mountains o'erhang Aquitania, serene land of free-hearted people.
Such the strains I boldly, though modestly, swept from my harp-strings.
Poor though the tribute, 'twas fitting, O Muse, that these hands should this offer
Out of my poverty, gratitude's gift to the beautiful river.
Not for fame I hanker; I only beg for forgiveness;
So many hast thou, O glorious stream, whose footsteps have wandered
Round the waters divine that are blessed by Æonian maidens,
And on whose foreheads hath sprinkled her cool drops the fair Aganippe;
But for me—if so much shall yet linger of fire poetic—
When to my native Bordeaux, youth's home and of age the still refuge,
Pater Augustus and also his son, whom of all I hold dearest,
Grant me once more to return, content with Ausonian fasces
Graced, and with curule honors,—and when at length the old master
Now is dismissed and rewarded with thanks for long years of true service,—
Then to the stream of the North will I pour out a worthier tribute;
Sing of the cities, whose walls are washed by thy calm-gliding waters;
Sing of the castles that frown above thee with time-wasted turrets;
Sing of the fortresses, built of old for a refuge from danger;
Used by the prosperous Belgians now, not for forts, but for garners;

* * * * * * *

Then, to the farthest lands and in tongues and in songs of strange peoples,
Wide shall be wafted thy name and thy glory, O hornèd Mosella! *

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* NOTE.—Horned, or horn-bearing (in allusion of the river's windings), is applied to the river-god Tiber by Virgil, Æn. viii. 76, 77:

"Thee evermore will I praise, evermore with my gifts and libations,
Honor thee, horn-bearing river and King of Hesperian waters."

THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—I.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

"Und ob auch deine Wiege jetzt
Seufzt unter fremdem Joch;
Ob wälsche Gau'n dein Strom auch netzt,
Deutsch bleibst du, Mosel, doch;
Deutsch ist ja deines Namens Laut,
Deutsch ist dein goldner Wein;
Dem deutschen Rhein bist du getraut,
Deutsch wirst du ewig sein!
Und wenn einst unser Schlachtschwerdt klirrt,
Im letzten, heil'gen Streit,
Dann, deutsche Felsenjungfrau, wird
Auch deine Wieg' befreit.
Ein donnernd Hoch aus voller Brust,
Erkling' zum Himmel laut,
Dir, schönem, deutschem Moselstrom,
Dir, deutschen Rheines Braut."

—OTTO.

I. FROM LORRAINE TO TRIER.

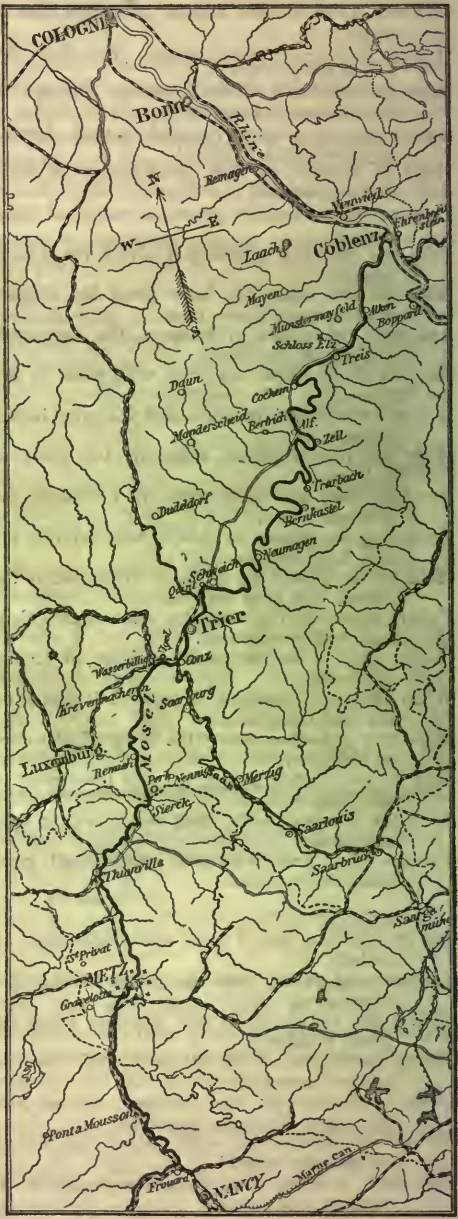
SOME years ago, on a dark and damp November day, we saw the Mosel from the deck of the little steamer that runs from Trier to Koblenz. Then followed the stirring and changing scenes of rapid travel beyond.

Later, the seeds of memory then planted had grown so strongly, and the recollection of the Mosel so far overshadowed much else that we had seen, that its invitation to a more careful exploration was not to be resisted. From this second visit came the impressions which I shall here endeavor to convey.

The Mosel, "The Pearl of German Rivers," stretches along the projecting edges of the nineteenth century, which has intruded upon it in North-eastern France and in a corner of Luxemburg; which whirls unheeding past its embouchure at the Rhine; and which has so lately torn its peaceful valley with the unwonted ruin of modern warfare from Metz to Pont-à-Mousson. Everywhere else, the dancing currents and the peaceful lake-like stretches of the river wind their sinuous way through a placid medieval world.

Metz and Trier have been touched by the railway, which has somewhat torn the veil from over them; but even they have held out bravely, and, once beyond their gates, we wander again in the charmed light of the Middle Ages.

Grand old hill-sides, crowned with the homes of the robber knights and clad with their immemorial vineyards; old villages in the valleys, wherein a time-honored simplicity still holds its sway,—hills around which Old World legends cluster, and valleys where all is peace, and plenty, and content,—here we roam in a dreamy, bliss-



THE MOSEL FROM THE MEURTHE TO THE RHINE.

ful, antiquated land, where the best that nature can do for hill and dale greets us at every step, and where the work of Art's best days lies softened by Time's lightest touch. I have seen no country equal to the Mosel Valley for the peculiar charm that comes of antiquity, made real by an appropriate human life. On every hand in European travel we are running parallel with much that is curious and quaint, and at every turn we may elbow odd-looking peasants, who are doing odd things in odd ways. We leave a modern hotel to stroll out for a downward look upon the bonneted women of the market-place, and to sniff for a moment the aroma of traditional and peculiar customs. Arriving by rail with a busy throng of people of our own time, we ask for our telegrams, and betake ourselves to the comforts of our well-appointed inn, marveling, perhaps, at a remnant of fast-fleeing provincial costume that our shrewd caterer has captured to set off the service of his *table d'hôte*. We see at each step, it may be, something of the novelty of old age—in buildings, in shop windows, in sign-boards, in the people themselves. But all this is usually only in the eddies of a full, flowing modern tide. Quaint gables peep out modestly beneath the shadow of modern warehouses, the *carillon* jingles its sweet tunes in alternation with the steam whistle, costumes are fast shrinking to the rear of the modern-dressed crowd, and we everywhere feel that the occasional quaintness we so gladly hail is, after all, but an element (and a decreasing one) in a life that is more and more the life of to-day—the life, let us say, which we prefer to live, but not that which it most interests us to watch as we travel.

Beneath the towering hill-sides of the Mosel, and along its fertile and well-grown intervale, we have two hundred miles of unmixed, unspoiled, uninterrupted Old-World life. Not only in the market-place, but in the streets, in the houses, in the shops, at the *table d'hôte*, in the fields and in the country roads, we have little else. A single month's immersion in this medium of remoteness and antiquity exalts us above all the carking cares of modern life, and makes the world we know so well seem, to the last degree, unreal. Letters from home come like messages from another and an unfamiliar sphere. Newspapers are forgotten, and we instinctively shun all that may awaken us from our pleasant dream.

FOUNTAIN AND GRILLE AT NANCY.

We rise up and we lie down among a people who have (and who care to have) no faintest trace of exciting enterprise. They are the descendants of the village peasants of the Gothic age; they live with Gothic simplicity and frugality in the irregular and leaning, but still charming, houses with which their forefathers strung the shores of their beautiful river. Educated beyond the standard of the working people of New England, and shrewd and intelligent in their way, they find in their peaceful habits, and in the constant sociability and cheerfulness that come of their village life, the full satisfaction of their modest desires.

We do not envy them; we have no desire to be of them; but to be with them, and them only, for weeks together, carries us back to a historic epoch that is full of historic charm. In the library we may wander away to the old days in our unhindered imagination. Along the banks of the Mosel we wander there in person, and feel, and see, and touch, in actual life, the real movement of an age which elsewhere is past.

GENERAL VIEW OF NANCY.

So far is this true, that it almost seems amiss to describe this river and its people in the language of our own daily intercourse. The stream acquires for us the personality which is recognized in the speech of those who live beside it. They never speak of it as "the river," "the water," or "the stream," but always as "the Mosel." They wash in the Mosel, they fish in the Mosel, they row on the Mosel, and in all their relations with it they hold it in this individual light. The Rhine is a river, a brook is a brook, but the Mosel is "the Mosel" always. Moselwein and the Moselthal stand alone in the regard of the Moselfolk; and, especially as they have rarely seen more of the outer world than may be seen from the peaks of the Eifel, or from the heights of the Hunsrück, one cannot wonder at their concentrated respect.

However, the minor key of rhapsody, that a sunny and moonlit September in this gentle land incites, suggests only an emotional impression, whose justification calls for the facts and figures of conventional speech.

The sources of the river lie far up in the Vosges Mountains, in Alsace and Lorraine, and it is not the least of the sentimental achievements of the late invasion of France, that Otto's prophecy has come true, and that "the battle sword's clash in the last holy strife has freed the German rock-maiden's cradle."

The plan of our journey forbade the seeking of the sources of the river, and led us to see but hastily the historic environs of its upper waters. Of what lies above its junction with the Meurthe, at Frouard, we learned little more than the books tell. We left the train at Nancy, five miles up the Meurthe. Our plan was here to buy a row-boat, with which to make, leisurely and comfortably, the whole distance to the Rhine, but we learned that the frequent gates of the canalization, and the utter absence of current, would make the early miles tedious and unsatisfactory, so we traveled like respectable modern tourists as far as Metz.

Nancy is a charming town. As Brussels suggests a little Paris, so Nancy suggests a little Brussels. It is largely new, and entirely clean, cheerful, well-kept, and *comme il faut.* One might pass an hour pleasantly at its hotel, and depart with the next train, carrying away the impression of a sweet little city without one remarkable feature. But it is impossible that even a modern city (and Nancy is only eight hundred years old) can have grown up in Europe without accumulating points of attraction and of charm, of which one who has passed his life in a new country can never tire.

Nancy was a sop to Stanislas, a buffer to his fall from the throne of Poland, and he seems to have accepted it in the most frank and manly way, and to have found here an ample and welcome field for good works.

PORTE DE LA CRAFFE, NANCY.

If one may believe the record of his monument (and its proof lies on every side), he was, in his small way, one of the wisest and best of rulers.

Much of the record of the old Dukes of Lorraine was destroyed during the improvements of Stanislas, and the town, as one sees it, dates back only a century and a half,—not long enough for fine buildings to grow old, and not too long for fine plantations to remain beautiful. The public park (the Pépinière) is not large (forty acres), and it has no striking feature; but it is as calm and peaceful and shady a little play-ground for a little city as one could wish to see. The element of flirtation and tender sauntering is forbidden by French custom, and it is a loss; but children, and young girls with their *bonnes* or their mammas—the elders, always indulging in the "concealed indolence of knitting," give enough life for social attractiveness. The planting is simple, dignified, and good,—less "pretty" than one expects to see French planting, and in restful and quiet accord with the broad meadows, the splendid trees and the distant blue hills. Its approach is through "La Carrière," the old tilting-ground of the Knights of Lorraine,—where the ancient chronicles describe Jeanne d'Arc as riding a tilt with the horse and armor she received from the King. Thence the Arc de Triomphe leads to the Place Stanislas. This is a generous square containing the Polish King's monument, and surrounded by some of the best buildings of his reign. Its angles are cut off with gilded iron-work grilles (forged by Stanislas' locksmith, Jean Lamour), which are still beautiful in their way as when they left his hand. These grilles inclose monumental fountains.

In the old town wall, stands one of the strong gates of the old city, the Porte de la Craffe, with the double cross of Lorraine over its pointed arch-way. The architecture, the history, the library, and the museum of Nancy would be worthy of notice in a more extended sketch; and, as a farmer, I must stop even here to pay my respects to the monument of Matthieu de Dombasle, one of the earliest and best of French agricultural writers. It stands near his implement factory, still carried on by his grandson.

Our two sunny August days in Nancy were spent at the Hotel de France, where we followed as guests, the sisters of Louis XVI., Josephine Beauharnais (first as the wife of General Bonaparte and last as Empress), and other historic characters without number, ending with Frederick William, who hung his Prussian standard above its door in 1870.

This is a very favorable example of the provincial French hotel, with its rooms opening on a court, where one sees the pea-shelling and dish-washing of the well-appointed adjacent kitchen. Its table is characteristic and good. We had, at noon, a breakfast of pigs' feet, smelts, mutton chops with potatoes, and other meat (disguised), cray-fish, cold chicken with salad, tarts, and fruit. For dinner, at six: (1) soup (two kinds); (2) bouilli with cucumber salad; (3) roast veal; (4) salmi of duck; (5) fish; (6) string beans; (7) compôte; (8) fruit *ad libitum*, and cakes.

I trust that these details of daily experience will have the interest for my readers that such details in books of travel have always had for me. However much we may be impressed by what is grand or curious in a foreign town, that which appeals most directly to our sensations is the peculiarity of the daily life of its people. I am fond of haunting early markets, and I found that at Nancy particularly attractive,—above all, for the remarkable supply of fruits, in which the beautiful surrounding country is especially productive. We saw at the very end of August, overrunning the commonest market-stands and baskets, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, plums in great variety and of splendid quality, pears, peaches, apples, almonds, filberts, walnuts, and many sorts of grapes, all in profusion and all very cheap.

I took my early coffee in a second story *café* with market-women and girls,—simple, tidy, respectful, and self-respecting people. The coffee was excellent, and was served with sugar and boiled milk in bowls or soup plates, and with table-spoons. It was, in fact, a coffee soup into which was broken as much bread as it would saturate,—good, wholesome, toothsome French bread at that. The price was four sous (cents) per portion. Most of the women had clubbed together and bought loaves of bread, which they divided, paying for their sweetened coffee and milk only two sous. There was only a single room, with two rows of clean broad tables, and in one corner a neat stove of polished iron and brass, and bright tiles, on which the coffee and milk were cooked in polished copper caldrons. It was quite a contrast to the coffee-stands about Washington Market in New York.

We drove for four hours in a ramshackle old trap, with a cheerful, ragged and intelligent driver, who showed and explained to us all the sights in and about the city for a total charge of ten francs. We bought specimens of Nancy porcelain and decorated glassware, and regretted that we had not time to rummage the little villages of the neighborhood, which are said to be stored with good accumulations of antique Lorraine ware.

As is so often the case in traveling, we wondered why this would not be a good resort for economical Americans desiring to live pleasantly and cheaply; but were told that the living, although cheap as compared with our own, is quite as expensive as similar living in Paris,—which, away from the foreigners' quarter, is still cheap,—and that the attractions, entertainments, and facilities for study, though good, are incomparably less here than there. However, Nancy is a very good point for education, is very salubrious, and has an agreeable climate.

On Tuesday we left about noon, and drove down the Meurthe and Mosel valleys to Pont-à-Mousson, about twenty miles, a lovely drive of two hours and a half, over a road lying mainly high enough for a good view of the valley, but winding and undulating, and, under such a sky as favored us, to the last degree delightful.

The many way-side villages were a great drawback. They are long, low and dirty; plows, wagons, and manure heaps almost invariably occupy the whole house front. It seemed incomprehensible that French people could occupy such habitations. The front windows of the houses gave no idea of pleasant living within. The people themselves, children and all, seemed comfortably clad and cheerful, and all very industrious, as we everywhere saw in the fields between the villages, where they were at work.

Pont-à-Mousson is a quaint old town lying on both sides of the Mosel, with a fine bridge, and with a striking cathedral and school facing the river. The public square is not a square, but a triangle, surrounded by arcades, all old and quaint, and one corner is picturesque, with a pointed pepper-box tower. This was formerly an imperial city, with a brilliant university, founded in the beginning of the tenth century by Charles III. We found a decent hotel, clean and good, and with a capital white-capped man cook, who took our orders in person, and whose kitchen, with its bright utensils, opened directly on the main hall, and was a chief ornament of the house.

After dinner I went into the *café* for coffee and a pipe. Here the landlady presides. I found her intelligent and chatty, and we had a long talk, developing these facts: The peasants are prosperous, and the laboring people well paid and happy. There is little or no emigration because of this universal prosperity and of a combination of habits of industry and love of home, which keeps young and old profitably engaged in the cultivation of their own little fields, or working for hire in the regular receipt of good wages. We had seen very old women working in the fields; this is rarely, if ever, from necessity, for the older peasants are usually more than well-to-do, but work is a habit and a necessity of their lives.

The town, she told me, was occupied for three years by a garrison of eighteen thousand Prussians, which, emotionally considered, was extremely sad. During the first three days these invaders plundered many houses which had been entirely abandoned by their owners, but they entered no occupied houses and molested no person. After these three days, regular order was established and maintained, and the troops were always respectful to the people, and always paid well for everything that they had. Evidently they had been detested,—and respected,—throughout their whole stay.

Thus much of Lorraine has been left to France, and Pont-à-Mousson is its outlying military post, garrisoned by a tolerably well-looking regiment of Hussars.

The queer old town is surrounded by a promenade occupying the site of its ancient wall,—a promenade especially curious for its beautiful allée of horse-chestnut trees, which are peculiarly suited for this use, losing entirely their natural rounded form, and growing tall and close, with deep green foliage that contrasts well with the black trunks and branches. They are not finer than our own superb rows of old elms, but they are finer than anything else of the sort I have seen in Europe.

Two miles away, on the top of a steep hill, stands the ruin of the old fortress of Mousson; a fortress without a history, and a ruin from traditional times. It includes within its walls a queer little village of about two hundred inhabitants, and a curious village church. The climb to Mousson is not easy, but it is wonderfully well rewarded with a view—from beyond Nancy to the other side of Metz—of one of the most fruitful and carefully cultivated valleys in the world,—a valley combining beauty of hill and plain, of hamlet and city, of village and castle, of field and forest, and, as I saw it, of bright sunshine, and the wafted shadows of fleecy clouds. Through all this threads the winding course of the young Mosel, picking up its re-inforcement of hill-side brooks from point to point along its way.

The hills bounding the valley are almost mountains, sometimes crowned with rich forests, and sometimes cultivated to their very summits. Now in the valley, now on the hill-side, and now high up almost among the clouds, one sees on every hand the villages in which the agricultural population are gathered. Through one gap of the high immemorial wall of the fortress, are seen the Cathedral at Metz, and the frowning Fort Saint Quentin, that commands it. From the opposite side appear the hills about Nancy, and those far up toward Toul.

With the glass I examined some of the villages that had impressed us so disagreeably, as we drove through them, and found that they were simply "turned inside out." We had driven through barn-yards and back door yards, between the parallel lines of houses. These at their opposite sides seemed invariably to open with porch and vine-clad trellis, upon well-kept gardens, studded with trees and shrubs and vegetables, and surrounded with walls covered with espaliers. Quite generally, these villages stand on the summits of knolls or hills, and their living-room windows must command beautiful outlooks. Many of them as seen from this point are attractive enough; but what influences ever led the human mind to continue the Fortress of Mousson as the site for a village it is hard to guess, for its people are all farmers, whose fields lie very far below them, and their crops must be hauled with immense toil up the rugged way, whose inaccessible steeps doubtless tempted the founder of the castle.

On the first day of September we went (ignominiously, by rail) to Metz, getting only that fleeting view of the country with which travelers by rail are always tantalized. At the frontier town we found the German Custom-house to be by no means the trifling and pleasantly formal affair we had been led to expect. Not only was the scrutiny, especially in the case of local travelers, very close, but duty was demanded on the most absurd articles of personal property; among other things on a well-worn steel instrument. Here the train is transferred from French to German control, and every compartment of every carriage is handed over to its new guard with a recorded account of its dilapidation, subsequent injury being chargeable to the German authorities.

DEUTSCHES THOR, METZ.

As we halted at Jouy-aux-Arches, we struck the line of the old Roman aqueduct, by which the Roman city of Divodurum-medio-Matricorum was supplied with water from the distant hills,—an aqueduct sixty feet high and from twelve to fifteen feet wide, long ago destroyed, and latterly on the eastern side of the river plastered up and made hideous. On the west the old piers and arches stand, in their overgrown and dilapidated condition, an interesting monument of the Romans, who possessed the valley for so many centuries, until the Franks broke up their dominion and founded the Germanic civilization on their ruins. As with so many of the monuments of Continental antiquity, the Devil is said to have had a hand in the building of this aqueduct. Recently, the engineers of Metz, in seeking a suitable water supply, found no better source than the old one of the Romans.

As a matter of principle,—and especially as a matter of economy,—I rarely avail myself of the advantages offered by first-class hotels, and had determined on putting up in Metz at a little French house, the Hôtel de Paris; but the chatty landlady at Pont-à-Mousson received this suggestion with such an expressive shrug of the shoulders, and spoke so highly of the Hôtel de l'Europe, that my determination was overruled, and we drove to this imposing and well-placed caravansary, where we were subjected to three days of uninterrupted discipline for having abandoned a fixed principle. The house is detestably "first-class," with a very ordinary table and no especial comfort, and with only one opportunity for receiving due attention from the domestics, —as they present themselves, a row of greedy-eyed petitioners, as we took our leave. However, the situation of the house had its decided advantages, and we were glad to be so much in the company of the better class of the German officers, whose regiments were gathered about Metz for the autumn maneuvers.

Metz is an extremely attractive town. Its fortifications, Vauban's best work, which are of the first class and in active occupation, are interesting. Its cathedral, with a long, unobstructed high nave and beautiful clustered columns, is most impressive.

The lower quarter of the town is very quaint and interesting, and its Deutsches Thor is one of the most picturesque of medieval fortifications. Walking toward this gate, we were attracted by the following sign:

Pferde Metzgerei
Boucherie Cavaline.

In the neat-looking shop so indicated, a tidy young Frenchwoman presided over sides and quarters, and steaks of abundant horse-flesh.

In the streets we met singularly furnished trucks, labeled, "Bains à la domicile, 1.20 francs"; which, being interpreted, means, that for twenty-four cents you may have a bath in your own house. One of the two portable bath-tubs carried by the vehicle is filled from its barrel of water and heated by its stove and boiler, and then brought into your house and removed after your ablutions. You call a bath-wagon, as in England you would call a bath-chair, pay the tariff, have the preparations made in front of your door, and thus publicly announce to your curious neighbors the frequency of your personal cleansing.

All else that Metz has to offer is eclipsed in unique interest by its remarkably beautiful Esplanade, a pleasure-ground reaching to the edge of its highest fortification, and overlooking the broad plains that border the winding river and stretch far away to the feet of the inclosing hills,—hills rich with country seats and with well-kept farms and vineyards. Here, amid beautiful planting and in the presence of cooling fountains, crowds of people of all classes assemble for their sunset lounging and chatting, and one can readily understand how the Esplanade of Metz, seconded by a capital public library and a museum that would almost be the despair of the largest American town, led many a wanderer in its old days of French rule to settle here for a final period of sensible, pleasant, and sociable living.

The war, and the changes caused by the German occupation, have driven away a very large element of the old French population, and the city has been immeasurably saddened and made more practical, and less interesting, by their loss.

It was curious to learn in what manner, and to what degree this change had taken place. We found that the sentiment of national hostility had had full sway, and that nearly all who were not tied to Metz by their interests or their duties had sought residence elsewhere in France. Those who remain refuse all open intercourse with the conqueror, who, on his side, is clearly urging his position by justice, liberality, and outward indifference. At first, the bands of the German regiments played regularly at the afternoon gathering on the Esplanade, as the bands of the French had done during the years before; but the first strain of their excellent performance set the whole assemblage to flight. It was one thing to enjoy what France and nature had done for the pleasure-ground of Metz, but quite another to accept what Germany offered. Teutonic gravity and good sense was quite equal to the occasion, and the result was simply this,—the bands ceased to play; if the people did not want music, they need not have it. Efforts to establish a German theater have met the same fate; "les Messins" would not patronize the German theater, so they forego their evening entertainment, and, as a Frenchman told us, Metz has now become *triste*, "there is absolutely no distraction,"—and what is life to a Frenchman without "distraction?"

I took much pains to inquire into the condition of the people before and after the surrender, obtaining a very satisfactory account from the landlord of the despised, but good, Hôtel de Paris, with whom, as he received my letters, I had daily chats. He had the national prejudices of his race against "les Prussiens," but frankly confessed that their conduct was unobjectionable, and that they would make beneficent rulers for the people. During the later weeks of the siege, the greatest disorder had prevailed; discipline had been practically abandoned, and affairs were daily going from bad to worse. Officers and men frequented his restaurant on terms of familiarity, no deference being shown. Private soldiers would order and consume whatever suited their fancy, and make no pretense of paying; a drunken soldier would overturn his glass into the lap of an officer sitting next him at table without so much as asking pardon. This poor landlord had been in a fair way of being eaten out of house and home, and his mental condition had evidently bordered on insanity. The morning after the surrender, he was surprised at day-break by a well-dressed lieutenant of German infantry knocking modestly at his door, and, with his hand to his cap, *asking permission* to enter and order his breakfast, for which he paid well, as have all his successors ever since. So far as I could judge, the ill-feeling is purely a sentimental one, but, sentimentally considered, it does not lack food for its sustenance; for example, over the gate-way of a former Jesuit college adjoining a church, is the inscription, *Kaiserliche Lutheranische Seminär.*

THE VALLEY OF GRAVELOTTE.

It must be irritating, too, to a sensitive Frenchman to see the indifferent and triumphant, though far from insolent, air with which the German officers and men deport themselves in the streets, not looking down upon the French citizens, but simply not regarding them at all. A small amount of palpable injustice or meanness would be a real relief to those who are now compelled to nourish their ill-will mainly by the imagination.

Our visit was particularly well-timed for an observation of the German army, nearly all the regiments of that portion of Germany having gathered here for the autumn field maneuvers. The uniforms of the different States vary materially, and some of them are much decorated, but none equal in simplicity, elegance, and dignity, that of the Prussians. It is almost as plain as our own, with all the difference that there is between good and bad. The rank and file have the great advantage over French soldiers, that their garments are made with some reference to the size and proportions of those who are to wear them, so that even a squad of privates on fatigue duty look like soldiers who have been properly cared for. At parade, the appearance of these men is admirable; they are well set up, supple, clean, close-cropped, well dressed, and well kept. To such a degree is this true, that the one-year men are hardly distinguishable at dress parade.

These one-year men are an interesting element of the German army. By an inflexible law, every man, of whatever rank and station in life, must perform his regular military service. If not professionally an officer of the regular army, though he be a prince's son, he must serve in the ranks and take his regular duty with men drawn from the peasantry. He has this relief (and so has the peasant), that if he can pass a very severe examination as to educational requirements, and can defray the expenses of his living, uniform, and full equipments, he can complete his active service in one year; and he has, as I am informed, the certainty that his subsequent duties will be as an officer of Landwehr.

MONUMENT AND GRAVES; BATTLE-FIELD OF GRAVELOTTE.

The one-year man is very noticeable. An officer has his position secured by his insignia of rank, but the gentleman who is serving as a private soldier can distinguish himself from his ignoble associates only by a degree of super-refinement in man-millinery, such as is hardly to be found elsewhere, and a sergeant of infantry loitering in the balcony of a theater, in the finest broadcloth, neatest boot, cleanest shave, and most delicate glove that nineteenth century art can produce, is, probably, the tidiest and nattiest individual that our age has developed.

In spite of his ability thus to announce his inherent superiority to his position, his position must be far from happy, for, however kindly and pleasantly he may be regarded by his officers when off duty, his life in his company must be to the last degree trying. Even German officers have that regard for the good-will of their commands that must often lead them to emphasize the fact that they show these favored troops no partiality, and this implies occasional undue severity. The men themselves take full advantage of their facilities for neutralizing in the intercourse of the barracks and fatigue service, the obvious difference shown when on furlough. Doubtless, with all its annoyance, and all its expense, the service of a single year is vastly to be preferred to the ordinary three-years term, and it is no slight benefit that the country is to derive from the intimate relation into which nearly all of its higher classes are thrown for an uninterrupted year (at a time when habits of thought are being formed), with the representatives of the foundation grades of society.

The sort of attraction that draws visitors at Brussels to the field of Waterloo is much more active at Metz, in leading directly toward Gravelotte. The cabmen of the city were, of course, all hotly engaged in the thickest of the fight, and, they are, perhaps, as good guides as one ever finds for a battle-field. Ours (French) had in some way or other acquired a tolerably intelligent knowledge of the movements, and by checking his account with a good map and with official reports, we formed some conception of the great battle that decided the fate of the German Empire.

The drive out over the Pont des Morts,—which Louis Napoleon avoided when he last left Metz,—and through the peaceful country and villages toward the heights of Le Point du Jour, one of the most important of the French positions, gives a good general idea of the territory they had to defend. The road soon descends from the high plain, and then drops somewhat steeply into the valley of Gravelotte,—a Valley of the Shadow of Death to so many thousands of both armies. The position may be considered as naturally impregnable, and we were shown the point to which, as though by a miracle, the foremost of the Uhlans had pressed only to meet his fate. One could not help considering what a vast amount of life and suffering would have been saved, had the French had a single regiment of American backwoodsmen with axes. It would have been only the work of an hour to form an abbatis that would have prevented even an attempt on the position. We asked our driver how it had been possible for the Germans to make any head against the French up such a steep, wooded hill-side. He ascribed it to the "hourra" of the Germans, which a later conversation with an officer led me to think had sometimes more influence than the warlike onset itself, in shaking the firmness of the French lines.

There is no room here for a description of the battle, nor do even the official reports leave it possible for one to write a description that would be unquestioned by participators in the action; but no one can follow the long road that leads from point to point, with field, and wall, and building full of the indications of a desperate life-and-death struggle, without admiring almost equally both of the armies engaged, and becoming impressed with the slightness of the difference in power and endurance that finally decided the fortune of the terrible day. The French, in spite of their defeat, have rarely earned, even in their most brilliant victory, a better right to military renown than on this lost field; and even the army that made the assault on the heights of Spichern rarely made so desperate an attempt as that from which the French so hardly held it back in the steep-sided Schlucht of Gravelotte and at Saint Hubert.

The guide-books give a reasonably good idea of this battle, but no one can appreciate its desperate character who does not examine its positions for himself, and see with his own eyes how thickly the whole broad country is strewn, for miles and miles, with groups of monumental crosses, and how frequent are the elaborate monuments that mark the actions of bodies of troops, and the burial-places of distinguished men. Then, too, these crosses do not indicate, as in a cemetery, the resting-place of a single person, but a trench, into which, under the fierce heat of August, piles of fallen men were indiscriminately hurried. One cross bears the inscription, **„Hier ruhen in Gott 29 Preuſſen u. 69 Franzoſen."**[*] And on every hand similar records showed how enormous had been the slaughter.

Every village, and every country seat along ten or fifteen miles of our road had been loop-holed for musketry and battered, often to ruin, with artillery. Questioning an old relic-seller as to the genuineness of her buckles, and bullets, and helmet spikes, she said: "Ah! my God, we do not need to counterfeit these; we had two days' fighting here, and we dig more relics than potatoes."

As we drove home by another road, which gave us a better view of Fort Saint Quentin, it seemed the last marvel of Gravelotte that Bazaine should have still held this wonderful work, and have left his enemy in peaceful possession of their hard-earned field.

The question of the treason of this General reaches much farther than the tourist's ken, but, whatever his motive and whatever his conduct, one regards him very leniently in view of the fact that he has left to the beautiful old city of Metz so much of inestimable value that must have been destroyed, had he awaited the bombardment that was impending.

THE ROMAN MONUMENT, AT IGEL. (SEE PAGE 398.)

After this day's trip we look with even more than our former interest upon the modest-mannered and often gentle-looking officers of the successful army, who are enjoying their evening coffee and cigars at the little tables on the hotel terrace. In spite of much dignity, and a somewhat cautious reserve, they are very sociable, light-hearted, and happy-looking men; but, the prominent fact of official position seems never to leave their consciousness. As cordial comrades approach each other, it is an invariable rule that the officer formally salutes the officer; only after that do the friends shake hands.

Retaining, from ten years before, an active interest in cavalry, I accosted a group of officers and asked how I might see a mounted regiment at drill. I was referred to the commanding officer, whose name sounded like Hrite. I hesitatingly asked whether it was spelled Oehreit, and was corrected by the more familiar Wright. I was directed where to find him with the more than courteous anxiety that Prussian officers always seem to feel that the information one wants should be got without trouble, and should be as complete as possible.

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[*] "Here rest in God twenty-nine Prussians and sixty-nine Frenchmen."

In their conversation about Gravelotte, these officers scouted the supposition of the French that Bazaine had no intention of seriously defending Metz to the end, and that his surrender was treason to the State; such a supposition being simply absurd in the light of the tremendous energy with which Gravelotte was contested, at such cost to his troops. They believed that that battle having been lost,—although he might have maintained himself in Metz until it was destroyed by bombardment, and its provisions consumed,—by surrendering when he did he had not only saved the city, but, what was much more important, had avoided the fearful mortality in hospitals, that a long siege would have been sure to cause.

I called on General Wright, and was startled to hear perfect insular English spoken by an officer in the Prussian uniform,—Germany, it seems, does not confine herself to her native resources, but takes advantage of merit wherever she finds it.

My visit had been fortunately timed, for, on the next day, there was to be a field maneuver of four regiments of cavalry.

We drove out, with an English major-general of cavalry and his wife, to the plain of St. Privat-les-Metz, about four miles out of town,—broad, slightly undulating fields, traversed by two or three high-roads. The open country is bounded on the west by a wood, and on the south and south-east by a depression, beyond which the hills rise quite rapidly. The troops, as we arrived, were making an advance against an imaginary enemy (indicated by guidons). One battalion had dismounted half of its men, who were sent forward to the bottom of the valley at the left, as skirmishers. One regiment was very far forward, and the other troops, and the battery, were advancing. After two charges they retired,—the skirmishers holding their line, I thought, later than they would have done against a real enemy. However, they got to their horses with remarkable quickness, and made their rapid retreat, in columns of half company front, most admirably. They passed me at a strong hand-gallop, crossing the road diagonally, and leaping its two boundary ditches without breaking their alignment. They were in such close order that it seemed as though the first horses only could have seen the ditches, and that the others must have followed their leaps as sheep do. It was surprising to see how little these two leaps, in quick succession, disturbed the formation. One man and horse fell, near the head of the column, and disappeared from sight. All behind went straight on without heeding them, and there was no widening of the distance to indicate that they were being avoided. After the column had passed, the fallen man scrambled out of the ditch, got his horse up, mounted, and regained his place. There was then an advance in another direction, toward the right, and, after an hour of various maneuvers, the whole body returned to a point nearly a mile from our position, and thence made an advance in line, ending with a charge of the whole four regiments, and a rally far to the south.

We had crossed the field to the edge of the wood, and were, with other spectators, waiting for something to turn up. Presently there came at full gallop scattering squads of buglers on white horses, who disappeared around the corner of the wood, whence they presently returned with their instruments,—four full bands together,—ready for the review.

We took our position near the Commanding General, at the east side of the field, and saw his aid dispatched with an order for the column to pass at the gallop. The point from which it started was fully a quarter of a mile to the left, and it struck the gallop at once,—not a canter, but a sharp gallop. The command was formed in column of squadrons. As the head of the first regiment approached, its band struck up a flourish, wheeled to the left and formed in line, facing the General, striking its regular air almost before halting. After the regiment had passed, its band fell in at the rear, still playing without interruption.

The Colonels, having saluted in passing, swung furiously around to their position at the General's right, and as their left squadrons passed they flew, at racing speed, to the heads of their regiments. The alignment, as the troops passed,—eyes right,—was simply marvelous. It would be a wonderfully well-trained infantry regiment that could keep anything like such alignment at more than a moderate quick-step. After the review, as we turned toward town, my companion and I compared notes. He had commanded cavalry in the Crimea, and I was not surprised to hear him confess that in celerity and exactness of movement, these German regiments were the best he had seen. For me, it seemed ludicrous, with the impression that I had just received fresh in my mind, to recur to what we used to call cavalry during our war—though I had, naturally, a slight mental reservation in favor of my own "Vierte Missouri." Here, the men were generally light, and the horses well bred. They were very nearly perfect cavalry. As a writer is nothing, if not critical, I would add that the carbines seemed to me to be clumsily carried,—thumping across the thigh at every step.

Metz is now a thoroughly military town, having always a large garrison, which, at the time of our visit, had been considerably increased. We were regularly awakened at three or four o'clock in the morning by martial music and the tramp of infantry, or the rumbling of artillery, or the clatter of cavalry over the pavements. It seemed like New York during our war. The troops were going out for their morning exercises, and toward noon they returned, generally passing our hotel. They were always imposing. I do not know how severe their work may be at other seasons, but, during the September maneuvers, both horses and men seemed to be forced to their utmost endurance,—the horses to a degree that could not be long continued, without many of them being thrown out of service.

An event of our visit was the buying of a boat, the "Nancy," for our further journey. Under the Pont des Morts is a fleet of thirty or forty flat-bottomed skiffs with pointed bows and broad sterns, nicely painted and equipped with rudders, tiller-ropes and odd-shaped oars,—these sawn from flat boards and swung on iron swivels. In spite of some old-time experience in the skillful buying and selling of horses, I was completely outdone by the accomplished jockey in boats with whom I now had to deal. I beat him down tremendously from his asking price, and thought I had a great bargain (at 225 francs) in a second-hand boat that I could, as I afterward learned, have had made new for half the money. It was this or nothing, for the wretched fleet-master had the monopoly of the trade. However, as I did not discover the swindle until we reached the Rhine, our whole trip was made happy by the consciousness of a real bargain.* For an insignificant twelve francs, we had added a snug wagon-top canopy over the stern-sheets.

The question of the hardship inflicted upon the Messins by the bringing of their city under the German yoke, obtrudes itself at every step; but, looking at the question calmly, with a view to the former history of the town, there seems something to be said on the other side.

Metz was in its glory in the middle of the fourteenth century, when Charles IV. held there a Diet, at which the Archbishops of Trier, Cologne and Maintz, and the four lay Electors were present. This Diet made additions to the Golden Bull which was then published, and remained always the law of the German Empire. At this time, the city was gorgeous with princes, dukes, electors, and knights, and the most imposing national ceremonies were held in its cathedral.

It was during the next century much shaken with petty wars, and frequent attempts were made to capture it. Among others, one by the Duke of Lorraine and his brother-in-law, Charles VII., of France.

Louis II., of France, tried to gain possession of it by strategic devices. In 1473, Metz being then a free city, Frederick III. paid it a visit and promised to protect its liberties. Charles the Bold failed in an attempt to capture it.

Later, the Duke of Lorraine attempted by attack, by stratagem, and by treachery, to gain possession of the town, and, finally, in 1552, Henry II., by a clear case of "obtaining property under false pretenses," gained the mastery of the city.

These feeble title-deeds of the French, who were able to hold the town against a siege of Charles V., held good until the middle of the seventeenth century, when Metz capitulated to Gustavus Adolphus. Finally, in the articles of barter, known as the Peace of Westphalia, it was definitely assigned to France. The French claim that their long peaceful possession made Metz absolutely French territory. The Germans, on the other hand, confidently believe that, by their recent action, they have simply retaken their own.

This charming old city was, after all, but a halting-place in the preliminary steps of our journey, which had to do rather with the old German stretch of the river between Trier and Koblenz. So, at two o'clock on the day of the cavalry maneuver, we embarked with our baggage on board the "Nancy," with one-thumbed Eugene du Belloy, as oarsman,—under contract to row us to Thionville for five francs. We soon entered the last lock of the canalization. The gate-tender took our card in compliance with the police regulations, and our "trinkgeld"—we are in Germany now—out of regard for a cherished usage. He slowly lowered us to the level of the river, swung back the great valves, and started us on our happy way,—which led past the washer-women of the suburbs, women standing in their tubs and washing in the river.

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* I dislike to advertise my own wares; but I am still open to an offer of Ten Dollars for a capital row-boat that is chained to the pier at Koblenz,—first pier below the Bridge of Boats. N. B.—The purchaser to pay costs.

LAUNDRESSES IN THE MOSEL BELOW METZ.

The Cockswain manned the tiller-ropes, and Eugene fell into the steady rapid strokes of his rowing. While he remained with us, he divided with the outlying scenery a large share of our interest. He had been a French soldier, and had served in the army about Metz, where, as he gravely told us with the elegant diction to which even the lowest class of Frenchmen seem to be given, he had lost "one of his members," looking sadly at a box-wood thumb strapped to his left hand. During the time that he stayed with us we remarked, as we were always led to do in conversing with Frenchmen of whatever class, the entire absence from his speech of vulgarity or any approach to slang, or even of especial force of expression. Once, when I was standing up in the front of the boat, he asked that I would give myself the pain to seat myself, so that my person should oppose less resistance to the wind; and he generally made it evident that the French is entirely deficient in those terse forms of expression which among ourselves, and with the Germans, serve for the ordinary interchange of thought.

The valley below Metz is broad and carefully cultivated. The hills rarely reach the river on either side, but, near or far, they are always beautiful. The railroad is so far removed from the left bank that it did not disturb our soft September afternoon; and, as the sun set, and we floated on past the wooded shores, under the light of a new moon, we reveled in the very perfection of Arcadian travel.

To detail the points of interest that we passed would be uninteresting; the pleasure of the passing glance of even these beautiful shores can be received only through experience, not from description. At Malroy we landed and bought wine; then came the charming château and wood of Blettange, and all through the waning twilight and under the crescent moon all the sights and sounds of a pastoral valley greeted us, and made us happy as we swept smoothly on with the current.

We landed, after dusk, at the boatman's wharf at Thionville, and, leaving our heavier possessions in his custody, went to the little Hôtel Saint Hubert, near the old bridge, a second-class hotel, not recommended to tourists, but snug, French, and comfortable, and for travelers by water extremely convenient.

Immediately after our arrival we were met by a mutiny on the part of the crew, who, having got us away from Metz, with its idle men, and formed a combination with the oarsmen of Thionville, raised his tariff enormously, so that we were obliged to concede the unconscionable sum of four dollars and a return ticket by rail, for the long two days' pull to Trier (fifty miles).

After dinner, I strolled out to see the town, and, knowing that to reach the Hôtel de Luxemburg I must traverse the whole city, I accosted a wayfarer in the dark and asked directions. He instantly proposed to accompany me. To this I demurred, refusing to give him such trouble. He replied that it was his duty and his pleasure to take trouble for me, as he was my "maître-d'hôtel." I hastened to assure him that I only wished to look about the town, and he gladly offered himself as a guide.

He pointed out the few remaining marks

of the heavy bombardment, and spoke with pride of blocks of new buildings replacing those that had been battered down. These were fine structures, and I asked if they had been rebuilt by the insurance companies.

"Not at all; by the Prussian Government."

"Then the town has not suffered pecuniarily from the effects of the war?"

"Au contraire; ils ont enrichi la ville; they have spent money with the greatest liberality for our benefit."

When we had seen the little that Thionville has to offer in the dark, he took me to his *Cercle* (club), a comfortable room in the rear of a public restaurant, and served by the restaurant waiters. Here several intelligent Frenchmen sat, smoking pipes, sipping beer, and chatting. One was a lawyer and another an ex-officer of Bazaine's army in Mexico, who was glad to talk of Maximilian, for whom he had a sort of fondness. He said that he was "bon garçon," but a bad soldier; "a good enough fellow, but one of those stupids who think they have been born to govern their betters; an aristocrat, in fine." This was, in short, a French radical of the more intelligent sort; not quite a communist, but emphatically a radical.

Sitting pleasantly for an hour, I was able to lead the conversation in the direction of the Germans and their conduct as rulers. All were loud in expressing the universal hatred,—but this done, they were very ready to evince a profound respect for and a warm confidence in their conquerors, and they obviously looked for such an increase of public prosperity and of individual good fortune as they had never experienced under French rule. It seemed to me that the hatred was skin-deep, and the respect and expectation of benefit very deeply planted. They united in speaking of the German Government as "très-large."

"Comme nationalité, nous les haïssons; mais, voyez-vous, it is like a cat and a dog shut up in the same stable; they begin by snarling and spitting, but they end by lying down together beside the same bone."

By daylight, Thionville is a dull town, half old and half restored, and shut in behind a high wall that hides it from the plain. It is entirely uninteresting.

On Sunday, the 5th of September, we left at a quarter before eleven for the long pull to Remich. The river remained of the same general character that it showed below Metz, and was beyond all description charming. About three o'clock we swept around the long curve that brought Sierck in view, and showed us on the left the pretty hillside village of Basse Kontz. There is here a strong current, and Eugene stopped rowing, to mix his drop of rum with the water of the river. We floated on for some distance in perfect quiet. On a hill, high above the Mosel, stood the fine village church of Kontz. As we first saw it a procession of white-hooded nuns, followed by school children in white, was marching in at the church door, and soon there came plainly to our ears a chanted anthem,—resting on the full tones of an organ, and lasting till we had passed beyond the range of the open door. This was the last touch needed to make our peaceful Sunday row forever memorable.

Sierck gave us our first definite impression of a rural medieval town kept up by modern traffic, but still resting between the protecting arms of an ancient fortification, whose walls—in ruins now and beautifully overgrown with ivy—reach nearly to the river at each side. We dined very well at the Hôtel de Metz, renewing our regrets that such dining is not possible at home.

At Kontz and Sierck there is still observed a curious usage that dates back to immemorial antiquity. On the eve of St. John's day, June 23, the villagers roll a burning wheel from the heights of the Stromberg, that rises behind the village, down the steep hill-side to the Mosel. The beginning of the festivities is announced by the firing of guns from the Mairie of Sierck at ten o'clock. Then go numberless troops up the Stromberg, on the top of which a bonfire is lighted. A straw-bound wheel in full blaze is rolled down, guided at first by the mountain boys with sticks. The others make torches of the remaining straw, which they swing with joyous cries. The women and girls stand by the mountain-brook well; the men and boys are keeping the fire on the height or guiding the rolling of the wheel. If this runs beyond the well, Kontz gets from Sierck a cask of white wine; if it stops short of that point, Sierck gets from Kontz a basket of cherries; if it reaches the Mosel a good vintage is predicted for the coming harvest. The excitement is great and boisterous, and the people come from miles around. Every *bauer* of Kontz is bound at the preceding harvest to mow away selected straw for the binding of this wheel. Should he neglect this, every evil that befalls him during the following year is ascribed to his neglect. It is even believed that, were the usage neglected for a single year, a plague would fall upon the cattle of the whole village.

This rite is believed to have descended from the ancient fire-worship of the heathen days. The wheel, with its arms, represents the burning sun, the giver of all good. At many places along the lower river the tradition is kept up in one form or other. It has been suggested that the well-known pretzel, with which the Teuton primes himself for further beer, was formerly made in the shape of a wheel, and was used in commemoration of sun-worship; others believe that the pretzel has always been made in its present form of the true-lover's knot.

It was along the stretch of the river lying below us that Ausonius found much of the material for his poem "Mosella." *

Our further trip to Remich was uneventful, but everywhere pleasant. We arrived at night-fall, landing above the fine old bridge, and walking over rough cobblestones, left by the higher floods, to the back entrance of the Hotel Schorn, a very old, small, and queer inn, but clean and excellent, with a pleasant half-French and half-German handmaiden. The town lies in Luxemburg, which borders the Mosel on the left as far as Wasserbillig. There are many picturesque old houses, and some fine ones, built in very narrow and bad-smelling streets. In the garden of the high-lying Casino I took my coffee, and looked out over the beautiful opposite plain,—all innocent of the rage I was later to feel at Baedeker's unpardonable stupidity. I had long ago been led to pin such faith to his guide-books as to expect nothing of interest along my road which these did not indicate. That faith vanished into thin air when we found that, within a short walk, and in full view of where I had sat, lay the village of Nennig, whose marvelous Roman mosaic is an object of pilgrimage for the antiquarians of the civilized world.

Early the next morning, we set out for Trier, in company with a party of fishermen in odd boats, like our Southern "dug-outs,"—watching their curious net-throwing as they rowed in company down the stream. On the right we passed a large porcelain factory, apparently built on a bank of its own débris, with its owner's fine château overlooking it. Farther on, at the left, rose the beautiful ruined tower of Stadtbredimus, attached to a handsome modern mansion, with a high terraced garden and summer-house,—a tumble-down village nestling under its ancient walls.

At noon we landed at the wharf of the uninteresting old town of Krevenmacheren. At its untidy and noisy hotel, we sat down to an unsavory lunch, whose too savory (overdue) rabbit will be long remembered.

Of the next hour's journey, not much is to be said, save that it was through the Mosel Valley, which is everywhere lovely. At Wasserbillig (at the mouth of the Sure, which separates Luxemburg from Germany), we leave the broader, lower-hilled, and more pastoral valley of the upper Mosel, and pass between high adjacent bluffs that serve as a portal to the old medieval German stretch of the river. Five villages are in sight, the last on the left being Igel, where we landed among a party of busy river-side washer-women, and trudged up through the queer old streets to the celebrated Igel monument,—also called the Heidensthurm, or Heathen's tower. This remarkable monument, which is about seventy-five feet high, is built of the red iron-stone of the neighborhood. The width of its face is sixteen feet, and its thickness is thirteen feet. It has been the subject of much archæological research, and opinions are not entirely in accord as to its origin. The prevailing belief is that it was erected in the time of Antoninus, in the latter half of the second century, as a private monument of the family of Secundini,—wealthy Roman merchants and purveyors of the period. Its devices, including groups of figures nine feet high, and of vehicles and beasts of burden, harvest scenes, etc., indicate the family occupation. Its inscription is no less curious than its figures, but is even more mutilated.

Its most commonly accepted interpretation is to the effect that "Secundinus Aventinus and Secundinus Securus, purveyors of this route, erected this monument during their life-time to Secundinus Securus, who has founded this place named Ægla, with Secundinus Aventinus, to the son of Secundinus Securus, and to Publica Pacata, wife of Secundinus Aventinus; and to L. Saccius Modestus, and to Modestus Mocabo, his son, the judge, their ancestors, and to themselves after their death."

The top is surmounted by a large ball, on which is perched what is left of a Roman eagle. The monument is extremely majes-

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* See "The River Mosel and its Old Roman Poet" in this number of SCRIBNER.

tic and impressive, without reference to its antiquarian interest,—more so than any other of the Roman remains of the Mosel, except the Porta Nigra in Trier.

A little below Igel we passed the mouth of the Saar, in full view of the old town of Conz,—celebrated for a battle between the French and Germans in 1675, where Marshal Créqui lost three thousand killed and one thousand prisoners. On the parsonage grounds of this old village, once stood an imperial Roman palace, of which remains are still found. The bridge crossing the Saar is said to have stood in the time of Ausonius.

For a distance, now, the valley widens very materially, and the hills increase in height, inclosing the broadest and most fertile plain of the whole lower Mosel,—a plain where was sheltered eighteen hundred years ago the most important Cis-Alpine civilization of the ancient Romans.

It was late in the afternoon as we passed the fine old ruin of Chartreuse, and a little below, on the opposite bank, saw what seemed to be the very perfection of a quiet and placid river-side country seat,—our field glass showing the inscription "Monaise" in its pediment. Considering it with the pleasant emotions that such a trip on such a day cannot fail to engender, it seemed that if one could forget old friends and old associations, and regulate one's future living solely by one's present impulses, Monaise, as it lay basking in the pleasant afternoon light, offered all that indolent and luxury-seeking people could ask. So complete was it and so charming, in every aspect, that it was with real regret that we turned our backs upon it.

Our day's journey, and our day, were fast drawing to a close together. The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the huge tower of the Church of St. Matthias, whose ponderous and time-blackened ornamentation was set out in full relief, like an eternal monument over the veritable resting-place of St. Matthew, who here lies buried.

The last glimmer of the fading day lightened up the spires and towers, and the steep fish-scale roofs of the grand old city of Augusta Trevirorum, under the shadow of whose Roman-built bridge we disembarked, paying first our tribute of thanks for safe conduct to the cozily niched statue of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the Mosel boatman.

HIS MESSENGER.

Marjorie with the waiting face,
  Marjorie with the pale-brown hair,
She sits and sews in the silent place,
  She counts the steps on the outer stair.
Two, three, four,—they pass her door,
  The patient face droops low again:
Still it is as it was before—
Oh! will he come indeed no more,
  And are her prayers all prayed in vain?

Through the warm and the winter night,
  Marjorie with the wistful eyes,
She keeps her lonely lamp alight
  Until the stars are dim in the skies.
Through the gray and the shining day
  Her pallid fingers, swift and slim,
Set their stitches, nor one astray,
Though her heart it is far away
  Over the summer seas with him.

Over the distant summer seas
  Marjorie's yearning fancies fly;
She feels the kiss of the island breeze,
  She sees the blue of the tropic sky.
Does she know, as they come and go,
  Those waves that lap the island shore,
That under their ceaseless ebb and flow
Golden locks float to and fro,—
  Tangled locks she will comb no more?

Many a hopeless hope she keeps,
  Marjorie with the aching heart;
Sometimes she smiles, and sometimes she weeps,
  At thoughts that all unbidden start.
I can see what the end will be:
  Some day when the Master sends for her,
A voice she knows will say joyfully,
"God is waiting for Marjorie"—
  And her lover will be His messenger!

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

NOLAN AND CROOKED FEATHER

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILL HARROD'S FORTUNES.

"The fragrant birch above him hung
  Its tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung
  And nodded careless by.

But there was weeping far away,
  And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
  Were sorrowful and dim."
BRYANT.

It is time to go back to the fortunes of poor Will Harrod, who had fared, as the winter passed, much less satisfactorily than any of the rest of our little party.

With no other adventure which we have thought need detain the eager or the sluggish reader, Harrod had held on his pleasant journey with the ladies till they were fairly within sight of the crosses of the Church, as they approached San Antonio. Then he bade them farewell, with more regret than the poor fellow dared express in words,—not with more than Eunice expected, or than Inez knew.

He said, very frankly, that his duty to his commander was to join him as soon as might be, with three companions, who were so much force taken from the strength of the hunting party. He said that if he took these men with him into the Presidio, there was the possibility that they might all be detained, whatever the courtesy of Major Barelo, and in face of the permission which de Nava had given to Nolan. And, therefore, he said, though each day that he was with them was indescribably delightful to him,—nay, happier than any days had ever been before,—he should tear himself away now, hoping that it might not be very long before, at Antonio, or perhaps at Orleans, they might all meet again.

And the loyal fellow would permit himself to say no more. Not though he had given every drop of his heart's blood to Inez,—though he was willing enough that she should guess that he had given it to her,—yet he would not in words say so to her, nor ask the question, to which the answer seemed to him to be life or death. The young reader of to-day must judge whether this loyalty or chivalry of his was Quixotic. Poor Harrod had time enough to consider it afterward, and to ask himself, in every varying tone of feeling and temper, whether he were right or wrong. At every night's encampment on this journey he had gone backward and forward on the "ifs" and "buts" of the same inquiry. He had determined, wisely or not wisely, that he would not in words ask Inez if she would take that heart which was all her own. First, because he had no home to offer her. He was an adventurer, and only an adventurer; and, just now, the special adventure in which he was enlisted promised very little to any engaged in it. Secondly, he had known Inez only because she had been intrusted to his care. And she was intrusted to his care, not by her father, but by Philip Nolan, whom he almost adored, who was the person to whose care her father had intrusted her. Perhaps her father would not have intrusted her to him. Who knew? Very certainly Mr. Perry would not have intrusted her to him, Master William Harrod thought, had he supposed that before a month was over, he was going to play the Moor to this lovely Desdemona, and steal her from her father's home.

So William Harrod spoke no word of love to Inez. To Eunice Perry he had committed himself, through and through. To Inez he said nothing,—in words. If every watchful attention meant anything in the girl's eyes; if the most delicate remembrance of her least wish; if provision for every whim; if care of her first in every moment of inconvenience or trial,—if these meant anything,—why, all that they meant he meant, but he said nothing.

It is not fair to say or to guess whether Inez understood all this,—how far she understood it,—or, which is a question more subtle, whether she ever asked herself if she understood it. Inez laid down to herself this rule,—not an inconvenient one,—that she would treat him exactly as she treated Philip Nolan. Philip Nolan did not want to marry her,—she did not want to marry him. Yet they were the best of friends. She could joke with him,—she could talk rhodomontade with him,—she could be serious with him. They had prayed together, kneeling before the same altar; they had danced together at the same ball; they had talked together by the hour, riding under these solemn moss-grown trees. She would be as much at ease with Philip Nolan's friend as she was with Philip Nolan. That ease he had no right to mistake, nor had any one a right to criticise.

There was but one thing which gave the girl cause to ponder on her relations to this young man; it would be hardly right to say that it gave her uneasiness. But here was her Aunt Eunice, who had never before had any secret from her, and from whom she had never had any secret. There was not a theme so lofty, there was not a folly so petty, but that she and Aunt Eunice had talked it over, up and down, back and forth, right and left. Why did Aunt Eunice never say one word to her about William Harrod? She never guarded her, never snubbed her, never praised him, never blamed him. If Harrod and Inez rode together all through an afternoon, talking of books, of poets, of religion, or of partners, of ribbons, or of flowers, or of clouds, or of sunset,—when they came in at night, Aunt Eunice had no word of caution, none of curiosity. This was not in the least natural; but it was a reserve which Inez did not quite venture to break in upon.

Be it observed, at the same moment, that Inez was not one of the people who have been spoken of, who believed that there was a tenderness between Phil Nolan and her aunt. Inez had not the slightest faith in that theory. On the other hand, Inez had never forgotten twenty words of confidence which Philip Nolan gave her two years before the time of which we speak, when she was beginning to feel that dolls were not all in all, when she was growing tall, and was very proud of such confidence. Philip Nolan had shown Inez a picture then, a very lovely picture of a lady with a very charming face, and this picture was not a picture of her Aunt Eunice. Inez believed in men,—and as she knew Phil Nolan's secret, she had not been misled by the theory that there was any tender understanding between him and her aunt.

Was there, then, any mysterious understanding between William Harrod and her aunt? No! Inez did not believe that either. True, it would happen that there would be rides as long when he and her aunt were together, and when Ma-ry and Inez were together, as there were when he and she talked of anything in heaven above, and earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. And when Aunt Eunice and Captain Harrod had been thus talking together all the afternoon, or all the morning, when they came into camp,—while the men were tethering the horses, and the women, in the relief of moccasins, were lying alone before the fire,—even then never did Aunt Eunice say one word beyond the merest outside talk of ford or mud, or sun or rain, which made any allusion to William Harrod.

There was one person, however, who made not the slightest question as to the relation between these parties. The White Hawk knew, without being told, that Harrod loved Inez as his very life. When the two girls were alone, she never hesitated to tell Inez so. And she never hesitated to add that it would be strange indeed, seeing what manner of girl her own Inez was, if he did not love her as his very life. Nay, there were times when, with such language as the girls had, this waif from the forest would venture the question to which she never got any answer,—whether Inez did not have the least little bit of thought of him, though his back were turned and he far away!

The reader now knows more than William Harrod knew of the state of his own affairs, on the afternoon when he made his last good-byes to the two ladies, and, with King and Richards and Adams, turned back to join the Captain on the expedition from which they had been now for more than a fortnight parted. Of these men, Harrod had learned early to distrust Richards. He seemed to him to be himself distrustful, morose and sulky without cause, and Harrod did not believe him to be a true man. Of the others he had formed no judgment, for better or worse, except that they were like the average of Western adventurers—glad to spend a winter on ground which they had never seen before. He had been a little surprised that all of them had assented, without question or murmur, to so long a separation from the main party of hunters.

He was more surprised, that, now this separation was so near an end, none of the men showed any interest in the prospect of reunion. They rode on, for the four days' forced march, which brought them back to that famous camp where Inez had lost herself—a party ill at ease. Whenever Harrod tried to lead the conversation to the business of the winter, it flagged. The men dropped that subject as if it were a hot coal. For himself, poor Harrod gladly turned back in his own thoughts to every word that had been spoken, to every look that had been looked, as he and she rode over this road before. If the men did not want to talk about mustangs and corrals, he certainly did not. And so—as they brought down five days of ordinary travel so as to compass them in little more than three—it was but a silent journey.

Of such silence, the mystery appeared, when they had discussed the jerked venison of their noonday meal at camp at the same point as that where Eunice watched and wept.

To go to Nolan's rendezvous from this point, they would have to follow up the valley of the Brassos River—known to the Indians as the Tockanhono. The trail would not be as easy as the old San Antonio road which they had been following, nor could they expect to make as rapid progress upon it. But at the outside, Nolan was not two hundred miles above them, perhaps not one hundred miles. With the horses they had under them, this distance would be soon achieved.

As the men washed down the venison with the last drop of the day's ration of whisky, Harrod gave his commands for the evening, in that interrogative or suggestive form in which a wise officer commands free and independent hunters.

"Had we not better hold on here till daybreak?" he said. "That will give the horses a better chance at this feed. We will start as soon as we can see our hands in the morning, and by night we shall have made as much as if we had started now."

None of the men said a word—a little to Harrod's surprise, though he was used to their sulkiness.

"Well," said he, "if you want to play cards, you must play by yourselves this evening. I shall take a nap now, and then I have my journal to write up; and Mr. Nolan wants me to take the latitude here as soon as the stars are up. So good luck to you all."

Upon this, King—who was perhaps the most easy speaker of the party—screwed himself up, or was put up by the others to say:

"Cap'n, I may as well tell you that we's going home. There won't be no horses cotched up yonder this year. Them blasted greasers is too many for Cap'n Nolan or for you—and we shan't get into that trap. We uns is going home—'n' if you's wise, you goes too."

Harrod stared—at first, without speaking. This was the mystery of all this sulky silence—was it? And this Mordecai Richards was at the bottom of it! Harrod was too angry to speak for a moment. Before he did speak, he had mastered that first wish to give the man a black eye, or to choke him for a few minutes—as fit recompense for such treachery. He did master it, and succeeded in pretending this was a half joke—and in trying persuasion.

They battled it for half an hour; Harrod coaxed, he shamed, he threatened. And at the end, he saw the traitors saddle and pack their horses, and they rode off, without a word of good-bye, leaving Harrod alone, as he had left Eunice Perry on that spot, only that Harrod had no loyal Ransom!

"There is no use crying for spilled milk," he said, as if it were a comfort to him to speak one clean and strong word after paddling in the ditch of those men's lies and cowardice.

"Half an hour of a good siesta lost in coaxing cowards and convicting liars!"

And on this the good fellow threw himself on the ground again, drew a buffalo robe over his feet and knees, adjusted his head to his mind on a perch which he took from his saddle, and, in ten seconds, was asleep; so resolute was his own self-command, and so meekly did wayward thought, even when most rampant, obey him when he gave the order. He slept his appointed hour. He woke, and indulged himself in pleasant memories. He went down to the bayou. The moccasin tracks of Inez's little foot were not yet all erased. He crept out upon the log of cotton-wood; he peeped through the opening in the underbrush. He came back to the false trail which she had followed. He worked along in the effort to reproduce her wanderings. As night closed in, he tried to fancy that he was where the girl was, and he paced up and down fifty times, as he indulged himself in the memory of her courage. Then he came up to his post, took the altitude of the North Star, and of Algol and Deneb, as the Captain had bidden him. By the light of his camp-fire he made an entry in his journal longer than usual. Let it be not written here whether there were there, or were not, a few halting verses, between the altitude of Mizar and that of Altair.

Before ten o'clock the fire was burning low, and the fearless commander was dreaming of Inez and of home.

But it is not every night that passes so smoothly for him, and it is not every evening that he can write verses or enter altitudes so serenely.

The next day, with no guide,—and, indeed, needing none but the indications of an Indian trail,—the brave fellow worked his way prosperously toward his chief, and at night, after he had taken his altitudes and written up his journal, he lay by his camp-fire again, with the well-pleased hope that possibly three more such days would bring him to the Captain. At the outside, five would be enough, unless all plans were changed. On such thoughts he slept.

He woke to find his hands tightly held,—to hear the grunts and commands of two stout Comanches who held him,—to struggle to his feet between them, with daylight enough to see that he was in the power of a dozen of them. His packs were already open, and were surrounded by the hungry and thirsty cormorants. One was draining his whisky-flask. Two or three were trying experiments with his sextant. The chief of the party had already appropriated his rifle, and, as Harrod turned to look for the precious pack, on which his head had rested, he saw that that also was in the hands of the savages, and that one of them was already fighting with another on the question which should be possessor of a cigar-case, and which should be satisfied with the Diary.

This misfortune of the young Kentuckian will explain to the reader what was a mystery to Philip Nolan when he wrote the letter which we have read; why Harrod and the rest had not rejoined him within a fortnight, more or less, after he had received their letters by Blackburn.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WARNING.

> "Before the clerk must bend
> Full many a warrior grim,
> And to the corner wend,
> Although it please not him."
> HEINRICH KNAUST.

PHILIP NOLAN's letter to Eunice had not reached her on that morning in March when Ma-ry had sent away the joint letter to him of whose fate the reader has been apprised. He had no prizes to offer to the Carankawa squaw to whom he intrusted it, and her occasions of travel were so varied, and her encampments were so long, that it was many months before Eunice Perry received it.

She was one of the *Indios reducidos*,—that is, the Indians who could make the sign of the cross,—and not one of the *Indios bravos*, who were red-skins without that accomplishment. But her "reduction" had not yet brought her to that more difficult stage of religion in which people tell the truth, or do what they promise to do.

Meanwhile, the winter wore away,—not unpleasantly to the young leader and his party. He had characterized them fitly enough in that letter. They could fight over their cards as hotly as they would have fought for a king's crown, and the next day, in the wild adventures of the chase, the man who had, the last night, sworn deadly vengeance because a two of clubs was not an ace, would risk his life freely to save the man whom he had then threatened. The moon of cold meat, as the Indians call the tenth month from March, crept by, and through the month the young hunters had no lack of hot supplies every night. The moon of chestnuts followed, and they were not reduced to roasted chestnuts. The moon of walnuts followed, and they had walnuts enough, but they had much more. They hunted well,—they slept well,—they woke with the sun. They hardly tired of this life of adventure; but they were all in readiness, so soon as the spring flood should a little subside, to take up their line of march with their frisky wealth to Natchitoches and Orleans.

All fears of the Spanish outposts had long since died away. The only question which ever amazed the camp was the question which the last chapter solved for the reader, —what had become of Harrod and of his companions. There was not a man of them who really liked Richards. But they knew nothing to make them distrust King and Adams. And of course every man knew that William Harrod was another Philip Nolan.

Things were in this pass, when, as they returned from the day's hunting to the corral one afternoon, they found sitting by the cooks, the home-guard, and the camp-fire, the five Indians, of whom Crooked Feather was the spokesman, whom the reader saw last when they left the Guadaloupe River five days before, with such benediction as the Franciscan Fathers had given them.

Crooked Feather rose at once, laid aside his pipe, and presented to Nolan a little silver-mounted hunting-whip, with an address which Nolan scarcely understood. The man spoke rapidly, and with much excitement.

Nolan controlled him a little, by praising him and the whip, and giving his hand freely to every member of the red party, and then persuaded Crooked Feather to begin again. He asked him to speak slowly, explaining that while his heart was right to the Twowokanies, his ears were somewhat deaf when he heard their language.

Crooked Feather began again, and this time with gesture enough to make clear his words. Nolan immediately called Blackburn, and by an easy movement he led the Indian away from the other men, who were already hobnobbing with the red-skins of lesser rank or lesser volubility.

"Blackburn, see and hear what he says. He gives me this riding-switch from old Ransom! Ransom is no fool, as you know, Blackburn; and this means simply that he thinks we should be going,—and going quickly. The man left Antonio only on Tuesday; he saw the ladies Monday, and early Tuesday morning Ransom came with that girl they call the White Hawk,—bade him bring me this whip, and promised him no end of plunder if he returned in twelve days. Now they had some reason for sending the red-skins."

"They have sent something besides the whip," said Blackburn; and he turned to the impassive Crooked Feather, and with equal impassivity said to him: "Give me what else the young squaw sent to you."

Then for the first time, and as if he had forgotten it, or as if it were a trifle among braves, the Crooked Feather crossed to his packs, loosened and brought to the others the parcel of skins, dusty and defaced by the journey.

"Crooked Feather brought these skins also. There are six skins, which the white squaw, whom the white-head Father took from the Apaches, sends to the chief of the Long-Knives."

"You lie!" said Blackburn, as impassive as before, and with as little sign of displeasure. "There are but five skins. The Crooked Feather has stolen one."

"There are six skins," said the savage, holding up one hand and one finger of the other. And he explained that he had himself opened the parcel, counted the skins, and folded them again. He showed his own memorandum, an open hand in red and a red finger, on the other side of the outer skin.

Even the impassive face of an Indian gave way to a surprise which could hardly be feigned when he also counted the skins, and there were but five.

"Perhaps he is lying, Blackburn. But I think not. Do not let the other boys hear you, but go and talk with the other redskins, and find out what you can. I will play with him here. You see, Ransom never sent that bale of skins all the way here with nothing in it. Bring me our long pipe first."

Blackburn brought the pipe, lighted. Nolan spread one of the skins, and invited Crooked Feather to sit on it. He sat on another himself. He threw one on his knees. He threw another on the Feather's knees. He drew a few whiffs of smoke, and gave the pipe to the other. They renewed this ceremony three or four times. Then Nolan opened his private flask of whisky, and drank from it. He offered it to the other, who did the same, not with the same moderation which his host had shown. After these ceremonies, the white man said gravely, without even looking the other in the face:

"The white squaw and the gray-haired chief gave to my brother another token. I am ready to receive that from the Crooked Feather."

The Crooked Feather, who had till this moment conceived the hope that he might retain the little prayer-book for a medicine and benediction for himself and his line forever, gave way at the moment, took it from his pouch, and gave it to Nolan.

"The chief of the Long-Knives says well. The old chief and the white squaw gave me this medicine for the chief of the Long-Knives."

Nolan cut, only too eagerly, the thongs which bound the Missal-book, and opened it. He wholly concealed his surprise when he saw what it was. Rapidly he turned every page, to make sure that no note was concealed within them. He placed it in his own pouch, drew three more whiffs from the pipe, and waited till the Crooked Feather did the same. He pretended to drink from the flask again; and the Feather did so, without pretense or disguise.

Nolan then said:

"The white squaw and the white chief gave my brother another medicine. They gave him a white medicine, like the bark of a canoe birch folded."

He looked, as he spoke, at a distant tree, as though there were no Crooked Feather in the world.

Crooked Feather, looking also across at the camp-fire, as though there were no Nolan in the world, said:

"The chief of the Long-Knives lies! I have given to him all the tokens and all the medicines which the white squaw gave me, or the white-haired white chief. Let the chief of the Long-Knives give his token to the Crooked Feather. The Crooked Feather will give it to the white squaw before seven suns have set. The white squaw will give the Crooked Feather more sugar than a bear can eat in a day."

This dream of heaven was put in words without a gesture or a smile.

"It is well," said Nolan, quietly. "Let us come to the camp-fire. The Crooked Feather has ridden far to-day. My young men have turkey-meat and deer-meat waiting for him."

They parted at the fire, and in a moment more Nolan was in consultation with Blackburn.

Blackburn told him what he had drawn from the others without difficulty. They had confirmed all that the Crooked Feather had said. They had added what he would have added had he been asked the history of their march. In the first place, they knew nothing of Harrod, or of the other lost men. They had not long been camping by Antonio, nor had they any knowledge of the existence of such a party as his. In the second place, they had carefully described Miss Eunice, Miss Inez, the White Hawk and Harrod with precision of details such as none but Indians would be capable of. There could be no doubt, in the mind of either Nolan or Blackburn, that on the very last Tuesday they had left their camp by the river, and had started with the parcel of furs, the packet, and the riding-whip. That the parcel contained six skins when they started, Blackburn was sure. The men all said so. They had opened it and counted them. Nor did they even now know that its tale was not full. Blackburn was sure that if Crooked Feather had tampered with it, they had not. Nolan was equally sure that the chief had not. He had, indeed, no motive to do so. His only object must be to discharge his mission thoroughly, if he discharged it at all. Had he wanted to steal a wretched antelope-skin, why, he would have stolen the whole pack.

Blackburn thought he gave more light when he told his chief the story of the encampment by the Guadaloupe River,—and here Nolan was at one with him. If a Franciscan Father plied them all with brandy, he had his reasons. If he plied them with brandy, they all slept soundly, and kept no watch that night. If he were curious about their enterprise, he would inform himself of it.

"Blackburn, on the other skin there was a picture-writing, which told us just what we want to know."

"That's what I say, too," said Blackburn, promptly.

"Blackburn, in this parcel, with this little prayer-book, was a note which told us just what we want to know."

"That's what I say."

"And that fellow with a long brown night-gown, tied up with a halter round his waist, has got it."

So saying, Nolan, for the last time, turned over the book of hours, and Blackburn turned to leave his pensive chief.

"Halloo! Blackburn, come back!"

And Nolan led him to a secluded shelter, where they were out of ear-shot or eye-shot.

"See here,—and here,—and here,—and here,"— and he pointed one by one to the four ornamented pages of the prayer-book.

"Miss Perry was as much afraid of these night-gown men as I am. She has sent her message in writing they do not learn at Rome."

Sure enough,—in miniature work quite as elegant as many a priest has wrought in, Eunice had substituted for the original illustrations of the book a series on vellum which much better answered her present purpose. The pictures were all Bible pictures, and the figures were drawn in the quaint style of the original. But every scene was a scene of parting, and illustrated the beginning of a retreat.

Here was Abraham going up out of Egypt, very rich in cattle. Strange to say, the cattle were all horses, and in Abraham's turban was a long cardinal feather. "Do you remember, Blackburn, the feather I wore the day I bade the ladies good-bye?"

Then here was Lot and his troop turning their backs on the plain. Once more the preponderance of horses was remarkable, and once more a brilliant red feather waved in Lot's helmet.

Blackburn began to be interested. The next picture was of Gideon crossing the Jordan in his retreat. There were spoils of the Midianites, and especially horses; and in Gideon's head waved still the red feather.

By and by Ezra appeared, leading the Israelites over the Euphrates. Horses again outnumbered all the cattle, and Ezra again wore a red feather. But the chief next to Ezra, just of his height and figure, wore a crest of fur.

"See there, Blackburn! She thinks Harrod is here! That is his squirrel-tail."

They turned on, but there were no more pictures. Both men looked back upon these four, and it was then that Nolan's eye caught the figures in black letter at the bottom:

Exod. xii., 31, 32. Deut. ii., 9.

"Halloo, Blackburn! what is this?" cried he. "There is nothing about Abraham in Deuteronomy, nor in Exodus either."

In a moment, Blackburn had brought to his chief, from a little box at the head of his sleeping-bunk, the Bible which accompanied him in his journeys. A moment more had found the warning texts:

> "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord as ye have said.
>
> "Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also."
>
> "And the Lord said unto me, Distress not the Moabites, neither contend with them in battle: for I will not give thee of their land for a possession."

Nolan read aloud to Blackburn; and then, as he looked for more messages, he said:

"It is all of a piece with old Ransom's token. They think the country is too hot for us, and they mean to put us on our guard. See, Blackburn, what comes next!"

Under Lot and his party were the letters:

Joshua ix., 1, 2.

"Lucky the Franciscan blackleg did not know Lot was not cousin of Joshua!" growled Nolan.

He turned up the text to read:

> "And it came to pass when all the kings which were on this side Jordan, in the hills, and in the valleys, * * * heard thereof;
>
> "That they gathered themselves together, to fight with Joshua and with Israel, with one accord."

Under the next picture were the letters:

Judges xi., 17.;

and the interpretation proved to be:

> "Then Israel sent messengers unto the king of Edom, saying, Let me, I pray thee, pass through thy land: but the king of Edom would not hearken thereto."

"This is plain talk, Blackburn," said the chief, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, Captain,—and do you see?"—

The man took the book carefully from

his chief, and showed him, far in the distance of each picture of the four, a three-domed cathedral, with three crosses.

"Them's the crosses of Chihuahua. I've heard on 'em hundreds of times. Has not thee, Captain?"

"Heard of them! I have seen them. You are right, Blackburn. It is from Chihuahua that our enemy is coming, and from Chihuahua that we must look for him. Now what is this?"

And he turned once more to the picture of Ezra with his cardinal. The warning texts were:

Ezra viii., 10. Exod. iv., 8.

"And of the sons of Shelomith; the son of Josiphiah, and with him an hundred and threescore males."

"I do not care what his name is, Blackburn, but if he has a hundred and sixty Spanish lancers of the male sort after him, they are too many for us. What is her other text?"

"And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign."

"I should think so," said Nolan, sadly or dully, as Blackburn might choose to think. "I should think so, unless they wanted to be marched, every man of them, into the mines at New Mexico."

"Blackburn, an hour after sunrise to-morrow, we will be gone."

"I say so too," replied the subordinate, by no means ill-pleased.

"Get the red-skins well off to-night. We will say nothing to the boys till they are well gone."

Accordingly, a grand farewell feast was improvised for Crooked Feather. The very scanty stores of brandy which were left in the hunters' provisions were largely drawn upon. A pipe of peace was smoked, and Crooked Feather and his men were started on their return with haste, which might have seemed suspicious, had they been more sober.

Perhaps it seemed suspicious as it was.

Crooked Feather bore with him the "medicine-paper" which he coveted, the display of which to White Hawk,—to the white-haired chief, or to the White Lady,—to either or to all, would produce the much-coveted and well-earned sugar.

CHAPTER XX.

A TERTULIA.

"Come to our Fête, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery;
Bring thy best lace, and bring thy rings;—
Bring, child, in short, thy prettiest things."
After MOORE.

CROOKED FEATHER was not false to his promise; and on this occasion he met neither medicine-man nor ghostly father to hinder him on his way. On the thirteenth day from that on which he started, he came in sight of the crosses of Antonio. He found his own party encamped not far distant from the place where he had left them. No sign of surprise or affection greeted the return of the party. They swung themselves sullenly from their horses, and gave them to the care of the women. Crooked Feather satisfied himself that neither of the three whites who were authorized to receive his token had come out to meet him. He was too taciturn and too proud to confess his disappointment,—for disappointment he really felt. He solaced himself by devouring a bit of the mesquit,—a rabbit which he tore limb from limb with his fingers. He then bade his wife bring out another horse, and, without his companions this time, he rode into the Presidio with his token.

He gave a wide berth to every man who wore a black coat or cassock. His memories of the headache which followed his last debauch were too fresh, and the shame he felt at being outwitted by the scalped fathers was too great, for him to trust himself to such guides again.

Lounging in part of Major Barelo's quarters, he found old Ransom.

"Back agen, be ye?" said the old man, with undisguised surprise. "Come into the yard with me, Yarg! Go ask the Señora Perry if she will have the kindness to come down."

The savage swung himself from his beast, and Ransom bade an attendant idler secure him, while he led Crooked Feather into the more private court-yard. In a minute Eunice appeared. The two girls were not with her.

No interpreter was needed, however. The savage was too eager to be well done with his disagreeable expedition. In a moment he produced the tobacco-pouch which Nolan had given him. In a moment more, Ransom had found the secret of its fastening, and had opened it. In a moment more, Eunice had torn open the letter and had read it.

PHILIP NOLAN TO EUNICE PERRY.

March 21st.

Thank you, a thousand times, for your warning. Fortunately, you are in time. A rascally priest stole your letter, and whatever was on an antelope-skin. But I have the prayer-book, and I have Ransom's whip. Thank the old fellow for us. We are off before daylight, and I send this red-skin off now, that he may not see our trail. Good-bye, and God bless you all! P. N.

"God be praised, indeed!" said Eunice, as she read the letter a second time,—this time reading aloud to Ransom, but in her lowest tones, that not even the walls might hear. "God be praised! This is good news, indeed. See, the man has his sugar, Ransom;" and then she turned, gave her hand to the savage, smiled, and thanked him. With a moment more she was in her own room, and had summoned the two girls to share her delight and triumph.

The letter was read to Inez, and it was translated to the White Hawk. Then Inez took it and read it herself, and turned it most carefully over. It was only after a pause that she said: "Are you sure there was no other letter,—that there was nothing more?" And then Eunice wondered too, and sent to recall Ransom. There might have been something else in the tobacco-pouch.

No! there was nothing more in the tobacco-pouch. Inez even clipped out the lining of it with her scissors. There was nothing more there,—there had been nothing more there.

None the less was Inez resolved that she would ride out with the White Hawk the next morning and have an interview with the Crooked Feather. The Crooked Feather could, at the least, tell whom he had found at the encampment.

And then the three ladies began their preparations for the tertulia of the evening, with more animation and joyfulness than they had felt for many, many days.

"What in the world shall I say to your horrible Mr. Lonsdale, aunt, if he should take it into his grave old island head to ask me what makes me so happy?"

"What, indeed?" said Eunice. "We must not tell him any lies. You must change the subject bravely. You must ask him what are the favorite dances in London."

"Eunice, I will ask him if his old Queen Charlotte dances the bolero! I will. I should like to show him that I know him perfectly well, and through and through."

"I wish I did," said Eunice, stopping in her toilet, and looking at Inez almost anxiously.

"Wish you did? Then I will tell you in one minute. He is a hateful old spy of a hateful old king. And what he is here for I do not see. What was the use of our beating the red-coats and Hessians all out of our country, if, after it is all over, we are to have these spies coming back to look round and see if they have not forgotten something?"

"Don't talk too loud, pussy," said her aunt, taking up the comb again. "What would General Herrara say if he heard you call this your country, and if you told him you thought he ought to turn all traveling Englishmen out of it?"

"Traveling fiddlesticks!" cried the impetuous girl. "Do you tell me that an English gentleman, like dear Sir Charles Grandison, who was a gentleman, has nothing better to do than to cross the ocean and come all the way up to this corner of the world to pay his respects to the Señora de Valois, and to dance a minuet with me?"

"He might be worse employed, I think," said Aunt Eunice, catching and kissing the impetuous girl, whose cheeks glowed as her eyes blazed with her excitement; "and I believe dear Sir Charles's grandson would say so too, if he were here. Come—come—come—Mary is wondering what you are storming about, and all your pantomime will never explain to her. Come—come—come. How nice it is to be able to go to a party without setting foot out of doors!"

It was, indeed, true that by one of the corridor or cloister arrangements which gave a certain Moorish aspect to the little military station, there was a passage, quite "practicable," through which, without putting foot to the earth, the three ladies passed to the saloons of Madame de Valois, where the brilliant party of the evening was gathering. The home of this lady was in the city of Chihuahua; but, fortunately for our ladies, in this eventful winter she was making a long visit at San Antonio. She had chosen this evening to give a brilliant party, by way of returning the civilities which she had received from the ladies of the Presidio.

All three of the American ladies were welcomed with cordial, and even enthusiastic courtesy. The White Hawk was quite used, by this time, to the pretty French dresses in which Inez was so fond of arraying her. She could speak but little English, less French, and still less Spanish. And she could dance but little English, less French, and less Spanish. But the minuet, as has been intimated, was the common property of the world, and Inez had spent time enough in compelling Ma-ry to master its intricacies, to be rewarded by no small measure of success. She said, herself, that Ma-ry's mistakes were as pretty as other people's victories. For the rest, in all civilizations, the language of the ball-room requires but a limited vocabulary, so there be only fans and eyes to supply the place of words.

Inez had not been wrong in suspecting that she should come to a trial of wits with Mr. Lonsdale. "See what he will get out of me," she whispered disdainfully to her aunt, as Mr. Lonsdale was seen bearing down to cut her out from the protection of Miss Perry's batteries.

"And what is your news from home, Miss Inez?"

This was his first question after they had taken their places for the dance.

"Oh! we feel that we bring home with us! It would be quite home were only papa here, and my brother."

Thus did Inez reply.

"Indeed, you are more fortunate than the rest of us. We cannot carry our household gods with us so easily."

Inez bit her lip that she need not say, "Why do you come at all if you do not like to be here?" But she said nothing.

Mr. Lonsdale had to begin again,—a thing which was then, as it is now, difficult to men of his nation engaged in conversation.

"I meant to ask what is your news from the United States. Is Mr. Jefferson the President, or does President Adams continue for another term of office?"

Inez was indignant with the man, because he had not in any way thrown himself open to her repartee. The question was perfectly proper, perfectly harmless, and it was one, alas, which she could not answer.

"I did not know what to say to him," she said afterward to her aunt. "So I told him the truth."

What she did say was this:

"I do not know, and I wish I did, Mr. Lonsdale."

"And which candidate do you vote for, Miss Perry?"

"The hateful creature!" This was Inez's inward ejaculation. "He means to draw out of me the material for his next dispatch to the tyrant. Sooner shall he draw out my tongue, or my heart itself from my bosom."

Fortunately, however, it would have been difficult for Inez to tell which her predilections were. She answered, still with the craft of honesty:

"Oh, papa thinks President Adams is too hard on our French friends; for me, I am a Massachusetts girl, and I cannot bear to have a Massachusetts President defeated; and then, Mr. Lonsdale, Colonel Freeman says that Colonel Burr is a very handsome man, and a very gallant soldier. He fought at Monmouth, Mr. Lonsdale,—did you see him there, perhaps?"

And here the impudent girl looked up maliciously, well satisfied that she had in one word implied that Lonsdale was at least forty years old, and that he had turned his back in battle.

He was well pleased, on his part, and amused with the *rencontre*.

"I did not see him at Monmouth," he said, with more animation than she had ever seen him show before. "I do not remember,—I had not begun my diary then. I think I must have been knocking ring-taws against an old brick wall we had in the garden. But I have seen Colonel Burr. I have seen him take Miss Schuyler down the dance,—and he did dance very elegantly, Miss Perry."

"Pray where was that?" said Inez. And then she was enraged with herself, that she should have betrayed any interest in the spy's conversation.

"Oh! it was at a very brilliant party in New York. Colonel Burr seemed to me to be a favorite among ladies,—and I see you think so too. But I think that even in America they have no votes."

"I was even with him, auntie. I said that in New Jersey they had votes, and that Colonel Burr came from New Jersey."

"You little goose!" said Eunice, when Inez made this confession. "What in the world had that to do with it?"

"Well, auntie, it had nothing to do with it. But it was very important to prove that Mr. Lonsdale was always in the wrong."

And in such a spirit Miss Inez's conversation with poor Lonsdale went forward, till this particular dance was done.

The pretty and lively girl was demanded by other partners, and she had, indeed, wasted quite as much of her wit, not to say of her impertinence, as she chose, upon the man whom she called a "British spy," and who, let it be confessed, added to other mortal sins that of being at least three and thirty years of age, and that of dancing as badly as the First Consul himself. Inez did not pretend to disguise her satisfaction, as he led her back to her duennas, and she was permitted to give her hand to some Ensign of two and twenty.

Lonsdale turned, amused more than discomfited, to Eunice.

"Miss Perry will not forgive me for the sin of sins."

"And what is that?" said Eunice, laughing.

"Oh, you know very well. The sin of sins is, that I am born the subject of King George, and that at her behest I do not renounce all allegiance to him, whenever I pray to be delivered from all the snares of the devil."

Eunice laughed again.

"I hope you pardon something to the spirit of a girl who is born under a scepter much more heavy than that of the 'best of kings.'"

Lonsdale might take "best of kings" as he chose. It was the cant phrase by which King George was called by poets laureate and others of their kidney, till a time long after this.

"Oh! I can pardon anything to seventeen, when seventeen is as frank, not to say as piquant, as it is yonder. Miss Inez does not let her admirers complain of her insincerity."

"No! She has faults enough, I suppose. Though I love her too well to judge her harshly enough, I know. But among those faults, no one would count a want of frankness."

"Still," said Lonsdale, hesitating now, and approaching his subject with an Englishman's rather clumsy determination to say the thing he hates to say, and to be done with it,—"still, it seems to me a little queer that Miss Inez can forgive all enemies save those of her own blood. After all, it is English blood; her language is the English language, and her faith is the English faith. Why should she speak to an Englishman with a bitterness with which no French girl speaks, and no Spanish girl? We have fought the French and we have fought the Spaniards harder and longer than we ever fought your people; and I may say," said he, laughing now, "we have punished them worse."

"Oh! Mr. Lonsdale," said Eunice, who would gladly have parried a subject so delicate, "do not be so sensitive. Pardon something to 'sweet seventeen,' and something to the exaggeration of a girl who has never set foot in her own country."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that this poor child is an exaggerated American. She is born under the flag of Spain. She has heard of the excellencies of Washington, and Adams, and Franklin. She has never seen the littlenesses of their countrymen. She has heard of the trials of her father's friends. She has never seen the pettiness of daily politics. She wants to show her patriotism somewhere, and she shows it by her raillery of an Englishman. I trust, indeed, that she has not been rude, Mr. Lonsdale."

"Indeed, indeed, your pupil does you all credit and honor, Miss Perry. Miss Inez could not be rude, be assured. But it is not of her only that I am speaking. Remember,—nay, you do not know,—but I have met your fair countrywomen in their homes, in Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia. I have met them, I have danced with them, as with Miss Inez on this outpost. Always it is the same. Always courtesy,—hospitality, if you please,—but always defiance. France, Spain, poor Portugal even, —nay, a stray Dutchman they welcome cordially. But an Englishman, because he speaks their language, is it?—because he prays to God and not to God's Mother, is it?"—and this Lonsdale said reverently,—"an Englishman must be taught between two movements of the minuet, that George the III. is worst of tyrants; and that a red coat is the disguise of a monster. Why is this, Miss Perry? As I say, no French girl speaks so to an English traveler, no Spanish girl speaks so. Yet our arms have triumphed over France and Spain,—and, hear me confess it, they have been humbled,—as they never were humbled elsewhere,—by our own children. Is that any reason why our children should hate us?"

It was a pretty sight to see Eunice Perry look now timid, and now brave. It was a pretty sight to see her look him full in the face, and then look down upon the ground without speaking. She tried to speak, and she stopped. She hesitated once and again. Then, after a flush, the blood wholly left her cheek. But she looked him square in the eye, and said:

"You are frank with me, Mr. Lonsdale,—let me be frank with you. Surely I can be frank,—it is best that I should be. For it is not of you that I speak,—it is of your country or of your King. Will you remember, then, that you introduced this subject, and not I?"

Lonsdale was startled by her seriousness, though he had been serious. But he said:

"Certainly,—certainly,—pray say what is on your heart? Whatever you say, I deserve. You parried my questions as long as you could."

"Surely I did. The conversation is none of my seeking," said Eunice, really proudly.

Then she paused, and looked again upon the ground. But when she had collected herself, she looked him fairly in the face, as before.

"Mr. Lonsdale, when you fight France, you fight her navies; when you fought Spain, you fought her armies. No French girl has seen an English soldier on French soil since Cressy and Agincourt. But when you fought us, you fought us in our homes. Nay, where we had no armies, your cruisers and squadrons could easily land soldiers on our shores, and did. Where we had no forts, it was easiest to burn our villages. From Falmouth,—you do not know where Falmouth is,—to Savannah,—you do not know where that is,—there are not fifty miles of our coast where an English cruiser or an English fleet has not landed English troops. There is not a region of my country fifty miles wide, but has seen an inroad of marauding English seamen or soldiers. Your journals laughed at your admirals for campaigns which ended in stealing sheep. But, Mr. Lonsdale, because my father's sheep were stolen by Admiral Graves's fleet,—I, who talk with you, have walked barefoot with these feet for twelve months at a time, in my girlhood. Nay, Mr. Lonsdale, I have seen my mother's ears bleeding, because an English marine dragged her ear-rings from her ears. What French girl lives who can tell you such a story? What Spanish girl? There is not a county in America, but a thousand girls, whom you meet as you meet Inez, could tell you such,—would tell you such,—but that our nations are now, thank God! at peace, and you come among them as a stranger who is a friend. They do not tell the story. It is only I who tell the story. But they remember the thing. Pardon me, Mr. Lonsdale. I did not want to say this. And yet, perhaps, it is better that it is said."

"Better!" said the Englishman; "a thousand times better. It is the truth. And really,—I would not,—really, you know,—I would not, I could not have pressed, had I thought for a moment that I should give you pain."

"I am quite sure of that," said Eunice, simply. And, with an effort, she changed the subject. But after a beginning like this, the Englishman could not, even if he would, bring round her talk to the subject of Philip Nolan and his hunters.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE COMPROMISE MEASURES OF 1850.

Is it not time we reconsidered our verdict on Daniel Webster—the Daniel Webster, I mean, of 1850 and the compromise measures?

But there have been two verdicts—a verdict of the few, in his favor, and a verdict of the many, against him. It is the verdict of the many against him concerning which I raise the question, whether it should not be revised and reversed.

I herewith move to re-open the case. Speaking in the name of the majority, grown since the death of the man, until now, as it seems to me, it comprises almost the whole new American nation; speaking in this collective name, I ask, Were we not passionate and hasty? We have outlived our haste and our passion, but our condemnation still rests on the man whom we condemned.

Have we not done Webster wrong? Was he guilty? We had reason, but had we good reason? Perhaps we mistook, and pronounced, unawares, our curse on the innocent head. Let us call back our scapegoat from the wilderness, and consider whether we shall not unpronounce our curse. Let us do more. Let us make ready to change our curse into a blessing, if Webster deserves it—a blessing tardy, indeed, but full-hearted at last, and forty million strong.

It may be a not unsuitable act of justice, on our part, with which to celebrate and signalize this memorial year of the nation.

If it was not a fall ignominiously suffered, it may have been a stand heroically maintained—that speech of the seventh of March eighteen hundred fifty. Then, too, the cycle of popular harangues with which, during the two following years that preceded his death, he supported his speech in the Senate, will appear to have been a long agony of Laocoön, on Webster's part, in which Laocoön stood, and did not fall; in which he stood, and, standing, upheld the falling state of Troy. To the purpose of showing that such was, indeed, the fact, I devote the present paper.

I accordingly invite the reader to enter with me upon a summary examination of Webster's public course in connection with the memorable compromise measures, so called, of eighteen hundred fifty.

He supported those measures in Congress and before the people. I should say, perhaps, supported the principle of those measures rather than those measures themselves. For Webster was not in the Senate when the measures were adopted, and he never pretended to approve them entirely in the form which they finally assumed. Still it is not too much, probably, to say that his influence carried them in Congress; and it is certainly not too much to say that his influence procured their acceptance by the country.

His responsibility for them is thus seen to be very large. It is quite just, therefore, that he should, in a great degree, be judged by his part in these momentous transactions. He has himself put on record his own opinion, that his speech on the general subject, delivered March 7, 1850, in the United States Senate, was probably to be regarded as the most important speech of his life. As respects, at least, his own subsequent fame, it has, thus far, proved, indeed, to be of pregnant and disastrous importance. But he expected, as also he elected, to be judged by it. He made that speech, as he made all his speeches, after full and ripe deliberation of his course. He never afterward repented of his words. Nay, he said his words over and over again, with august eloquence, with solemn emphasis, in a series of the most remarkable popular addresses that have ever passed into literature, during the brief critical period that intervened before his death, in 1852. Let us judge Daniel Webster, fairly and strictly, by his relation to the compromise measures of 1850. We shall but be giving to him the judgment that he himself invoked.

We may conveniently pursue our examination, by considering successively, in their order, the following questions, which, perhaps, well enough cover the whole extent of the case:

1. Did Webster act conscientiously?
2. Did he act consistently?
3. Did he act patriotically?
4. Did he act wisely?
5. Did he act right?

First, then, Was Webster conscientious in supporting the compromise measures of 1850?

Those measures included as a conspicuous feature, the famous, or infamous, or famous and infamous, Fugitive Slave Law. This, certainly, looks bad. That was a shocking law. It was shocking in two aspects. It was shocking for the thing it sought to do, and it was shocking for the way in which it sought to do that thing. It sought to remand the fugitive slave to his slavery. In course of doing this, it claimed to make, at the simple beck of the marshal who was pursuing the alleged fugitive, a slave-catcher of every freeman that chanced to be at hand, and it virtually tendered to the judicial officer engaged a petty bribe to decide against, instead of for, the hunted man. In a word, it proposed to do a shocking work in a gratuitously shocking way. This must not be disguised. Indeed, it cannot be. Any statesman might well pray to be delivered from the dire supposed necessity of sustaining such a law. For the Fugitive Slave Law was, *in itself*, an almost irredeemably odious enactment.

But let us candidly consider Webster's actual part in sustaining this odious law. What was his part? Did he originate it? No. Did he speak, as a legislator, in favor of adopting it? No. Did he, as a legislator, vote for the law? No. What then did he do respecting it? *After* its enactment, he advised and persuaded his countrymen to accept it and abide by it. That was Webster's actual public part in the support of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Large, therefore, as was Webster's just responsibility for the compromise measures of 1850, his responsibility was not that of the legislator who projected them, or who urged their first adoption. It was chiefly the responsibility of a citizen, and of an administrative officer, who counseled to his countrymen good faith in accepting legislation once accomplished, objectionable though it was, as the prudent choice, and, therefore, the morally right choice, among necessary evils.

But did not the seventh of March speech, by anticipation, cover the Fugitive Slave Bill that was to be, or something even worse than that, with Webster's explicit and emphatic approval? So Theodore Parker asserts in his celebrated discourse. But Theodore Parker is mistaken. Webster was, indeed, misreported by the newspapers of the time, to have used the following language: "My friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee [Mr. Mason] has a bill on the subject now before the Senate with some amendments to it, which I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent." The relative "which" was here misplaced. The sentence should have read: "A bill on the subject now before the Senate, which, with some amendments to it, I propose to support," etc. So the words stand in the text of the speech, as printed in Webster's Works.* The correction was promptly and publicly made at the time. It is hard, therefore, to understand how a man of conscience, as Theodore Parker certainly was, could reconcile it with his sense of honesty, to repeat this injurious accusation two years afterward, over the great statesman's fresh-made grave. The fact seems to be, that Theodore Parker's fiery zeal for human freedom became a furnace, in which, too often, charity and scruple alike were consumed.

What, then, Webster really did, in his seventh of March speech, respecting the return of fugitive slaves, was to pledge his support as legislator to *some* law supposed to be effective for that purpose. But was not even this inexcusable on Webster's part? Could any law for a purpose so revolting deserve Webster's support as a national legislator? Irrespective of bad features that it might incidentally contain, was not a fugitive slave law bad in its essential purpose? Yes, certainly, regarded absolutely, such a law, however framed, was bad. But badness is always relative—that is to say, some things are worse than others. That which is absolutely bad may be relatively good—which is precisely what is true concerning a suitable fugitive slave law. Absolutely, such a law was bad—bad, exactly as the Federal Constitution itself was bad, being accurately on the same moral level with that instrument, neither better nor worse. The Federal Constitution expressly provided for the return to their masters of absconding slaves. This Constitution every national, and, indeed, every State legislator took an oath to support. To favor, in good faith, therefore, *some* effective law for the purpose, was only to do what every member of the national councils, in becoming such member, had implicitly sworn to do.

Was not, then, the Federal Constitution itself bad? To this question the same answer as before must be given. Absolutely, yes,—relatively, no. The constituting of the Union among these States, however bad in some respects, was, on the whole, better than the alternative. It was so at the beginning. It remained so in 1850. It remained so, we thought, in 1861, and we did not give up thinking so during four disastrous years of fratricidal war.

We have thus briefly answered the question, Why should Webster, acting as national legislator, have volunteered to support *any* fugitive slave law? It was his plain duty to do so—a duty implicitly acknowledged by him, and by all his fellow-legislators in common with him, in the very oath itself by which they and he became part of the public councils of the nation. Besides, the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Story concurring, and himself preparing the decision, had before decided, contrary to Webster's long-cherished, and then still cherished, conviction of constitutional propriety, that the active duty of discharging the obligation respecting fugitive slaves belonged to Congress, and not to individual States. Still further, as matter of history, many of the Northern States, gratifying an irresponsible fondness for empty demonstration of the instinct of liberty, had enacted obstructive laws, some of them denouncing penalties to any of their officials who should participate in the recovery of fugitive slaves. It thus happened that there was left to the national legislator absolutely no honorable way of escape from the hateful obligation to provide a fugitive slave law. Good faith required that the obligation be frankly acknowledged and honestly fulfilled—required it of Webster, and required it of Webster's associates and successors as well—unless, indeed (for I must be careful myself to observe the considerate charity which Webster's own constant example enjoins)—unless, indeed, I say, their conscientious views were different from his. "Now, sir," said Webster, in a speech on the Compromise measures, delivered in the Senate, July 17, 1850, "I ascribe nothing but the best and purest motives to any of the gentlemen, on either side of this chamber, or of the other house, who take a view of this subject which differs from my own. * * * They are just as high-minded, as patriotic, as pure, and every way as well-intentioned as I am." Again at Buffalo, in 1851, he used a similar strain of language. Such noble self-restraint and generosity on Webster's own part imposes obligations on Webster's defender.

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*Vol. v., pp. 354—355.

But now a further question remains: Why should Webster, as citizen, have supported the actual fugitive slave law of history? To this question a twofold answer may be given. First, it *was* a law, and law-abiding was of the deepest instinct and most seated habit of Webster's mind. He may be said to have given his whole life, in the main, to the one work of teaching his countrymen the value to them of their institutions of government. He had won his greatest fame, on a signal former occasion of deliberative strife, in vindicating the obligation of Federal law against the brilliant and subtle sophistications of Hayne and Calhoun. That former occasion concerned a matter in which the South was the party feeling aggrieved. Here a matter arose, in which the party feeling aggrieved was the North. What kind of broad national statesmanship, what kind of consistent fair dealing, would that be, which should itself take to "nullifying" now, having memorably demonstrated the folly of "nullification" then? As Webster said of himself in his own grand way, in that great platform speech of his delivered at Buffalo, in May, 1851 (which I would have every young countryman of mine study, for its manly popular eloquence, for its ripe historical wisdom, conspicuous by the clear analysis and perspective in which it is displayed, and last, for its noble and ennobling moral tone), he was made a whole man, and he did not mean to make himself half a one. The consideration that the Fugitive Slave Bill had been enacted—that it was now part of the supreme law of the land, would alone have been sufficient to determine Webster in its favor.

But there was another consideration that with him was more cogent still. He thought that some fair law for the purpose, and the enacted law, since it had been enacted, was essential to the preservation of the national Union. I do not say now that Webster was wise in thinking this—for I am not yet discussing the wisdom of his course—I only say that he thought it. He further thought that the preservation of the Union was the true paramount moral, as well as political, interest of the American people. Again, I do not say that, in holding this view, he was right, for I am not yet discussing the ethics of his course. I only say that he held this view.

I am defending Webster's honesty now. His consistency, his patriotism, his wisdom, his abstract ethical correctness even, are just now, and for the immediate purpose in hand, matters of secondary and subordinate interest. I do not care how consistent he was, nor how patriotic, nor how wise, nor even how right, in the abstract, he may, by some good luck, but without conscious purpose, have happened to be—if he was not honest. If Webster was hollow and insincere, if he played the hypocrite, if he lied, let him remain damned, say I, in the general esteem, and let his memory stink. I would not cast a sprig of rosemary on his dishonored and dishonorable grave. But, if Webster meant well, however he erred grievously in judgment, why, then, we may continue to have, at least, a mighty fragment left to us from a broken fame—something better than a torso, being not beheaded and bereft of the chief glory and crown, its sky-beholding front unashamed—for our sobered but still delighted admiration.

Charles Francis Adams was the first "Free Soil" candidate for Vice-President of the United States. He was an ardent anti-slavery partisan. He differed with Daniel Webster in 1850. He perhaps inherited something of an ancestral prepossession against Daniel Webster. At any rate, he identified himself with the rapidly developing political organization that subsequently became the victorious Republican party, and, at length, elected Abraham Lincoln. Ten years had now elapsed; the Compromise measures were still standing undisturbed as laws, on the statute-book of the nation. The Missouri Compromise, meantime, had been abrogated, and Kansas had, in consequence, been made the theater of most disgraceful border strife in the interest of slavery propagandism. The Constitution, notwithstanding, was ostensibly maintained. The peace had not yet been broken by any act of war. Menaces, however, of secession in Congress, ordinances of secession in slave State Legislatures, were the order of the day. Whole delegations of senators and representatives from several seceding States had ostentatiously and defiantly withdrawn from their seats in the council chambers of the Capitol at Washington. In one word, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FIFTY had returned again, and worse.

Under these circumstances, after a whole decade of years spent in sleepless anti-slavery agitation at the North, always resounding with "rubadub" defamation of Webster for his treachery to freedom—what spectacle then did the Republican majority in Congress present to the world and to history? Why, they passed, by an overwhelming vote, joint resolutions of the two houses, substantially affirming the position of Webster in 1850! The name of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, then in Congress from Massachusetts, heads the list of AYES. Here are the resolutions, abridged for want of space, but not misrepresented:

> *Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That all attempts on the parts of the Legislatures of any of the States to obstruct or hinder the recovery and surrender of fugitives from service or labor, are in derogation of the Constitution of the United States, inconsistent with the comity and good neighborhood that should prevail among the several States, and dangerous to the peace of the Union.
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> *Resolved*, That the several States be respectfully requested to cause their statutes to be revised, with a view to ascertain if any of them are in conflict with, or tend to embarrass or hinder the execution of the laws of the United States, made in pursuance of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States, for the delivering up of persons held to labor by the laws of any State and escaping therefrom; and the Senate and House of Representatives earnestly request that all enactments having such tendency be forthwith repealed.
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> *Resolved*, That we recognize the justice and propriety of a faithful execution of the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, on the subject of fugitive slaves, or fugitives from service or labor, and discountenance all mobs or hinderances to the execution of such laws, and that citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

Mark, when these resolutions were passed, the Fugitive Slave Law, that "bill of abominations," was unrepealed and unamended; the Territories remained unprotected by that "ordinance of freedom," the Wilmot Proviso; and still, what Webster was denounced without measure, not simply as unwise, not simply as inconsistent, but as *dishonest*, for doing in 1850, that same thing, in substance, ten years later, the headlong Republican majority in both houses of Congress were at unseemly and ridiculous pains to do in 1861.

Now, I suppose it will hardly be claimed that it was consistent for eager Abolitionists to pass such resolutions as these. But, does it follow that Mr. Adams and the rest were all of them dishonest? That they were hypocrites, apostates? No; these gentlemen were frightened, and not without reason. Disunion loomed near at hand and it looked dreadful. It was a specter that they wanted to lay at any cost. Who can blame them? The whole country stood aghast, on the brink of disunion and war. From Boston, fourteen thousand one hundred twenty-seven legal voters, out of nineteen thousand that exercised the right of suffrage, at the preceding election, sent to Congress a memorial, signed within two days' space, in favor of adopting measures of *compromise!* The Crittenden compromise, which went far beyond the compromise of 1850 in yielding to Southern demands, was urged upon Congress by twenty-two thousand Boston signatures. No wonder if consternation invaded the halls of Congress. Men who had performed gallantly in the part of agitation and of opposition before, now found themselves brought face to face with the solemn responsibilities of administration and of power. The situation sobered them. They acted as it was natural to act. They acted inconsistently, but they did not act dishonestly. And, if Webster, too, of whose sagacity it was to foresee what they at last saw with their eyes, if Webster was inconsistent, let it be frankly confessed that he was also not more dishonest than they. For the very same behavior, to damn him, while we clear them,—is this justice? But—

Was Webster inconsistent? That question is our second topic.

The heads under which inconsistency is alleged against Webster for his seventh of March speech, are the following: 1. His declaring in favor of the restoration of fugitive slaves; 2. His avowal respecting new States to be formed out of Texas; 3. His refusal to vote for applying the Wilmot Proviso to the Territories about to be organized.

The first one of these heads has already been treated. It need only be added that Webster never previously expressed himself in a sense hostile to restoring fugitive slaves, and that he had often expressed himself in a sense favorable to it.

As to the second one of these heads, Webster undoubtedly, though not then in Congress, opposed the annexation of Texas, when that project was in contemplation. The project notwithstanding succeeded. It succeeded by the votes of Northern men, who then immediately became pioneer "Free

Soilers," that is, political Abolitionists. The consummating act took the form of a series of joint resolutions on the part of Congress, sealing a compact with the republic of Texas. One feature of the compact was this:

> "New States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of the said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of 36° 30′ north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire; and in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri Compromise line, slavery or involuntary servitude (except for crime) shall be prohibited."

The meaning of this is as plain as language can well make it. Now, in his seventh of March speech, Mr. Webster, as befitted his capacity of statesman, very guardedly, but very firmly, expressed himself in favor of fulfilling the solemn State obligation thus created. It was a remote and contingent matter, but, hypothetically, Webster subscribed his name, and his fame, and his authority—to what? Why, to the observance of governmental honor and good faith. That was the whole of it. The fact of annexation, against Webster's efforts, was now fully accomplished. It was past and complete. Webster thought that statesmanship and state morality alike were concerned in recognizing it accordingly. Is such a view of the fact, accomplished, at all oppugnant to his previously urged objections to the accomplishing of the fact? What inconsistency is there between resolving, on the one hand, not to vote for annexation while annexation was in process, and resolving, on the other hand, to carry out the pledge of the Government implied in the act of annexation, when annexation was a fact?

The third head of allegation against the consistency of Webster may soon be dismissed. In the first place, it must candidly be admitted that a formal inconsistency does here exist. But the inconsistency is merely formal. Webster had, undoubtedly, often expressed himself in favor of the principle of prohibiting slavery by law in the Territories. On the seventh of March he waived, not the principle, but the application of the principle to Territories where he was satisfied the application was unnecessary. He still expressly adhered to the principle, for, in this very speech, he used the following language: "Wherever there is a particular good to be done; wherever there is a foot of land to be stayed back from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery." It was consistent for Webster to sacrifice consistency as to a matter of form, for the sake of that interest which he always regarded as paramount, namely, the safety and peace of the Union. Whether he acted wisely in doing as he did, I do not here consider. It is enough that, in the very article, and by the very fact, of consenting to be inconsistent in form, he, in substance, remained most truly consistent.

In the absence of direct proof that Webster was inconsistent or insincere, why, it will be natural to ask, should any one have had the face to accuse him of insincerity or inconsistency? What motive was imputed to Webster by his enemies for being, as they alleged, untrue to truth or to himself? To this inquiry there could be but one answer: The motive imputed was selfishness. Webster, they say, wanted to be President. This leads us to our third topic, the question,

Did Webster act patriotically?

Patriotically, that is, with reference to the Compromise measures of 1850. As respects his previous life, patriotism is conceded to Webster. On the seventh of March, however, it is charged that he fell—fell by ambition. His desire to be President proved too strong for his virtue. Let us candidly consider the charge.

In the first place, suppose it granted that Webster wished to be President. This, it is urged, was a weakness. Well, suppose that too yielded. It was not yet a baseness. It was the last infirmity of noble mind. Nothing is made out to Webster's discredit, except that he was human. The material point is untouched, What wrong thing did his weak wish lead him to do? The reply is prompt, It led him to seek Southern support. Well, what was there wrong in that? If he was to be President at all, ought he not to have sought Southern support? Not to receive Southern support would have been to be President of a section of the country, and to enter a wedge for the riving of the Union. True patriotism, Websterian patriotism certainly, required him to seek Southern support, if he sought to be President. The material point would still be, What wrong thing did he do to invite Southern support? The reply is, He did several wrong things. First, he offered to the South a fugitive slave law. Yes, but that offer was in the Constitution and in the decisions of the Supreme Court, before it was in Webster's speech. He offered to the South nothing that was not clearly its due. He simply gave it its own. But he upheld a worse fugitive slave law than it was necessary or wise to have. Yes, he did; but, at the same time, he declared, before all men, that the law was different from what he would have chosen, and that it was, in its nature, subject to amendment. Meantime, he urged, it ought to be executed. Well, there was the Wilmot Proviso; he offered to waive that in application to New Mexico and Utah. This he undoubtedly did; but in the same breath he explained that it was only because he thought slavery to be already, in another way, more certainly excluded. What offer was this to the South, except an offer magnanimously to forbear using superior strength for insult to the weak, where to use it for protection to the strong was not needful? But he offered to divide Texas into additional States, to be devoted to slavery. Yes, Webster did, indeed, with great caution of statement, volunteer to say that, in a certain necessarily remote, and probably quite impossible, future contingency, distinctly described in a solemn legislative pledge of the national faith, he would vote for admitting new slave-holding States, formed out of Texas, when they should present themselves with *sufficient* population. In other words, he stood forward as an honorable legislator should have done, and avowed himself ready to give to the South exactly what was nominated in the bond. With characteristic frankness and characteristic astuteness, he accompanied the avowal with a hint to the South that, in the word "sufficient," was hidden a just reserve, that might prove to be of great value to freedom.

What else is charged against Webster for his seventh of March speech? Nothing else worth particular mention. On these grounds, almost exclusively, Webster's defamers build their accusations against Webster's patriotism. With such offers as these to the South, Webster hoped, they say, to buy Southern support. And at what cost? Why, at the cost of losing the support of the North, capable of outvoting the South nearly two to one. What a desperate game! The South withheld its support. That simple fact is the best confutation of the charge. Webster was, undoubtedly, disappointed. In truth, he did not disguise his chagrin. But his chagrin was the chagrin of a patriot, and not that of a traitor. He was sorry, he said, to have a false chapter of history written. He believed that he had done the South justice, and he fully believed that justice would satisfy the South. It grieved him that the record should appear contrary to the fact, as he, perhaps too generously, assumed the fact to be. He probably hoped to see the South, by its action, convince the North that he had rightly represented its opinion and feeling. His patriotism was, in this instance, too sanguine, but it was not, therefore, the less noble nor the less saving. But the record, contrary or conformable to fact, is Webster's true vindication.

The truth is, Webster was conciliatory in temper, and tone, and expression, in his seventh of March speech; but, in point of substantial advantage, he *conceded* nothing whatever to the South. He was kindly just, and that was all. He was fully warranted in saying, as he said, with his peculiar inimitable Websterian emphasis, at Buffalo, in 1851: "If the South wish any concession from me, they will not get it; not one hair's breadth of it. If they come to my house for it, they will not find it, and the door will be shut; I concede nothing." Remember, that Webster could not say one word in public, that did not immediately make the circuit of the nation. He might as well have said these things in Charleston, as to have said them at Buffalo. The South read this speech, almost before the words ceased to burn from those fervent lips. And this, too, the South read, said in the same speech: I am a Northern man. I was born at the North, educated at the North, have lived all my days at the North. I know five hundred Northern men to one Southern man. My sympathies, all my sympathies, my love of liberty for all mankind of every color, are the same as yours. * * * * You will find me true to the North, because all my sympathies are with the North. My affections, my children, my hope, my everything, are with the North."

Let it be borne in mind that these things were said previous to the Presidential election, that they were said as publicly as if they had been said in the Senate on the seventh of March, and that they were said to the South as much as to the North. And now, let candid men answer: What kind of bidding for Southern votes is this? What kind of subserviency to the South? Let our young men read the whole speech, and judge for themselves whether it was made by a patriot, or by a poltroon,—judge for themselves, whether a vast concourse of people stood two hours on a spring day, unsheltered, in a drenching rain, to let a hoary renegade of seventy years, unsheltered like themselves, though in feeble health, debauch their conscience, and stultify their common sense.

It may well be doubted if a statesman was ever placed in circumstances to undergo a severer test of the temper of his patriotism, than that which Webster underwent in 1850. Imagine the situation. North and South were balanced against each other, like the stem and the stern of a great ship, resting by her middle on a reef. The waves rocked the vessel of state and threatened to break her in two amidships. The utmost strain that she seemed able to bear, was wrenching her already, and still the storm increased. Every moment, she appeared about to go asunder. There was one hope of safety. That hope lay in measures of compromise. But a Northern statesman might well have said to himself, My section will not approve such measures. True, there is no other salvation. But that salvation, the North will never accept. My vote should not be wanting; but of what use will be my vote, if that for which I vote is spurned by my constituents? I shall merely damn myself in the opinion of those who, after the inevitable breach shall have come, must thenceforward be my countrymen. The breach, I shall not avert. My country is ruined, whatever I do, but why should I needlessly ruin myself? I will not vote for these measures. This would have been perfectly natural language for a statesman in Webster's situation to use. But Webster did not use it. He had no wish or thought to survive his country. "I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety," is his lofty and pathetic language of the seventh of March; "for I am looking out for no fragment on which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be; but for the good of the whole and the preservation of all, and there is that which will keep me to my duty during the struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear or shall not appear for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. * * * * These are the motives and the sole motives that influence me, in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country."

But Webster saw, no one more plainly, the course that mere consulting of his own safety would recommend. "Suppose," he says, in his Buffalo speech—"suppose I had taken such a course. How could I be blamed for it? Was I not a Northern man? Did I not know Massachusetts feelings and prejudices? But what of that? I am an American. I was made a whole man, and I did not mean to make myself half a one."

But Webster's high fidelity was but half, it was hardly half, of the great round of his patriotism. To be hopeful is, sometimes, almost more than to be simply true. And the hope that, through every extreme of her fortune, Webster held on behalf of his country, was, in 1850, perhaps greater and more difficult patriotism than was his mere stark fidelity. He spoke in the Senate to save his country, and then he resolved upon the Herculean labor of persuading his countrymen to let their country be saved. He accomplished both tasks, but he perished in accomplishing them. He faced two perils and did not blench. He faced the peril of being rejected politically, as he was, and he faced the peril of being written into literature, as he has been, a traitor to liberty. It was a vast effort of patriotism to be proposed to a man, every pulse of whose blood beat for humanity and for freedom, that, for the sake of his country, he should consent to appear in the vivid but wronging literary portraiture of his time, a recreant to the cause of freedom, and a traitor to the cause of humanity. This effort of patriotism, Webster recognized as proposed to himself,—proposed, while it was yet uncertain whether there would be a future generation of his countrymen to redress his outraged fame. But Webster did not shrink. Theodore Parker notes it of Webster, that, on the morning of the seventh of March, he said to a fellow-senator, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." To a clergyman, afterward, he said, "It seemed to me, at the time, that the country demanded a human victim, and I saw no reason why the victim should not be myself." "Mr. Webster's manner evinced such sincerity and deep patriotic disinterestedness, that he [the clergyman] was moved to tears, which do not cease to start at every recollection of the interview." *

I have seemed to concede that Daniel Webster indulged the desire to be President. It is probably true that he did. From the principles of human nature in general, it is

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*Note to Dr. Nehemiah Adams's Funeral Discourse.

safe to conclude, also, that his motives in the desire were not entirely unselfish. Beyond doubt, he was ambitious. But to doubt, on the other hand, that his motives, even in his ambition, were to a still greater degree unselfish, than selfish, would be blindness to the true character of Daniel Webster, as an individual man. It was his instinct and his habit to identify himself with his country; but this does not mean that he identified his country with himself. He desired, first, to make his country ever more glorious than she was, and, secondary, subordinate, inseparable, was his desire to be glorified himself in his country. His patriotism may not have been perfectly pure. It probably was not. But that a purer patriotism than Daniel Webster's ever burned in any human breast, it would be venturesome to maintain. He had an extraordinary travailing sense of vicarious responsibility on behalf of his country,—its good behavior, and its permanent well-being. He thought that he could serve her, and he wanted to serve her. To serve her most effectually, place was much. Men say, He ought to have been satisfied. It was more to be Webster, than it was to be President. This is true. Webster could magnify the office of President, far beyond the measure to which the office of President could magnify him. And, if all were now said, then, undoubtedly, Webster's wish to be President would have to be counted a weakness—weakness venial, indeed, but weakness still. But all is not said. To be President would not have made Webster a greater patriot, a greater statesman, a greater orator, than he already was; but it would have enabled him to confer immensely greater benefits upon his country. It is a mistake, and a mischievous mistake, to suppose that we lose nothing, as a nation, by having a vulgar man, or an indifferent man, or, indeed, any man less good than the best, for our President. The Presidency is not merely a name, it is a thing. It is, in fact as well as in name, the chief place of power and service at the disposal of the American people. The President's character determines the tone of his whole Administration. The Cabinet are his choice and his appointment. Directly, or indirectly, every department of affairs, from the highest official to the humblest, feels the hand of the President. It is an incalculable misfortune to the nation to elect an inferior man to the place. Imagine the difference that it might have made to this people, if Webster had survived to be President, in the place of Franklin Pierce. It was, therefore, no baseness; it was not, necessarily, even a mere weakness; it may have been chiefly, I believe it was chiefly, true patriotism in Daniel Webster, to desire to be President. A man may possibly be timid and selfish, as much as modest, in abdicating, or declining, or avoiding, arduous responsibility. On the other hand, a man may possibly be unselfish and generous, even more than ambitious and greedy, in seeking responsible place. There was no other position possible to Daniel Webster, in which he could be as serviceable to the country, as in the position of President. So much power, of so many kinds, belongs to the President apart from the man, that cannot belong to the man apart from the President, that Webster, who had known Presidents and who knew himself, may well be forgiven for wishing that he could work on behalf of his country with the long leverage in his favor that the chief magistracy of the republic, playing on the whole stability of the State for its fulcrum, would have given him.

It must, of course, remain always a somewhat barren matter of mere differing opinion, as to what motives, how mingled, actuated Webster's public life. It is difficult, however, and it would seem not very magnanimous, to read the record of how he acted, both in the popular eye and in the eye of confidential friendship, during forty conspicuous and strenuous years, and believe that he was otherwise than patriotic. More difficult still,—one might confidently challenge the generous and enlightened young American public of to-day, to try the experiment,—more difficult still it would prove, to begin, without prepossession, and read the printed volumes of his eloquence, and not take the irresistible impression, that here spoke a man to whom sordid aims were strange, abhorrent, impossible. Let us do as Webster himself did, when any one spoke slightingly in his presence of John Milton's poetry. He would take down "Paradise Lost," and read a passage of the poem aloud. If they cry down Daniel Webster to you, read him, and say, "This man, not a patriot? *Credat Judæus!*" Webster's printed works are the sufficient vindication of the patriotism of Webster.

If we have now saved to ourselves the right to hold by Daniel Webster as, upon the whole, an honest, a consistent, and a patriotic man, it is of less consequence that we make him out also a wise statesman.

But that question comes next in order, forming our fourth topic.

Did Webster act wisely?

Wisdom consists, first, in choosing good ends, and then in seeking those ends by good means. The end that Webster chose was the preservation of the Union. Was this a good end for American statesmanship? If it was not, then certainly Webster failed as a statesman; for, to the preservation of the Union, he dedicated and devoted his public life.

It has sometimes been urged against the statesmanlike genius and achievement of Webster, that he never originated any great measures of state. This is true, I suppose. But thence to conclude that Webster was not a great statesman, would be seriously to mistake the true function of statesmanship. Statesmanship is not innovation,—it is conservation. The statesman watches the progress of public opinion, and adopts ideas into his system as fast as they are ripe and fit to be conserved. If he stimulates progress, otherwise than by the prompt, but not too prompt, recognition and adoption of the safe results of progress accomplished, he ceases, so far, to be a statesman, and becomes a reformer. But the reformer is out of place, in the place of the statesman. The Union of these American States continued to be, during the whole of Webster's career, a great good not yet certainly assured. Besides this, it was a good, such, in its nature, as always to be somewhat remote from the popular appreciation. It was, at once, a great education to affairs, a valuable lesson in political virtue (and political virtue in the last analysis is perhaps nothing more nor less than self-control), when the American community should be trained to perceive the inestimable worth to them, in every way, of their Federal Union. To make this perception a national tradition, required time. Mere continuance of the government was an indispensable condition. A half century, a decade of years, even a single year, was an incalculable gain to the cause of the Union. The people of the States, governments and peoples abroad, must become familiar with the Union as a fact. In comparison with this, everything else in American politics was insignificant. While inventive and enterprising statesmen in her councils were devising their experiments in policy, or were using the strength yet untried of the State as a purchase for the accomplishment of moral reforms, the State itself might crumble and dissolve, and disappear, under the stress, like a fulcrum of sand. If the people, if statesmen themselves, did not see this, why, then, the problem of true statesmanship for America did not therefore become the less necessary, but only the more difficult, to be solved.

Webster, from his youth, took in the situation with something of the ken of a prophet. More. He bore his country on his conscience and his heart, in something of the spirit of a father. His hope and his fear for the republic were, both of them, in the highest degree, helpful to save it. If his fear had not been balanced by his hope, he would have been an augur of ill, contributing all the time to accomplish his own augury, by depressing the spirit of his countrymen. If his hope had not been balanced by his fear, he would have hurried the country on to its destiny, before its destiny was ready for it, in the womb of time. This was Seward's mistake. Seward seemed not to lack breadth of view and reach of foresight. But his temperament was too sanguine. He trusted too much, and did not sufficiently provide. He was not, like Sumner, chiefly a reformer. But he introduced the unmeasured and scarce measurable forces of reform into politics before the time. He should have waited for the results of reform, finished and safe, and not have ventured to harness the unbridled forces of reform, restive, and heady, and plunging, to the delicately balanced and already swaying political car. Sumner sought moral ends by political means. Seward sought political ends by moral means. Both men erred. Seward erred by too much buoyancy of political hope, unballasted with the grave sense of political responsibility. "Be it known, then," said Seward, in that large oracular way which he affected, speaking in the Senate, on the occasion of Clay's death, in 1852—"be it known, then, and I am sure that history will confirm the instruction, that Conservatism was the interest of the nation and the responsibility of its rulers, during the period in which he [Clay] flourished." Seward was right in this. He was wrong only in assuming that the period of just Conservatism in American politics was over. The State was not long enough out of its gristle, to go safely through its struggle with the Hydra.

Webster, accordingly, sought to establish the Union by keeping the Union established. It needed to grow strong by growing old. Time would compact it, if it would only stand, to be compacted by time. Webster's end was to preserve the Union. His means was, to avert the strain that might rend it. If the strain could not be averted, then he at least would postpone the strain. To postpone it, might be to avert it. This was Webster's statesmanship,—its end, and its means. A crisis threatened in 1830, again in 1832, once more in 1850, and Webster, each time, effected a postponement. Two more postponements, of like length with the last, would probably have averted the crisis altogether. It was not to be, but, meantime, the Republic had grown strong enough to stand the inevitable strain. Then

> Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
> Dardaniæ.*

So it looked, but her strength was proportioned to her days, and Dardania survived.

In 1856, Mr. T. W. Higginson headed the list of signatures to a call for a convention to assemble at Worcester, with the ostensible object of considering measures for the dissolution of the Union.† The motives of the call, no doubt, were conscientious. The subscribers "believed the existing Union to be a failure." It was a movement in the interest of "humanity" rather than of patriotism—humanity under the form of abolition, a cause, however, it is to be presumed, sincerely regarded by the signers, as being also, at the moment, the true paramount moral and political interest of the country. Still, the object was probably humanitarian directly, and indirectly patriotic. It is not unlikely, however, that, underneath the ostensible object of the movement was concealed a purpose, not dishonorable though concealed, to strengthen the radical and progressive component, judged by the movers to be disproportionately feeble, in the polygon of political forces at that time acting upon the American community. The sentiment of union, it may be supposed, was calculated by these gentlemen to be stable enough to bear being made the point of support for a pry to help launch the cause of abolition, still hanging, and too long, in the ways. I beg to disclaim imputing, by conjecture, any motives not consistent with honesty on the part of the signers to this call. The motive that I have ventured to guess for them, is one that a philanthropic and, subordinately, patriotic man need not be ashamed to confess. It was consistent with honor, if it did violate wisdom. However these things may be, Theodore Parker addressed, on this occasion, to Mr. Higginson a letter, frankly disavowing any wish on his part to see the Union dissolved. He used a homely but apt illustration, to set forth what he believed would unquestionably be the result of a conflict, if a conflict should occur, between the North and the South. The North, he said in substance, was a steer that weighed seventeen millions, and was weak only in the head and neck. The South, on the contrary, while strong in these parts, was weak in the whole hind-quarters, weighing but eleven millions in all. If the two steers should lock horns, it was but a question of avoirdupois which steer went into the ditch.

In this rustic comparison, though its author was not statesman to see it, lay the whole secret of wise statesmanship respecting the sectional questions in difference between the North and the South. The disparity of strength between the two sections was daily increasing. The census was in the way of settling the dispute by mere peaceful count of polls and dollars. The time was near when a shock of arms, should one occur, between the North and the South, would be so inevitably and so obviously certain in its issue, that a shock, provoked by the weaker party, would never take place. The South saw this, and the hotter-spirited among her sons were eager to precipitate a decision. Wise statesmen and patient patriots had but to wait. In 1850 they waited. Northern extremists and Southern extremists were equally disappointed. The compromises of that year disgusted both parties alike. So affronted were the extreme party at the South, that the Senators of several Southern States (including Virginia) issued a solemn protest, which they sought, though vainly, to have spread out at large on the records of the Senate, inveighing against the injustice to the slave-holding interest involved in the Compromise measures. When the extremists in both parties concerned in a measure of mutual settlement are dissatisfied together, it is pretty good evidence that neither party has got all the advantage.

There is another aspect of the case, not less important than the one already presented. Not only was the North, or, to name the cause in a way more accordant with the Websterian spirit, not only was Freedom, gaining every moment in ascendency of numbers and strength over Slavery, but, what was of at least equal consequence,

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*Æneid, ii., 324.

† Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, vol. ii., pp. 191, ff.

Freedom was every moment gaining in unanimity and steadiness of purpose. In 1850, notwithstanding that the argument of avoirdupois was so clearly in favor of Freedom, still that apparent advantage was not quite to be trusted. Public opinion at the North was not yet solid and decisive enough for Freedom. An attempt to use the majority would result in dissolving the majority. There can be no reasonable doubt that a conflict joined in 1850 would have issued in immeasurable disaster, if not in irretrievable ruin, to the cause alike of Union, of Freedom, and of Civilization. This, for yet another reason than the reasons thus far indicated.

In an issue joined on the basis of opposition from the North to the Compromise measures of 1850, Freedom would have suffered the incalculable disadvantage of being, technically and substantially, in the wrong. There were hundreds and hundreds of thousands of the best and most patriotic citizens of the North who could never have been brought to support, by war, a construction of the Constitution so palpably against justice and common sense as that construction would be which should deny to the South the right of recovering fugitive slaves. The men of 1861 saw this plainly enough, and hence those joint resolutions, repetitiously, solicitously, and even almost humbly, acknowledging this constitutional right of the South, which, in specimen at least, my readers have had the opportunity to see. The revolt against coercion would have been almost as wide-spread at the North as at the South, if in 1850 the Government had attempted coercion, on the principle of refusing to the slave-holding States the measure of justice contained in the compromises of that year. Disunion and anarchy, and a cycle of unimaginably disastrous history, would have been the certain result.

But not only was it of the utmost moment to the best cause that the arbitrament of arms should be postponed till the right side was surely the superior, and till the right side was also surely and clearly the right; but it was of the utmost moment, besides, that the shock of violent conflict should, if possible, be wholly and ultimately avoided and averted. Peace without war was inestimably more precious than peace after war, won by means of war. There never was a case in which harmony was so needful to harmony. It would have been almost infinitely better for all of us that one section should never find out by experiment its own superior or its own inferior strength. The mischiefs of such a consciousness, mutually rife between the two sections, were already great enough, before they had embodied and obtruded themselves in a history of brute triumph on the one side, and of grinding discomfiture on the other, that could not be ignored. Those mischiefs, once so illustrated, became a long entail of sequel and tradition, the end and oblivion of which it was, and it is, impossible to foresee. The memory and example will, indeed, always act as a terror to intimidate rebellion; but the same influence will, always, too, act as a damp to unsolder harmony, and to cool the ardors of patriotism. Did not the statesmanship of Webster and Clay do wisely, to seek the continuous preservation of the Union, rather that to risk its restoration after the chances of disruption by war?

As to Webster's correctness of view respecting the necessity of applying the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and Utah, a word will suffice. Ten peaceful years ensued after the organization of these Territories, during which time they were without legal protection against slavery. Within those peaceful years the population of New Mexico advanced from 0.29 (persons to a square mile) in 1850, to 0.36 in 1860. During the same period Texas advanced from 0.77 to 2.20. The advance here credited to New Mexico, small as it may appear, appears, nevertheless, greater than it actually was. For, meantime, Colorado and Arizona had been set off from her territory, and their percentage of increase was yet smaller than hers. Mr. C. F. Adams, accordingly, in 1861, was quite warranted in treating the whole question of possible future slavery in New Mexico, to use his own term, as purely an "abstraction." He said that more than ten years' Governmental care of the "bantling" had resulted in introducing only twenty-two slaves, of whom ten were nonresidents, into the Territory. Webster, then, and Mr. Adams thought alike on this subject. The only difference is, that Webster was ten years earlier in expressing his opinion. Why, pray, should Webster alone continue to be blamed? Why, indeed, should he be blamed at all?

But let Webster have been thus conscientious, consistent, patriotic, wise, as you maintain, does it follow that he was morally right? Is there not an absolute right and wrong in the world? And cannot a man find something better worth swearing his faith to than country? Is not humanity more than native land? Is not justice greater than statesmanship? We thus come to our final topic, the question,

Did Webster act *right?*

Webster thought that all the chief goods to us as a nation were best obtainable through the Union. With the Union and Constitution established and preserved, he thought that every other political blessing was possible. He foresaw Freedom prevalent at last throughout the nation as the peaceful result of the operation of moral forces. Webster never thought otherwise than that slavery was a moral, political, social, and economical evil. He never expected otherwise than that slavery would finally disappear from the country. He knew—as who that was exempt from the moral and intellectual obliquity incident to practical complication with slavery could fail to know?—that the permanent union of free States with slave States was impossible. Such a union was like the binding together of the living and the dead. But it was evident enough that the forces of life were swiftly and surely gaining the ascendant over the forces of death. Freedom was winning and slavery was losing every day. And freedom was winning more, as slavery was also losing more, while the Union subsisted, than could be the case on either side if the Union should cease. To break up the Union would weaken freedom, and would strengthen slavery. The political Abolitionists, of whom Sumner may, without injustice, be named as representative, seemed to have won a great triumph for their cause, when emancipation was proclaimed and effected. But observe the conditions under which that apparent triumph was won. It was won solely through the force and persistency of the sentiment of union, which Daniel Webster, by eminence, had succeeded in instilling into the understanding, and conscience, and heart of the American people. Without that sentiment of union, the decree of emancipation could never have been issued, or, issued, must, perforce, have remained *brutum fulmen*—or, less respectable still, the empty lightning of ridiculous demonstration, without the accompanying thunderbolt of even a formidable attempt at practical enforcement. Webster's statesmanship provided the fulcrum which gave to Sumner's reformatory force all the leverage that it had for exerting itself to effect the overthrow of slavery. If the fulcrum planted by Webster had not stood, Sumner's strength would have gone, simply and only, to split the Union, and not in the least to unsettle slavery. Indeed, with the Union divided, slavery would have been necessarily more cruel, more resistant, and more stable than before. The decree of emancipation, and the fact of emancipation, often mistakenly credited to the Abolitionists, were far more truly the work of Webster, than the work of the antislavery agitators. Emancipation was an incident of the war for the *Union*, as emancipation was sure, sooner or later, to have been a peaceful fruit of union, if the war had been averted.

But union, rather than abolition, was the true chief moral, as well as political good of this nation, for reasons that may be briefly thus summarized. Union was the means to ultimate abolition, while political abolition was the means to ultimate and permanent disunion. If disunion could have been secured by any peaceful measures, slavery in the South would have remained intact, and have been no less alert and jealous in self-defense than before. The two separated republics, supposing two republics to have been formed, would have remained in the same local juxtaposition. Slaves would have been no less likely to attempt escape. Attempt at recovery would have been as inevitable. There would have been an undiminished disposition to resist recapture. The result would have been this inexorable alternative, either, first, a treaty stipulation between the two republics for extradition of fugitive slaves, and so a fugitive slave law in effect, like that which even liberty-loving England, through her Admiralty Court, administers to this day; or, secondly, border incursions, and, by consequence, a chronic state of war. The first branch of the alternative would be no gain for freedom, and the second branch would involve consequences of bane to every conceivable human interest, not to be contemplated as having been escaped, without an outcry of thankfulness; not to be contemplated as imminent, without a shudder of horror.

Such considerations as these compel us to decide that the course which Webster pursued in 1850 was, in the largest view, not merely wise, but right,—that is, agreeable to the highest and widest morality.

Respecting, then, Webster's course of public conduct in the matter of the compromises of 1850, as it is for this that he still chiefly suffers in the popular esteem, so for this, I fully believe, he deserves our unmingled admiration and gratitude. There was some palliation for injustice on the part of abolitionists toward Webster, at a time when they passionately believed that his vast influence was what chiefly obstructed the progress of their cause—as, no doubt, it truly was what chiefly obstructed their mischosen pathway of progress for their cause. It was necessary, they instinctively felt, to destroy Webster's ascendency over the judgment and conscience of the people, before they could hope effectively to further the ends which they honestly and ardently held to be first in importance for the good of humanity. In the passion of their conviction and zeal, they easily thought that Webster really was the criminal man that, accordingly, they loudly pronounced him to be.

But the fight now is fought, and the victory, somehow, has been won. In the truce of antislavery strife that has happily succeeded at last, and with us become, it may be trusted, a perpetual peace, it is no longer excusable if we let the unjust reproach against Webster grow traditional and inveterate.

But this cannot happen. Posterity, at least, will not suffer it. However minded still may be the new American nation that now is, the new American nation that is soon to be will surely do him justice. His own great words come back. They seem chosen for our needs in speaking of him. We give the phrase a forward aspect, and we say of Webster, The future, at least, is secure. For his renown, is it not of the treasures of the whole country? The tree sent its top high, it spread its branches wide, but it cannot fall, for it cast its roots deep. It sunk them clean through the globe. No storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it. It certainly is not less safe to stand than is the republic itself. Perhaps it is safer.

What he spoke lives, while what was spoken against him perishes, and his own speech, in the end, will effectually defend him. Already the rage of defamation breaks and disperses itself, vainly beating against that monumental rock to his fame.

> "Their surging charges foam themselves away."

When the storm has fully spent itself, when the fury is quite overpast, the candid weather will quickly drink up the drench of mist and of cloud that still stains it. Then Webster's works will be seen, and the speech of the seventh of March among them, standing there, like Mont Blanc, severe and serene, to attest, "how silently!" but with none left to gainsay the greatness of the man, the pureness of the patriot.

But thus far to anticipate, and not to anticipate farther, would be scarce half to have guessed the recompense of acknowledgment that surely awaits Daniel Webster. History will sit down by and by to meditate his words, and, wisely comparing events, make up her final award. She then will perceive, and proclaim, that, not once, nor twice, in an hour of darkness for his country, this man, not merely in barren wish and endeavor, but in fruitful force and accomplishment as well, stood forth sole, or without rival eminent, vindicator and savior of the republic. She will see, and she will say, that, especially in 1850, while many clear and pure spirits were accepting, amid applause, the glorious bribe of instant enrollment among ostensible and confessed defenders of liberty, one spirit was found—a spirit of grave and majestic mold, capable of putting this brilliant lure aside, to choose, almost alone, amid obloquy, and scorn, and loss, a different bribe—a bribe which turned sternly toward its chooser an obverse of rejection for himself, but which bore, concealed from other, less deeply beholding eyes than his, a reverse of real eventual rescue for liberty, involved in necessary precedent redemption for his country. That chief selected spirit's name, history will write in the name of Daniel Webster. Nor will she omit to point out that, in thus choosing bravely for country, he did not less choose wisely for liberty.

But history will go farther. She will avouch that not even with death did Webster cease being savior to his country. It was Webster still, she will say, that saved us yet again in 1861. Illuminating her sober page with a picture of that sudden and splendid display of patriotism which followed Fort Sumter, she will write under the representation her legend and her signature, "This is Daniel Webster." I have pondered his words, she will say, I have studied his life, and this apparition is none other than he. Sleeping wakefully even in death for her sake, he hearkened to hear the call of his country. He heard it in the guns of Fort Sumter. Resurgent at the sound, that solemn figure once more, and now, for the last and the sufficing occasion, re-appeared on the scene, standing visibly, during four perilous years, relieved, in colossal strength and repose, against her dark and troubled sky, the Jupiter Stator of his country.

For that magnificent popular enthusiasm

for the Union—an enthusiasm, the like of which, for blended fury and intelligence enlisted on behalf of an idea, the world had never before beheld, this, as history will explain, was by no means the birth of a moment. Fort Sumter fired it, but it was otherwise fueled and prepared. Daniel Webster, by eminence, his whole life long had been continuously at work. Speech by speech, year after year, the great elemental process went on. These men might scoff, and those men might jeer, but none the less, through jeer and scoff, the harried Titan kept steadily to his task. Three generations, at least, of his countrymen he impregnated, mind and conscience and heart, with the sentiment of devotion to the Union. This, in great part, accounts for the miracle of eighteen hundred sixty-one. Thus was engendered and stored in the American character the matchless spirit of patriotism which slept till Fort Sumter, but which, with Fort Sumter, flamed out in that sudden, that august, that awful illustration all over the loyal land. One flame—who forgets it?—one flame of indignation and wrath, like a joyful sword from its sheath, leaping forth, released at last, from the patient but passionate heart of the people! That monster Union meeting, for example, in New York city on the twentieth of April, filling Union Square from side to side, and from end to end, with swaying surges of people—what was it, history will inquire, but Daniel Webster, come again, in endlessly multiplied count, but in scarce augmented volume of personal power?

Such is certain to be the final sentence of history. And if history notes, as she will, that the generous desire of freedom for the slave—a desire bond of conscience before, in millions of hearts, but gloriously emancipate now, by the welcomed foretokenings of war—if history notes that this influence entered to heighten the noble passion of the hour, this influence, too, she will gratefully recognize to have been largely a fruit of the eloquence of Webster.

Should some share, perchance, of this confident prediction fail, history, at least, must decide that, comprehensively surveyed in its relation to the whole of his own life, and in its relation to the life of the republic, Webster's part in the affairs of eighteen hundred fifty was the part of an honest, a consistent, a wise, and an upright, patriot and statesman. With this measure of justice, let us make late haste to pacify now his indignant fame.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN.*

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

FROM 1872 till near the end of 1874, the period of his death, I had the privilege of counting Oliver Madox Brown as my most intimate friend.

I had, however, made his acquaintance before the former date, having two years previously met him frequently at his father's house, and at the houses of mutual friends. He was then fifteen, and even at that early age devoted to art. His manner was remarkable for its boyish straightforwardness; for instance, on hearing any facts which taxed too keenly his credulity, he would deny their authenticity with a blunt frankness characteristic of one even younger.

Yet at this time, I was struck by his large knowledge of poetry, and the extreme justice of his observations. He selected almost unfailingly, for his special admiration, passages so subtly exquisite that they had often escaped the attention even of professed critics.

After the period of our first acquaintance, I did not meet him again until June, 1872, when he asked me to hear a story in manuscript, purporting to be written by a friend of his. The night of his visit I must always now regard with the most tender and melancholy interest. The sweet prolonged summer twilight was almost at an end, and I was sitting quite alone in my study, when Oliver entered. In a short time I perceived that the two years had worked a considerable change in him. The boyish simplicity of his nature was still unchanged; but certain angularities of manner, noticeable before, had been wholly rounded off.

He often afterward alluded to that first night of our friendship, recalling the thunder-storm which hung imminent in the air, and, bursting at length, seemed strangely in harmony with the tale of tempest and passion he had to read.* Not till the reading had been completed, the work discussed and criticised, did he reveal to me its authorship. I was fully prepared for his ultimately achieving great triumph in the art in which his father has won an undying name; but this manifestation of genius in a direction totally new to him, thoroughly took me by surprise.

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* "The Dwale Bluth," "Hebditch's Legacy," and other literary remains of Oliver Madox Brown. Tinsley Brothers, 8 Catherine Street, Strand, London.

"The Black Swan" does indeed stamp itself indelibly on the mind. The plot may not be distinctly original; the idea of a man who for some insufficient motive marries without love, and afterward meets with the woman whom he can and does love, and who, by returning his passion, excites the vengeance of the injured wife, is one with which most readers of novels will not be unfamiliar. However, all the more to the honor of young Madox Brown's genius, that he was able to inform this somewhat hackneyed theme with a freshness and vigor seldom paralleled. He may have been anticipated in his subject, but the originality of its treatment was all his own.

The whole drama of "The Black Swan" was enacted at sea; the violence of storm, the treacherous quiet of tropic calm, symbolizing largely the various and conflicting feelings which pass in the hearts of the three persons of the drama. This frame-work gives to the story something of the dignity that belongs to tragedy.

Gabriel Denver, the patient, passive man, surprised into love, from which he struggles to escape, unable even to die, holding fast by the standard of right, torn and tattered though it be;—Deborah Mallison, his wife,—the stern, sinister woman, with the ever-active, morbid brain, to whose very existence the great successful passion is as necessary as respiration itself, and who, baffled and outraged in her love, substitutes for it a hate even more intense,—both these characters are drawn at full length, and depicted with rare force. They are, moreover, representatives of two distinctly different types, which modern civilization, tending as it does to dwarf both our virtues and our vices, constantly enfeebles, if it cannot destroy.

"The Black Swan," with its tragic termination, is from its commencement to its close a complete and colossal work of art; hardly so "Gabriel Denver," by reason of the happy ending forced on the author by his publishers,—an end which accords ill with the somber texture of which the entire work is woven. I would fain linger over "The Black Swan," the first hardy fruits of an imagination which could not only conceive high things, but execute them. Yet as my space is limited, and it may be familiar to some of my readers through the version of "Gabriel Denver," from which it does not materially differ till the close, I will pass at once to what I consider the author's masterpiece—a Devonshire romance entitled "The Dwale Bluth," unfortunately unfinished, though well on to completion.

At the very commencement of this story, that feeling for high tragic ends and issues, so conspicuous in "The Black Swan," is here even more apparent. Helen Serpleton, the heroine of the story, is a girl terribly wild and wayward, possessing a nature which repels some as much as it enthrals and fascinates others. She is the outcome of a long and stormy line. What manner of folk her ancestors were, we learn from the opening chapters, which for grasp of character, vigor of color, breadth and daring of style, have seldom been surpassed. They have in them, besides, that glamour so noticeable in Scott's most romantic episodes. But the lawless blood which ran riot in the veins of her forefathers, was to be blended with Spanish blood, her mother being no more than a beautiful Spanish gypsy. From such a combination, something lovely and sinister, full of life and of black shadow, must be expected.

I shall not here be able to trace the heroine's career, which was predestined from the first to be brief, tragic, and poetical. Living in Devonshire with her uncle, a profound book-worm (by the by, an admirably drawn character), and with Margery, an old Devonshire servant, who has no patience with the child's passionate and poetical nature, Helen one day, in a fit of pique, poisons herself almost fatally by eating the berries of the "Dwale Bluth," or deadly nightshade. The subsequent delirium is presented with marvelous power, the author seeming to have realized himself all its wonderful subtleties of transition. It is delirium shown from the patient's point of view, rather than from that of the watcher. The terror we acquire at such times of things familiar and loved, is wonderfully depicted. The toad which Helen had one day rescued from death, and which she ever after loved and petted, grows "as large and hideous as an Egyptian statue; she is no bigger than a fly before him." Unable to move or cry out, she lies quite still, expecting every moment that he will pounce upon her, and destroy her, as she remembers to have seen him deal with insects.

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* "The Black Swan," the original version of "Gabriel Denver."

In the brief space at my command, it would be impossible to criticise minutely work like the present. I will say briefly, then, that Oliver Madox Brown's especial genius was manifested in that special power which presents the subtlest phases of emotion to the mind as vividly as it reproduces external objects. As a novelist of the highest order, he had little to acquire, though he had something to discard. He had to learn that the completest art leaves something to the imagination. His word-pictures, always effective, were occasionally too set, and the canvas overcrowded with detail. His work generally would have gained by the excision of things even in themselves excellent. But time, doubtless, would have made these modifications.

"Hebditch's Legacy"—next to "The Dwale Bluth" in importance, and, like "The Dwale Bluth," unfinished—is remarkable for its descriptive passages and keen analysis of human nature and motives. It was the first of a series of works in which it was the author's intention to describe London life in all its phases. "Dismal Jemmy," and "The Last Story," taken down at dictation during his illness, were doubtless to have been included in the series.

He gave to his work all that love and devotion that a great artist gives to a great art; he probably possessed more than any writer of the present time that complete objectivity, not requisite to the poet, but indispensable to the dramatist and novelist. It was difficult to satisfy him with his own work; he would frequently, when half way through a story, without a regret cast aside all he had done, and recast it afresh.

Of his conscientious method of working you may form some idea when I tell you that the walls of his room, in which he habitually wrote, were covered with sheets of paper containing some hundreds of names collected from different sources, which were to pass before him in review, till he lighted on such names as he deemed suitable to his characters.

I must not forget to mention the rare snatches of song which are included in these volumes; they have all a very distinct charm, and prove the presence of a deeply emotional and lyrical faculty from which high things even in this line might be predicted.

Of his artistic career, so brief and brilliant, I shall let the most important facts speak for themselves. At the age of fourteen, he had a picture—the subject being "The Centaur Chiron receiving the Infant Jason from the Slave"—exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. Here also, in the following season, his water-color entitled "Obstinacy," representing a rider forcing a restive horse into the water, was well hung, and attracted considerable attention. Both these works were purchased by Mr. King, of Liverpool. In the Royal Academy of the same year, the young artist exhibited a water-color of somewhat similar kind, entitled "Exercise."

His next performance, hung at the International Exhibition, South Kensington, was more ambitious in aim, being an excellent subject from "The Tempest," never treated before,—"Prospero and the Infant Miranda sent adrift in an open boat." This picture was purchased by Mr. Rowley, of Manchester. In 1872, at the Society of French Artists in Bond street, was exhibited the last of his pictures, the finest and most carefully executed, "Silas Marner finding the child Eppie."

The book from which I condense these facts is edited by W. M. Rossetti and Dr. Hüffer, who bring to their somewhat arduous task the greatest patience and love, furnishing complete plans of the unfinished stories, The Memoir is written in a spirit of rare tenderness.

The subject of this sketch was born on the 20th of January, 1855, and died on the 5th of November, 1874. His premature death leaves a gap in literary possibilities which it will be difficult to fill.

I may say that all who knew him loved him. He was the best and truest of friends, possessing a nature warm and sympathetic; yet I never knew any occasion on which his friendship dimmed his sense of justice. More than once I have benefited by his keen intellect, which often detected my right from wrong, as I afterward came to see. Had he lived, he would have developed into one of those men to whom other men in their sore need look for strength and counsel. His standard of life was a high one. I remember how once, for nearly an hour he talked almost uninterruptedly, to show me how large an influence man has on the world, by simply living out his life to its highest possibilities. That night he was in one of his gravest and most thoughtful moods. His conversation generally was quick with repartee, which sometimes hurt just a little; but his bright smile and cordial shake of the hand always healed instantly the slight wound which his tongue might have unwittingly caused.

He was free from the slightest trace of sentimentality; his nature was essentially masculine and robust, having that almost maternal tenderness which in noble natures is generally coupled with strength. His friendship evinced itself in those little acts of consideration and tact which help so materially to sweeten life. It was, moreover, equal to the highest test, as I have personal reasons for knowing.

We who knew and loved him, and the world who, through these volumes, will learn all they have missed, may selfishly deplore his untimely death. But I make no doubt that to him, at least, this end was good. He died surrounded by those he loved. During his brief and remarkable life he enjoyed the friendship of some of the most distinguished men of his time, who yielded him their admiration with no stint. By his first published work, "Gabriel Denver," he realized success. A wonderful future lay in front; but, before the strong heart and brain could weary on the way, Death withdrew him, as a distinguished guest who may not tarry long even at the highest festival.

He never knew the desolation of loss, the cruelty of love, or the treachery of seeming friendship. And now publishers and reviewers, envy and adulation, failure and success are nothing to him for whom

> "All winds are quiet as the sun,
> All waters as the shore!"

THE SUMMONS.

Jubilee! jubilee! Motherland, hail to thee!
Hail to thy glory, thy pride and thy worth!
All thy sons flock to thee, fly to thee, sail to thee,
Lovingly keeping the feast of thy birth.
Throw all the banners out!
Joyful hosannas shout!
Gather thine own from the ends of the earth.

Gather by millions, from lowland and highland,—
Kneel at the shrines where our forefathers knelt.
Call all from mainland, and foreland, and island;
Where the figs ripen, or snows never melt:
Where the swift shuttles hum;
Where the flails flash and drum,
Norman, and Saxon, and Teuton, and Celt.

Come from the mountains where brood the fierce eagles!
Come from the groves where the mocking-birds call!
From the blue billows where drift the white sea-gulls,
Or where the red leaves of the prairie-rose fall.
Come while the starry-eyed,
Heaven-born, rainbow-dyed
Banner of Liberty streams over all.

Loyal to thee and thine, nation all-beautiful,
Nursed in thy bosom, or borne by the sea,
Come we with reverent homage and dutiful,
Homeland so happy, united and free.
Hail to thy hundred years!
Forward! with songs and cheers,
Keeping the year of our land's jubilee!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Centennial.

THE American nation is a hundred years old this month. There is, probably, some man living to-day, within the borders of the country, who first saw the light amid the thunders of the Declaration; so that the nation has only lived, so far, to the extreme limit of a man's life. The man is old, to be sure, but the nation is only in its childhood. It is hard for a people of more than forty millions to realize this fact of youth. We have grown so fast, and done so much, that we feel old, and naturally put on the airs of age. We have had the benefit of so much experience wrought out for us on other fields, and we find our roots planted so deeply in the old nationalities, that it is hard to separate ourselves from their history and their civilization.

There will be many editorials upon this topic, and we find ourselves moved only to allude to a few of the circumstances among which this rapid century's growth has been effected. No century of the world's history has been marked by such discoveries as have taken place during the last hundred years. If we could have chosen the most interesting period that has passed over the world since the morning stars sang together for our first century, we should have chosen that which expires with this month. Steam has revolutionized the world during this century. The steamship on the sea, the locomotive on the land, and the stationary engine as a manufacturing power, have taken the place of nearly all the old forces employed in transportation and propulsion. Our rapid development has only been rendered possible by the multiplied applications of this discovery.

The rapidity with which thought and intelligence can be communicated has been a million times increased by the discovery of the telegraph. We sit now, at our breakfast tables, and read in our morning newspapers,—themselves a product of the century,—the whole world's doings of the previous day. That which fifty years ago would have seemed an impossibility, or a miracle, is to-day a fact so familiar that it has ceased, in the common thought, to excite attention. We fly over land and sea more tirelessly than a bird. We question the Antipodes, and a messenger brings us an answer in less than "forty minutes." Time and space are hinderances no more. We have forestalled the declaration of the Angel in the Apocalyptic vision. Our nation has become a family, our world a neighborhood, through the ministry of steam and lightning.

Space would fail us to speak of the cotton-gin, the power-loom, and the wonderful saving of human labor that they have introduced; of the photograph in its multiplied relations to science, art, and common life; of the improved plow; the machines for planting, reaping, and threshing; of the sewing-machine and the knitting-machine,—all inventions by which one man and one woman become practically ten men and ten women, in the varied fields of labor; of oil drawn from the depths of the earth, almost as abundant and cheap as water, with which to light the homes, not only of this country, but all countries; of gold mines, and silver mines, and mountains of iron. It seems as if the great discoveries of the world had been piled into the century just expiring, and we had seen, enjoyed, and profited by the development of them all,—as if they had been hidden from human sight from the foundation of the world, to be uncovered for our benefit, and to give us such a start in life as no existing nation ever enjoyed.

When we think of the strides which science and all the useful arts have taken during the century; of the shackles which have been stricken from human thought, of the emancipation of serfs and slaves, all over the world; of the increasing comforts of the race that have ultimated in the increase of the average of human life; of the domains that have been won over to Christian civilization; of the spread of knowledge and education among the peoples of the world, we are overwhelmed with magnitudes that we cannot measure, and can only be thankful for what we have seen, and congratulate ourselves that they have all entered as forces into our young civilization.

We ought to be thankful that we have been held together. The stern virtues of the fathers of the Republic,—virtues whose influence during all the convulsions of the nation, and all its corruptions, have never died out,—save in momentary eclipse,—have been the national salvation. We cannot doubt that they are renewing their hold upon the American people. The call for reform and purification, that rises everywhere to-day, is but an echo to the cry that reaches us across the century, from men who sealed their incorruptible patriotism with their blood. We who live to-day must quickly pass away. The next Centennial will find us all dust, and we owe it to our children, and our children's children, to give to the next century of our national life the impress and the impulse of virtues which will make it happy in the experience, honorable in the record, and sweet in the retrospect. There is something more important, more beneficent, than discovery; and it is in our hands to do much,—almost everything, in fact,—to make the next century as notable for its political integrity, and its moral beauty, as the last has been for its progress in a thousand newly discovered channels of material good.

The May Conference.

THERE assembled at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, on the 15th of May, a company of gentlemen,—newspaper editors, litterateurs, college presidents and professors, and men of affairs,—for the purpose of conferring upon the politics of the country. They came together to give voice to the nation's conscience touching political corruptions; to exchange views concerning the methods for reformation, and to make a declaration and a demand. They had no personal ambitions to advance, no candidates for office to propose, no schemes for power to inaugurate. Disappointed by those in whom the nation had trusted, disgraced and humbled as Americans by those whom they had helped to place in office, and desirous only for purity in politics and a restoration of the national honor, they met to declare their lack of confidence in the current party moralities, and to demand a reform. Their proceedings were characterized by dignity, earnestness, boldness and ability; and none have carped or caviled over them, except such as were in sympathy with the iniquities which they condemned.

If these gentlemen had represented themselves only, their assembling would have possessed a notable significance, but there is no doubt that they represented hundreds of thousands. The half-dozen men who were instrumental in calling them together were astonished by the multitudinous responses to their missive. Now, to the unregenerate politician, and the party whipper-in, such a gathering is a theme of profane merriment. That men should interest themselves in politics who have no personal ends to serve, and spend their time and breath, moved by nothing but love of country, are matters so marvelous to them that they can only laugh, or speak of the affair in a tone of patronizing pity. If there are those among them who assume a different tone, they simply bluster like Tweed, and ask: "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Tweed, at the beginning of the agitation concerning his Ring and its corruptions, listened to the uproar raised by the public press, read the reports of the indignation-meetings, saw the appointment of the Committee of Seventy, and then, behind the intrenchments of his power, asked his taunting question. Mr. Tweed learned, at last, that any power must melt before the popular indignation; that party machinery can avail nothing against an aroused public conscience, and that his pretentious person was not too sacred for a jail, or too ponderous to run away. Has Mr. Tweed a lesson for the party politician? It strikes us that he has a very forcible one.

We suppose that most thoughtful men have read the address issued by the Conference. It calls upon all good citizens, at the approaching Presidential election, to support no candidate who has any complication or sympathy, in any form, with political corruption—no man, even, about whom any question can be asked with an uncertain answer. It disclaims all ambition on the part of its framers to form a new political party, but expresses the wish that the reforms they seek may be perfected by one of the present organizations. They will follow any lead that will accomplish the results they seek, but will insist on their reform, in some way, if party action should fail. They declare that experience has taught them that the habitual submission of good citizens to a choice of evils, presented to them by party organizations, is one of the most prolific causes of corruption in our politics. To break the subtle tyranny of organization, wielded by those who live by politics, by a stern refusal to submit to such a choice of evils, they declare to be the first beginning of a reform in our political life. And they are right. If party organizations will not give us the reform that the people desire, then the people will, in some practical way, inform them what they are "going to do about it." "An honest Government,"—honest in the settlement of all the affairs connected with our civil war; honest in paying its debts when due; honest in the execution of the law which is to remove the curse of a redundant, irredeemable paper currency; honest in every department of its administration,—this is what the address demands; and we cannot doubt that the great mass of intelligent voters throughout the country will respond to the demand.

Long before this article can be published, we trust the call with which the address closes, for organization all over the country, will have been powerfully responded to. Unless the American people are content to have their Government carried on by those who "live by politics," and who make place a matter of trade, and office the spoils of party victory, they must arise in their might, and declare that this thing shall no longer be. With a governing class, second or third rate in its intellectual caliber, and second or third rate in its moral quality, we have no safety except in a deep and thorough reform. It must come, or we are forever doomed to disgusting humiliation and the world's contempt. We believe that there are men, inside of both parties, who understand this, as well as outside of both, and now is the time either to make themselves felt, or to take themselves out of the way.

From Humility to Excellence.

THE corruptions in high places, so freely exposed during the last few months, and advertised to the world, have done more to humiliate the American nation than anything that has occurred during its history. One of our highest officials has sold his patronage for money; corrupt intrigues have been revealed in the President's official household; large bodies of men, hitherto regarded as respectable, have confessed to conspiracies for defrauding the revenue, and rottenness has seemed to be everywhere. As if all this were not sufficient, a good man has been proscribed by the American Senate, at the dictation of demagogues. Even this was not enough, and we have had a Congressional investigating committee, whose proceedings have been conducted in the interests of partisanship. Each party has endeavored to smirch the other. Anything, everything, has been done to kill off Presidential candidates, and ruin personal and political character. Not content with existing and apparent scandals, there has been an organized attempt to create them. All the hounds of party in Washington, and its outlying political connections, have had their noses at the ground for months, greedily hunting for something that stinks. This greed for scandal, for political purposes—this determination to find it or make it—is the bitterest drop in the national cup of humiliation. Our mother was naked and exposed to the scoffs of the world, and, instead of seeking to cover her, our politicians have not ceased to throw mud at her.

So far as it regards public morals, or political morals, we are as low down as we can be. American political morality is a hissing and a by-word. We boast no more. We had supposed that America was a manly nation, to say the least; but we find it riddled all through with personal and political corruption. Our righteousnesses are the filthiest kind of rags. At a time when the saddest adversities are resting upon the national commerce and industry, we have seen our national legislature treating the gravest financial questions with strict reference to party interest, and with open and undisguised relation to the coming Presidential election. Is there—can there be any lower depth of humiliation? Of course our political men will find it if they can.

A few weeks ago an English gentleman gave an address in Philadelphia, in which he alluded to the effect of the Exhibition of 1851 upon the British people. Up to that date, he said, the people had been vain of themselves, and vain of their achievements. Brought face to face with other nations, and becoming for the first time aware that in many departments of art they had everything to learn from those whom they had previously despised, they were left by that Exhibition utterly humbled. They had nothing to say for themselves, except to confess that they had been self-flattering fools, and nothing to do but to put themselves resolutely to the task of overtaking the world around them. The result of a quarter of a century of work has been wonderful. During these twenty-five years the art of England has been transformed. The South Kensington Museum is a child of that early Exhibition, and is probably the finest museum in the world. There are five hundred schools of art in Great Britain, nearly all of which had their roots in that national humiliation.

This frankly speaking gentleman did not leave his lesson to be inferred, but told his audience that he thought it quite likely that when the Centennial Exhibition should be closed, the American nation would find itself precisely in the condition of the British nation in 1851.

Well, when we have been sufficiently humbled in regard to our national honor and honesty, and sufficiently humbled touching our achievements in the various arts of civilization, we shall be in a good condition to start anew. The time is auspicious for a fresh departure. We have had a century of national existence. We have fought the battles of the Revolution. We have fought the battles of the Union. We have built our canals and railroads. We have tapped our inexhaustible mines. We have spread our rapidly accumulating population all over the continent. We have woven a mesh of telegraph wires upon the whole face of the country. We have invented our mowers and reapers and plows and sewing-machines, and a thousand other contrivances for multiplying the products of labor. We have built our churches and school-houses. We have laid broad foundations for living, but life itself we have not yet begun. Those higher arts which mark the highest civilization have had but small development. The pursuit of luxury and material good, which has debased us, has not given way to those higher pursuits which elevate and purify. We have been vain of our progress and vain of our achievements. We have been vain of our wealth and our resources. We have talked loftily of the "effete civilizations" of the Old World. It is well, therefore, at the very beginning of the second century of our national life, that we learn exactly where we stand, or how very low in the scale of national existence we lie. We hail our humiliations as the earnest of our future progress.

Already the protest against the corruptions of our political and social life has begun. Within our memory there has been no such deep feeling upon this matter as almost universally exists to-day. In all our experience and observation, purely party ties never lay so lightly upon the people as they do to-day. The demand for politics and political men of a higher tone than those of the present is unmistakable. Thank Heaven that no *party* dares to present, for the suffrages of the American people, this year, a man who is morally, socially and politically "off color." We are after the clean man now, and when we get him we shall have clean men around him, and clean men to represent him. This whole dirty brood of politicians, that has disgraced and humiliated us, is to be swept out of sight, or scared and compelled into decency.

The success of the Centennial Exhibition will not at all depend upon the amount of money taken at the gates. If what is exhibited by the various nations brings us to see how ignorant we are in regard to those things which most establish the honor of a nation, and most richly minister to its higher life; if it humiliate us to the point of docility, and plant within that docility the motive of emulation, the Exhibition will be a success whose value cannot be reckoned by millions. We expect much; we hope more. Indeed, we most heartily believe that this centennial year is the beginning of a new era of national life,—in morals no less than in art,—that the nation is to be better and brighter for all its humiliations. If it do not prove to be both, it will show poor blood and base materials.

Great Shop-keepers.

THERE are certain advantages that come to the community through the existence of great fortunes. There is no doubt that it is better for a man to hire a house of one who owns a hundred houses than to hire the only house a man owns. The Astors are good landlords, because their money is all invested in houses. The renting of houses is their business. Their estates are large—gigantic, in fact—and, so that they get a good tenant, and a constant one, they are content with a moderate percentage on their investment. They have money enough to keep their property in good repair, and they do not feel compelled to press a tenant to the highest possible price. There are certain advantages that come to the community and the country through such a fortune as that of Commodore Vanderbilt, invested and managed as he invests and manages it. A man whose fortune lifts him above the temptation to steal, and who possesses large organizing and administrative capacities, may be a genuine public benefactor, in the handling of great corporate interests. There is no question, we suppose, that the great railroad over which Commodore Vanderbilt has exercised control for the last decade, has been better managed for the country and the stockholders than it ever was before. The road has been improved, it has been well run, it has accommodated the public, it has paid its employés, it has paid dividends, it has paid its interest.

It is true, also, that there must be large accumulations of capital in private hands, in order that the people may get many of the necessaries of life cheaply. The book that a man buys for five dollars may, and often does, cost fifty thousand to prepare for the press. The shirting that a laboring man wears can only be purchased cheaply because some man, or combination of men, have been willing to risk half a million or a million of dollars in the erection and appointment of a mill. The simple plated service of a mechanic's tea-table could only be produced at its price in an establishment costing immense sums of money, and employing large numbers of men, who are equally benefited with the purchasers of the ware produced. There are a thousand ways in which great capitalists are of daily benefit to the world.

New York has just been called upon to bury its great shop-keeper. The name of A. T. Stewart was known throughout the world. He had amassed a colossal fortune, he had lived a reputable life, he had done, and he was doing at the time of his decease, a larger business in his way than any other man in the world. We have no criticisms of the man to offer. He made his immense accumulations by what is called "legitimate trade;" he did what he would with his own; he left it as he chose to leave it. We share the common disappointment that he who seemed so competent to win money for his own benefit failed to dispose of it in such a way as to redound to his everlasting renown. We are sorry for his own sake, and the city's sake, that he did not associate with his name some great gift to the public, which would embalm him in the affectionate memory of a people from whose purses he took the profits that made him superfluously rich. It would have been a good thing for him to do, but he has lost his chance, and there is nothing to be said or done about it.

This, however, may be said,—and this is what we started to say,—his business was one which he did not do, and could not do, without a depressing influence upon all who were dependent upon the same business for a livelihood. His great establishment was a shadow that hung over all the others in the town. The man with ten or twenty thousand dollars; the man with a hundred thousand dollars; the man with one thousand dollars, each, alike, was obliged to compete with this man, who had millions outside of the necessities of his enormous business. The hosier, the hatter, the woman in her thread-and-needle shop, the milliner, the glove-dealer, the carpet-dealer, the upholsterer, all were obliged to compete with Stewart. If he had followed a single line of business, it would have been different; but he followed all lines. Wherever he saw a profit to be made, in any line of business that was at all congruous with dry-goods, he made it. He thus became a formidable competitor with half the shop-keepers in New-York. His capital made it possible for him to ruin men by the turn of his hand,—to fix prices at which everybody was obliged to sell at whatever loss. However proud the New Yorker may have been of his wonderful establishment,—and there is no doubt that it was pretty universally regarded with pride,—it is easy now to see, in this period of unexampled depression, that our business men at large would be in a much better condition if that establishment had never existed. If all the money that has gone to swell his useless estate had been divided among small dealers, hundreds of stores, now idle, would be occupied, and multitudes of men now in straitened circumstances, would be comparatively prosperous.

But it is said that he employed a great many people. Yes, he did; but did he pay them well? Would they not have been better paid in the employ of others? The necessities of his position, and his ambition, compelled him to pay small prices. The great mass of those who served him worked hard for the bread that fed them, and the clothes that covered them. The public bought cheaply; the outside dealers suffered; the employés laid up no money, and Mr. Stewart got rich. Under the circumstances, and under the necessities of the case, was it desirable that he should get rich? We think not; and we think that the final result of this great shop-keeping success is deplorable in every way. It has absorbed the prosperities of a great multitude of men and women. New York would be richer, happier, more comfortable, more healthy in all its business aspects, if the great store at Tenth street had never been built. Five hundred men who invest their little capital in the varied lines of business, and pay their modest rent, and devote their time to their affairs, content with profits that give them and their families a fair living and a few savings for a rainy day, are certainly better for a city than a single Stewart, who absorbs their business and leaves them in distress.

No, we want no more great shop-keepers. We trust we may never have another Stewart; and we say this with all due respect to his memory and the marvelous skill with which he managed his affairs. Such fortunes as his, won in such a way, can never be accumulated without detriment to the general business of a city like ours. They do nobody any good; they do a great multitude of people an irremediable injury.

THE OLD CABINET.

THAT we should be putting ourselves upon exhibition as a nation at the very time when most of us feel so keenly ashamed and so deeply discouraged at the condition of public affairs, has led to very serious reflection upon the part of those who think seriously at all upon such matters. But there is one thing that should be borne in mind, and that is, that the history of a nation is like the history of an individual. There is not only the outside struggle for existence—there is a sort of inward spiritual conflict. The nation's, as the individual's, moral principle is always being put to the test; trial follows trial; if there is a "growth in grace," it is grounded in hard and bitter experience. No room for self-glorification here; no time for anything but watchfulness, and for strenuous, wise, and patient exertion. At present it seems as if every man should do what he could toward the reformation of the civil service. But when that is reformed, there will be something else to be attended to. If you have had experience with people who have believed themselves spiritually perfect; who have given up the fight with their own evil lusts, convinced that these had no more dominion over them, you know how disastrously mistaken they are apt to find themselves. The *political* perfectionists have had their day in this country,—and generally it has been the fourth day of the seventh month.

SEVERAL times in these pages there has been discussion of various phases of conversational and other intercourse among human beings. The proper mode of smiling has been carefully described, as well as certain tones and tempers subversive of the pleasant art of conversation, and hindering the gayety of society. But these topics are of endless complication and endless interest. One meets people every day and talks with them, and is impressed by them, and made happy or unhappy by them. There is no escaping this—and it is not merely a question how we are influenced, but what effect we are having upon others, what sort of figure we cut in their eyes, and whether we rasp and mutilate their sensibilities, or do them good continually.

Around and above all other distinctions, there are two great classes of conversers: those who make you feel that you are of some account in the world, and those who have a subtle way of convincing you that you have no right to exist. The latter class is small in number; but what they lack in quantity, they make up in sting. Sometimes they are gifted with a sharp tongue and an unerring faculty of saying the most grinding things. Sometimes they are apparently suave and considerate in manner and phrase. But, in either case, you go away from them with a feeling that the world is stuffed with saw-dust,—that you yourself are an imbecile and an impostor. It may take days for you to recover your proper standing with yourself. Then, if you ask your soul what fatal gift has the tormentor, which carries with it this power of making his fellow-mortals miserable, you discover that it is the gift of selfishness. The person to whom you have been talking is ungenerous. A generous man, a generous woman—you cannot come near such an one without receiving something that makes amends for your own disappointment with, your own ill opinion of, yourself. An ungenerous person adds the weight of another to your side of the scales, and down you go!

IN the collected poems of Lord Houghton, just published by Roberts Brothers, we find a poem of his, a newspaper print of which we have been carrying about with us for years. We failed to find it in any volume of the author's poems attainable in the Mercantile Library; and, therefore, until now, could not know certainly whether it was correctly attributed to the noble Lord.

One of the most difficult things in the world to accomplish successfully is the poetic resetting of a pathetic incident, as is proved by the thousand failures to be met with in the newspapers and magazines, and even in the books. But, when it *is* well done, we have such poems as Longfellow's "Santa Filomena," with these memorable stanzas referring to Florence Nightingale:

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
    Pass through the glimmering gloom,
    And flit from room to room,

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
    Her shadow, as it falls
    Upon the darkening walls,"—

and Bayard Taylor's "Song in the Camp" in the Crimea:

"They sang of love, and not of fame,
    Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
    But all sang 'Annie Laurie,'"—

and Lord Houghton's "Spanish Anecdote," with other poems which the reader will recall. The last named is so fortunate and harmonious in measure, diction, and incident, that it cannot fail to endure with the most cherished poems of its class. The painter referred to is Wilkie:

"A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

"It was a holy usage to record
    Upon each refectory's side or end
The last mysterious Supper of our Lord,
    That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent Palace of old Spain,
    Rich with the gifts and monuments of Kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
    The sovereign glory of those wondrous things.

A Painter of far fame, in deep delight,
    Dwelt on each beauty he so well discerned,
While, in low tones, a gray Geronomite
    This answer to his ecstasy returned.

'Stranger! I have received my daily meal
    In this good company, now three-score years,
And Thou, whoe'er Thou art, canst hardly feel
    How Time these lifeless images endears.

'Lifeless,—ah! no: both Faith and Art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest,
And every soul who loves the food of Heaven
May to that table come a welcome guest:

'Lifeless,—ah! no: while in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
And still *that* silent Supper lasting on;

'While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all!
It seems as if *these* were the living men,
And *we* the colored shadows on the wall.'"

DAVID GRAY, of the "Buffalo Courier," delivered recently the closing lecture of the course before the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, taking for his theme the relations between Science and Poetry. The lecturer briefly summarized the shining achievements of physical science, alluded to the adoption of the scientific method in other studies, discussed the present effect of science upon poetry, described the nature and office of the latter, and predicted the ultimate harmony of the two. The lecture as printed is an interesting one, grouping, as it does very effectively, many of the best utterances that have been made on this subject, and adding a new plea, none the less effective because, as it is by a poet, it is open to the charge of being *special*. Mr. Gray quotes Wordsworth's well-known statement on this subject, in which he says that "if the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." And this from Tyndall: "The position of science is already assured, but I think the poet also will have a great part to play in the future of the world. To him it will be given for a long time to come to fill those shores which the recession of the theologic tide has left exposed; to him, when he rightly understands his mission, and does not flinch from the tonic discipline which it assuredly demands, we have a right to look for that heightening and brightening of life which so many of us need. He ought to be the interpreter of that power which has hitherto filled and strengthened the human heart."

"It is certain," says Mr. Gray, "that the conditions imagined by Wordsworth are soon to become actual. The vast field of scientific knowledge, with its wealth of new and inspiring facts, its marvelous discoveries, its sublime generalizations, is rapidly becoming the familiar possession of mankind. Into it, as Wordsworth foretold, Poetry must straightway enter. The poet formulates and even anticipates his epoch, but cannot stay outside of it. He must ever be the most modern among his contemporaries. The new material of science, therefore, will be woven into the fabric of his loom. 'The milk of science will go to make the blood of the muse.' What novel forms or hues may thus be introduced into poetry we shall not know till the poet of the future tells us; but some of the influences hereafter to be felt in his art we may, perhaps, conjecture. That 'tonic discipline,' for example, of which Professor Tyndall speaks, and which science is so apt to afford, may give us ground for hope. The intellectual sanity which comes from a broad study and clear views of nature must effectually rid the poet of whatever morbid humors now taint his verse. A corresponding enlightenment of his audience, moreover, will compel him to the rejection of whatever is spurious in feeling and thought. He will not, indeed, cease to speak of nature as she reflects herself in his own soul, but he will realize for himself and his race nobler, juster relations to all external things. The splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world, and which it is his to interpret, must increase with the enlargement of his intellectual vision. He will not slight the dire lesson of human littleness, which science teaches as it never was taught before. 'Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?' sang the bard of ancient Israel, and modern discovery gives fresh and awful significance to the strain. But now, even as then, there must await a larger truth to be pealed forth in joyous, sublime antiphony. 'Thou hast made him,' breaks forth again the Psalmist, 'a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.' It will surely be for the coming bard to lift above the noise of the world's intellectual activity a new song of spiritual cheer for humanity. To him, as to none of his predecessors, will be given glimpses of the divine wisdom that orders the universe—readings of the eternal runes of Nature. Think you that Science has exhausted, or can exhaust, the sense of these sacred texts? For myself, I prefer to think of knowledge—of the acquisitions of the intellect—rather as a means to high ends than as an end in themselves. Better than to comprehend the mathematics, is to know the music of the spheres. In a word, it remains for Poetry to extend the amplest hospitality to the results of science; to feed her insight with its revelations; to accept gratefully its stimulus, its correction, its inspirations. Science, on the other hand, will recognize a higher knowledge, and learn the reverence that beseems her august office."

It is natural that the poets should have some apprehensions with regard to the effect of science upon their art. On this head Mr. Gray quotes, in the earlier part of his lecture, the protests of Poe and Schiller, and he instances, also, Mr. Stedman's now celebrated school-girls and spinsters who "wander down the lanes with Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer under their arms; or, if they carry Tennyson, Longfellow, and Morris, read them in the light of spectrum analysis, or test them by the economics of Mill and Bain." Mr. Gray might also have quoted Keats's toast of "Confusion to the memory of Newton," "because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." This irritation, we say, is very natural. But we think that the indifference of the public is, perhaps, overestimated; and that poetry, in the long run, will hold its own, no one seriously questions. The poet, says Emerson, sees the factory-village and the railway "fall within the great Order not less than the bee-hive, or the spider's geometrical web." The poet, moreover, has on his side that well-settled law of Providence and nature, which requires every human being to begin life at the very beginning, and to pass slowly through all the stages of growth and development. And it is the principle of youth in man to which the poet makes his appeal. There are some parents in New York who nurture their offspring upon the milk of evolution and the pap of protoplasm. Religion is carefully expurgated from the books read aloud to these little ones, and they have been known to startle their doting but ignorant grandmothers by answering the familiar question concerning their Maker, not from the prayer-book, but in the explicit formula of the evolutionary catechism. These are the babes from whom are withheld the crudely carved wooden fauna of Noah's Ark which sufficed the former generation, their place being filled by the correctly painted paste-board panorama, carefully classified and scientifically labeled, that you may see any day in the window of Tibbals' toy-shop on Broadway above Grace Church. But the parents of whom we speak cannot, if they would, suppress the youth and imagination of their children; they merely give them a new terminology. Your man of science does not know much, after all. As Emerson somewhere asks, what word has he brought us from our next-door neighbors, the rats? There is plenty of shade and mystery stretching away through the woods and over the hills on both sides the macadamized road of Science. Even Stedman's *enfant terrible* is a school-girl and wanders in lanes. The poet has not lost his audience yet; we doubt if Shakspere ever had so many readers as in this generation; and all that our own latter-day rhymers need have, in order to get a hearing, is—something to say.

You might suppose that nothing could be more unpoetic than a lot of machinery on exhibition in a big show-house. But a correspondent writing to "The Tribune" about the ceremonies on the 10th of May could describe the effect upon the spectators of the starting of the machinery by the hand of the President in no better words than these from Tennyson's "Day-Dream:"

> "A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt,
> * * * * * * *
> The palace banged, and buzz'd, and clackt,
> And all the long-pent stream of life
> Dash'd downward in a cataract."

Science explains and classifies; its flowers are always in rows, as at a greenhouse. Poetry comes along, selects a rose-tree, takes it home, and sees it blossom in the front yard.

Poetry, in the disguise of a friend of the present writer, did this very thing the other day. It or he—the friend—bought a Gloire de Rosamène from a sordid city greenhouse and planted it in the little strip of earth that runs between brick-walk on one side, and high brick-wall on the other, along the whole length of a certain long and narrow front yard in this very city. Do you know the Gloire de Rosamène? It is first cousin to the wild rose. It has the grace of culture, but it has not lost the charm of nature and of the country. "It is an abundant bloomer, and its flowers are cupped, large, semi-double, and of a brilliant deep scarlet." One dewy morning we saw it open its deep eyes and put to shame, with its intense, and penetrating, and reticent gaze, the shallow classification of the mere man of science.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Paris Fashions.*

A PARISIAN lady is not said to be dressed nowadays, nor does she even order a dress to be *made* for her. She asks her dressmaker to *mold* a dress upon her, and, when this is done, she is called *moulé*.

To be *molded*, you must begin by adapting *every* article of your underclothing to the shape and size prescribed by fashion. Therein lies the only secret of perfection in dress which the *Parisienne* possesses over other women. Next to the *Parisienne* it is the American woman who is considered to be "the best dresser." She has *one* fault, however—she is not always *juponné* according to the requirements of her toilet.

As a rule, each dress should have its separate set of skirts, to be worn exclusively with it, and this should be provided by the dressmaker herself, as it should always be *almost* of the same length and width as the skirt of the dress, and always of the same shape. Now *two* underskirts, at the utmost, are worn. The one which accompanies the dress, and which is of white muslin, is trimmed with lace insertions and edgings. No flounces are worn on underskirts. They are too bulky for the present style of dress.

The skirt to be worn under this muslin skirt is of white foulard, which material clings better than any other to the figure. And this skirt (which is gored, so as not to form a single plait) is stitched to the edge of the corset, in order to leave the figure perfectly untrammeled by band or belt, however thin. The skirt is also trimmed with lace insertion and edging. The corset is very long—*à la Jeanne d'Arc.* As a guide, it should be of the length of the dress cuirasse, which cuirasse, by the by, is now only simulated by trimming on the dress. This, again, is to avoid giving extra size to the figure.

Some dispense with the second skirt of white silk; they wear an under-garment of white silk under the corset, which garment they trim with lace, as if it were a skirt. It is made as long as an ordinary skirt, and it takes the place of one. In reality, therefore, *no* skirts are worn by the most strict.

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* The contributions under this head will be from our special correspondent, whose signature is attached.—ED. S. M.

To recapitulate, a fashionable lady's toilet now consists of a white silk bodice inlaid with Valenciennes, which white silk bodice is continued into a skirt, which is also richly trimmed with lace insertions and edging. This garment answers two purposes and is called by two names. Then comes the long cuirasse corset of white or pink satin, which improves the entire figure. An extra white foulard skirt *may* be stitched to the edge of the corset, but this is not necessary. It should, however, be worn under costumes not provided with a special underskirt of their own. The dress itself, of whatever material it may be, is of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece, from neck to hem of skirt. The trimming on the dress simulates cuirasse and even tunic. But *separate* cuirasses or tunics are quite laid aside, as being too bulky, and hiding the outlines of the figure too much. It thus follows that nothing is worn under a dress body excepting the under-corset. Bad, indeed, must be the figure that does not look *molded* under this system of under-clothing. You may wear a cotton dress of five dollars, if you will; but under this must be worn the finest foulards and the richest lace.

Nor is it the dressmaker who can make the figure. This depends entirely on the corset-manufacturer. There is even a talk of having dress cuirasses made by corset-makers, and the skirts would then be fastened to the corset, which would at the same time form the body of the dress.

Colors are very little worn this season. We see chiefly black and white. Black is worn for general occasions, white is reserved for full dress. White Princess tunics, made exactly like Princess robes, are much worn over black or colored skirts. They are quite as long as dresses, and have long trains at the back. These trains are looped up at the back, through thick rich cords of the same color as the tunic. White poplin tunics over black skirts are remarkably elegant.

All dresses, tunics, skirts, etc., are tied back as tightly as possible round the figure. The knees should nearly meet. Only the smallest possible steps in walking can be taken. How ladies dance I cannot imagine. It is true that dancing is going out of fashion. Ladies even prefer to sit out a dance with an agreeable partner.

But, for evening wear, the baby dress is certainly the prettiest thing that has come out for a long time. In front, imagine a baby's christening dress, made low, square in the shoulders, and trimmed *à la Princess* all down the front of the skirt, which is made of puffings of white silk, separated by insertions of lace. This baby-front skirt is continued at the back by an immense train of white silk, edged round with a thick white cord. The back of the bodice is also of silk and is laced at the back, so that in front the lady appears to be dressed *à la Bébé*, while at the back a huge train of white silk follows all her movements; and so perfectly is this skirt made, that the train is never perceptible when the dress is viewed only from the front. Nearly all evening dresses are made in this style. All the others form *Louis XIV.* front skirt and train. They are called "*La Vallière*" dresses; some others call them "*Manteau de Cour.*"

Hats and bonnets are literally covered with flowers or feathers. In shape they do not differ much from those of last year. They may be worn over the nose, at the back of the head, or on one side, according to the taste of the wearer. Very large, full caps of white lace are worn under some of the new bonnets, and are tied like scarfs—under the chin, a little on one side, to the left.

Even lace and baby bonnets have been too much worn lately. Fashion owns them no longer.

Parasols should always be of the same color and material as the dress, and be trimmed to match the trimming on the dress.

Only silk stockings are worn now, and shoes, with a strap over the instep, are of the same material as the dress.

Heels are two and a half inches high. For serious walking black kid boots, without heels, are best, but Fashion ignores them.

Gloves reach to the shoulders with short-sleeved dresses, and they are *laced up* the arm. They are kept laced. The arm can be inserted through the lacing. When the glove is drawn up, then the laces are tightened and tied together. Demi-toilet dresses, with sleeves to elbow, have the gloves to reach to the elbow. It is the rule that the gloves should always reach the sleeves.

Bracelets are rarely worn on the arm now; there is no place for them. They have descended to another use. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

—CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Rural Topics.

THINNING FRUIT.—Judging from present appearances, there will be an unusually large "set" of fruit this year. The prospect for apples and pears could not be much better, while peaches may be a trifle less promising in quantity. Owing in part to the unprecedented heavy crops of the two preceding years, the "set" this year is not quite up to the standard of what would be termed a full crop. It was feared that the open winter would be injurious to the small fruit vines, but this has proved unfounded, and there will be an unusually abundant crop of strawberries and raspberries. When small fruits are plenty and cheap, they have always heretofore affected the sale and prices of large fruits, especially when these are grown only to medium or small size. This kind of stock is always a drug in the market when fruit is abundant. But large, well-grown specimens of apples, pears, or peaches, are always desirable, either for home use or market; and doubly so for the latter purpose, for it makes no difference how plenty and low-priced poor quality fruit may be, large, full-sized specimens will always command a ready sale at profitable rates.

In a season like this, with every indication of a large crop, the only way to insure full-sized specimens is to thin out early in the summer. With apples, pears, and peaches, this thinning can be done in July, the smallest ones being pulled off, and the more advanced and perfect left. In orchard management, I have often plucked off half of the pears and peaches on the trees, literally covering the ground with quarter-grown fruit. When harvest time came, what were left on would measure and weigh quite as much as if none were taken off, while their market value would be two-fold at least; I have known of cases when it would be four times as much, with no injury to the trees. There are some kinds of pears that will be more responsive to thinning than others, and will pay liberally for the labor. Kinds that "set" thickly, like the Bartlett, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Belle Lucrative, and Doyenne Boussock, should always be thinned when the fruit is the size of a walnut. When two pears come close together, one may be pulled off, and the remaining one, at the end of the season, will equal the two in size, and be greatly superior in quality. High culture and careful thinning of apples, pears, and peaches, are the only sure road to success.

SUMMER-PRUNING.—The amateur who has growing in his garden some pear-trees, grape-vines, currants, or raspberry bushes, can often amuse himself and improve the condition of his trees, vines, and brambles by practicing what may be termed summer-pruning. When planted in rank ground and under inexperienced management, pear-trees will sometimes grow and make wood freely for a dozen or more years, and not produce a specimen of fruit in that time. There are two or three remedies for this propensity for wood-making. One of the most simple and effectual is summer-pruning, or pinching back one-half to two-thirds of the present year's growth, at any time from the 10th of July to the 1st of August. This method, followed up one or two years, is sure to bring about the desired change. Another plan, often put in practice with unfruitful trees, is to select some long slender branches and bend them, and tie fast the tip ends of such to their base; still another plan, and just as easy to put in practice, is to take a young shoot of last year's growth and draw it round in the shape of a ring. If not in the first, surely in the second year, fruit-spurs will be formed on the curved parts of either of these forms, and when once the fruit-spur appears, its continuation is certain.

When grape-vines make a rank growth of vine, the shoots should be pinched back four or five eyes beyond the last bunch of fruit, and the second growth from the eyes of this year's wood carefully rubbed off, and the bearing canes kept fastened up to stakes or other supports. Beginners not infrequently summer-prune the grape-vine too closely, exposing the bunches of fruit to the sun with a scanty foliage. Experience with bearing vines always corrects this mistake in summer treatment, and the vine-dresser learns the vital importance of an abundant foliage to ripen the fruit thoroughly in season, and the necessity of thinning the fruit on young vines in the early part of the summer.

It is only of late years that the currant has received the attention from fruit-growers that its quality and character justly deserve, as a table or dessert fruit. A few neglected bushes of the old "Red Dutch," hid away among the briars and weeds in the garden, yielded from year to year the scanty supply for making jelly, and occasionally for table use. Since the more general introduction of the "Cherry," "La Versaillaise" and "White Grape" currants, the culture and treatment of this fruit have been noticeably improved in every direction. The self-same old Red Dutch, under high culture and annual prunings, yields large crops of superior quality of fruit,—in fact, equals, in point of profit, any of the newer and larger sorts. It will be found a saving of time and expense to practice summer-pruning with the currant. A large part of the young shoots may be pulled out of the older bushes early in July, while the wood is succulent and soft, and those to remain may be shortened in by pinching with the thumb and finger. A bearing bush should be kept open and spreading; when this surplus young wood is removed in July the bearing parts are strengthened, and more and larger fruit is produced on the same surface the following year.

PLANTING CELERY.—No vegetable garden can be complete without a full supply of celery. Formerly, this vegetable was classed among those that were difficult and expensive to cultivate, and out of the reach of ordinary farmers. It was also thought necessary to dig deep trenches, and specially to manure. Nowadays, the best celery cultivated near the large cities is grown on the surface, and without any special treatment. Starting with rich mellow soil, stocky plants are set firmly in the ground four or five inches apart in the row. Market gardeners always raise celery as a second crop, usually following early cabbages, onions, or beets, such ground having been heavily manured in the spring for either of these crops. In July, when they are harvested, the ground is plowed and made smooth on the surface, and lines marked out three and a half feet apart. During damp or cloudy weather, the plants are pulled, the tops and a portion of the tap roots cut off, and they are then set out with a garden dibble four or five inches apart in the row, the soil pressed firmly around the root of each. The plants may be transplanted at any time from the tenth of July until the twentieth of August, but it will be time and money thrown away to plant on poor ground. The best kinds for family use are the "Dwarf Imperial" and "Boston Market," and from 500 to 1,000 plants of either of these will be enough for a family of five or six persons. The after-culture is to keep the ground loose and free from weeds. Later in the season, in the end of September and through October, when the celery has grown to some size, earthing up will have to be done by drawing the loose soil from either side with hoes. This is a simple task, and calls for no special training. At the time of setting out the plants, if the weather should become dry and hot, it would be well to shade the plants for a few days and water them once or twice toward evening, sprinkling the water on through the "rose" of a watering-pot.

TREE PEDDLERS.—A correspondent from Buffalo,

N. Y., finds fault with what was said in the April magazine about "tree peddlers," and insists that I was unfair in my strictures. As a matter of course, no one expects to be taken literally on a subject of this kind, when speaking in general terms. There are no doubt some very honest and trustworthy men engaged in this business, but that does not alter the case in the least, nor blot out the fact that thousands of farmers, and men owning suburban places, are outrageously swindled every spring and fall by these very same irrepressible tree venders. During the fall of 1874, a couple of these "agents" canvassed New Jersey. They had with them monstrous specimens of fruit in glass jars, and, by misrepresentation, sold trees of an inferior quality, and at twice, and, in many instances, three times the prices the same class of stock could be bought for in any responsible nursery. Besides, the purchasers from such sources have no guarantee that the trees are true to name,—an important consideration for either home consumption or market purposes. These unscrupulous fellows are up in the tricks of the trade, and write the names on unpainted labels, so that one year's exposure will effectually obliterate the pencil-written name. Even when caught in the deed, they will manage somehow or other to get out of it. A few years ago, a gentleman living in the suburbs of New York, anxious to have large pear-trees that would bear fruit soon, contracted with a tree agent for some Bartletts, the price of which was fixed at $10 apiece. The trees came in due time and were set out. In two years from the time of planting, they bore a small round russet pear, that hung on the trees until late in October. About this time, the very same agent made his appearance, and, being reminded of the contract to furnish Bartletts, he asked to be allowed to examine the trees and fruit, the latter still hanging on the trees. He examined both carefully, and, suddenly turning toward his victim, said with a stern expression, "Well, sir, when I sold you those trees, I supposed you were a well-read, intelligent man; but now I am of a different opinion." This very singular remark brought forth the query, "Why?" from the owner. "Why!" was the response from the agent, "to think of a man of culture at this day and age, who does not know the fact, that a Bartlett tree never bears Bartlett pears the first year." The gentleman admitted his ignorance, and the peddler left, master of the situation. Some weeks after, the victim made inquiry of a neighbor to know if he was aware of this strange phenomenon in horticulture. Since then, this tree agent has not made his appearance in this section of the country.—P. T. Q.

The Exhibition as a School.

A SUGGESTION in the May number, that parents would find the Exhibition a school which no other could equal, has called forth inquiry as to how mothers should avail themselves of it. The modes of study are necessarily as various as the branches of knowledge represented in the Centennial buildings. There is scarcely an art, science, or handicraft which has not its representation, and offer of help to the student. It is, in fact, object-teaching on a vast scale. In the case of a mother bringing her young children, however, her most practical course would be to take separately each country represented and confine them to that. Let her take Great Britain, for instance, showing them, before starting out in the morning, its position on the globe, and giving them a clear, succinct idea of its climate, amount of population, etc. On reaching the Centennial grounds, let her visit the pavilions of Great Britain in every department. She will find maps of England, Ireland, and Scotland; pictures of its great cities, its country homes, its seaports; other pictures representing every phase of its social life; its leading historical epochs; portraits of its great men in the past and present; the work of some of its best artists. In another building are specimens of its manufactures of every kind—cloth, pottery, cutlery, silk; the lace woven by the Irish peasant, and etchings from the hand of the Queen. There are the books which our English cousin reads, the coat he wears, the knife he carries in his pocket, the shooting drag in which he goes to see the hounds throw off. In still another building are the minerals of which the soil under his feet is made; the vegetables, wine, food of all kinds on which he feeds, and, finally, there he is himself, ruddy, thick-voiced, in a house which he has built for himself like that which he left at home. At the end of the day's exploration the child will not think he has been reading about England; he will be quite sure he has been there. The same method can be pursued with every country in rotation. In many, especially the Scandinavian, groups of life-size figures have been sent, which will materially aid the imagination. There are a group of peasants from the Black Forest, a Swedish soldier of the time when the great Gustavus sent out his colony to America, a dwarfed family of Lapps, etc., etc. The mother will be apt to find her difficulty, not in the lack of subjects, but in the sudden revelation of her own ignorance. Above all things, however, she must be systematic, or the great Exhibition will remain on the minds of her pupils an enormous blur of uncomprehended sights and sounds. The adult student will find the division we have suggested the most practicable, unless he pursues some definite subject. So distinct or comprehensive a presentation of the condition, resources, and achievements of our own country has never before been set forth. Almost every State makes an exhibition of her especial source of wealth or industry, while the Government shows our strength in war or peace, from the enormous death-dealing guns to the machinery of the life-saving and signal services, in which we surpass all other people. In a word, vast materials for study are set before us, and it is our own fault if we are not a wiser nation from the schooling.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Insights."*

WE do not write books of European travel any more; the natural result of surfeit has come. But nowadays we do what Madame de Staël taught the French of her day to do, we write a traveling novel. Americans can fall in love in Venice or Rome, where the surroundings redeem falling in love from its commonplaceness. Hawthorne and Howells, and Henry James, Jr., and Professor De Mille, and more besides, and now Mrs. Whitney, have taken this method of utilizing their journeys abroad, and, perhaps, of escaping from the untrodden jungle of American life which our fastidious novelists find it hard to explore. The scene of much of the American literature of the Centennial period is coming to be Europe. Whether it be the effect of a European background we cannot tell, but we do not quite like this book so well as we did "Leslie Goldthwaite," for instance. Mrs. Whitney is, emphatically, a writer for young girls. If Miss Alcott were out of mind, we should say *the* writer for young girls. Literature for young girls must have an excess of sentiment in it; the intellectual development of that charming creature, the girl, always takes the form of sentiment—thought colored with feeling, or more properly, "feeling that has been thought about." This sentiment changes its shape in the lapse of time; it is no more what it was in the day of Mrs. Hemans, and Mrs. Sigourney, and L. E. L., and the Annuals. We even hope that its present form is better, deeper, and more effective for good in its influence on character. In Mrs. Whitney the prevailing sentiment is strong moral aspiration and deep religious feeling and insight. There is a tinge here and there of mysticism, as of one who had read Swedenborg overmuch. Nevertheless, the tone is a pure and wholesome one. For the taste of older and graver people the book is, perhaps, a little too good. One doesn't like quite so much sugar when one is past forty. Too much moralizing, and too much seeing through people's hearts and into the depths of their souls, seems to cold and critical people a little hysterical. One doesn't like to have moralities pushed even into one's etymologies. Mrs. Whitney's chief fault is that her prose is perpetually lifting itself up into that region of sentiment where only poetry is quite at home. You cannot open this book anywhere, to listen to a prattling child or an illiterate "help," that you do not hear, from near or far, voices out of the eternal verities. This is not a real world, but the ideal world of the young girl of the higher kind. These people are "just men made perfect." Mrs. Whitney is a good story-teller, but she is a better preacher.

Michael Angelo.*

THE rage for Centennials in Europe and America has by no means been confined to literary celebrities and nations. Two years ago befell the fourth centenary of the birth of Michael Angelo, the greatest artist of modern times, and, perhaps, the most universal genius in art that has ever lived. The present Life, written by an Englishman and printed in Florence, is a result of the natural desire to celebrate Michael Angelo's four hundredth birthday by the completest records of his work and character obtainable. For this purpose, the archives of his family, hitherto jealously guarded by his brother's lineal descendant Cavaliere Cosimo Buonarroti, in that house on the Via Ghibellina which was bought by the great artist himself, have been laid before the public in at least two elaborate works by Italians of high repute. One of these is a sumptuous edition of his letters by the Cavaliere Gaetano Milanesi; the other, a new Life of Michael Angelo by the Commendatore Aurelio Gotti, Director of the Royal Galleries and Museums of Florence. It is from the latter work that Mr. Charles Heath Wilson takes whatever is new and different from the previous Lives by Vasari, Condivi, Duppa, Grimm, and others. His most important contribution to the interesting subject, apart from his merits as an adapter of portions of Gotti's work, consists in notes made by him on the occasion of a careful examination of the frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, permission for which he succeeded in obtaining. Mr. Wilson was all the more prepared for an intelligent judgment, when he ascended the movable scaffold from which he examined near by the frescoes on the vault of the Sixtine, from the fact that, in 1842, he had been in Italy as an examiner of frescoes for the Royal Commission on Fine Arts in England.† Hence, we need not fear that the conclusions to which he comes will suffer from any ignorance or lack of thorough preparation on his part. The method of fresco-painting, and the way Michael Angelo worked, will prove very interesting when we revert to it later. The present Life, printed entirely by Italian workmen, would do credit to any establishment, and the outlines of statues and paintings, as well as the head and tail-pieces which adorn the chapters, are eminently practical, serving only to re-inforce the text. The coats of arms of Michael Angelo and the Counts of Canossa, to whom he supposed himself related, ornament the covers of the book. A very complete table of contents, with chronological notes in the margin and interesting notes on the illustrations of the work, adds greatly to its value.

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* Sights and Insights. Patience Strong's Story of Over the Way. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

*Life and Works of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. By Charles Heath Wilson. London: John Murray. 1876. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

† C. H. Wilson. Report on the Frescoes of the Old Masters. Published by the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts. London. 1843.

Without going into a broad sketch of Italy in the centuries preceding Michael Angelo, possibly because it has been done so picturesquely by Grimm,* Mr. Wilson adheres closely to the actual life and doings of his subject, and hardly alludes more than incidentally to the character of the people and times which must have influenced, more or less, the genius of the great sculptor. He prefers, for the most part, to lay before the reader facts and figures, so that he may rather draw conclusions from the letters newly brought to light, than accept the theories of the writer. He seems to be possessed of a very practical common sense, which preserves him from anything like enthusiasm or haste, nor are indications wanting of a decided leaning in favor of the thoroughly respectable. The startling theories of John Ruskin—no, not theories, but vehement assertions—may have made some impression on him, for, where Ruskin denounces the later painting of Michael Angelo with fury, he follows with a faint dispraise. The Oxford Professor of Fine Art rests his case against Michael Angelo's painting † on the following premise. He has just mentioned the Venetian Bellini as the painter of "the two best pictures in the world." "Let me at once point out to you that this calmness is the attribute of the entirely highest class of art: the introduction of strong or violently emotional incident is at once a confession of inferiority."

From this foundation he builds an accusation against Michael Angelo as a painter, in which he and Raphael, Titian and Tintoret, represent the fall of painting from the highest and purest realms of art, because they are striving to uphold the pomp and hypocrisy of a waning faith. Conscience having been awakened by increase of knowledge in the Christian world, these painters tried to quiet it by tremendous efforts of genius. As usual, Mr. Ruskin is extreme, but does not fail to make many powerful points. He shows that their art was a skeptical one, and that it was of an active, perhaps strongly emotional, character; but he does not seem to take into account that it is just the emotional which appeals to people. An old man, a Professor, and an Englishman, it is eminently proper and natural that he should give greater weight to the quieter forerunners of those artists whom the world in general prefers. Mr. Wilson is an Englishman also, but he is more restrained and cautious, and his love of respectability is expressed in a much more respectful and respectable strain. He says of the Christ in the Last Judgment (p. 420): "For this ideal, air-drawn conception [of the early masters], Michael Angelo has substituted a youthful athlete of enormous physical strength, as if the unhappy thought had possessed him of thus representing Divine power. The beardless countenance is that of Apollo; the locks are parted, wavy, and agitated,—the features without expression. This young giant gathers his great limbs beneath him to rise from his seat, but pronounces the doom of the wicked as if in haste, before he has quite risen. * * * The whole action is devoid of dignity, and this figure of the living Christ as judge of mankind is offensive to taste and sentiment of religion. * * * In treating the subject as he has done, the ardent disciple of Savonarola * * * may have seized the opportunity of representing within the very sanctum of the church the merciless denunciation of sin. Whatever Michael Angelo's guiding motives, he cannot, however, escape the charge of great irreverence, while he is open to another, that he thought more of the display of his extraordinary power of representing the human form, than of a fitting treatment of his theme."

But Mr. Wilson calls attention to the fact that he had not been called upon, as far as we know, to do any work of this kind for twenty-two years, he being then sixty-six. He also brings out strongly the aversion which Michael Angelo repeatedly expressed to being employed as a painter at all. "It is not my profession," he said, when Julius II. insisted on his painting in fresco the vault of the Sixtine. Moreover, this latest biographer does not sneer at him, as Mr. Ruskin, in his Seventh Lecture (p. 35): "You will, perhaps, be surprised to find how many of Michael Angelo's figures, intended to be sublime, have their heads bandaged. If you have been a student of Michael Angelo chiefly, you may easily have vitiated your taste to the extent of thinking that this is a dignified costume; but if you study Greek work, instead, you will find that nothing is more important in the system of it than a finished disposition of the hair; and as soon as you acquaint yourself with the execution of carved marble generally, you will perceive these massy fillets to be merely a cheap means of getting over a difficulty too great for Michael Angelo's patience, and too exigent for his invention."

Mr. Wilson does not attack the great genius after this fashion, possibly because his intimate knowledge of the paintings and monumental figures makes him realize the ornamental, one might say architectural, uses to which these caps, or fillets, were put; but he says of the paintings of the Pauline Chapel, after admiring their wonderful finish, and noting that they were painted when Michael Angelo was seventy-five years old (p. 503): "The absence of any study of nature is still more evident than in the fresco of the Last Judgment; he no longer made use of the living model, but drew and painted from memory; manner has completely usurped the place of style, and in these pictures the greatest draughtsman who ever lived has shown the danger of such a system. It is painful to find so great an example of the careful study and observation of nature, finally abandoning that path which, in his vigorous youth, he evidently considered the true one."

Thus, where Mr. Ruskin denounces, Mr. Wilson criticises very temperately, and, at the same time, notices the reason for certain undeniable failings in some of Michael Angelo's work. Where Mr. Ruskin is indignantly virtuous, Mr. Wilson is evidently, at least, a stickler for respectability. Herein his difference from Grimm is especially marked.

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*Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Fanny E. Bunnett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1866.

†The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret. Seventh Lecture on Sculpture. By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. (P. 15.)

As before mentioned, one, and perhaps the chief, merit of this Life, is the exact report we now get of the appearance of the frescoes on the vault of the Sixtine Chapel. Mr. Wilson sets at rest forever the fables of the early biographers concerning the incredible swiftness with which Michael Angelo painted them. He first reckons that he could not have done them all in the time specified, if he had worked ceaselessly night and day. Then he proceeds to the appearance of the vault, and describes the process of frescoing. The ceiling having been sufficiently leveled, the artist causes his master-plasterer to lay on a certain length of wet fine plaster, upon which the artist was to draw. The artist had with him a full-sized cartoon of the picture, which cartoon had been elaborated from a small sketch from a living model. The cartoon having been stretched upon the prepared surface, the outlines were traced through upon the soft plaster. The cartoon being removed, the muscles, as well as the draperies, of the figure were dashed in with the point of a knife or stylus. Then the picture was painted, but when the day's work was done—and here is the record by which Mr. Wilson reads the number of working days occupied in each group—the artist cut away all the unpainted plaster with his knife. The next morning the plasterer spread a new sheet of wet surface for him, joining it on to the old piece as well as he was able. But close inspection will always reveal the dividing lines, and Mr. Wilson was enabled to count from his scaffold the number of days' work given to each painting. The careful diagrams he presents show very plainly this important point. While he thus gives a final blow to this one of the many apochryphal stories about Michael Angelo, he bears witness that the feat he did perform in that work forms a history in reality far more marvelous than any that has been written.

The vexed question as to whether Michael Angelo was a coward or not, is answered strongly in the negative. Perhaps, from reasons of courtesy to the land in which he writes and the Italians to whom he is under obligations for kindnesses received, Mr. Wilson fails to bring forward the additional argument that at that time in Italy running away was not so ignominious an affair. The chief charge is brought in connection with Michael Angelo's flight from Rome when Julius was Pope, and the architect Bramante was his enemy. It is much more likely that he fled in a fit of despair and rage at the overbearing manner of the Pope's chamberlain and the tyrannical character of the Pope. Neither does his flight from Florence, when he supposed the people indifferent to the fate of the newly proclaimed republic and the treachery of the leaders, presuppose cowardice; as a matter of fact, it must have awakened the Florentines to the dilatoriness of their preparations against the Medicis. On the other hand, Michael Angelo's conduct during the siege was beyond praise for manliness and vigorous action, while, throughout his life, it was very apparent that he possessed none of the moral cowardice which makes men truckle to the great. His contest with Bramante has been involved in much obscurity, until the publications of the last few years. It has been asserted that Bramante urged Julius to employ Michael Angelo on the frescoes of the San Sisto, in order that the sculptor might be ruined by attempting an art he had never before practiced. Mr. Wilson seems inclined, on the whole, to doubt this story, but a German worker in the same field, who has also made use of Gotti and Milanesi, has proved quite conclusively that Bramante could not have arranged such a plot.* According to a letter from a friend in Rome to Michael Angelo, who has escaped to Florence, Bramante *objects* to the sculptor, on account of his inexperience in fresco, instead of advocating him.

Michael Angelo's life was, for the most part, a very sad one. There can be no doubt that his enforced neglect of various contracts with the heirs of Julius to finish the tomb of that Pope preyed upon a mind already irritated by the iniquities of Papal Courts, and the sins of Popes against, not himself alone, but his native city. The monument to Pope Julius seems to have been a vulture feeding on his liver, yet each Pope in succession insisted on his devoting all his time to projects for his own personal advantage. Mr. Wilson exhibits very well the injustice done to Michael Angelo in this way and in other instances; but, in his general estimate of his character, does not seem to have drawn a fair conclusion. He alludes frequently to his irascibility, as if it were hardly pardonable that an overworked and sensitive artist should resent the foolishness and wickedness of the people who thought themselves his superiors. He apparently admires Raphael's ability to form a school of disciples, who extended indefinitely his powers of work. Speaking of the San Sisto frescoes, he says: "Michael Angelo's plan of assistance failed. He had not, like Raphael, formed a school, for he had not the opportunity of doing so, 'painting not being his profession.' Thus, instead of a body of pupils, trained to design and paint in harmony with his ideas and style, he brought together, fortuitously, several artists, etc., etc." Mr. Wilson brings forward several instances of Michael Angelo's extreme conscientiousness on business matters involving money, his scruples at not finishing the monument of Julius, his continuing on as unpaid architect of St. Peter's, in order that the building of it should not fall into the corrupt hands eager to seize upon it, and many other examples of like import. But he does not appear to connect this conscientiousness of the man with that of the artist. Should we not read in the refusal of the lonely master to tolerate poor work on the part of assistants, when that work was his own in name, but not in reality, a stern conscientiousness in art matters, fully in keeping with the heroic self-sacrifice of his life? Should we not say that the great genius who suffered ignominy and real privations for the sake of his ungrateful father and brothers, who never had the comforts of a home, neither wife nor child to cheer and soften him—should we not conclude that this follower of Savonarola was too conscientious to issue, though it were in accordance with the common practice, a piece of art-work lacking his own inimitable touch? This, both Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Wilson seem strangely to have passed over. To other artists, Michael Angelo was generous in the extreme, frequently supplying them with ideas for works. He was a patriot to the last and a republican fighting against tyranny, although the tyranny came from the house of Medici, with which he was so much identified. His fierceness might arise excusably enough from his knowledge of the baseness of Popes, courtiers, and rival artists. But his love and forbearance for his father form one of the most touching records written, and the testimony of a noble woman like Vittoria Colonna is not insignificant in summing up his character. He had no disciples like Raphael; but he also had no Fornarina. The world may not remember this, yet it feels it, and rewards him therefor in its own large way.

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* Michel Angelo in Rome. 1508–1512. Anton Springer. Leipzig: 1875.

French and German Books.

Les Origines de la France Contemporaine. Par H. Taine. *L'Ancien Régime.* New York: Christern.

M. TAINE, having made studies in the Netherlands, in Italy, in Greece, in England, and having widened his energetic mind not a little by a rapid and bold review of English literature, which is still something of a standard, now turns his attention to affairs at home, and begins a work in three parts, which is more directly patriotic and instructive than anything that has so far issued from his able hand. Not only is the subject he has chosen one more indication of the emancipation of France from the old traditions of *gloire* and the rest of that hypocritical self-complacency which has done her so much harm, but the spirit in which it is written is another refreshing instance of the excellent change which is coming over the tone of French writers. Without being an extreme grumbler, Taine does not hesitate to speak historical truths when they tell against France. His literary style is close and rapid, as if his sources were more abundant than he required, and condensation was necessary. Instances drawn from memoirs of old France before the Revolution, travels of foreigners in his country, and reports of French Government officials follow each other in solid array. A brilliant picture is drawn of the Court, its virtues and grievous faults, the clergy, the nobility, and the people, and, naturally enough, the literary springs of the various theories and tastes which led to the catastrophe of the Revolution are given an important place. The force of spiritual ideas spread by literature assumes a high degree of importance in the eyes of M. Taine, although the power of physical wants and distress is not denied or neglected, and the whole volume breathes the spirit of thoroughly workmanlike energy which this justly popular writer shows in all he undertakes. The following volume will discuss and summarize the Revolution, while a third in the series will treat of the Empire. Americans will be especially attracted by a brilliant writer who speaks from the stand-point of a republican. A translation by John Durand is published by Henry Holt & Co.

Derniers Récits du Seizième Siècle. Jules Bonnet. New York: Christern, 77 University Place.

Bonnet does some solid writing on special historical periods, generally taking the figure of some prominent Protestant, and tracing his or her history through the annals and memoirs of the time. This is his third volume on memorable characters of the sixteenth century, and comprises monographs on Melanchthon, Nicolas Zurkinden of Berne, and Anne de Rohan. Bonnet is one of those good, grave Protestants of France whose explorations are directed toward the field of the Reformation, one of the men who are now coming more and more into esteem as the country settles down into a conservative republic. He has an article in this volume on the Reformation in Venice, and another on the Château de St. Privat, in which the bloody Catherine de Medicis figures. One feels safe in following the quiet pages of the Protestant historian; the melancholy record of persecution is only made more impressive by an absence of vindictiveness on his part which one might expect from an annalist of an injured sect. The lives of Anne de Rohan, her mother and sisters, are not only of themselves striking, but are told by Bonnet with particular charm.

Der Besuch im Carcer. Aus Secunda und Prima. Humoresken von Ernst Eckstein. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.

People with memories will be amused by these little pamphlets, for they will recall their own school-days. The pranks of Rumpf, who turns Meister Heinzerling into the school prison made ready for himself, are neither brilliant nor new, yet, for all that, are thoroughly enjoyable. Heinzerling has a peculiarly broad and drawling pronunciation, which is faithfully copied by the wicked Rumpf; hence his punishment and triumph. *Der Besuch im Carcer* has been translated into English by Miss Sophie Vietsch, but the singular sounds uttered by worthy Meister Heinzerling will hardly do in English dress. Otherwise, the translation appears to be excellent. *Aus Secunda und Prima* contains further news from the German gymnasium, giving the relations between various teachers and pupils without much exaggeration, and with some quiet humor. At least, it will appear humorous to those who remember like scenes in school or college.

Verzeichniss der Bücher, Land Karten, etc. Juli—December, 1875. New York: L. W. Schmidt.—This is one of those painstaking publications which a Leipzic house can edit better than any other. Every book published in Germany for the last six months of 1875 is here registered under the name of the author. A preliminary catalogue is also arranged to give the full list of sciences and subjects treated, so that one can turn to the publications on a certain subject without knowing the author's name. This department has 90 pages. An appendix gives the books published throughout the year in the Netherlands.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Odontoscope.

THIS novel and interesting instrument is the invention of Professor C. W. MacCord, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, and is designed to test the action of spur-wheels. Though the science of designing geared wheels has reached a high degree of perfection, it often happens that such wheels display irregularities of motion, and impart a troublesome jar or vibration to the machinery they move. Though the movement of one spur or tooth in another may appear to the eye to be accurate, and though the movement may be silent, errors may exist and defy ordinary means of detection. Vibration may also result from a slight wearing of the bearings supporting the wheels, so that they are not in the proper position, and it is to test these points that the odontoscope has been devised. It consists of a cast-iron frame, near one end of which is a fixed bearing, supporting a short shaft which carries a graduated arc. A second shaft, parallel to this, is carried by a brass block, which slides in a slot in the frame, and, by means of a long screw, the distance between the shafts can be accurately adjusted. The first shaft is hollow, and through its center passes a small spindle which rotates independently of it, carrying a long steel pointer which plays close to the graduated arc. This spindle carries also a little cylindrical drum, and opposite this is a similar drum fixed on the end of the second shaft, the two being connected by a very fine flexible wire in the manner of a crossed belt; the diameters of these drums are to each other in the precise proportion of the diameter of the wheels, whose action is to be tested. In using this apparatus, two templates of metal are prepared, exactly representing a tooth of each wheel, and giving the radius of its pitch circle, and these are secured to the two shafts, the distance between the latter being adjusted by means of the screw, and the two drums are connected by means of the wire; a spring keeps the two templates or patterns of the teeth in contact during the test. Then, by turning the first shaft, which carries the graduated arc, the second one will be turned, regularly or irregularly, as may be determined by the forms of the teeth. But the second shaft turns the pointer by means of the drums and wire, which must always give a regular and equable motion. Now, if the shape and position of the teeth on the templates are correct, the pointer and the graduated arc will move in the same direction with the same speed; but, if there is unequal motion—if, during the time that one spur engages the other, there is acceleration or retardation, the pointer must show it by moving relatively to the arc, even though the curves of the spurs are so finely executed that the error cannot be detected by the eye. In like manner, the best positions of the spur-wheels may be ascertained by taking a series of observations with the axes in different positions in the odontoscope, thus reducing the error to a minimum. This interesting apparatus, proving, as it does, curves that cannot be tested by the eye, and giving the alignment and shape of spur-wheels with microscopic accuracy, seems likely to prove of value in the manufacture of geared wheels.

Areophores.

AREOPHORES (air-bearers) have long been a favorite study among mining engineers, and a number of these devices for enabling miners to enter an atmosphere unfit for respiration have been produced. In general plan they are much alike, being merely a box or tank containing compressed air, and a tube for conveying the air to the miner's mouth. The latest inventions in this field include an areophore containing highly compressed air, some new valves and pipes, and an improved compressor or air-pump for loading the tanks. The areophores are divided into two classes, high-pressure tanks capable of sustaining a pressure of 24 atmospheres, and low-pressure reservoirs designed for a pressure of only 4 atmospheres, and are made in two sizes, one designed to be worn on the back like a knapsack, and a larger pattern mounted on a hand truck. The pump for charging the low-pressure areophores consists of a pair of movable cylinders, open at the bottom and fitted to fixed pistons mounted on upright piston rods. Valves on the pistons open upward, and in the bell-shaped cover of the pump is another valve, also opening upward. Over each valve is a shallow layer of water designed to act as a seal, and to assist in keeping the pumps cool. The two cylinders are suspended side by side on a lever balanced in the middle, and that serves to move them. To allow the piston to conform to the motion of the cylinders, the piston rods on which they are supported are hinged at the bottom, to give the rods a slight lateral movement when the pumps are at work. On starting the pump one cylinder descends and the air rushes in past the valve and bubbles through the water seal. The next movement reverses this, and forces the air past the next valve and water seal into the bell-shaped cover, where it is conveyed by pipes to the areophore. A pump of this pattern, with two cylinders, each having a diameter of 10 centimeters and a stroke of 18 centimeters (nearly 7 in.), will fill a low-pressure areophore with 100 liters (22 galls.) of air at a pressure of 4 atmospheres, in 40 strokes of the piston. In charging the high-pressure tanks a pump of the same general design is employed. It varies merely in the relative size of the two cylinders, one being much larger than the other. The larger pump serves to compress the air to about 4 atmospheres, and the smaller pump takes the air at this pressure and reduces it to one-sixth the space, or to a pressure of 24 atmospheres. The high-pressure areophore usually has a capacity of 20 liters (about 4½ galls.) and is supplied by this pump. In either pattern means must be employed to reduce the pressure of the contained air before delivering it to the person using the apparatus. A small metallic drum is connected by a pipe with the areophore, while another pipe leads to the miner's mouth. In the drum is an elastic diaphragm, bearing a short rod that opens and closes a valve in the pipe from the tank. The miner, drawing the air from the drum, at each inspiration causes the diaphragm to rise and allow a minute quantity of air to enter the drum, when it readily expands to the normal pressure, and may be breathed without inconvenience. At each expiration the suction on the diaphragm is released and the valve is kept closed. A mask for the eyes and nose is supplied, and at the mouth-piece is a rubber disk designed to fit between the teeth and lips so as to exclude the external air, while just outside is a simple two-way valve, similar to that employed by dentists in the administration of nitrous oxide. The regulating drum is supplied with a screw to regulate the flow of air, and the apparatus may be fastened to the back of the coat out of harm's way, or it may be set on the areophore. For entering shallow wells, or short galleries in mines, merely the mouth-piece, and valves with a rubber tube extending to the open air, are used. For distances exceeding 20 meters (nearly 100 feet) the smaller areophore strapped on the back is employed. For deep mines the higher-pressure tank is taken on a truck, and for long-continued labors extra tanks are used, and when one is exhausted the other may be joined to the supply-pipe, and the miner may continue his work unharmed in the most poisonous atmosphere. For light in such mines, and for a light under water, a lamp is used in connection with the areophore. The flame inclosed in an air-tight lamp is fed with air from the tank, while the products of combustion escape through valves at the top.

Chasing Machine.

A MACHINE for chasing and engraving metallic surfaces at high speeds has been recently patented. A revolving mandrel is supported on a frame or stand, and serves to carry loosely two upright stocks, or cutting-tools, placed side by side. A circular casing is fitted round these and secured to the stand or frame. From the mandrel two projections hang down into the casing, and support short, horizontal levers. One end of each lever fits over a pin on one of the cutting-tools, and the other end fits over a projection that follows an eccentric path on the inside of the casing. Horizontal motion is given to the mandrel, and by means of the levers the tools are given a motion round an axis between them, combined with a reciprocating, up and down motion imparted by the projection on the interior of the casing. The work performed by these two motions may be adjusted to any required depth of cut, and to a number of different patterns, and may be done at a speed of 5,000 cuts a minute.

Fire-proof Shutters.

HOLLOW iron window-shutters designed to be partially filled with water as a protection against fire are announced. The plan is to hang all the shutters of one tier of windows upon a rail with common "door-hangers," and to join them together by lengths of iron pipe, and to open or close the whole tier at once by means of suitable machinery. The connecting pipe is also designed to open into the shutters, so that they may be filled with water from a hydrant. On exposure to fire from without or within the building, it is estimated that the thin sheet of water held in the shutters will tend to absorb the heat without injury to the iron. A small hole is made at the top of each shutter to allow for the escape of the excess of water caused by expansion. A more simple way would seem to be to load each shutter permanently with a small quantity of water, after the manner of the steam safe, and to close the top of the shutter with a plug, that might be easily melted or blown out by steam generated in the shutter. A very little water in such a shutter would make steam enough to protect the shutter as long as the walls would stand any ordinary fire. If the shutters were joined by a pipe as first described, it might be difficult to fill them with water at the time of a fire, and the apparatus would be liable to total destruction if a single shutter or pipe leaked or was broken by falling bricks at a critical moment.

Sugar Beet Culture.

RENEWED attention has been called to the value of the sugar beet, and extensive experiments have been recently made to test the various methods of culture employed. Among these, the experiments of Dehérian and Fremy throw some light on the question of fertilizers. Beets were first planted in sterile sand, and then supplied with various solutions in water. With distilled water the roots remained in a merely rudimentary state, and with common water they gained slightly in weight. With water containing phosphates they grew much larger, but did not give roots weighing over 100 grams (about 3½ oz). An application of ammonial salts or nitrates gave better results, but it was only by combining the phosphates and nitrates that roots of even the normal size were produced. The experiments were continued in rich garden soils, with a view to find the cause of the reported loss of sugar in roots grown on old and highly manured plantations. These experiments are said to point to the fact that in such soils the excess of nitrogeneous materials tends to give the roots an excess of nitrogen at the expense of the sugar. Soils less rich and more equally supplied with lime, potash and phosphorus, are therefore suggested by these authorities as likely to give roots having a good proportion of sugar.

New Formulæ in Tinning Metals.

IN tinning iron wire a new formula employs a bath of muriatic acid, in which a piece of zinc is suspended. After a thorough cleaning in this, the iron is placed in connection with a sheet of zinc in a bath of 2 parts acetic acid in 100 parts of water, and to this are added 3 parts chloride of tin and 3 parts soda. After two hours' immersion the wire is taken out and polished by rubbing with a cloth.

Another formula, reported by Hass, recommends filing and cleaning the iron and then placing it, in connection with a battery, in a bath consisting of 108½ grams (3½ oz.) of a solution of tin at 40 Beaumé, 211 grams (7 oz.) of caustic potash at 33 Beaumé and 1,085 grams spring water. The tin is deposited in the form of a dull, gray film that may be readily polished with whiting and wash leather. Vegler offers the following formula in plating iron, zinc, lead, etc.: Make a solution of perchloride of tin by passing chlorine through a concentrated solution of salt of tin. Dilute the result with ten times its volume of water and filter it. The articles are first cleaned by brushing with sulphuric acid, and then washed in clear water. They should then be hung by zinc wire in the solution of perchloride of tin for 10 minutes, and then brushed, dried and polished.

Differential Compass.

A COMPASS designed to show the deflection of compass needles caused by the presence of iron in the ship or cargo, has been constructed, that may be employed to estimate the deviation, and to show the true reading of ordinary compasses. It consists of two needles balanced in the usual way, and placed one over the other at a distance sufficient to destroy their mutual influence. These needles are made of a non-magnetic material, like aluminum, and are each 15 centimeters (nearly 6 inches) long and 19 millimeters (¾ inch) wide. On the upper needle are fastened a number of steel magnets, each 19 millimeters long, and placed with the like poles all in one direction, or in line with the longer axis of the needle. The result is to give the aluminum bar a north and south direction. The lower bar is supplied with magnets in the same way, except that they lie crosswise on the bar, or at right angles with its length. This gives the bar an east and west direction, and the two bars in the compass therefore cross each other at a right angle. Placed on shipboard, or under the influence of local attraction, this double compass then marks the direction of the local disturbance by the departure from the right angle formed by the two needles. To estimate the departure from a true reading in an ordinary compass placed near by and under the influence of the same aberration, a bar magnet is employed to bring the two needles of the differential compass to 90 degrees; but, as this may be done in any direction, a table is prepared whereby the direction of the disturbance may be estimated. When this is found, the magnet is employed to compensate or neutralize the local disturbance, and is kept in that position till a change in the ship's heading compels a re-adjustment of the compass and magnet. In the manufacture of compasses may be noticed a new alloy, reported to be useful in making needles. The fact that nuggets of platinum have been found that display a magnetic force superior to that found in loadstones, has led to experiments to decide whether the magnetic property resided in the platinum, or in particles of iron that might be mingled with it. These experiments are reported to prove that a mixture of 20 parts of iron and 80 parts of platinum gives an alloy admirably adapted for magnets. As the alloy resists rust, compass needles have been made of it that will not oxidize, and serve as good a purpose as the best steel needles.

New Photographic Process.

A FORMULA in photo-printing is reported as both novel and useful. A solution is prepared, consisting of 5 grams (nearly 78 grains) chloride of iron, 5 grams citric acid in 100 grams of water, and on this may be floated sheets of paper to produce an "iron-paper." When well soaked, these sheets are hung till dry in a dark room, and may then be placed under a negative for printing till a weak image is developed. A gelatine solution (box gelatine in warm water) is then colored with India ink, or with any coloring material that may be mechanically suspended in the gelatine, and on this the printed iron-paper is lightly floated. The result is that the colored gelatine clings to the affected parts (the darks), and by lifting it gently and then washing in clear water the picture is secured. Another process employs "carbon tissue," instead of the colored solution of gelatine. The tissue softened in water is laid directly on the iron-paper print, and both are heavily pressed together. Warm water is then used to separate them, and the carbon copy is finished. These new processes have attracted much attention, and a number of experiments are being made to test their scope and usefulness, both in the practical and scientific branches of the art.

Air Compressor.

A LARGE compressor, designed to supply a number of drills employed in shaft-sinking, has been erected, that exhibits some features of interest. It consists of a horizontal cylinder 35 centimeters (13¾ inches) in diameter, and with a piston stroke of 75 centimeters (29½ inches). This is placed in line with the steam cylinder, and one piston rod serves for both, as in the ordinary steam-pump. The inlet valves at each end of the compression cylinders consist of flaps opening inward and resting on an inclined valve-seat, occupying nearly the whole diameter of the cylinder. The escape valves are over these, and have water seals above them, and both valves open into a reservoir extending over the top of the cylinder and partially filled with water that serves to keep the cylinder cool when at work. At each end of the cylinder is a pipe discharging a spray of cold water against the piston and the sides of the cylinder at every stroke. This spray of water is adjusted to the pressure of the air, and is automatically cut off when the pressure in the cylinder equals that in the reservoir. The water that falls in the cylinder serves to keep it cool, and by means of an overflow-pipe, it is kept at a uniform level. This compressor has been in successful operation for some months, and it is said to give a pressure of 3½ atmospheres, when working at a speed of 50 strokes a minute.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Magic Pill.

"'AH ME!' SAID THE PARSON; 'I WISH I WERE YOUNG.'"

There lived in New England a long time ago,
An eccentric old woman named Barbara Fitch;
Her neighbors had never molested her, though
She was always avoided as being a witch,
And they burned, then, such old single ladies Down East—
Reducing the surplus of females, at least.

She was dying; and over her leaned Parson Cook,
To catch her last words; she gasped, "Parson, a dish
Stands there—in the cupboard—and on the dish—look,
Is a pill—if you swallow—it grants you one wish.
I've saved it in case of a need—through the past—
But I find it is perfectly needless—at last."

So she died. Then the good Parson Cook shook his head;
"I know the thing's evil; I doubt if it's best
To keep it to tempt me; but—hum—well," he said,
"'Twill at least do no harm in the fob of my vest."
For though in no wise resolution we fail,
Yet we like to hold Nicholas just by the tail.

That night, as he sat by the hearth with his wife,
While the blazing logs snapped and the tea-kettle sung,
The rheumatics kept teasing his limbs and his life,
A token that now he no longer was young;
For there's nothing like sickness or pain to remind
Old age of the years it is leaving behind.

He fingered the pill, and he sighed, and said he,
"There is something quite wrong in our poor mortal life.
If *I* had arranged it, it surely would be,
That age should not have all the bitterest strife.
Ah me!" sighed the Parson; "I wish I were young;"
And the little round pill glided over his tongue.

The most mischievous thing in this world is the tongue,
It never says just what we mean and desire.
Parson Cook had not said when he'd *cease* growing young;
He had leaped from the frying-pan into the fire.
The lobster gets easily into the pot,
But he cannot get out, if he wishes or not.

So at first good Dame Cook felt exceedingly proud,
To see how much younger her husband was growing;
How his cracked piping voice became lusty and loud,
And in his white locks how the brown hair was showing.
"He looks"—so the gossips all said to his wife—
"Oh, ever so young, for his season of life."

But it seemed the pill's power, like wine or cognac,
Had been waxing much stronger the older it grew;
For the terrible rate that his life hurried back
From the age it had reached, was as fifty to two;
As the school-boy, who loiters off slowly to school,
Runs rapidly back, as a general rule.

So the church that he preached in discharged him, because
Within less than a year he looked scarcely nineteen,
And to have such a very young minister was
Just a little too much of a scandal, I ween;
And scarce two months after, his beard grew as small
As a Congressman's conscience—or nothing at all.

Then, growing still younger, he lost his old life
And the wisdom that kindly Dame Nature reserves
For the use of the aged; and so his good wife
Spanked him twenty-two times for stealing preserves.
He did everything else that he could to annoy;
For, alas! he had turned to a terrible boy,—
Pulled his granddaughter's hair and ripped up her rag-baby,
And dropped the poor pussy-cat into the well,
And called his dear wife "an old addle-brained gaby,"
And nearly upset her by giving a yell;—
(How often the cause of our frights may be found
To be, upon analyzation, a sound!)

Then his petticoats shortly grew very much longer;
He fed from a bottle, grew dimpled and fat;
His hair it grew weaker, his voice it grew stronger;
He twisted with colic, and gurgled, and spat;
He was strangled with sugar and camomile tea,
Or jounced out of breath on his granddaughter' knee.

"ALAS! HE HAD TURNED TO A TERRIBLE BOY."

'Tis a curious problem to speculate how,
Or in what sort of protogenerical germ—
As the limit which science to life will allow—
He might have concluded his lessening term,
Had Fortune not luckily ended her frolic,
By snuffing him out in a fit of the colic.

—H. P.

Who rescued "The Donner Party?"

Kingston, N. Y., April 3, 1876.

Editor of Scribner's Monthly—*Dear Sir:* On page 910 of your April number is printed an account of the Rescue of the Donner Party, which is quoted from the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, and which, if true, would appear most marvelous. That it is, however, incorrect in most of its essential features, I now, with your permission, shall proceed to show.

Late in October, or early in November, 1846, about sixty emigrants, known as the Donner Party, were snow-bound in one of the small valleys of the Truckee River. They cut logs and built cabins, in which they lived for three months or more. In February the last of their cattle were consumed for food, and starvation stared them in the face. At this juncture eight men and five women improvised snow-shoes, and started over the mountains in quest of food and assistance for themselves and their companions. Of this party two men and three women reached Sutter's Fort, situated near where Sacramento City now stands. Captain Sutter at once sent a number of men with mules loaded with provisions, and in due time this relief reached the perishing party, about half of whom were still alive, the others, including eight of the thirteen who first struck out, having perished and been devoured by the survivors.

In August, 1849, John Martindale, Esq., now of Oxford, Ohio; Dr. J. Manning Cory, now of San José, Cal., and the writer, together passed over the same route taken by the Donner Party, and saw the log cabins still standing in the quiet little valley, which is a long way to the northward of the Carson Valley route. We saw many stumps from two to four feet high, but saw no trees standing with the tops cut off, nor was there any "huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff" to be seen in any direction.

The facts that I have stated—except as to what I myself saw—I had direct from Captain Sutter and from a number of the survivors of the ill-fated Donner Party; the names of only one of the latter can I now remember, a Mr. Graves, who, for aught I now know, still lives in San José, Cal. During a two years' residence in California, namely, from 1849 to 1851, I never heard a word about any "dream" in connection with the rescue, nor do I believe that any "Spanish records" show that a rescue was projected on "spiritual information." If "Captain Yount" is not a myth, the "dreaming" must have occurred when he related that wonderful story to good Dr. Bushnell.

I could recount scores of well-authenticated incidents of terrible suffering, and horrid acts of some of that ill-fated party that would be painfully interesting, but to do so could be productive of no good, and would be foreign to the main purpose of this communication. But to say what I have is but due to the truth of history, and also due to Captain Sutter, for his promptness and noble generosity; but, above all, due to the memory of the heroic thirteen—five of them women—who, with almost superhuman courage, started out on that perilous foot-journey to seek aid for themselves and their beloved companions.

Yours faithfully,
C. P. Ridenour.

Erratum.

I was a doctor
  In my life-time;
I wrote a treatise
  In Latin rhyme
    Which made me famous.

Of all diseases
  That men endure,
And all the simples
  That will them cure,
    My volume treated.

'Twas full of errors,
  As I of pride,
Because I wrote it,
  Before I died—
    Ratio sufficit.

Why agues shake us,
  Why fevers burn,
What power hath Luna,
  And what Saturn,
    And Capricornus;

What cure for blindness,
  How deaf may hear,
For raving madness
  What panacea
    Of Elleborus;

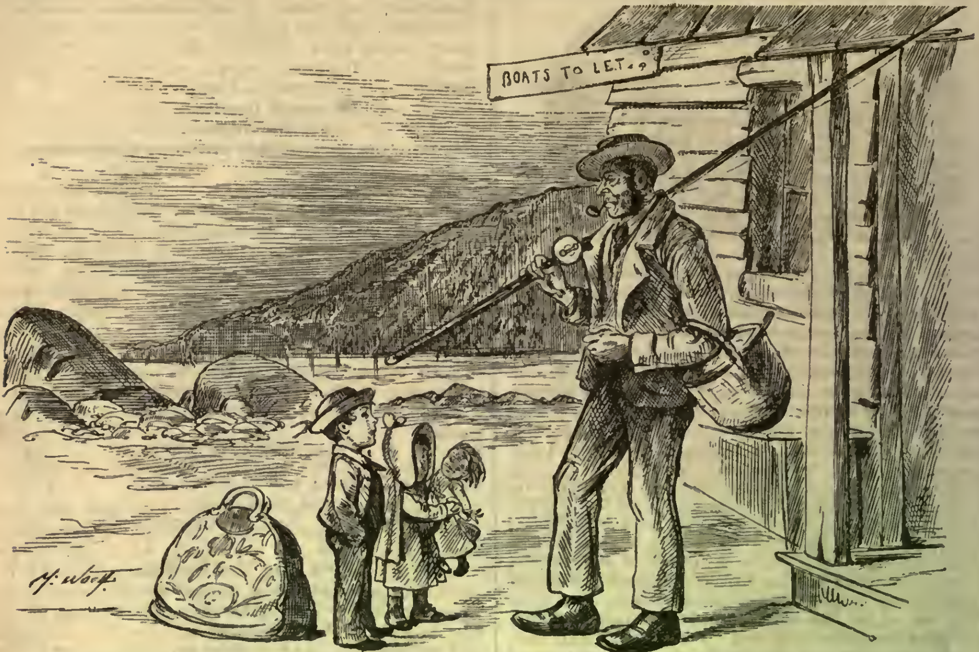
Of rue's great virtue
  And rosemary,
For what use poppy
  What briony—
    All there is answered.

But now the wisdom
  That comes with death
Suggests an error
  Which burdeneth
    My soul with sorrow.

Let now the tombstone
  At my grave's head
Say what of old
  I should have said
    When I was living.

"Contra vim mortis"—
  It should have been—
"Non est in hortis
  Medicamen.
    Fides in Christum."

Small Dog.—"Let me get at him!"


BOATS TO LET.

MASTER GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES.—"You see, I've run away with this young lady, and we're on our wedding trip to the Centennial, and I want to see if I can't get you to take us over in time to catch that 3:30 train."

The Choice: Blue, Black, or Gray?

BY ZAVARR WILMSHURST.

SAID Blue Eyes, "I will love you
Long as the heavens above you
Arch earth with azure hue;
Soft as the flowers awaken
Beneath the breath of Spring,
And sweet as rose leaves shaken
Their silver dew drops fling,
I'll kisses rain on you."

Said Black Eyes, "I'll adore you,
Although the tempest o'er you
Snatch hope and heaven from view;
When lightnings tear asunder
The sky's red golden field—
When Battle hurls his thunder,
I'll make my breast your shield,
And die with joy for you."

Said Gray Eyes, "I will love you,
E'en though the skies above you
Turn bleak and dull as lead;
Though youth and joy forsake you,
And life grow cold and drear,
A heaven of love I'll make you,
A thousand fold more dear,
When all but love is dead."

Conjugal Conjugation.

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.

I KNOW a tender word of Latin tongue,
Whose praises bards throughout all time have sung,—
'Tis "*Amo.*"
Yet sweeter word I know, which gives to two
The joy that in the first one only knew,—
"*Amamus.*"

The Beauties of Nature.

(BY AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD.)

THE sky was azure blue,
The birds around me flew,
Far on the mountain-tops the sun
Rose in a golden hue.

The grass was emerald green,
The rabbits quite serene
Basked in the sun, or by the brook
Frolicked with graceful mien.

And birds of different kinds
Sped on the balmy winds,
And sat themselves among the trees,
And on the telegraph lines.

The flowers were blooming bright,
The brook was my delight;
Gayly I sang among the trees,
Or in the woods at night.

I plucked the daisies fair,
And decked my long brown hair
With sweetbrier and with meadow-grass
That fluttered in the air.

I chased the squirrels gay,
That gamboled o'er my way,
Till children bright appeared in sight,
And joined me in my play.

LAURA.

The following truly national poem should be revived with the Centennial 4th:

"Keep your eye fixed on the American eagle,
Whom we as the proud bird of destiny hail;
For that wise fowl you never can inveigle
By depositing salt on his venerable tail."

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER
OF
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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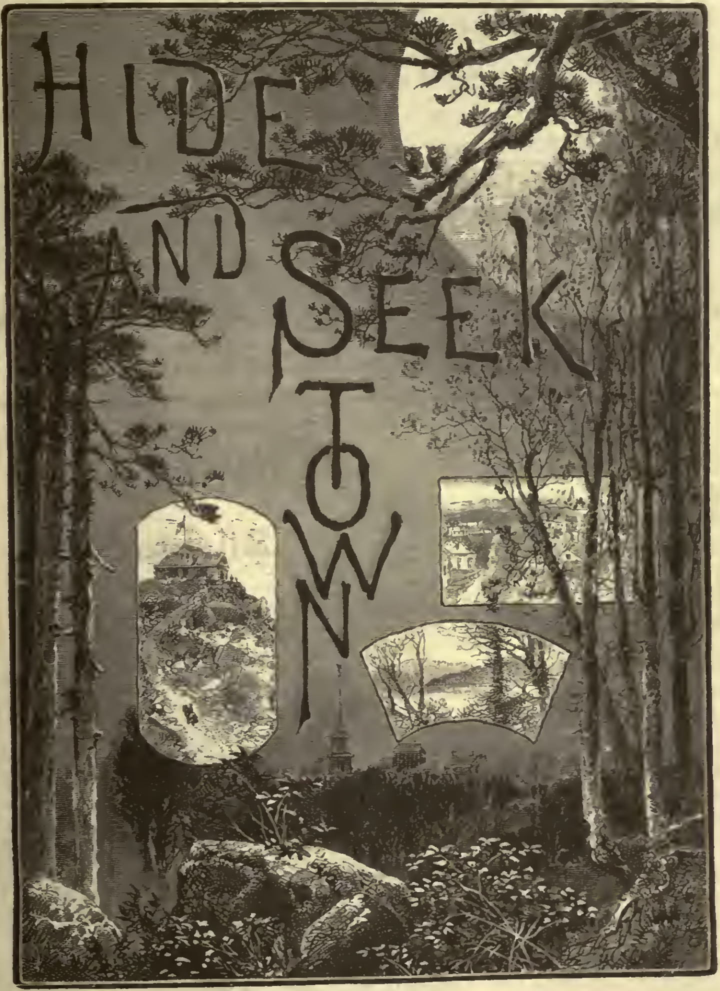
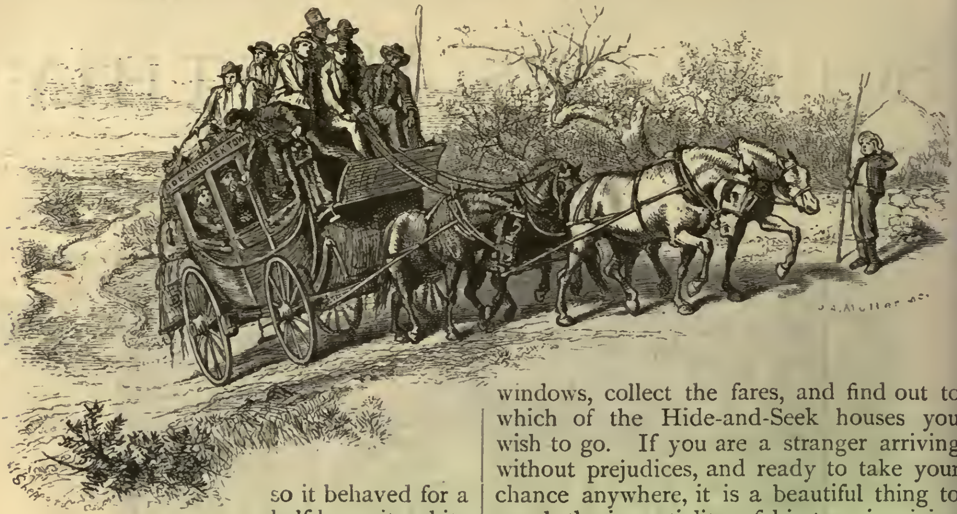


IT lies in the uplands, and you can go within a mile of it by rail. But where are the uplands, and whence departs the train to find them, and what is the real name of the town, it is far from my purpose to tell. I christened it "Hide-and-Seek Town" myself one day as I was drawing near it, and observed how deliciously it dodged in and out of view while it was yet miles away. One minute it stood out on its hill like a village of light-houses on a promontory of the sea, the next it skulked behind an oak grove and was gone, then peered out again with its head of meeting-house spires, and then plunged down between two low hills, as lost as if it had leaped into a well; and



A MILE UP HILL.

so it behaved for a half hour, its white houses laughing like white teeth in a roguish mouth, as we vainly strained our eyes to get one good sight of the unknown place to which we were bound. You can come, as I said, within a mile of it by rail; but when the little insignificant train drops you in a silent nook at the entrance of a wood, and then crawls away between two sandy banks of sweet fern and red lilies, you are overwhelmed with a sudden sense of the utter improbability of a town anywhere within reach. The stage—why does New England say "stage," and not "coach"?—which waits for you is like hundreds you have seen before, but here it looks odd, as if it were Cinderella's chariot; and when you find that there are nine to ride outside, besides the nine in, the inexplicableness of so many people having come at once startles you. They become seventeen mysteries immediately, and you forget that you are the eighteenth. No questions are asked as to your destination; with a leisurely manner the driver puts his passengers into the coach and shuts the door gently—no hurry. There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. On some one of the longest, steepest hills, he will swing himself round in a marvelous bit of amateur acrobatism from the top of the coach to the lowest step, and, putting long arms into the windows, collect the fares, and find out to which of the Hide-and-Seek houses you wish to go. If you are a stranger arriving without prejudices, and ready to take your chance anywhere, it is a beautiful thing to watch the impartiality of his tone in giving to you the names of the different hotels and boarding-houses. The most jealous and exacting landlord could not find fault with him.

At the end of his enumerations you are as much at a loss as you were in the begin-

WILD GRAPES.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

ning, and probably end by jumping out before the first house at which the stage stops. Pages have been written about the inquisitiveness of the rural New Englander; comparatively little has been said about his faculty of reticence at will, which is quite as remarkable. I doubt if any man can be found to match him in a series of evasive and non-committal replies. This habit or instinct is so strong in him, that it often acts mechanically when he would not have it, as, for instance, when he is trying to tell you the road to a place.

There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. The first part of the road is walled on the right hand by a wood—a thick wall of oaks, birches, maples, pines, chestnuts, hickories, beeches, ashes, spruces and cornels; yes, all these growing so close that none can grow broad, but all must grow high, and, stretch up however much they may, their branches are interwoven. This is one of the great pleasures in Hide-and-Seek Town—the unusual variety of tree growths by the road-sides and in the forests. I do not know of a single New England tree which is not found in luxuriant abundance.

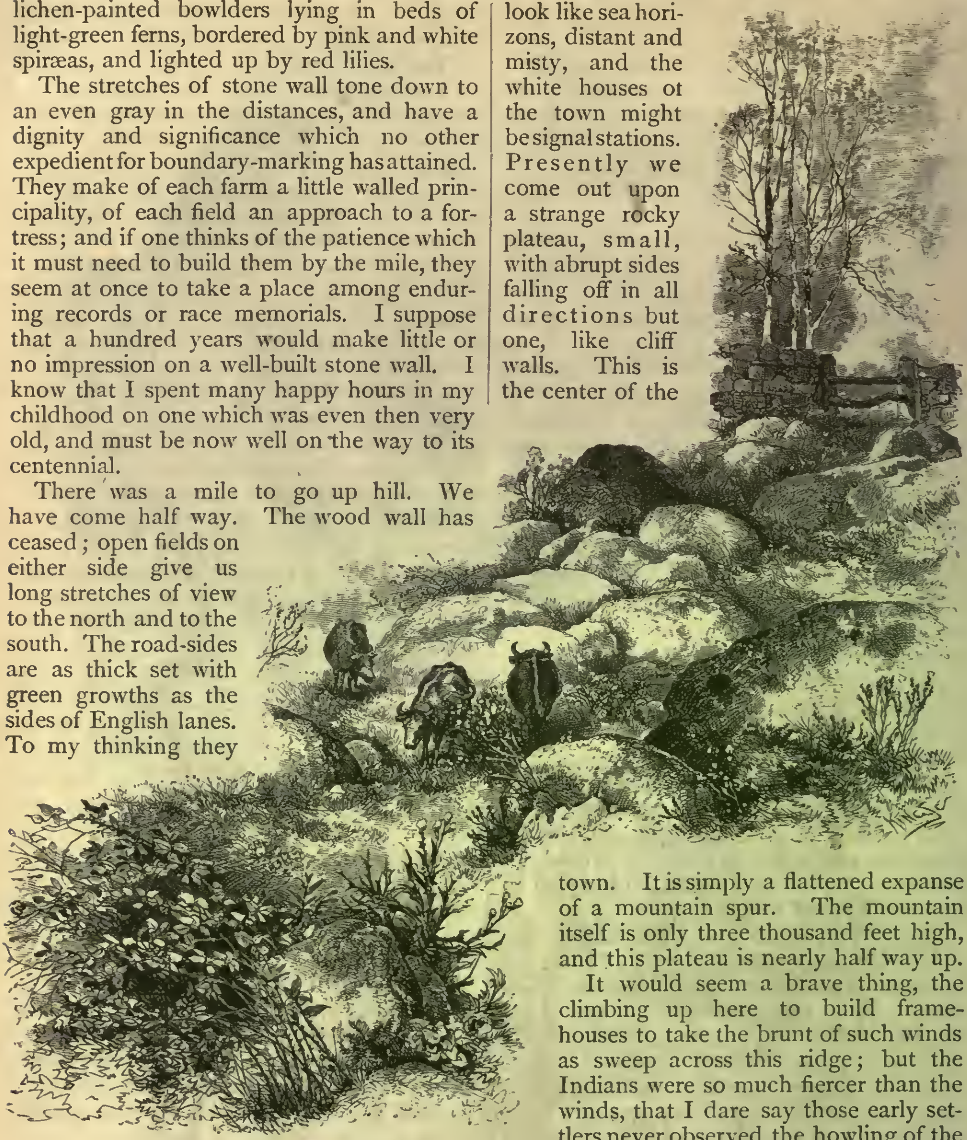
On the left-hand side of the road are what are called by the men who own them, "pastures." Considered as pastures from an animal's point of view, they must be disappointing; stones for bread to a cruel extent they give. Considered as landscape, they have, to the trained eye, a charm and fascination which smooth, fulsome meadow levels cannot equal. There can be no more exquisite tones of color, no daintier mosaic, than one sees if he looks attentively on an August day at these fields of gray granite,

OUR HOTEL.

lichen-painted bowlders lying in beds of light-green ferns, bordered by pink and white spiræas, and lighted up by red lilies.

The stretches of stone wall tone down to an even gray in the distances, and have a dignity and significance which no other expedient for boundary-marking has attained. They make of each farm a little walled principality, of each field an approach to a fortress; and if one thinks of the patience which it must need to build them by the mile, they seem at once to take a place among enduring records or race memorials. I suppose that a hundred years would make little or no impression on a well-built stone wall. I know that I spent many happy hours in my childhood on one which was even then very old, and must be now well on the way to its centennial.

There was a mile to go up hill. We have come half way. The wood wall has ceased; open fields on either side give us long stretches of view to the north and to the south. The road-sides are as thick set with green growths as the sides of English lanes. To my thinking they are more beautiful; copses of young locusts, birches, thickets of blackberry and raspberry bushes, with splendid waving tops like pennons; spiræa, golden rod, purple thistle, sumac with red pompons, and woodbine flinging itself over each and all in positions of inimitable grace and abandon. How comes it that the New Englander learns to carry himself so stiffly, in spite of the perpetual dancing-master lessons of his road-sides? With each rod that we rise the outlook grows wider; the uplands seem to roll away farther and farther; the horizons look like sea horizons, distant and misty, and the white houses of the town might be signal stations. Presently we come out upon a strange rocky plateau, small, with abrupt sides falling off in all directions but one, like cliff walls. This is the center of the town. It is simply a flattened expanse of a mountain spur. The mountain itself is only three thousand feet high, and this plateau is nearly half way up.


A HILL-SIDE MOSAIC—(THE "PASTURES.")

It would seem a brave thing, the climbing up here to build frame-houses to take the brunt of such winds as sweep across this ridge; but the Indians were so much fiercer than the winds, that I dare say those early settlers never observed the howling of the gales which to-day keep many a nervous person wide-awake of nights. The mountain was a great rendezvous of hostile Indians in the days when the Colony of Massachusetts Bay was fighting hand to hand for life. There are some old, tattered leather-bound books behind the counter of "the store," which are full of interesting records of that time. There are traditions of Governors' visits a hundred years before the Revolution; and a record of purchase of twelve square miles, "not including the mountain," for twenty-three pounds, from three sachems of the Nipmucks. In 1743 the first settlement was made on the present town site, by a man who, being too poor to buy, petitioned the Colonial Government to give him the land for his home, setting forth, "that your petitioner, though a poor man, yet he humbly apprehends he hath the character of an Honest and Laborious man, and is minded to settle himself and his Family thereon."

It was given to him on the condition that he should keep a house for the accommodation of travelers "going West!" Immortal phrase, which only the finality of an ocean can stay.

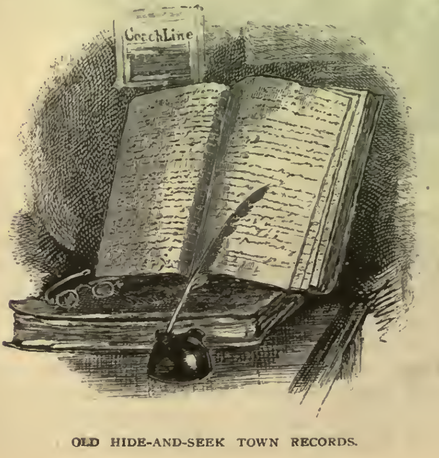
Twenty years later, the handful of settlers voted "to hire four days preaching in May next, to begin ye first Sabbath, if a minister can be conveniently procured," and that Christian charity was as clearly understood then as to-day may be seen by another record a few pages further on, of the town's vote to pass on to the next settlement, a poor tramp with his family: "Hepzibah, his wife, Joseph, Isaac, Thankful, Jeduthun, Jonathan and Molly, their children." There is an inexplicable fascination in this faded old record on the ragged page. Poor fellow; a wife and six children in such a wilderness, with no visible means of support! Why did they call that first girl "Thankful"? And what can it be in the sound of the word Jeduthun, which makes one so sure that of all the six children, Jeduthun was the forlornest? As we approach the Revolutionary period, the records grow more distinct. There is even a sort of defiant flourish in the very tails to the y's and g's, with which that ancient clerk, God rest his soul, records that the town had voted, "not to pay the Minute Men for training;" and that the minister is to be "inquired of" for his conduct in "refusing to call a Fast," and for his "Publick Discourses to the Minute Men, as tending to discourage people in defending their Rights and Liberties," and, "for taking cattle suspected to be Colonel Jones's." A wide range of delinquencies, surely! A little later, a committee is appointed to "keep him out of the pulpit." One wonders if in those days ministers were in the habit, or under the necessity, of knocking down in the aisles all parishioners who didn't wish to hear them preach.

THE STORE.

Even while the town was training its Minute Men, the records open, "In his Majesty's name;" but a few months later, comes a significant page, beginning, "In the name of the Government and People of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay." This page records the vote of the town, "To concur with the Continental Congress in case they should Declare Independence." Five months later is a most honorable record of a citizen who went to the Provincial Congress, rendered his account for fifty pounds for his expenses, and then, so that no heirs of his should demand it in future, presented it to the town in a formal receipt, "from him who wishes

A LEAF FROM THE OLD TOWN RECORDS.

them every good connected with this and the Future State." Could any strait of the Republic to-day develop such a Congressman as that? After spending a few hours in looking over these old records, one feels an irresistible drawing toward the old grave-yard, where sleep the clerk and his fellow-townsmen. It is the "sightliest" place in the town. On the apex of the ridge, where the very backbone of the hill sticks out in bare granite vertebræ, it commands the entire horizon, and gives such a sweep of view of both land and sky as is rarely found from a hill over which runs a daily used road. By common consent, this summit is called Sunset Hill; it might as well have been named for the Sunrise also, for, from it, one sees as far east as west; but the Sunrise has no worshipers, and all men worship the Sunset. In summer, there are hundreds of strangers in Hide-and-Seek Town; and every evening, one sees on Sunset Hill, crowds who have come up there to wait while the sun goes down; chatting lovers who see in the golden hazy distance only the promised land of the morrow; and silent middle-aged people to whom the same hazy distance seems the golden land they long ago left behind. The grave-yard lies a few steps down on the south-west slope of this hill. In August, it is gay with golden rods, and the old gray stones are more than half sunk in high purple grasses. The sun lies full on it all day long, save in the south-west corner, where a clump of pines and birches keeps a spot of perpetual shade. Many of the stones are little more than a mosaic of green and gray lichens. Old Mortality himself could not restore their inscriptions. The oldest one which is legible is dated 1786, and runs:



OLD HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN RECORDS.

"Thy word commands our flesh to dust;
 Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again."

Another, quite near, bearing the same date, takes the same uncomfortable license of rhyme:

THE HOUSE WITH A ROMANCE.

"Alas! this brittle clay,
  Which built our bodies first,
And every month, and every day,
  'Tis moldering back to dust!"

Seven years later, a man, who was, as his grave-stone sets forth, "inhumanly murdered" by one of his townsmen, was laid to rest, under the following extraordinary stanza:

"Passengers, behold! My friends, and view,
Breathless I lie; no more with you;
Hurried from life; sent to the grave;
Jesus my only hope to save;
No warning had of my sad fate;
Till dire the stroke, alas! too late!"

Side by side with him sleeps a neighbor, dead in the same year, whose philosophical relatives took unhandsome opportunity of his head-stone to give this posthumous snub:

"LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET."

ROAD THROUGH "THE LONG WOODS."

"How valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A little dust is all remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art,—and all I soon must be."

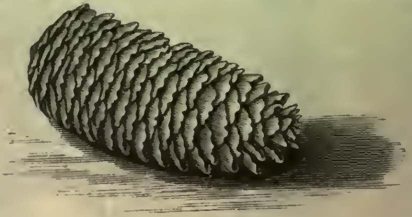
The sudden relenting candor of the last phrase but imperfectly atones for the gratuitous derogation of the first two lines. Surely, in those old days only the very queer survived! And, among the queerest, must have been the man who could carve upon a fellow-man's tomb such a light tripping measure as this:

"This languishing head is at rest;
  It's thinking and aching are o'er.
This quiet, immovable breast
  Is heaved by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
  Of trouble and sorrowing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
  It never will flutter again."

But one cannot afford to spend in the old grave-yard, many of his summer days in Hide-and-Seek Town. Fascinating as are these dead men's sunny silent homes with the quaint inscriptions on their stone lintels, there is a greater fascination in the sunny silent homes of the living, and the roads leading to and fro among them. North, south, east, and west, the roads run, cross, double, and turn, and double again; as many and as intricate as the fine-spun lines of a spider's web. You shall go no more than six or seven miles in any direction without climbing up, or creeping down, to some village; and the outlying farms of each meet midway, and join hands in good fellowship.

There is a fine and unbroken net-work of industry and comfort over the whole region. Not a poverty-stricken house to be seen; not one; not a single long stretch of lonely wilderness; even across the barrenest and rockiest hill-tops, and through the densest woods, run the compact lines of granite walls, setting the sign and seal of ownership and care on every acre. The houses are all of the New England type; high, narrow-angled, white, ugly, and comfortable. They seem almost as silent as the mounds in the grave-yard, with every blind shut tight, save one, or perhaps two, at the back, where the kitchen is; with the front door locked, and guarded by a pale but faithful "Hydrangy;" they have somehow the expression of a person with lips compressed and finger laid across them, rigid with resolve to keep a secret. It is the rarest thing to see a sign of life, as you pass by on a week day. Even the hens step gingerly, as if fearing to make a noise on the grass; the dog may bark a little at you if he be young; but, if he is old, he has learned the ways of the place, and only turns his head languidly at the noise of wheels. At sunset, you may possibly see the farmer sitting on the porch, with a newspaper. But his chair is tipped back against the side of the house; the newspaper is folded on his knee, and his eyes are shut. Calm and blessed folk! If they only knew how great is the gift of their quiet, they would take it more gladly, and be serene instead of dull, thankful instead of discontented.

They have their tragedies, however; tragedies as terrible as any that have ever been written or lived. Wherever are two human hearts, there are the elements ready for fate to work its utmost with, for weal



or woe. On one of these sunny hill-sides is a small house, left unpainted so many years, that it has grown gray as a granite bowlder. Its doors are always shut, its windows tightly curtained to the sill. The fence around it is falling to pieces, the gates are off the hinges; old lilac bushes with bluish moldy-looking leaves crowd the yard as if trying their best to cover up something.

THE "VILLAGE ON THE SHORE OF A LAKE."

For years, no ray of sunlight has entered this house. You might knock long and loud, and you would get no answer; you would pass on, sure that nobody could be living there. No one is living there. Yet, in some one of the rooms sits or lies a woman who is not dead. She is past eighty. When she was a girl she loved a man who loved her sister and not her. Perhaps then, as now, men made love idly, first to one, next to another, even among sisters. At any rate, this girl so loved the man who was to be her sister's husband, that it was known and whispered about. And when the day came for the wedding, the minister, being, perhaps, a nervous man and having this poor girl's sad fate much in his thoughts, made the terrible mistake of calling her name instead of her sister's in the ceremony. As soon as the poor creature heard her name, she uttered a loud shriek and fled. Strangely enough, no one had the presence of mind to interrupt the minister and set his blunder right, and the bride was actually married, not by her own name, but by her sister's.

A HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN LAKE

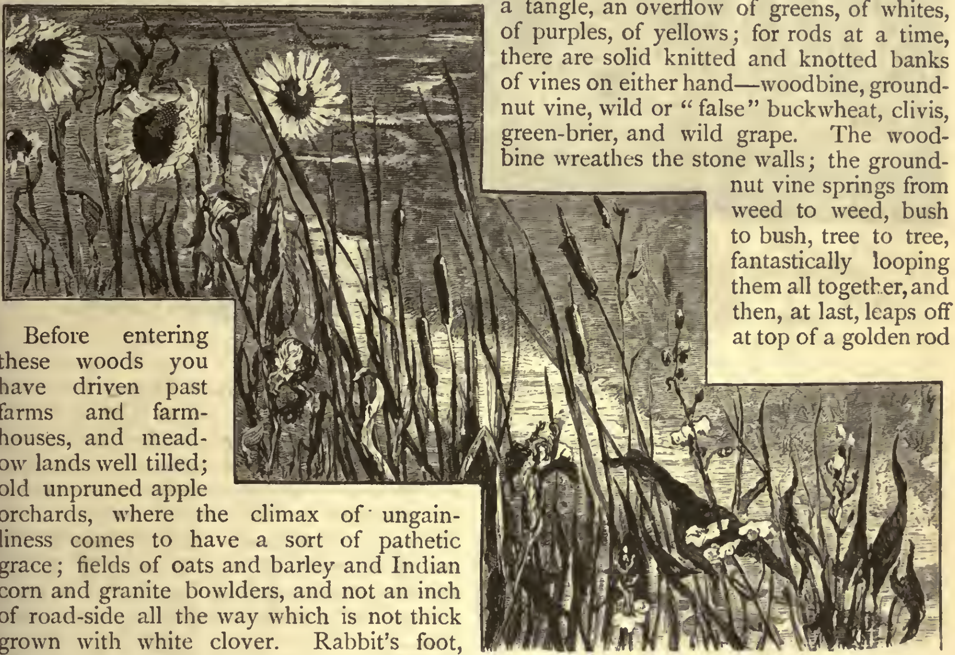
A HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN BRIDGE.

From that day the sister shunned every one. She insisted that the bridegroom had been married to her; but she wished never again to see a human face. She is past eighty, and has not yet been able to die. Winter before last, in the time of terrible cold, it was noticed for a day or two that no smoke came out of the chimney of this old house. On the fourth day, the neighbors broke open the door and went in. They found the woman lying insensible on the floor, nearly frozen. A few embers were smoldering on the hearth. When they roused her to consciousness, she cursed them fiercely for having disturbed her; but, as the warmth from fire and wine began to steal into her blood, she thanked them; the only words of thankfulness heard from her lips for a half century. After all, she did not want to die! She has relatives who go to the house often and carry her food. She knows their voices, and, after parleying with them a few minutes through the closed door, will open it, take the food, and sometimes allow them to come in. I have twice seen her standing at twilight in the dank shade of her little yard, and fumbling aimlessly at the leaves of the lilacs. She did not raise her head nor look toward the road, and I dared not speak to her. A gliding shape in a graveyard at midnight would not have seemed half so uncanny, so little of this world.

He who stays one month in Hide-and-Seek Town, may take each day a new drive and go on no day over a road he has seen before. A person of a statistical turn of mind, who knows the region well, has taken pains to find this out. We are more indebted than we realize to this type of person. Their facts furnish cloth for our fancies to come abroad in. There are souls of such make, that, to them, any one of these roads must seem enough for a summer; for that matter, enough for any number of summers; and in trying to frame a few of their beauties in words, to speak of them by the mile would seem as queer and clumsy, as if one in describing a sunset should pull out his almanac and remind you that there were likely to be three hundred and sixty odd of them in a year. Yet, there is no doubt that to the average mind, the statement that there are thirty different drives in a town, would be more impressive than it would be if one could produce on his page, as on a canvas, a perfect picture of the beauty of one, or even many of its landscapes; to choose which one of the thirty roads one would best try to describe, to win a stranger's care and liking, is as hard as to choose between children. There is such an excelling quality in each. After all, choice here, as elsewhere, is a question of magnetism. Places have their affinities to men, as much as men to each other; and fields and lanes have their moods also. I have brought one friend to meet another friend, and neither of them would speak; I have taken a friend to a hill-side, and I myself have perceived that the hill-side grew dumb and its face clouded.

If I may venture, without ever after feeling like a traitor to the rest, to give chief name to one or two of the Hide-and-Seek roads, I would speak of two—one is a highway, the other is a lane. The highway leads in a north-westerly direction to a village on the shore of a lake. It is seven miles long. Three of those miles are through pine woods—"the long woods" they are called with curt literalness by the people who tell you your way. Not so literal either, if you take the word at its best, for these miles of hushed pines are as solemn as eternity. The road is wide and smooth. Three carriages, perhaps four, might go abreast in it through these pine stretches. There is no fence on either side, and the brown carpet of the fallen pine-needles fringes out to the very ruts of the wheels.

Who shall reckon our debt to the pine? It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It builds us roofs; no others keep out sun so well. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music and a balsam of healing in the air; then, when it finds us in barren places where bread is hard to get, it loads itself down with cones full of a sweet and wholesome food, and at last, in its death, it makes our very hearthstones ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth.



THE MEADOW PROCESSION.

Before entering these woods you have driven past farms and farm-houses, and meadow lands well tilled; old unpruned apple orchards, where the climax of ungainliness comes to have a sort of pathetic grace; fields of oats and barley and Indian corn and granite bowlders, and not an inch of road-side all the way which is not thick grown with white clover. Rabbit's foot, Mayweed, shepherd's purse, ferns, blackberry, raspberry, elderberry, and here and there laurel, and in September blue gentians. There is one bit of meadow I recollect on this road. It is set in walls of pines; four little streams zigzag through it. You cross all four on narrow bridges in a space of two or three rods; the strips of meadow and strips of brooks seem braided together into a strand of green and blue, across which is flung your road of gray, bordered with dark alders. This is the way it must look to a bird flying over.

The lane is one of many ways to a village on a hill lying west of this town. The hill is so high that, as you look westward, its spires and house-tops stand out against the sky, with not even a tree in the background. In this lane nature has run riot. It is to all the rest of the Hide-and-Seek roads what California is to New England. All the trees and plants are millionaires—twenty, thirty per cent. interest on every square foot. One ignorant of botany has no right to open his mouth about it, and only a master of color should go into it to paint. It is an outburst, a tangle, an overflow of greens, of whites, of purples, of yellows; for rods at a time, there are solid knitted and knotted banks of vines on either hand—woodbine, ground-nut vine, wild or "false" buckwheat, clivis, green-brier, and wild grape. The woodbine wreathes the stone walls; the ground-nut vine springs from weed to weed, bush to bush, tree to tree, fantastically looping them all together, and then, at last, leaps off at top of a golden rod or sumac bough, waving a fine spiral taper tendril, a foot long, loose in the air. The false buckwheat, being lightest, gets a-top of the rest and scrambles along fastest, making in July a dainty running arabesque of fine white flowers above everything else. The clivis and the green-brier fill in wherever they can get a corner. They are not so pushing. Then comes the wild grape, lawless master of every situation. There is a spot on this lane where it has smothered and well-nigh killed one young oak, and one young maple and a sumac thicket. They have their heads out still, and very beautiful they look—the shining jagged-edged oak leaves, and the pointed

W. H. Gibson, del.

GLIMPSES FROM THE LANE.

maples, and the slender sumacs waving above and in the matted canopies of the grape; but they will never be trees. The grape vine is strongest.

This lane leads over high hill-crests, from which you have ever-changing views—now wide sweeps to the south horizon, now dainty and wood-framed bits of near valleys or lakes, now outcropping granite ledges and spots strewn thick with granite bowlders, as grand and stony as Stonehenge itself. Now the lane dips down into hollows in woods so thick, that for rods the branches more than meet over your head; then it turns a corner and suddenly fades away in the queer front-door yard of a farm-house flanked by orchards and corn fields; then it dips again into a deeper hollow and denser wood, with thick undergrowths, which brush your wheels like hands thrust out to hold you back; then it comes out on a meadow stretch, where the lines of alders and milk-weeds, and eupatoriums and asters, border it so close, that you may pick on any September day your hands full of flowers, if you like, by merely leaning out of your carriage; not only flowers, but ferns, high three-branched brakes and graceful ostrich plume ferns, you can reach from your seat. These are but glimpses I have given of any chance half mile on this lane. There are myriads of beautiful lesser things all along it whose names I do not know, but whose faces are as familiar as if I had been born in the lane and had never gone away. There are also numberless pictures which come crowding—of spots and nooks, and pictures on other roads and lanes in this rarest of regions. No one who knows and loves summer, can summer in Hide-and-Seek Town without bearing away such pictures; if he neither knows nor loves summer—if he have only a retina, and not a soul, he must, perforce, recollect some of them. A certain bridge, for instance, three planks wide, under which goes a brook so deep, so dark, it shines not like water, but like a burnished shield. It comes out from a wood, and in the black shadow of the trees along the edge of the brook stand, in August, scarlet cardinal flowers, ranks on ranks, two feet high, reflected in the burnished shield as in a glass; or a meadow there is which is walled on three sides by high woods, and has a procession of tall bulrushes forever sauntering through it with lazy spears and round-handled halberds, points down, and hundreds of yellow sunflowers looking up and down in the grass;

or a wood there is which has all of a sudden, in its center, a great cleared space, where ferns have settled themselves as in a tropic, and grown into solid thickets and jungles in the darkness; or another, which has along the road-side for many rods an unbroken line of light-green feathery ferns; so close set it seems, that not one more could have grown up without breaking down a neighbor; under these a velvety line of pine-tree moss, and the moss dotted thick with "wintergreen" in flower and in fruit; or a lake with three sides of soft woods or fields, and the fourth side an unbroken forest slope two thousand feet up the north wall of the mountain. These are a few which come first to my thought; others crowd on, but I force memory and fancy together back into the strait-jacket of the statistical person, and content myself with repeating that there are thirty different drives in Hide-and-Seek Town!

Next winter, however, memory and fancy will have their way; and as we sit cowering over fires and the snow piles up outside our window-sills, we shall gaze dreamily into the glowing coals, and, living the summer over again, shall recall it in a minuteness of joy, for which summer days were too short, and summer light too strong. Then, when joy becomes reverie, and reverie takes shape, a truer record can be written, and its first page shall be called

A ROAD-SIDE.

I.

WHITE CLOVER.

In myriad snowy chalices of sweet
Thou spread'st by dusty ways a banquet fine,
So fine that vulgar crowds of it no sign
Observe; nay, trample it beneath their feet.
O, dainty and unsullied one! no meet
Interpretation I of thee divine,
Although all summer long I quaff thy wine,
And never pass thee, but to reverent greet,
And pause in wonder at the miracle
Of thee, so fair, and yet so meekly low.
Mayhap thou art a saintly Princess vowed,
In token of some grief which thee befell,
This pilgrimage of ministry to go,
And never speak thy lineage aloud!

II.

WILD GRAPE.

Thou gypsy camper, how camest thou here,
With thy vagabond habits full in sight,
In this rigid New England's noonday light?
I laugh half afraid at thy riotous cheer,
In these silent roads so stony and drear;
Thy breathless tendrils flushed scarlet and bright,
Thy leaves blowing back disheveled and white,
Thyself in mad wrestle with everything near;
No pine-tree so high, no oak-tree so strong,
That it can resist thy drunken embrace;
Together like bacchanals reeling along,
Staying each other, ye go at a pace,
And the road-side laughs and reaps all your wealth:
Thou prince of highwaymen! I drink thy health!

III.

MILKWEED.

O, patient creature with a peasant face,
Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with stains,
And standing humbly in the dusty lanes!
There seems a mystery in thy work and place,
Which crowns thee with significance and grace;
Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins?
What royal nursling comes at night and drains
Unscorned the food of the plebeian race?
By day I mark no living thing which rests
On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,
Who turn from flowers that are more fair, more sweet,
And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,
And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.

NIAGARA.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA FROM THE CANADA SHORE.

THE NAME, NIAGARA.

No one can hear the name of the great cataract correctly pronounced without being charmed with its rhythmical beauty, nor without feeling confident of its poetical aptness and significance in its original dialect. And although we have no means of determining whether any of the fanciful or poetical interpretations which have been given to the word are correct, still we cannot doubt that it must have had a peculiar force and fitness with those who first applied it. Baron La Hontan, who spent several years among the Indians, noticed the remarkable fact concerning their language that it had no labials. "Nevertheless," he says, "the language of the Hurons appears very beautiful and the sound of it perfectly charming, although in speaking it, they never close their lips."

The Jesuit Father Lalement, writing from St. Mary's Mission on the river Severn, in 1641, says of the Niagaras, called by Drake in "The Book of the Indians" Nicariagas, "There are some things in which they differ from our Hurons. They are larger, stronger and better formed. * * * * The Sononton-heronons [Senecas], one of the Iroquois nations nearest to and most dreaded by the Hurons, are not more than a day's journey distant from the easternmost village of the Neuter Nation, named Onguiaahra [Niagara], of the same name as the river.

On Sanson's map of Canada, published in Paris in 1657, this one of forty different ways of spelling the word is shortened into Ongiara, and on Coronelli's map of the same region, published in Paris in 1688, it is crystallized into *Niagara.* As the Indians gave the *long* sound to every vowel, this name was pronounced *Ni-ah-gah-rah.*

THE RIVER.

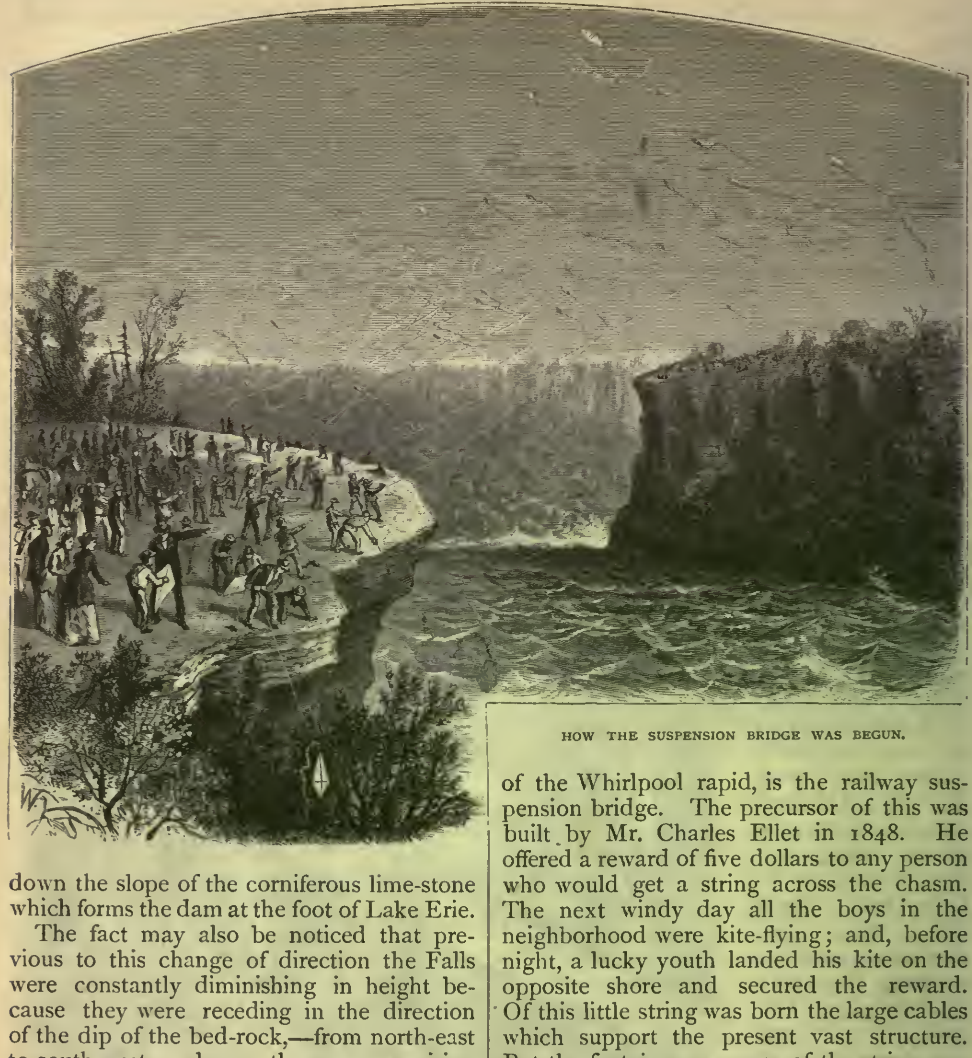
Geographically, as is well known, the river Niagara is the connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and at the same time forms a part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. It is thirty-four miles long, and its main channel is twenty-five feet deep. Its general course is a few points east of north, with two curves, one easterly and the other westerly to embrace Grand Island. From the foot of Lake

Erie to the head of the rapids above the Falls, a distance of twenty miles, it has a fall of twenty feet, which produces a strong and quite uniform, but not rapid current. The two curves that embrace Grand Island, unite again four miles above the Falls, and thence run due west to the precipice; except that on the south side the Oxbow channel is cut out at right angles with the main channel. The current of its lower arm and of the river below runs nearly north, thus forming the western part of the curve which gives its name—Horseshoe—to the main Fall. After leaving the precipice, the river makes an acute angle with its former direction, and for a mile, down to the Whirlpool rapid, the channel is 200 feet deep; thence through the rapids and whirlpool to the end of the chasm, from 100 to 150 feet; thence to the mouth of the river 66 feet. The average width of the river is, from Lake Erie to the foot of Grand Island, including both channels around it, about one and an eighth miles; from the foot of Grand Island to the Falls one and a quarter miles; from the Falls to Lewiston about 800 feet at the water's edge, and from Lewiston to Lake Ontario about half a mile. The narrowest point in the gorge is 292 feet, just below the Whirlpool. The next narrowest is 361 feet in the center of the Whirlpool rapid. The finest reach in the upper Niagara is the portion between the foot of Grand and Navy Islands and the top of the precipice. It is about one and a quarter miles wide, flowing on with a strong but unruffled current till it reaches the first break in the rapids. The rush, the turmoil, the ever-changing aspect of the rapids are a fitting prelude to the final plunge. When this is made the cataract acquires its most impressive characteristics: the fall, the foam, the roar, the spray, the bow.

INDIAN WOMEN SELLING BEAD-WORK.

For two miles above the Falls the course of the river is almost due west. But after leaving the precipice which sustains the present fall, it makes an acute angle with its former direction, and thence to the railway suspension bridge its course is a little east of north. The formation of the rapids, one of the most beautiful features of the scene, is due to this change of direction. At no point below its present position could such a prelude—musical as well as *motional*—to the great cataract have existed, simply because the waters above the precipice lay like the water in a mill-pond above its dam, over which it tamely fell to the level below.

And when these rapids have vanished in the receding flood, there can be no others that will equal them in length, breadth, beauty and power. The only reminder of them even that can exist hereafter will be seen by some kinsman of the traditional New Zealander who may stand on the dilapidated wall of Fort Porter at Buffalo and look upon the waters that will then rush



HOW THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE WAS BEGUN.

down the slope of the corniferous lime-stone which forms the dam at the foot of Lake Erie.

The fact may also be noticed that previous to this change of direction the Falls were constantly diminishing in height because they were receding in the direction of the dip of the bed-rock,—from north-east to south-west,—whereas they are now rising on the dip. By bearing this fact in mind it will be understood why the American is ten feet higher than the Canadian Fall.

Sixty rods below the American Fall is the upper suspension bridge. It is the longest one of its kind ever erected—a light, graceful structure, 1,200 feet in length—which hangs 190 feet above the water. The depth of the channel here is 200 feet. But it must be borne in mind that this is the depth of the water and that below this there must be another excavation certainly half as deep into which the mass of fallen gravel, rocks and stone has been precipitated. The whole depth of the chasm including the secondary banks is 500 feet.

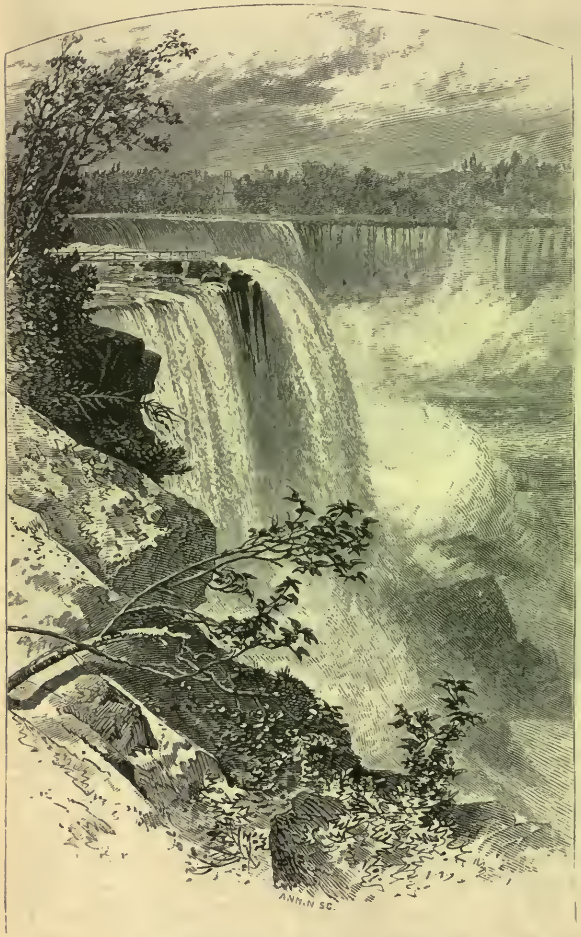
A mile and a quarter below, at the head of the Whirlpool rapid, is the railway suspension bridge. The precursor of this was built by Mr. Charles Ellet in 1848. He offered a reward of five dollars to any person who would get a string across the chasm. The next windy day all the boys in the neighborhood were kite-flying; and, before night, a lucky youth landed his kite on the opposite shore and secured the reward. Of this little string was born the large cables which support the present vast structure. But the first *iron* successor of the string was a small wire rope, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. To this was suspended a wire basket, in which two persons could cross the chasm. To it was attached an endless rope that was worked by a windlass on each bank. The ride down to the center was rapid and exhilarating, but the pause over the center, while the slack of the rope was being taken up, was apt to make the coolest person a little nervous, and the *jerky* motion up the opposite slope was rather annoying. The present bridge, with its railroad track and carriage way, was built by the late Mr. John A. Roebling. It is 800 feet long, and 200 feet above the water. It combines the advantages of two systems of construction, those of the tubular and the suspension bridges.

It is, practically, a skeleton tube, and one of the most brilliant examples of modern engineering. It is one of the few structures that not only harmonize with the grand scenery of the vicinity, but even augment its impressiveness.

For three-quarters of a mile below this bridge, in a moderate curve, runs the Whirlpool rapid, the wildest, most tumultuous and dangerous portion of the voyage made by the steamer "Maid of the Mist," of which we shall speak later. Owing to the abruptness of the declivity and the narrowness of the channel, the water is forced into a broken ridge in the middle of the stream, and its fierce turbulence, its terrific commotion, as seen from the water's edge are beyond description. At the foot of this rapid lies the Whirlpool, another most interesting and attractive portion of the river. The name—Whirlpool—is not quite accurate, since the body of water to which it is applied is rather a large eddy in which small whirlpools are constantly forming and breaking. The spectator cannot realize their tremendous power, unless there is some object floating upon the surface by which it may be demonstrated. Logs from broken rafts are frequently carried over the Falls, and when they reach this eddy, tree-trunks from two to three feet in diameter and fifty feet long, after a few preliminary and stately gyrations, are drawn down endwise, submerged for awhile and then ejected with great force, to resume again their devious course. Often they will be kept in this monotonous round for several weeks before escaping from their watery prison. The cleft in the bed-rock which forms the *débouché* of this basin is only 400 feet wide. Standing beside it at the water's edge, and considering that the whole volume of the water in the river is rushing through it with a current whose unbroken surface indicates its immense depth, the spectator witnesses a manifestation of physical force which makes a stronger impression on his mind than even the great Fall itself.

THE "MAID OF THE MIST" IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

A short distance below the Whirlpool, a rocky cape juts out from the Canada bank, and reaches two-thirds of the distance over the chasm. At this point, retrocession met a more obstinate and longer continued resistance than at any other, for the reason that the fine, firm sandstone of the Medina group projects across the channel, forming part of its bed and rising above the surface of the water. And here, this hard, compact rock held the cataract for many centuries. The crooked channel which incessant friction and chiseling have cut through it is the narrowest in the river, being only 392 feet wide. As at the neck of the Whirlpool, the surface of the water is unbroken, while its depth is still greater, and its motion, as it sweeps through the narrow, rock-ribbed gorge, is almost appalling to the beholder. A short distance below this cape, on the Canada side, is Foster's Glen, a singular and extensive lateral excavation, left dry by the receding flood. The cliff at its upper end is bare and water-worn, showing that the periphery of the Fall must have been wider than the average width below.



HORSESHOE FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Half a mile further down-stream is the Devil's Hole—literally a hole cut out of the American bank by the aid of a small stream called Bloody Run, which, in the spring and fall of the year, is quite a torrent. From this point down the water rushes on in a restless, resistless flood, until it escapes from the gorge at Lewiston, when, like a weary courser, it slackens its speed and settles into the broad, deep, majestic channel by which, flowing gently through a rich Arcadian plain, it reaches Lake Ontario, six miles distant. This channel is from 60 to 90 feet deep. The water on the immense bar at the mouth of the river is only 28 feet in depth. In the lake beyond it is 600 feet deep. From the best recorded and other obtainable data, it is proximately demonstrated that the Falls have receded 76 feet during the last one hundred and seventy-five years. Consequently, they have been seventy-two thousand years cutting their way back six miles to their present location. As the underlying shale is sinking lower and the superposed rock is becoming thicker, future recession must be extremely slow, except when these conditions may be reversed. It is altogether probable that there will always be a perpendicular fall whatever the rate of recession may be, and that it will assume a permanent position, in future eons, at the outlet of Lake Erie where the bed-rock—the corniferous limestone of the Onondaga group—is thoroughly indurated.

LOCAL HISTORY.

The oldest permanent settler in this locality was Mr. John Stedman. He had been connected with the British army, and occupied the land adjacent to old Fort Schlosser, which had been cleared by the French. He also cultivated a portion of the upper end of Goat Island, on which, in the summer of 1779, he placed a few small animals, among them a male goat. The following winter was very severe; navigation to the island was impracticable, and the goat fell a victim to the intense cold. Some years later, the United States Boundary Commissioner, the late Gen. P. B. Porter, while running the line between the two countries, proposed to name this bit of land *Iris* Island, and it was so printed on the boundary maps. But the public, refusing to adopt the new, adhered to the old name. The earliest date found on the island, carved on a beech-tree, was 1765. The earliest date cut in the rock on the main shore was 1645. The settlement of the present village was begun during the last few years of the last century, and the moderate growth it had attained was almost annihilated in the flames kindled by the British in 1814.

Seventy years ago the few travelers who were attracted to the vicinity by interest or curiosity were obliged to approach it by Indian trails or rude corduroy roads through dense and dark forests.

Even in the treacherous and bloody warfare of savage men it was *neutral* ground. It was a forest city of refuge for contending tribes. The generous and peaceful Niagaras, "a people," as has been noted, larger, stronger and better formed than any other savages, and who lived upon its borders, were called by the whites and the neighboring tribes the Neuter Nation. Some forty years ago Niagara was, emphatically, a pleasant and attractive place of resort. The town was quiet, the accommodations were good, the people kind, considerate and attentive. Niagara is still pleasant and attractive, but with a difference

In 1817 the first bridge to Goat Island was built—of wood—about forty rods above the present one. The next spring it was carried away by the ice. A new one was then built lower down, and did good service until 1856, when it was superseded by the present iron bridge. The three graceful and substantial suspension bridges, connecting Goat Island with the three Moss Islands lying south of it in the great rapids, were built in 1858.

The quaint old stone Tower that formerly stood in the rapids off the lower end of Goat Island was built in 1833 with stones gathered in the vicinity. From apprehension that it had become weakened and dangerous it was demolished in 1874. The Biddle staircase, by which access is gained to the cave of the winds and Tyndall's rock, was built in 1829. The shaft forming the center of the spiral stairway is 80 feet long and is firmly fastened to the rock. At the water's edge, just below it, Mr. Samuel Patch set up a ladder 100 feet high, from which he made two leaps into the water below.

THE AMERICAN AND HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM BELOW.

The depth of the water at the top of the Horseshoe fall was quite correctly determined in 1827. In the autumn of that year the ship Michigan, having become unseaworthy, was purchased by a few men and sent over the Falls. Her hull and guard rail were twenty feet deep. She filled going down the rapids and went over the Horseshoe with her top rail just visible, indicating that there was at least twenty feet of water in the channel. A bear, a fox, a dog and some geese were put on board. The first plunged into the rapids and escaped to the shore, where he was afterward recaptured. The geese would seem to have multiplied as they went down, since quite a large number that were said to have received their baptism of fame by this dip, were sold to visitors during the remainder of the season. Another condemned vessel, the Detroit, that had belonged to Com. Perry's victorious fleet, was set adrift in 1841, but grounded about midway on the rapids, where she lay until knocked to pieces by the ice.

In two instances dogs were sent over the falls and survived the plunge. It is certain that one of them, a belligerent bull-terrier, was thereafter more amiable, a sadder if not a wiser dog.

The double railway track at the Ferry was completed in 1845. It is operated by a subterranean water wheel, and as all the gearing is invisible it has quite the appearance of a self-working apparatus.

ROCK OF AGES AND WHIRLWIND BRIDGE.

OTHER INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

In the summer of 1816 three men living about three miles above the Falls, saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize they started for him in a large, substantial log canoe or "dug-out." When they overtook him he seemed quite obliged for their attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently belabored him with their paddles. As he came in on one side two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe facing him. As the noise of the rapids and roar of the Falls reminded him that they were ominously near, Fisher resolved to take advantage of the truce and pull vigorously for the shore. But when he began to paddle the bear began to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with an ominous grin. Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation an octave higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The men who swam ashore soon, however, re-appeared, in another canoe, with a loaded musket, shot the bear, and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

On the morning of July 29, 1853, a man was discovered in the middle of the American rapid, about thirty rods below the bridge. He was clinging to a log, which had lodged against a submerged rock during the preceding spring. He proved to be a Mr. Avery, who had undertaken to cross the river the night before, got bewildered in the current, and was drawn into the rapids. His boat struck the log, was overturned, and he was enabled to hold to the timber. A large crowd soon gathered, and several boats were let down to him from the bridge. One of them reached him safely, but by some unaccountable means the rope got caught between the log and the rock. It could not be loosened, although the unfortunate man tugged at it with almost superhuman energy for several hours. Other boats were upset or wrecked. Finally a raft—with an empty cask fastened to each corner, and ropes for him to hold by —was sent to him. He got upon it, and seized the ropes. The persons holding to the upper end of the tow rope moved along the bridge toward the island, the raft swinging across the current. Again the rope got entangled and could not be disengaged. Another boat was safely lowered to the raft. Avery, in his eagerness to seize it, let go the ropes he had been holding by, stepped to the top of the raft with his hands extended to catch the boat, when the former seemed to settle in the water by his weight, and, just

FISHER AND THE BEAR.

missing his clutch, he was swept into the rapid and went over the fall, after a terrific struggle with death of eighteen hours continuance.

On the 23d of August, 1844, Miss Martha K. Rugg was walking up to Table Rock with a friend. Seeing a bunch of cedar berries on a low tree which grew out from the edge of the bank, she left her companion, reached out to pick it, lost her footing and fell one hundred and fifteen feet upon the rocks below. She survived about three hours. Pilgrims to Table Rock, of course, inquired for the spot where this accident happened. The following spring, an enterprising Irishman brought out a table of suitable dimensions, set it down on the bank of the river and covered it with sundry articles which he offered for sale. In order to enlighten strangers as to the peculiarity of the spot he provided a remarkable sign, which he set up near one end of the table. This sign was a monumental obelisk about five feet high, made of pine boards and painted white. On the base he painted in black letters the following inscription:

> "Ladies fair, most beauteous of the race,
> Beware and shun a dangerous place,
> Miss Martha Rugg here lost a life,
> Who might now have been a happy wife."

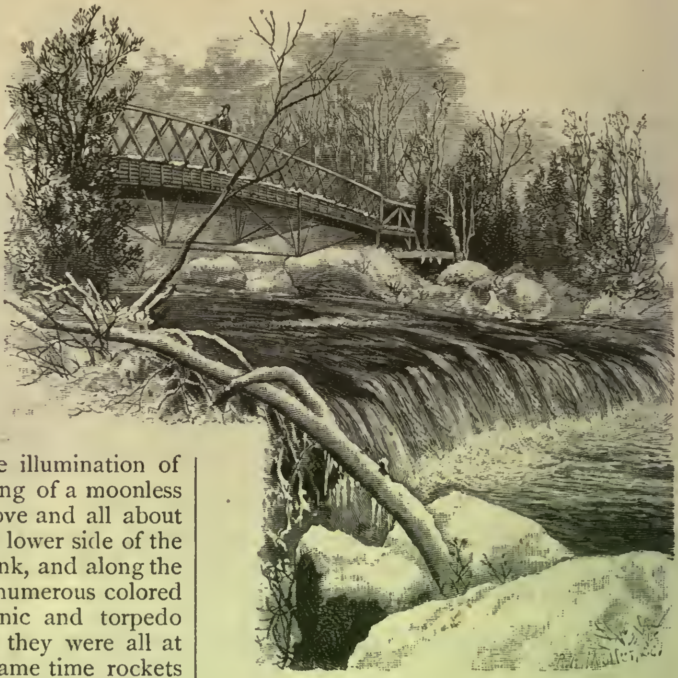
IRISH ENTERPRISE.

An envious competitor, one of his own countrymen, brought his table of sundries, and placed it and them just above the original mourner. Thereupon the latter, determined that his rival should not have the benefit of his sign, removed it below his own table, having first removed the table itself as far down as circumstances would permit. Then he added his master stroke of policy. Theretofore the monument had been stationary. Thenceforward every day on quitting business, he put it on a wheelbarrow and took it home, bringing it out again on resuming operations in the morning.

Since the beginning of the present century, so far as known, twenty-four persons have gone over the Falls, two purposely; and one man took the last leap from the lower suspension bridge.

In 1858 Mr. Blondin began his exhibitions. His rope was stretched over the chasm below the railway suspension bridge. He selected Saturday as the day for his fortnightly "ascensions," as he called them. He performed a variety of rope-walking feats, balancing on the cable, hanging from it by his hands and feet, standing on his head and lowering himself down to the surface of the water. He also carried a man across on his back, trundled over a loaded wheelbarrow and walked over in a sack. In 1860 he had a special "ascension" for the Prince of Wales, and his party.

The most notable occurrence, however, which emphasized the visit of the Prince of Wales in that year was the illumination of the Falls late in the evening of a moonless night. On the banks above and all about on the rocks below, on the lower side of the road down the Canada bank, and along the water's edge, were placed numerous colored and white calcium, volcanic and torpedo lights. At a given signal they were all at once set aflame. At the same time rockets and wheels and flying artillery were set off in great abundance. The shores were crowded with people, and the scene was of surpassing magnificence.


SECOND MOSS ISLAND BRIDGE.

The ordinary spring rains and freshets produce no effect on the river above the Falls except to change the color of the water. Its volume is varied only by fierce gales or long-continued winds. In the spring of 1847, a gale from the west, both fierce and long-continued, driving the water down Lake Erie, caused the highest rise ever known. The water rose six feet on the rapids and reached the floor plank on the old bridge. This hint was taken and the new bridge was raised four feet higher.

On March 29th, 1848, a remarkable phenomenon occurred. The preceding winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was unusually thick. In the warm days of early spring, this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset, the wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water. Of course it needed but little time for the Falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was, that on the morning of the following day, the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with a quick consumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island and out into the Canadian rapids, and from the foot of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary syncope of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning, the river was restored in all its strength, beauty, and majesty.

On the 25th of June, 1850, occurred the great downfall which reduced Table Rock to a narrow bench along the bank. The portion which fell was one immense solid rock 200 feet long, 60 feet wide and 100 feet deep, where it separated from the bank. Fortunately, it fell at noonday, when but few people were out, and no lives were lost. The driver of an omnibus who had taken off his horses for their midday feed, and was washing his vehicle, felt the preliminary cracking and escaped, the vehicle itself being plunged into the gulf below.

THE YOUNGEST INHABITANT.

WINTER.

In winter, the stalactites and stalagmites hanging from, or apparently supporting, the projecting rocks along the side walls of the deep chasm; the ice islands which grow on the bars and around the rocks in the river; the white caps and hoods which are formed on the rocks below; the fanciful statuary and statuesque forms which gather on and around the trees and bushes, are most curious and interesting. Exceedingly beautiful are the white vestments of frozen spray with which every thing in the immediate vicinity is robed and shielded; and beautiful too are the clusters of ice apples hanging from the extremities of the branches of the evergreen trees.

There is something marvelous in the purity and *whiteness* of congealed spray. One might think it to be frozen sunlight. After a day of sunshine which has been sufficiently warm to fill the atmosphere with aqueous vapor, if a sharp, still, cold night succeed, and on this there break a clear, calm morning, the scene presented is one of unique and enchanting beauty. The frozen spray on every bole, limb and twig of tree and shrub, on every stiffened blade of grass, on every rigid stem and tendril of the vine, is covered over with a fine white powder,—a frosty bloom, from which there springs a line of delicate frost-spines, forming a perfect fringe of ice-moss,—than which nothing more fanciful and beautiful can be imagined.

Even more beautiful and fairy-like, if possible, is the garment of *frozen fog*, with which all external objects are adorned and

THE THREE SISTERS OR MOSS ISLANDS, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

etherealized when the spring advances. As the sharp, still night wears on, the light mists begin to rise, and when the morning breaks, the river is buried in a deep, dense bank of fog. A gentle wave of air bears it landward; its progress is stayed by every thing with which it comes in contact, and as soon as its motion is arrested, it freezes sufficiently to adhere to whatever it touches. So it grows upon itself, and all things are soon covered, half an inch in depth, with a delicate fringe of congealed fog of intensest whiteness. The morning sun dispels the mist, and in an hour the gay frost-work vanishes.

The ice islands are sometimes quite extensive. In the year 1856 the whole of the rocky bar above Goat Island was covered with ice, piled together in a rough heap, the lower end of which rested on Goat Island, and the three Moss Islands lying outside of it; all of which were visited by different persons passing over this new route. The writer walked over the south end of Luna Island, above the tops of the trees.

AN ASCENSION BY BLONDIN.

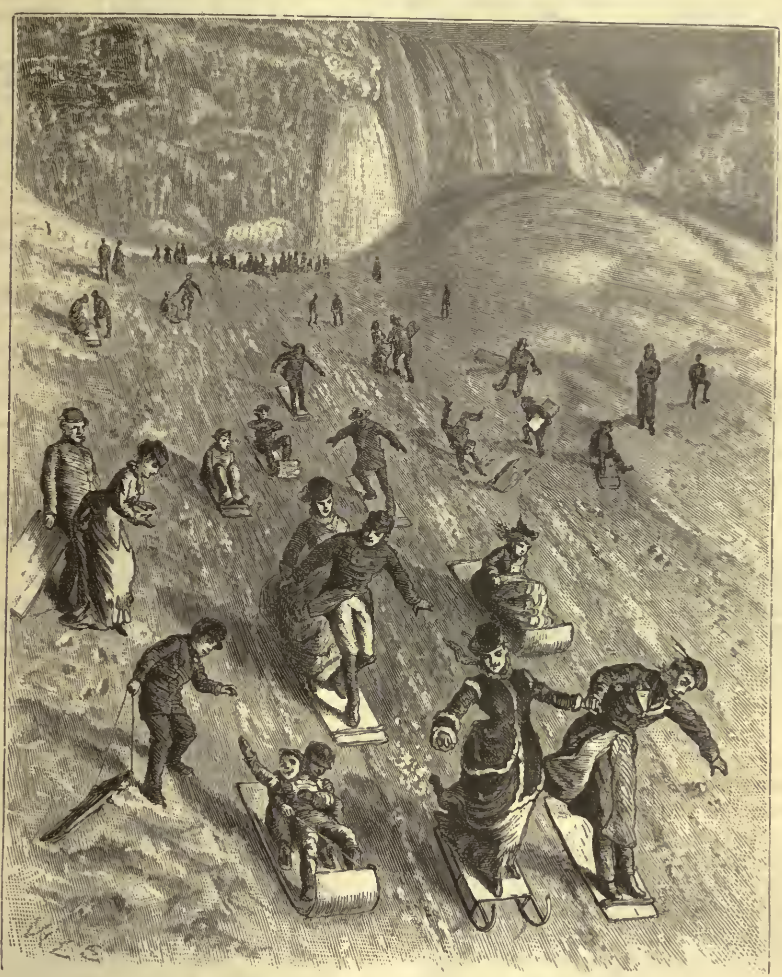
The ice bridge of that year filled the whole chasm from the railway suspension bridge up past the American fall. When the ice broke up in the spring, such immense quantities were carried down that, on the occurrence of a strong northerly wind across Lake Ontario, a jam occurred at Fort Niagara. The ice accumulated and set back until it reached the Whirlpool, and could be crossed at any point between it and the Fort. It was lifted up about 60 feet above the surface, and spread out over both shores, crushing and destroying every thing with which it came in contact. In the ice gorge of 1866, the ice was set back to the upper end of the Whirlpool, over which it was 20 feet deep. The Whirlpool rapid was subdued nearly to an unbroken current, and, all below to Lake Ontario, was reduced to a gentle flow of quiet waters.

The winter of 1875 was intensely cold. The singular figures represented in the illustration on page 477—the eagle and dog—are counterfeit presentments of the veritable chance-work of the frost of that season. The long-continued prevalence of the south-west wind fastened to every object facing it a border or apron of dazzling whiteness, and more than five feet thick. The ice mountain below the American fall, reaching nearly to the top of the precipice, was appropriated as a "coasting" course, and furnished most exhilarating sport to the people who used it. A large number of visitors came from all directions, and on the 22d of February, fifteen hundred were assembled to see the extraordinary exhibition. The ice bridges are formed by the broken masses that pour over the precipice and are frozen together in the chasm below. The roof being formed, the succeeding cakes are drawn under, raise the roof and are frozen to it. In the coldest winters, these ice bridges cannot be less than 250 feet thick. The ice bridge of the present year formed on the 6th and 7th of May, was crossed on the 8th, and broke up on the 14th—the only one ever known in the river so late in the spring.

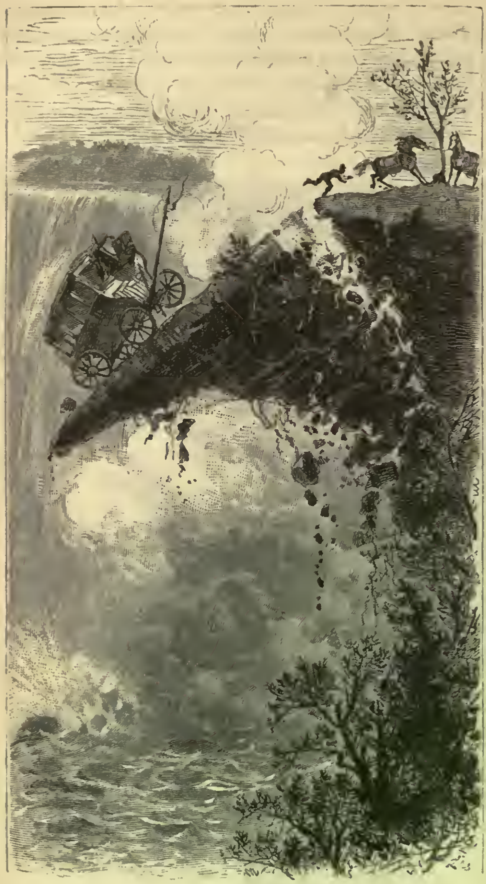
ROBINSON'S EXPLOITS.

No account of Niagara is complete that omits at least some of the exploits of the navigator of its rapids—Mr. Joel R. Robinson. In the summer of 1838, while repairs were being made on the main bridge to Goat Island, a mechanic named Chapin fell from the lower side of it into the rapids about ten rods from the Bath Island shore. The swift current bore him toward the first small island lying below the bridge. Knowing how to swim, he made a desperate and successful effort to reach it. Saved from drowning, he seemed likely to fall a victim to the slow torture of starvation. All thoughts were then turned to Robinson. He launched his light red skiff from the foot of Bath Island, picked his way cautiously and skillfully through the rapids to the little island, took Chapin in and brought him safely to the shore.

In the summer of 1841, a Mr. Allen started for Chippewa in a boat just before sunset. Being anxious to get across before dark, he plied his oars with such vigor that one of them was broken when he was about opposite the middle Sister. With the remaining oar he tried to make the head of Goat Island. The current, however, set too strongly toward the great Canadian rapids, and his only hope was to reach the outer Sister. Nearing this, and not being able to run his boat upon it, he sprang out, and, being a good swimmer, by a vigorous effort succeeded in getting on it. Certain of having a lonely, if not a quiet and pleasant night, and being the fortunate possessor of two stray matches, he lighted a fire and solaced himself with his thoughts and his pipe. Next morning, taking off his red flannel



COASTING DOWN ICEBERG BELOW AMERICAN FALL—WINTER OF 1875.



FALL OF TABLE ROCK.

shirt, he raised a signal of distress. Toward noon, the unusual smoke and the red flag attracted attention. The situation was soon ascertained, and Robinson informed of it. Not long after noon the little red skiff was carried across Goat Island and launched in the channel just below the Moss Islands. Robinson then pulled himself across to the foot of the middle Sister and tried in vain to find a point where he could cross to the outer one. Approaching darkness compelled him to suspend operations. He rowed back to Goat Island, got some refreshments, returned to the middle Sister, threw them across to Allen, and then left him to his second night of solitude. The next day Robinson took with him two long, light, strong cords, with a properly shaped piece of lead weighing about a pound. Tying the lead to one of the cords he threw it across to Allen. Robinson then fastened the other end of Allen's cord to the bow of the skiff; then attaching his own cord to the skiff also, he shoved it off. Allen drew it to himself, got into it, pushed off, and Robinson drew him to where he stood on the middle island. Then seating Allen in the stern of the skiff he returned across the rapids to Goat Island, where both were assisted up the bank by the spectators.

This was the second person rescued by Robinson from islands which had been considered wholly inaccessible. It is no exaggeration to say that there was not another man in the country who could have saved Chapin and Allen as he did.

In the year 1846 a small steamer was built in the eddy just above the railway suspension bridge to run up to the Falls. She was very appropriately named the "Maid of the Mist." Her engine was rather weak, but she safely accomplished the trip. As, however, she took passengers aboard only from the Canada side, she did little more than pay expenses. In 1854 a larger, better boat, with a more powerful engine,—the new "Maid of the Mist,"—was put on the route, and, as she took passengers from both shores, many thousands of persons made this most exciting and impressive tour under the Falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which again confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner having decided to leave the place, wished to sell

JOEL R. ROBINSON.

WINTER FOLIAGE.

her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but had an offer of something more than half of her cost, if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consultation with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock was just above the railway suspension bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter, that, too, being the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked,

A GLIMPSE OF LUNA FALL AND ISLAND IN WINTER.

MOUTH OF THE CHASM AND BROCK'S MONUMENT.

tumultuous rapid which we have before noticed, as reaching from the bridge to the whirlpool. At the whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the rapids, of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the whirlpool to Lewiston is a wild rush and whirl of water the whole distance.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and, knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and waited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper deck. Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting-bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape-pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson on his back and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. The boat was seventy-two feet long, with seventeen feet breadth of beam, eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of a hundred horse-power. Robinson said that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred, the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntyre were

GREAT ICICLES AND STALAGMITES—UNDER THE AMERICAN FALL, 1875.

ICE BRIDGE AND FROST FREAKS.

holding to the wheel with all their strength, but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest suction must be in the deepest channel, and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement, or by his fall, as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling around the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

Poor Jones, imprisoned beneath the hatches before the glowing furnace, went down on his knees, as he related afterward, and although a more earnest prayer was never uttered, and few that were shorter, still it seemed to him prodigiously long. The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a later day. "He was," said Mrs. Robinson to the writer, "twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out." He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water and advised his sons to venture no more about the rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious afterward. Yet he had a strange, almost irrepressible desire to make this voyage immediately after the steamer was put on below the Falls. This wish was only increased when the first "Maid of the Mist" was superseded by the new and stancher one. Robinson was born in Springfield, Mass. He was nearly six feet high, with light chestnut hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. He was a kind-hearted man, of equable temper, few words, cool, deliberate, decided, lithe as a Gaul and gentle as a girl. He neither provoked nor defied Providence, nor foolishly challenged the admiration of his fellow-men. But when news came that some one was in danger, then he went to work with a calm and cheerful will.

Benevolent associations in different cities and countries bestow honor and rewards on those who, by unselfish effort and a noble courage, save the life of a fellow-being. This Robinson did repeatedly; yet no stone commemorates his deeds.

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

SONG.

WHAT good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest!
All joys to thee belong;
Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
Sweeter than any song.
For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light:
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright.
Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes:
Thy morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies.
What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest!
Thou holdest in thy hand
My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest:
Nor wilt thou understand
Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
My lady proud and sweet!
I bring the treasure of a priceless sorrow,
To lay before thy feet.

A BIRD MEDLEY.

PEOPLE who have not made friends with the birds do not know how much they miss. Especially to one living in the country, of strong local attachments, with a sympathetic heart and an observing turn of mind, does an acquaintance with the birds form a close and invaluable tie. The only time I saw Thomas Carlyle, I remember his relating, apropos of this subject, that in his earlier days he was sent on a journey to a distant town on some business that gave him much bother and vexation, and that on his way back home, forlorn and dejected, he suddenly heard the larks singing all about him—soaring and singing, just as they did about his father's fields, and it had the effect to comfort him and cheer him up amazingly.

Most lovers of the birds can doubtless recall similar experiences from their own lives. Nothing wonts me to a new place more than the birds. I go, for instance, to take up my abode in the country,—to plant myself upon unfamiliar ground. I know nobody, and nobody knows me. The roads, the fields, the hills, the streams, the woods are all strange. I look wistfully upon them, but they know me not. They give back nothing to my yearning gaze. But there, on every hand, are the long-familiar birds—the same ones I left behind me, the same ones I knew in my youth—robins, sparrows, swallows, bobolinks, crows, hawks, high-holes, meadow-larks, etc., all there before me, and ready to renew and perpetuate the old associations. Before my house is begun, theirs is completed; before I have taken root at all, they are thoroughly established. I do not yet know what kind of apples my apple-trees bear, but there, in the cavity of a decayed limb, the blue-birds are building a nest, and yonder, on that branch, the social sparrow is busy with hairs and straws. The robins have tasted the quality of my cherries, and the cedar-birds have known every red cedar on the place these many years. While my house is yet surrounded by its scaffoldings, the phœbe-bird has built her exquisite mossy nest on a projecting stone beneath the eaves, a robin has filled a niche in the wall with mud and dry grass, the chimney-swallows are going out and in the chimney, and a pair of house-wrens are at home in a snug cavity over the door, and, during an April snow-storm, a number of hermit-thrushes have taken shelter in my unfinished chambers. Indeed, I am in the midst of friends before I fairly know it. The place is not so new as I had thought. It is already old; the birds have supplied the memories of many decades of years.

There is something almost pathetic in the fact that the birds remain forever the same. You grow old, your friends die or move to distant lands, events sweep on and all things are changed. Yet there in your garden or orchard are the birds of your boyhood, the same notes, the same calls, and, to all intents and purposes, the identical birds endowed with perennial youth. The swallows, that built so far out of your reach beneath the eaves of your father's barn, the same ones now squeak and chatter beneath the eaves of your barn. The warblers and shy wood-birds you pursued with such glee ever so many summers ago, and whose names you taught to some beloved youth who now, perchance, sleeps amid his native hills, no marks of time or change cling to them; and when you walk out to the strange woods, there they are, mocking you with their ever-renewed and joyous youth. The call of the high-holes, the whistle of the quail, the strong piercing note of the meadow-lark, the drumming of the grouse, —how these sounds ignore the years, and strike on the ear with the melody of that spring-time when the world was young, and life was all holiday and romance!

ROBINS IN THE MEADOW.

During any unusual tension of the feelings or emotions, how the note or song of a single bird will sink into the memory, and become inseparably associated with your grief or joy! Shall I ever again be able to hear the song of the oriole without being pierced through and through? Can it ever be other than a dirge for the dead to me? Day after day, and week after week, this bird whistled and warbled in a mulberry by the door, while sorrow, like a pall, darkened my day. So loud and persistent was the singer, that his note teased and worried my excited ear.

"Hearken to yon pine warbler,
  Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveler!
  What he singeth to me?
Not unless God made sharp thine ear
  With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou
  Its heavy tale divine."

It is the opinion of some naturalists that birds never die what is called a natural death, but come to their end by some murderous or accidental means; yet I have found sparrows and vireos in the fields and woods dead or dying, that bore no marks of violence; and I remember that once in my childhood a red-bird fell down in the yard exhausted and was brought in by the girl; its bright scarlet image is indelibly stamped upon my recollection. It is not known that birds have any distempers like the domestic fowls, but I saw a social sparrow one day quite disabled by some curious malady, that suggested a disease that sometimes attacks poultry; one eye was nearly put out by a scrofulous-looking sore, and on the last joint of one wing there was a large tumorous or fungous growth that crippled the bird completely. On another occasion I picked up one that appeared well but could not keep its center of gravity when in flight, and so fell to the ground.

One reason why dead birds and animals are so rarely found is, that on the approach of death their instinct prompts them to creep away in some hole or under some cover, where they would be least liable to fall a prey to their natural enemies. It is doubtful if any of the game birds, like the pigeon and grouse, ever die of old age, or the semi-game birds, like the bobolink, or the "century-living" crow; but in what other form can death overtake the humming-bird, or even the swift and the barn-swallow? Such are true birds of the air; they may be occasionally lost at sea during their migrations, but, so far as I know, they are not preyed upon by any other species.

The valley of the Hudson, I find, forms a great natural highway for the birds, as do doubtless the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and all other large water-courses running north and south. The birds love an easy way, and in the valleys of the rivers they find a road already graded for them; and they abound more in such places throughout the season than they do farther inland. The swarms of robins that come to us in early spring are a delight to behold. In one of his poems Emerson speaks of

"—— April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree;"

but April's bird with me is the robin, brisk, vociferous, musical, dotting every field, and larking it in every grove; he is as easily atop at this season as the bobolink is a month or two later. The tints of April are ruddy and brown—the new furrow and the leafless trees, and these are the tints of its dominant bird.

WILD PIGEONS AT ROOST.

From my dining-room window I look, or did look, out upon a long stretch of smooth meadow, and as pretty a spring sight as I ever wish to behold was this field, sprinkled all over with robins, their red breasts turned toward the morning sun, or their pert forms sharply outlined against lingering patches of snow. Every morning for weeks I had those robins for breakfast; but what *they* had I never could find out.

After the leaves are out and gayer colors come into fashion, the robin takes a back seat. He goes to housekeeping in the old apple-tree, or, what he likes better, the cherry-tree. A pair reared their domestic altar (of mud and dry grass) in one of the latter trees, where I saw much of them. The cock took it upon himself to keep the tree free of all other robins during cherry time, and its branches were the scene of some lively tussles every hour in the day. The innocent visitor would scarcely alight before the jealous cock was upon him; but while he was thrusting him out at one side, a second would be coming in on the other. He managed, however, to protect his cherries very well, but had so little time to eat the fruit himself, that we got fully our share.

I have frequently seen the robin courting, and have always been astonished and amused at the utter coldness and indifference of the female. She will positively not hear a word of it, at least during certain stages of the ceremony, nor recognize her adorer by look or sign. Yet he is not discouraged; he follows her from tree to tree, and from field to field, spreading his plumage, pouring out his flattery, offering her food, challenging his rivals, and doing his utmost to gain her approval, which, no doubt, he soon succeeds in doing. I have noticed the same little comedy enacted among the English house-sparrows, but not among any other birds. The females of every species of birds, however, I believe, have this in common—they are absolutely free from coquetry, or any airs and wiles whatever. In most cases nature has given the song and the plumage to the other sex, and all the embellishing and acting is done by the male bird.

I am always at home when I see the passenger-pigeon. Few spectacles please me more than to see clouds of these birds sweeping across the sky, and few sounds are more agreeable to my ear than their lively piping and calling in the spring woods. They come in such multitudes, they people the whole air; they cover townships, and make the solitary places as gay as a festival. The naked woods are suddenly blue as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children. Their arrival is always unexpected. We know April will bring the robins and May the bobolinks, but we do not know that either they, or any other month, will bring the passenger-pigeon. Sometimes years elapse and scarcely a flock is seen. Then, of a sudden, some March or April they come pouring over the horizon from the south or south-west, and for a few days the land is alive with them.

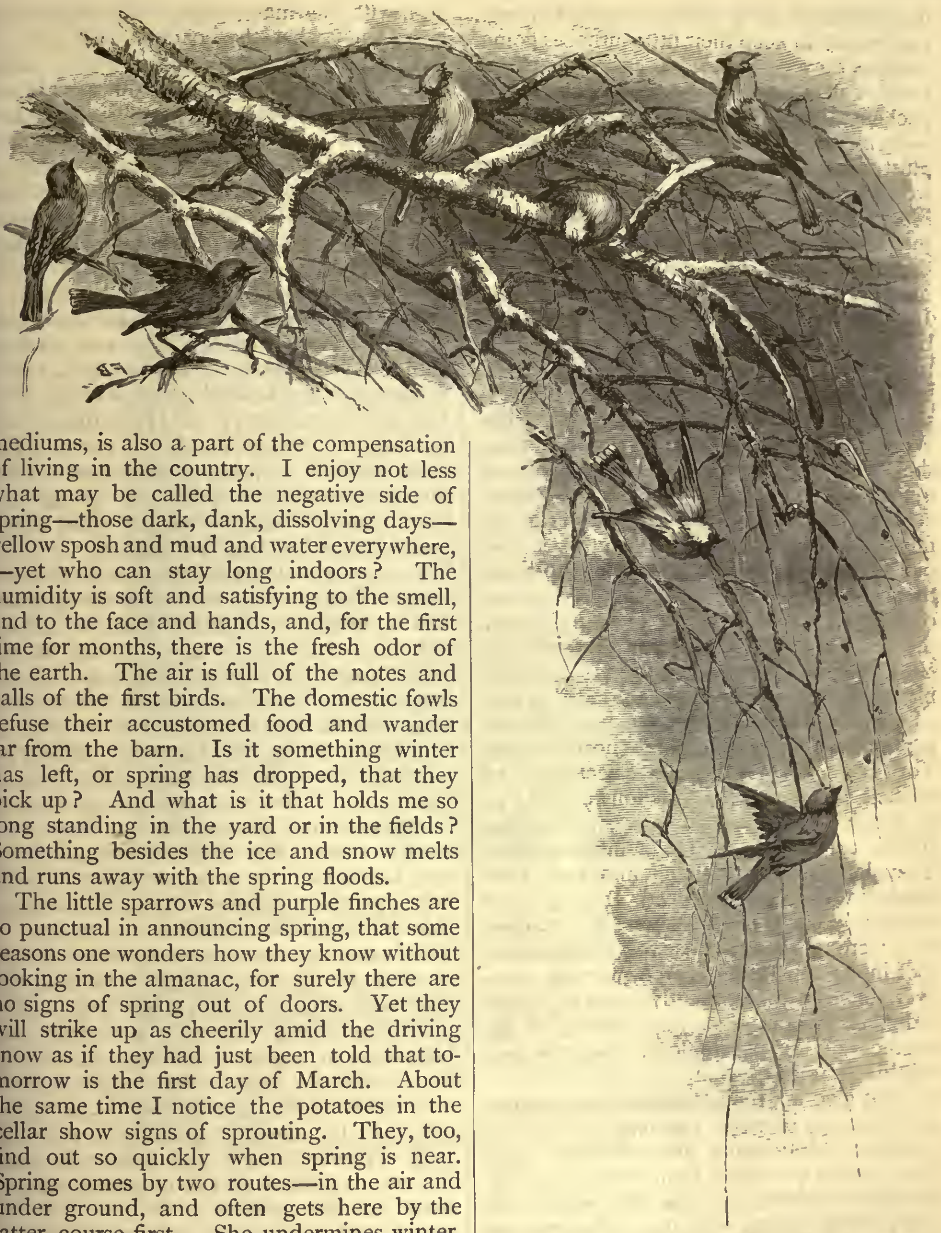
The whole race seems to be collected in a few vast swarms or assemblages. Indeed, I have sometimes thought there was only one such in the United States, and that it moved in squads, and regiments, and brigades, and divisions, like a giant army. The scouting and foraging squads are not unusual, and every few years we see larger bodies of them, but rarely, indeed, do we witness the spectacle of the whole vast tribe in motion. Sometimes we hear of them in Virginia, or Kentucky and Tennessee; then in Ohio or Pennsylvania; then in New York, then in Canada or Michigan. They are followed from point to point, and from State to State, by human sharks, who catch and shoot them for market.

A year ago last April, the pigeons flew for two or three days up and down the Hudson. In long bowing lines, or else in dense masses, they moved across the sky. It was not the whole army, but I should think at least one corps of it; I had not seen such a flight of pigeons since my boyhood. I went up to the top of the house, the better to behold the winged procession. The day seemed memorable and poetic in which such sights occurred.

While I was looking at the pigeons, a flock of wild geese went by, harrowing the sky northward. The geese strike a deeper chord than the pigeons. Level and straight they go as fate to its mark. I cannot tell what emotions these migrating birds awaken in me—the geese especially. One seldom sees more than a flock or two in a season, and what a spring token it is! The great bodies are in motion. It is like the passage of a victorious army. No longer inch by inch does spring come, but these geese advance the standard across zones at one pull. How my desire goes with them; how something in me, wild and migratory, plumes itself and follows fast!

> "Steering north, with raucous cry,
> Through tracts and provinces of sky,
> Every night alighting down
> In new landscapes of romance,
> Where darkling feed the clamorous clans
> By lonely lakes to men unknown."

Dwelling upon these sights, I am reminded that the seeing of spring come, not only upon the great wings of the geese and the lesser wings of the pigeons and birds, but in the many more subtle and indirect signs and



JAY-BIRDS AND CEDAR-BIRDS.

mediums, is also a part of the compensation of living in the country. I enjoy not less what may be called the negative side of spring—those dark, dank, dissolving days—yellow sposh and mud and water everywhere, —yet who can stay long indoors? The humidity is soft and satisfying to the smell, and to the face and hands, and, for the first time for months, there is the fresh odor of the earth. The air is full of the notes and calls of the first birds. The domestic fowls refuse their accustomed food and wander far from the barn. Is it something winter has left, or spring has dropped, that they pick up? And what is it that holds me so long standing in the yard or in the fields? Something besides the ice and snow melts and runs away with the spring floods.

The little sparrows and purple finches are so punctual in announcing spring, that some seasons one wonders how they know without looking in the almanac, for surely there are no signs of spring out of doors. Yet they will strike up as cheerily amid the driving snow as if they had just been told that to-morrow is the first day of March. About the same time I notice the potatoes in the cellar show signs of sprouting. They, too, find out so quickly when spring is near. Spring comes by two routes—in the air and under ground, and often gets here by the latter course first. She undermines winter, when outwardly his front is nearly as bold as ever. I have known the trees to bud long before, by outward appearances, one would expect them to. The frost was gone from the ground before the snow was gone from the surface.

But winter hath his birds also; some of them such tiny bodies, that one wonders how they withstand the giant cold—but they do. Birds live on highly concentrated food—the fine seeds of weeds and grasses, and the eggs and larvæ of insects. Such food must be very stimulating and heating. A gizzard full of ants, for instance, what spiced and seasoned extract is equal to that? Think what virtue there must be in an ounce of gnats or mosquitoes, or in the fine mysterious food the chickadee and brown-creeper gather in the winter woods. It is doubtful if these birds ever freeze when fuel enough can be had to keep their little furnaces going. And, as they get their food entirely from the limbs and trunks of trees, like the woodpeckers, their supply is seldom interfered with by the snow. The worst annoyance must be the enameling of ice our winter woods sometimes get.

Indeed, the food question seems to be the only serious one with the birds. Give them plenty to eat, and, no doubt, the majority of them would face our winters. I believe all the woodpeckers are winter birds, except the high-hole or yellow-hammer, and he obtains the greater part of his subsistence from the ground, and is not a *woodpecker* at all in his habits of feeding. Were it not that it has recourse to budding, the ruffed grouse would be obliged to migrate. The quail, a bird, no doubt, equally hardy, but whose food is at the mercy of the snow, is frequently cut off by our severe winters when it ventures to brave them, which is not often. Where plenty of the berries of the red cedar can be had, the cedar-bird will pass the winter in New York. The old ornithologists say the blue-bird migrates to Bermuda; but in the winter of 1874–5, severe as it was, a pair of them wintered with me eighty miles north of New York city. They seem to have been decided in their choice by the attractions of my rustic porch and the fruit of a sugar-berry tree (Celtis or Lotus) that stood in front of it. They lodged in the porch and took their meals in the tree. Indeed, they became regular lotus-eaters. Punctually at dusk they were in their places on a large laurel root in the top of the porch, whence, however, they were frequently routed by an indignant broom that was jealous of the neatness of the porch floor. But the pair would not take any hints of this kind, and did not give up their quarters in the porch or their lotus berries till spring.

Many times during the winter the sugar-berry tree was visited by a flock of cedar-birds that also wintered in the vicinity. At such times it was amusing to witness the pretty wrath of the blue-birds, scolding and threatening the intruders, and begrudging them every berry they ate. The blue-bird cannot utter a harsh or unpleasing note. Indeed, he seems to have but one language, one speech, for both love and war, and the expression of his indignation is nearly as musical as his song. The male frequently made hostile demonstrations toward the cedar-birds, but did not openly attack them, and, with his mate, appeared to experience great relief when the poachers had gone.

I had other company in my solitude also, among the rest a distinguished arrival from the far North, the pine grossbeak, a bird rarely seen in these parts, except now and then a single specimen. But in the winter of 1875, heralding the extreme cold weather, and, no doubt, in consequence of it, there was a large incursion of them into this State and New England. They attracted the notice of the country people everywhere. I first saw them early in December about the head of the Delaware. I was walking along a cleared ridge with my gun, just at sundown, when I beheld two strange birds sitting in a small maple. On bringing one of them down, I found it was a bird I had never before seen; in color and shape like the purple finch, but quite as large again in size. From its heavy beak, I at once recognized it as belonging to the family of grossbeaks. A few days later I saw large numbers of them in the woods, on the ground, and in the trees. And still later, and on till February, they were very numerous on the Hudson, coming all about my house—more familiar even than the little snow-bird, hopping beneath the windows, and looking up at me apparently with as much curiosity as I looked down upon them. They fed on the buds of the sugar-maples and upon frozen apples in the orchard. They were mostly young birds and females, colored very much like the common sparrow, with now and then visible the dull carmine-colored head and neck of an old male.

Other Northern visitors that tarried with me last winter were the tree or Canada-sparrow and the red-poll, the former a bird larger than the social sparrow or hair-bird, but otherwise much resembling it, and distinguishable by a dark spot in the middle of its breast; the latter a bird the size and shape of the common goldfinch, with the same manner of flight and nearly the same note or cry, but darker than the winter plumage of the goldfinch, and with a red crown and a tinge of red on the breast. Little bands of these two species lurked about the barn-yard all winter picking up the hay-seed, the sparrow sometimes venturing in on the hay-mow when the supply outside was short. I felt grateful to them for their company. They gave a sort of ornithological air to every errand I had to the barn.

Though a number of birds face our winters, and by various shifts worry through till spring, some of them permanent residents, and some of them visitors from the far North, yet there is but one genuine snow-bird, nursling of the snow, and that is the snow-bunting, a bird that seems proper to this season, heralding the coming storm, sweeping by on bold and rapid wing, and calling and chirping as cheerily as the songsters of May. In its plumage it reflects the winter landscape—an expanse of white surmounted or streaked with gray and brown; a field of snow with a line of woods or a tinge of stubble. It fits into the scene, and does not appear to lead a beggarly and disconsolate life, like most of our winter residents. During the ice-harvesting on the river, I see them flitting about among the gangs of men, or floating on the cakes of ice picking up various bits of food. They love the stack and hay-barn in the distant field, where the farmer fodders his cattle upon the snow, and every red root, rag-weed, or pig-weed left standing in the fall adds to their winter stores.

Though this bird, and one or two others, like the chickadee and nut-hatch, are more or less complacent and cheerful during the winter, yet no bird can look our winters in the face and sing, as do so many of the English birds. Several species in Great Britain, their biographers tell us, sing the winter through, except during the severest frosts; but with us as far south as Virginia and, for aught I know, much farther, the birds are tuneless at this season. The owls, even, do not hoot, nor the hawks scream.

SNOW-BUNTINGS.

Among the birds that tarry briefly with us in the spring on their way to Canada and beyond, there is none I behold with so much pleasure as the white-crowned sparrow. I have an eye out for him all through April and the first week in May. He is the rarest and most beautiful of the sparrow kind. He is crowned as some hero or victor in the games. He is usually in company with his congener, the white-throated sparrow, but seldom more than in the proportion of one to twenty of the latter. Contrasted with this bird, he looks like its more fortunate brother, upon whom some special distinction has been conferred, and who is, from the egg, of finer make and quality. His sparrow color of ashen gray and brown is very clear and bright, and his form graceful. His whole expression, however, culminates in a singular manner in his crown. The various tints of the bird are brought to a focus here and intensified, the lighter ones becoming white, and the deeper ones nearly black. There is the suggestion of a crest also, from a habit the bird has of slightly elevating this part of its plumage, as if to make more conspicuous its pretty markings. They are great scratchers, and will often remain several minutes scratching in one place, like a hen. Yet, unlike the hen and like all hoppers, they scratch with both feet at once, which is by no means the best way to scratch.

The white-throats often sing during their sojourning in both fall and spring; but only on one occasion have I ever heard any part of the song of the white-crowned, and that proceeded from what I took to be a young male, one October morning, just as the sun was rising. It was pitched very low, like a half-forgotten air, but it was very sweet. It was the song of the vesper-sparrow and the white-throat in one. In his breeding haunts he must be a superior songster, but he is very chary of his music while on his travels.

The sparrows are all meek and lowly birds. They are of the grass, the fences, the low bushes, the weedy way-side places. Nature has denied them all brilliant tints, but she has given them sweet and musical voices. Theirs are the quaint and simple lullaby songs of childhood. The white-throat has a timid, tremulous strain, that issues from the low bushes or from behind the fence, where its cradle is hid. The song-sparrow modulates its simple ditty as softly as the lining of its own nest. The vesper-sparrow has only peace and gentleness in its strain.

What pretty nests, too, the sparrows build! Can anything be more exquisite than a sparrow's nest under a grassy or mossy bank? What care the bird has taken not to disturb one straw or spear of grass, or thread of moss! You cannot approach it and put your hand into it without violating the place more or less, and yet the little architect has wrought day after day and left no marks. There has been an excavation, and yet no grain of earth appears to have been moved. If the nest had slowly and

A SONG-SPARROW'S NEST.

silently grown like the grass and the moss, it could not have been more nicely adjusted to its place and surroundings. There is absolutely nothing to tell the eye it is there. Generally a few spears of dry grass fall down from the turf above and form a slight screen before it. How commonly and coarsely it begins, blending with the débris that lies about, and how it refines and comes into form as it approaches the center, which is modeled so perfectly and lined so softly! Then, when the full complement of eggs is laid, and nidification has fairly begun, what a sweet, pleasing little mystery the silent old bank holds!

The song-sparrow, whose nest I have been describing, displays a more marked individuality in its song than any bird with which I am acquainted. Birds of the same species generally all sing alike, but I have observed numerous song-sparrows with songs peculiarly their own. Last season, the whole summer through, one sang about my grounds like this: *swee-e-t*, *swee-e-t*, *swee-e-t*, *bitter.* Day after day, from May to September, I heard this strain, which I thought a simple, but very profound summing-up of life, and wondered how the little bird had learned it so quickly. The present season, I heard another with a song equally original, but not so easily worded. Among a large troop of them in April, my attention was attracted to one that was a master songster—some Shelley or Tennyson among his kind. The strain was remarkably prolonged, intricate and animated, and far surpassed anything I ever before heard from that source.

But the most noticeable instance of departure from the standard song of a species I ever knew of, was in the case of a wood-thrush. The bird sang, as did the sparrow, the whole season through, at the foot of my lot near the river. The song began all right and ended all right; but, interjected into it about midway, was a loud, piercing, artificial note, at utter variance with the rest of the strain. When my ear first caught this singular note, I started out, not a little puzzled, to make, as I supposed, a new acquaintance, but had not gone far when I discovered whence it proceeded. Brass amid gold, or pebbles amid pearls, are not more out of place than was this discordant scream or cry in the melodious strain of the wood-thrush. It pained and startled the ear. It seemed as if the instrument of the bird was not under control, or else, that one note was sadly out of tune, and, when its turn came, instead of giving forth one of those sounds that are indeed like pearls, it shocked the ear with a piercing discord. Yet the singer appeared entirely unconscious of the defect; or had he grown used to it, or had his friends persuaded him that it was a variation to be coveted? Sometimes, after the brood had hatched and the bird's pride was at its full, he would make a little triumphal tour of the locality, coming from under the hill quite up to the house and flaunting his cracked instrument in the face of whoever would listen. He did not return again the next season; or, if he did, the malformation of his song was gone.

BARN-SWALLOWS.

I have noticed that the bobolink does not sing the same in different localities. In New Jersey it has one song; on the Hudson a slight variation of the same, and on the high grass lands of the interior of the State, quite a different strain,—clearer, more distinctly articulated, and running off with more sparkle and liltingness. It reminds one of the clearer mountain air and the translucent spring-water of those localities. I never could make out what the bobolink says in New Jersey, but in certain districts in this State his enunciation is quite distinct. Sometimes he begins with the word *gegue, gegue.* Then again, more fully, *be true to me, Clarsy, be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy,* thence full tilt into his inimitable song, interspersed in which the words *kick your slipper, kick your slipper,* and *temperance, temperance* (the last with a peculiar nasal resonance), are plainly heard. At its best, it is a remarkable performance, a unique performance, as it contains not the slightest hint or suggestion, either in tone, or manner, or effect, of any other bird-song to be heard. The bobolink has no mate or parallel in any part of the world. He stands alone. There is no closely allied species. He is not a lark, nor a finch, nor a warbler, nor a thrush, nor a starling. He is an exception to many well-known rules. He is the only ground-bird known to me of marked and conspicuous plumage. He is the only black-and-white bird we have, and what is still more odd, he is black beneath and white above—the reverse of the fact in all other cases. Pre-eminently a bird of the meadow during the breeding season, and associated with clover, and daisies, and buttercups, as no other bird is, he yet has the look of an interloper or a new-comer, and not of one to the manor born.

THE BOBOLINK.

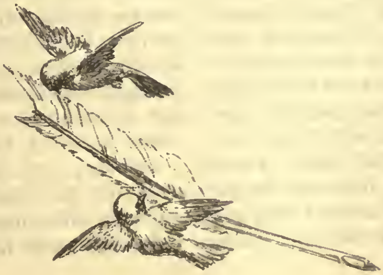
The bobolink has an unusually full throat, which may help account for his great power of song. No bird has yet been found that could imitate him or even repeat or suggest a single note, as if his song were the product of a new set of organs. There is a vibration about it and a rapid running over the keys that is the despair of other songsters. It is said that the mocking-bird is dumb in the presence of the bobolink. My neighbor has an English sky-lark that was hatched and reared in captivity. The bird is a most persistent and vociferous songster, and fully as successful a mimic as the mocking-bird. It pours out a strain that is a regular mosaic of nearly all the bird-notes to be heard, its own proper lark song forming a kind of bordering for the whole. The notes of the phœbe-bird, the purple finch, the swallow, the yellow-bird, the king-bird, the robin and others, are rendered with perfect distinctness and accuracy, but not a word of the bobolink's, though the lark must have heard its song every day for four successive summers. It was the one conspicuous note in the fields around that the lark made no attempt to plagiarize. He could not steal the bobolink's thunder.

The lark is only a more marvelous songster than the bobolink on account of his soaring flight, and the sustained copiousness of his song. His note is rasping and harsh, in point of melody, when compared with the bobolink's. When caged and near at hand the lark's song is positively disagreeable; it is so loud and full of sharp, aspirated sounds. But high in air above the broad downs, poured out without interruption for many minutes together, it is very agreeable.

The bird among us that is usually called a lark, namely, the meadow-lark, but which our later classifiers say is no lark at all, has nearly the same quality of voice as the English sky-lark—loud, piercing, z-z-ing; and during the mating season it frequently indulges while on the wing in a brief song that is quite lark-like. It is also a bird of the stubble, and one of the last to retreat on the approach of winter.

The habits of many of our birds are slowly undergoing a change. Their migrations are less marked. With the settlement and cultivation of the country the means of subsistence of nearly every species are vastly increased. Insects are more numerous, and seeds of weeds and grasses more abundant. They become more and more domestic like the English birds. The swallows have nearly all left their original abodes,—hollow trees, and cliffs, and rocks,—for human habitations and their environments. Where did the barn-swallow nest before the country was settled? The chimney-swallow nested in hollow trees, and, perhaps, occasionally resorts thither yet. But the chimney, notwithstanding the smoke, seems to suit his taste best. In the spring, before they have paired, I think these swallows sometimes pass the night in the woods, but not if an old disused chimney is handy.

One evening in early May, my attention was arrested by a band of them containing several hundred, perhaps a thousand, circling about near a large, tall, disused chimney in a secluded place in the country. They were very lively, and chippering, and diving in a most extraordinary manner. They formed a broad continuous circle many rods in diameter. Gradually the circle contracted and neared the chimney. Presently some of the birds as they came round began to dive toward it, and the chippering was more animated than ever. Then a few ventured in; in a moment more, the air at the mouth of the chimney was black with the stream of descending swallows. When the passage began to get crowded, the circle lifted and the rest of the birds continued their flight, giving those inside time to dispose of themselves. Then the influx began again and was kept up till the crowd became too great, when it cleared as before. Thus, by installments, or in layers, the swallows were packed into the chimney until the last one was stowed away. Passing by the place a few days afterward, I saw a board reaching from the roof of the building to the top of the chimney, and imagined some curious person or some predacious boy had been up to take a peep inside, and see how so many swallows could dispose of themselves in such a space. It would have been an interesting spectacle to see them emerge from the chimney in the morning.



THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—II.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

THE CITY OF TRIER.

ANTIQUITY is entirely relative. One examines with respect the few old Dutch houses that still adorn the towns along the Hudson, and looks almost with awe upon the old stone mill at Newport, which has not been proved not to have been built by Snarri, who discovered "Vinland" four hundred years before Columbus; but the yawning muzzles of Lord Scale's guns at Mont St. Michel (guns still holding their four-hundred-year-old charges) seem to swallow at one gulp all that with us seems ancient. As we wander through France we become quite accustomed to the period of Charlemagne and take the later centuries into our familiar confidence. In England "Cæsar's Tower" at each castle, and Roman roads throughout the land, give a certain reality to the mystical letters "B. C.," and unduly modernize all that belongs to the Christian era. To have Cæsar himself seem almost an actual presence, and to walk in the very foot-prints of the Roman Emperors; to sympathize with them in the emotion that comes of founding a superb city on the ruins of a well-established Celtic civilization, one needs to travel only so far on the road that leads to Rome as to the great Western Roman Capital.

It is not necessary to accept the suggestion that Trebeta, the step-son of Semiramis, led his vassals from Babylon to found the barbaric race of the Trevirii, a race which held and cultivated the vast tract on the left of the Rhine from Bingen to the Ahr. Authentic evidence halts at the point where this people were an established race, with no mean artistic development. There is nothing left to prove the accepted tradition that their chief city, in which we stand, existed thirteen hundred years before the founding of Rome. Yet we have on every hand, if we will but seek it,—and unquestionable records attest its truth,—ample evidence that here in Trier existed for centuries, the oldest and most complete civilization of all Northern Europe.

The long and broad Mosel Valley, where the city now slumbers so idly, was in the early centuries the field of bitter feuds and savage warfare. All down the intervening ages its soil has drunk deeply of human blood.

The archæological collection in the museum behind our comfortable hotel is rich in Celtic and old German utensils and ornaments, which, discovered by the Romans when they dug for the foundations of their buildings, enriched their museums of antiquities, and now—side by side with their own long-buried treasures—carry us back to the very twilight that preceded the dawn of the Roman day.

One's first halt at Trier is never to be forgotten, especially if, as in our own case, it had been regarded only as a point on the map at which we were to change from the railway to the steamer. The Trierscher Hof stands at an angle where several narrow streets come together, and our rooms looked out upon steep slate roofs, and small-paned windows, such as one sees everywhere in Continental travel. If the rain has wetted the country roads, one is awakened at dawn by the clattering of sabots on the stones, and the streets are filled in the early morning with peasant men driving wagons, drawn by cows yoked from the horns; with broad backed peasant women carrying knapsack-like baskets heavily laden with potatoes, or with grain; and one is greeted by a variety of street sights and sounds entirely unfamiliar to the American ear.

An early stroll among these people, and through these narrow streets, gives a sensation of entire novelty no less than of a certain awkward conspicuousness in one's own manner of dress. The American, like the Englishman, is still a well-marked foreigner in all German towns, and if he is accompanied by ladies, the striking characteristics of Franco-American millinery will by no means detract from the curious interest that his group excites in the minds of the people,—not, however, let me hasten to say, the impudent and derisive interest with which our own populace makes the costumed stranger miserable, and which has shorn our Centennial of one of its great attractions.

Strolling, curious, down "Neu" street—probably new two thousand years ago—entering the market-place into which it debouches, and threading a difficult passage through the crowds of women, whose stands and baskets are loaded with all manner of country produce, one feels the unfamiliar presence of the oldest of all old German architecture. Houses of most picturesque and curious form and arrangement greet us on every side. Far in front,—cut sharp against the sky,—stands an incomprehensible pile of unfinished masonry. This is the north gate of the city,—called the Porta Nigra, the Porta Romana, the Porta Martis, Simeon's Thor, and the Devil's Church,—and it closes the end of the finest street of the town. When we first saw it, we had not read even a guide-book description of the city, and to come suddenly upon such a majestic and well-preserved ruin, produced the sensation that one feels when a turn in a road brings him face to face with a noble view. Its original purpose is not known,—it must have been more than a gate-way, and it could hardly have been a fortress. It was, perhaps, rather a monumental "Gate of Justice."

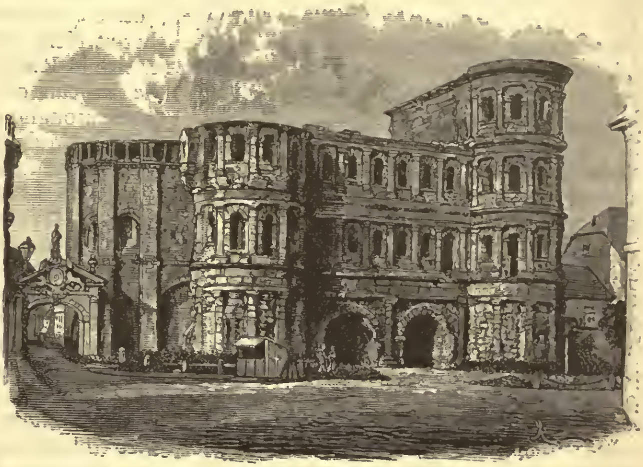


FIG. 1.—THE PORTA NIGRA AT TRIER.

The Porta Nigra is supposed to have been built in the First Century. Its towers are ninety-four feet high. It is built of huge blocks of dark red iron-stone, the usual size of these being from four to five feet long, from two to three feet wide, and about two feet thick. These stones are laid without mortar, and are secured in place by iron clamps. The columns and capitals are of rough hammer-hewn stone, and were to have been carved in place. The carving did not progress very far, and it is not easy to reconcile the unfinished condition of the structure with the fact that it was begun so early in the Roman period.

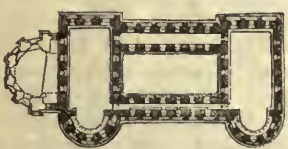


FIG. 2.—PLAN OF PORTA NIGRA AT TRIER.

Tradition, which attaches such importance to the assistance of the Devil in all of the larger architecture of the world, holds him responsible for the stopping of the work. He made a contract with the authorities,—the consideration being the soul of the first man who should pass through the gate-way,—that he would furnish for it, before twelve o'clock on Christmas night, the superb doors of the Capitol, which was under the protection of the Virgin. She arrested his flight in mid-air, appearing to him in the guise of a voluptuous woman, and so beguiled his moments that he delayed a shade too long. The clock struck twelve before he arrived at his destination. In anger he threw the heavy gates through the roof of the building, and its completion was abandoned. The truth of this tradition is attested by the fact that never within the memory of man has there been a roof over the Porta Nigra.

A shrewd and unwashed pilgrim from Syracuse, named Simeon, a thousand years or more ago, procured for himself a holy reputation by leading an ill-fed, unclean and useless life on the summit of this structure. As a matter of course, he was in due time canonized, and an apse of mediæval architecture was built at one end of the Porta Nigra, which was consecrated as "St. Simeon's" church. This apse still stands, and is an uninteresting disfigurement, but, although built of solid masonry, it lacks so much of the ponderous character of the Roman work as really not to detract seriously from its grander effect.

There still stands, in another part of the city, a second example of the more solid Roman work in the former "Basilica," a building which probably never had the least beauty, and which has had its original character quite modernized out of it. In its dimensions alone exists its only remaining interest,—its walls being ten feet thick and one hundred feet high.

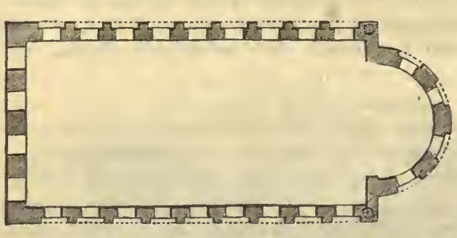


FIG. 3.—PLAN OF THE BASILICA AT TRIER.

The Mosel (at this point five hundred feet wide) is spanned by an ancient bridge rebuilt upon the piers of the Roman structure. In mediæval times the area of the walled city was restricted to the right bank of the river and the bridge now marks its south-western corner, but it is said to have been the center of the Roman capital.

In strolling about, one sees built into street corners and house fronts, and city wall, fragments of carved stone of the imperial time. The excavation for building in the city and its suburbs, as well as the dredging of the river, discovers almost daily some trophy of the Roman period. In the building of a country-seat beyond the Porta Nigra at the time of our visit, there had been discovered a perfect museum of Etruscan pottery, amphoræ, domestic utensils, jewelry, and coins that had lain buried fifteen hundred years. A friend's gardener raked up last summer, while tending the plants in her back court-yard, a silver coin of Titus.

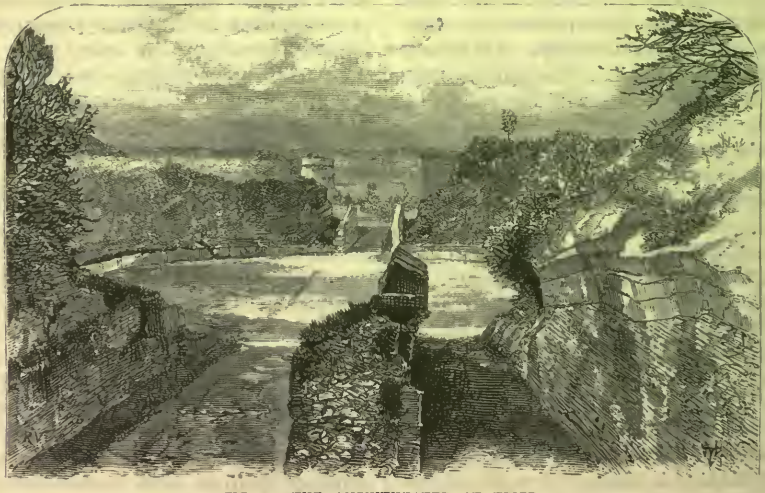


FIG. 4.—THE AMPHITHEATER AT TRIER.

At Junk's restaurant an attempt to extend the cellar was given up because of the discovery (about five feet below the level of the ground) of a large and very perfect Roman mosaic pavement,—as well preserved as that at Nennig, and as complete as any of its size in Rome. It is the belief that since the Roman occupation, there has accumulated throughout the whole city a soil four or five feet in depth which covers an uninterrupted stratum of interesting antiquities,—a belief that is fully sustained by all investigations thus far made.

At the south-eastern corner of the city, there is a pile of imposing Roman ruins which is variously believed to have been a palace of the emperors, a bath, and a pantomime theater. It is largely of the thin square bricks so much used by the Romans, and parts still stand nearly to their full original height. Excavations have developed the slave-cells, the heating-chambers, and the store-rooms of the ancient occupants, and the bathing appliances which formed so conspicuous a part of the finer Roman buildings.

Just without the walls, at this point, are the well-defined remains of the amphitheater. The arena at Rome is two hundred and eighty-five feet by one hundred and ninety feet; this, two hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and fifty-five feet. The seats—for twenty-eight thousand spectators—were hewn out of the rising rock of the Marsberg. The galleries for the entrance of the gladiators and wild beasts, the main entrance to the arena, and the pen for the doomed captives, are still distinguishable. The inner wall, guarding the seats from the arena, is seven feet high, and of limestone laid in mortar; the outer walls were heavy iron-clamped blocks of red ironstone,—as in the Porta Nigra. This amphitheater was the scene of many of the grossest cruelties of Constantine. An inscription in honor of Trajan carries its authentic date back to the close of the first century.

The Emperor Constantine lived long in Trier, added much to its renown, and made it a worthy Imperial residence. In the year 306, in this arena he entertained his barbaric people by the sacrifice of thousands of captured Franks with their princes Ascarich and Ragais.

During all these early centuries of our era, Trier was the most important city north of the Alps, and ranked as one of the five great capitals of the universe. It was a seat of learning and of the arts; it was the capital of Spain, Gaul, Belgium and Britain; its professors were distinguished as of the first rank, and were the most highly paid of all in the provincial Empire.

At the beginning of the fifth century the city was devastated by the Huns and Vandals; the Roman capital was transferred to Arles; and there soon arose upon the ruins of Imperial Trier, the capital of the Austrasian kings,—from Theodobert to Dagobert. Charlemagne treasured its institutions, and enriched its churches and convents with costly gifts.

At the treaty of Verdun, the district passed to the possession of Lorraine. Under the Emperor Henry I., it became incorporated with Germany.

Now began its second period of importance as the seat of the Archbishops, after which the importance of Trier steadily waned. In 1794 it was captured by the French Republic, and in 1815 became a part of the Rhenish Province of Prussia.

Throughout its whole career, siege and pestilence have decimated its population, annihilated its achievements, and subjected its people to great suffering.

Now, after all these eventful centuries, Trier, covered with the scars and the torn glories of her past, basks in a monumental repose within her mediæval walls,—a quiet, modest, humdrum little city, from which all enterprise and all modern activity have shrunk away, as they have from the quieter villages along the banks of the ancient and neglected Mosel.

Nevertheless, her hushed and modest appeal to our interest is of a sort which, if heeded at all, demands careful and earnest attention. It is easy to while away an autumn day in skimming over her treasures,—drinking in the beauty and interest that, as the oldest city of Germany, she naturally offers, in her curious architecture,—and to pass on, giving little further heed to her claim upon our attention. But the moment one penetrates beneath the surface, there appears much that invites to a more careful consideration and a deeper study. Indeed, an idler may do much worse than to take Trier for his hobby.

The history of Trier is interwoven with the history of the Church from the very beginning of the Christian era. The conversion of the savage tribes of the neighborhood was first intrusted to St. Eucharius, the disciple of St. Peter, and there were several very early ecclesiastical foundations. Indeed, Trier has been noted in every age for a conspicuous connection with the Christian movement. Here, too, have been exercised some of the most notable assaults upon the faithful. In the grass-plat near the old Church of St. Paulin, outside of the Porta Nigra, stands an old cross marking the spot of a Christian martyrdom so enormous in its proportions, that tradition reports the blood of the victims to have stained the waters of the Mosel until they ran red as far as Neumagen.

The remains of St. Matthew lie buried in the Church of St. Matthias (formerly named after St. Eucharius, who began preaching the gospel here in the year 54). These remains were brought here in the eleventh century. Here, too, lie buried the first preacher, who died in 73, St. Valerius (in 88), and St. Maternus (in 128). Besides these, this church boasts a number of the most precious relics, including (as is usual) a fragment of the true cross,—brought from Constantinople at its fall in 1204.

St. Maximin, near St. Paulin, was in the middle ages one of the most important convents of Europe, and a distinguished seat of learning, its library boasting some of the choicest treasures of church bibliography.

Although these churches and convents in the environs are so exceedingly rich with interest, it is in the very heart of the city itself that we are to seek the oldest and most interesting of the Christian churches of all

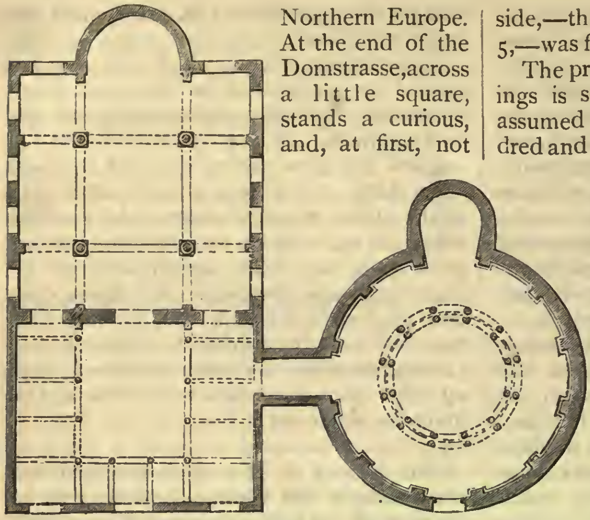


FIG. 5.—PLAN OF ORIGINAL CATHEDRAL AND BAPTISTERY AT TRIER AS RESTORED BY FERGUSSON.

Northern Europe. At the end of the Domstrasse, across a little square, stands a curious, and, at first, not especially attractive pile of buildings, constituting the Dom, or Cathedral, and the adjacent Liebfrauenkirche,—buildings which are thought by students of church architecture to be unparalleled in their historic value. The ground plan of these buildings as they formerly existed is shown in Fig. 5. The rectangular structure at the left, the basis of the present Dom, has never been with certainty traced to its ultimate origin, but it is supposed by some to have been in the earliest Roman period a square temple with an atrium. Others give it a still older existence as a market-house, or public granary. In the "Gesta Trevirorum," it is described as a palace in which was born St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine.

Whatever its early origin, it is, historically and monumentally, the most noteworthy of all German churches, as its architecture not only reaches back to the very earliest Christian time, but bears the mark of alterations and improvements of every intervening period and style, down to the eighteenth century.

The Liebfrauenkirche at its side,—the circular form at the right of Fig. 5,—was formerly the baptistery of the church.

The present arrangement of the two buildings is shown in Fig. 1. The Dom has assumed the generous length of three hundred and fourteen feet. It shows marked indications of early Roman work in the material of its pilasters. There is no especial disfigurement—though an absence of marked beauty—in its later modifications. Its four main columns were originally of huge stone-work. One of these fell at the restoration, and its fragments now lie at the outer door; their size almost indicates Druidic handiwork.

The interior decorations are more rich than artistic, and more curious even than rich,—curious, as including a monumental history of the Archbishops and Electors for several centuries.

The Liebfrauenkirche is the oldest Gothic church in Germany. It is a Greek cross

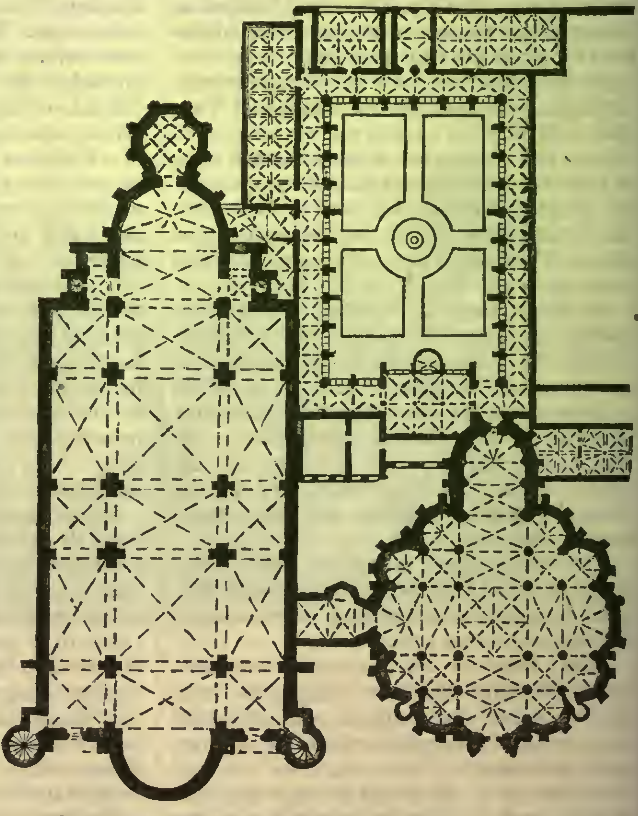


FIG. 6.—PLAN OF THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL OF TRIER AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

with the angles carried out to full fluted recesses, and with the tallest and most graceful clustered columns supporting a sky-like vaulted roof of perfect proportion. It would, but for its crude freshness of paint, impress even the ordinary tourist as being, what architectural students say that it really is, the most perfect specimen of German Gothic church architecture.

In connection with these monumental churches,—which now really form one building,—are beautiful cloisters,—a Campo Santo, into which the tombs of the Archbishops have overflowed from the death-crowded Dom. These cloisters lack the graceful and vine-grown lightness of many of the more ornate Gothic period, but they have, in no mean degree, that peculiar charm which attaches to cloisters more completely than to anything else with which our wanderings make us familiar.

The interest of the Dom is by no means confined to its history, to its handiwork, or to its nobly filled tombs. It contains, as the richest treasure of its High Altar, the holiest of all Christian relics, before which all such lesser lights as the Ten Thousand Virgins at Cologne, and the cords of Fragments of the True Cross, the world over, must pale their ineffectual fires. All who are familiar with sacrilegious verse will easily recall the "Holy Coat in Trier."

Short of the brass toe of St. Peter in Rome, no such touching appeal has been made to the tender credulity and devotion of the church's votaries as here in the grim light of the Dom of Trier. Great force has shrewdly been added to the attaction by the extreme rarity with which it has been offered. Not more often than thrice in three centuries have the faithful been permitted to see, with the eye of the flesh, the veritable Seamless Coat for which lots were cast after the Crucifixion. The last exposition was in 1844, when the city was enriched by the pence spent for beer, and bread, and shelter, by over a million pilgrims from all corners of Christendom.

The "Holy Coat" is said to have been found in the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem in the year 326, and to have been brought to Trier by St. Agritius, a companion of the Empress Helena. Its triumphal entry into the city through the Porta Nigra has been commemorated by a curious old carving in ivory, representing the procession and its noble spectators.

As though it were not enough for one church, even in a once Imperial city, to possess the veritable seamless garment, the Dom must needs boast, also, a box of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones and enamel, containing one of the nails of the crucifixion; and the still further glory of a thorn from the veritable crown.

Even a skeptic in such matters cannot stand without a certain emotion under the same roof with relics which appeal to the innermost souls of so many millions of his fellow-men, and which,—whatever their origin,—have been sanctified by so many centuries of reverent regard. Yet, I confess, that as I look back upon the Dom and the Liebfrauenkirche, and the Cloisters, even with all their historic wealth of interest, that which comes most actively to the front in my mind is the recollection of a half-hour passed with its aged and unvenerable Sacristan,—the "spider hunter of the sacristy" as he calls himself,—a blear-eyed, snuffy, skull-capped, rusty and fusty old fox, with no more reverence in his nature than the commonest of common showmen, and with the same sort of taking showman's witticisms that we know so well in other fields of the industry.

We were fortunate in having letters to Trier which opened the way for an unusual insight into its more intimate character, and more kindly, and courteous, and interested chaperons than these letters brought to our lot, one could not desire. Concerning the home-life of these friends, of course, one cannot say more than that it was home-life as it is known all over the world, where the home has its best development,—nor of their hospitality, more than that it was gentle, and generous, and considerate. Neither was the advantage of our reception and entertainment confined to the passing pleasure of our sojourn, nor even to the remaining memory of pleasant new friendships formed; it compassed, also, the rarest good fortune of travel, in that it gave a reality to our impressions of life in Trier.

Nothing could have better suited with our mood or fitted better to the appreciation we had felt in passing it, than to be asked, after dinner, to spend the afternoon with our host at his country-place, "Monaise." The day was perfect, as were all of our afternoons in the Mosel-land, and we drove over the Roman bridge and up the western bank of the river through a broad and capitally cultivated valley, over a smooth macadam road, shaded with poplar and nut-wood trees, to the entrance of the estate.

Monaise, a square and commodious house,

with recessed north and south balconies on the upper and lower floors,—the upper ones commanding beautiful views up and down the river, and over and beyond the city's roofs,—is a country gentleman's house of the last century, and is surrounded with all of the appointments in the way of gardens, lawns, and summer-houses that properly belong to such an establishment. On closer survey, we found no reason to modify the regard in which we had held it from our first view as the "Nancy" floated past it a few days before. It is an entirely charming country place, with the most attractive near and distant surroundings.

The owner is a large vineyard proprietor of the lower Mosel with valuable estates at the Brauneberg, and on others of the more noted wine-growing hill-sides, and this estate of eighty-five acres, worth 200,000 francs ($40,000), is farmed only for its supply of manure for the vineyards. As a family residence, it is one *de trop*, the house in the city, and another near the vineyards sufficing for residence. It has the accessory advantage of being a most agreeable object for a walk or a drive, and of offering a sheltered balcony that is not to be surpassed for the family resort at the coffee hour on pleasant afternoons. The controlling argument for its retention is, however, the commercial one. It is a safe and good investment for capital, and it furnishes a large amount of manure free of cost, and within easy reach of the landing of the boats by which it is transported to the feet of the vine-growing hills. As an agricultural operation, the estate barely pays its expenses,—no more. The laborers are paid about two dollars per week, and the women about eighty cents per week. The milk is sold at the door at about three cents per quart, the milkman paying cash, morning and night,—a curious instance of the total absence of the credit system that seems to prevail throughout the whole region. Potatoes sell for about thirty-five cents per bushel in average years, and these and the milk (and calves) constitute the most of what is sold. What the stable supplies to the manure cart is the very satisfactory profit that is reaped. Stable manure—and that of the cow-stable, especially, is the best food for the greedy vines—is not only very costly, but very difficult to get.

There are agricultural capabilities at Monaise that seem tempting, and some modifications of the agricultural system of the whole Mosel valley suggest themselves quite naturally. Indeed, one who walks over the flat, fat fields of Monaise, comes to think that an idle life here might well have the added attraction of very successful and profitable farming to relieve its *ennui*.

A certain insight into the character of any town is to be gathered from the character of its social club, if it has one, and Trier has a very fine one, "The Casino." This association has what must seem to one who knows the city only from its streets, a very large membership (eight hundred). While its large building is plain, and almost entirely without the rich decoration of the club-houses of London and New York, it affords all that is needed for the comfort and pleasure of its frequenters,—beer, billiards, restaurant, reading-room, library, etc. In addition to these, there is at the rear a large and pleasant concert garden, and a large hall for music and dancing. There are frequent entertainments for ladies. The whole establishment is sensible, unpretentious and commodious, and its example might well be followed in the expenditure of the large sums which our own clubs devote to less useful and more ornamental ends.

FIG. 7.—THE "ROTHES HAUS" IN TRIER.

At a side table in the billiard-room of this casino, over a bottle of Saar wine, I had an hour's talk with a kindly "advocat," about the Prussian school system, and the present condition of the Church question.

All this was very instructive and very entertaining, and it seems hardly fair to condense it into a few paragraphs.

In brief:—Education is absolutely compulsory, and the state exercises the strictest surveillance, except where, as in the case of well-to-do families, children are obviously receiving sufficient instruction. Others are required to attend the public schools from a very early age until fourteen years old, and they are thoroughly grounded in the elementary instruction that is given in our own public schools of the same grade,—which in many respects they resemble.

The agricultural population have the great advantage over ours, that, as they live in villages their local schools are larger and can afford better teachers. Practically, the teachers are very much better, and they are almost never changed, except by promotion. The school-master is an officer of the state, holding his position for life, or during good behavior; and he is encouraged by this certainty, and by the chance of promotion for merit, to render his best services. Incidentally, his condition shows how little is needed for an incentive in Germany.

The condition of the teacher has improved in these later years, and promises to become improved still farther. Not very long ago, the village teacher had one room, and a salary of *from forty to fifty dollars per annum.* He now has several rooms;—he is much addicted to a large family,—and a small bit of ground for a garden. His salary has been advanced to about $120 per annum for the lowest grade. Even this is a pittance, but it is to be remembered that he has the farther income of an inherited habit of economy, such as would appall the most close-fitting of our own New England population, and the number is not small among these local teachers, who lay by a *dot* for a daughter, or a starting fund for a son.

It is not easy to gather from personal conversation the whole truth about the church question in Germany, for feeling runs high on one side or the other. Trier is a Catholic city and every one either cares very much that the Catholic church should retain its old supremacy, or cares quite as much that no one should care any thing at all about it. It becomes almost difficult to say which is the bigot, he who is devoted to his church, or he who is devoted to his opposition to the church.

To many, one of the chief attractions of Trier would be its public library, which is housed in the old Jesuit convent, behind the Trierscher Hof. It contains over one hundred thousand volumes,—none of them works of fiction,—and is a valuable store of scientific, historical and belles-lettres information. It ranks in this regard as a first-class provincial library. Beyond this, its treasures are rare and curious, and some of them quite unique. Its great prize is the Codex Aurum, which was presented to the convent of St. Maximin by Charlemagne's sister, Ada. It contains the four gospels, written on parchment in letters of gold, and has fine miniatures of the Evangelists. Its binding is of the most richly carved massive silver, heavily gilded, and set with many precious stones. One of these is a large and beautifully sculptured onyx, representing probably the family of Augustus. This manuscript was sent after the French invasion to enrich the library of the Louvre, and on the restoration of plundered treasures to Germany, after Waterloo, it was reported as "not to be found." Happily, its finding and restoration to Trier was made a successful diplomatic question. There are more than four thousand other manuscripts, many of them of curious value, and over twenty-five hundred fine editions of incunabula.

The library is used by visiting readers, and its books are freely circulated throughout the city for home reading and study. We found the librarian, a most intelligent and amiable gentleman, ready to give us every information, and proud and glad to show the treasures upon which he bestows an obviously tender care,—washing with his own hands, the soiled parchment and vellum covers, and allowing no one to assist him even in the arrangement and dusting of the shelves. He left a casual reader in charge of the library, and went with us to another part of the building to open the Museum, in which are stored the archæological and artistic treasures of the city's "Society of Useful Research." This collection, unlike those of most museums, is almost exclusively local in its character, there being few articles exhibited that have not been discovered in the excavations and dredgings in and about the city. There is a very complete collection of nearly all of the gold and silver and copper coins of the Roman Empire. The jewels, of every description, date from a century ago all the way back to prehistoric times. At Paris and elsewhere, in the great cities, one is permitted only to examine such treasures through plate glass, but here, so great is the faith in the honesty of mankind, one is allowed to jingle together the gold coins of the twelve Cæsars, to put Greek and Etruscan rings upon one's fingers, and to try the effect of the oldest brooches as fastenings for a modern shawl. This familiar handling gives a reality to the objects themselves that a mere look at them as they are arranged in their cases cannot at all equal.

For ourselves, we lodged during our stay, as we had done on previous visits, at the snug and well-kept Trierscher Hof, and this perhaps is to be advised to those who intend making a long stay; but there is about the Rothes Haus, on the Market Square,—opposite the cross that marks the spot where Constantine saw the cross in the sky,—a wonderful richness and quaintness of mediæval architecture that must make it far more attractive to the casual visitor. Mediæval ceilings are low, and mediæval stair-cases are steep, but the house itself is admirably kept, and I am quite sure that had our first visit fallen there, we should never have deserted it.

The façade of this house is no less curious than its interior, and it is one of the most marked and historically interesting buildings of the city, dating back to the best time of the Middle Ages. Along its front are statues of the four patron saints of Trier, and, higher, two good antique figures of knights in armor.

Not the least memorable of our experience about Trier was an afternoon drive to the vineyard of Grünhaus,—the source of the celebrated Grünhäuser Mosel wine. It is five miles away,—over a straight, smooth, and beautifully shaded road leading from the Porta Nigra,—past St. Paulin and St. Maximin down the broad and fertile plain below the city to the little village of Ruwer, and thence, by the deep and picturesque valley of the Ruwerbach, to the high lying, vine-clad hills in the interior. Unfortunately, the proprietor, to whom we had letters, was absent in Switzerland, and we had only our drive for our pains; but a drive over such a road,—under the high green hill that still bears the remains of the aqueduct by which the Roman capital was supplied with water from the Ruwer,—through such luxuriant fields, and under such a September sky,—leaves nothing to be regretted even though its purpose were defeated.

Midway of the road we came upon the work of building a bridge by which the Mosel is to be crossed, by the railroad that Germany is building to bring it into more complete and rapid communication with its great military outpost at Metz, and which, here and there, promises to do so much to destroy the quiet charm of this beautiful valley. The work in hand was pile-driving, and here we saw the great difference in methods between Germany and America,—between dear labor and cheap labor. The heavy iron weight of the pile-driver was lifted, not by steam, as with us, but by twenty men standing on a raft, pulling at twenty ropes attached to the end of the main cable of the machine, raising the weight and suddenly loosening it with a measured stroke,—singing the while, like sailors at the main-sheet.

ROSENLIED.

The nightingale sang to the rose
  Through the livelong night,
Till her hue from a ruby red
  Turned wan and white.
All night it rose and fell—
  That silvery strain,
And the heart of the red rose throbbed
  With divinest pain;
"O Love, O Love!" it rang,
  "I love but thee.
Thou art queen of all flowers," he sang,
  "And queen of me!
O Love, *my* Love!" he said.
  —Before the dawn,
The rose on its stalk hung dead,
  The bird was gone.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MAN I HATE.

> "But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grained,
> Must be opposed to be sustained."
> MATT. PRIOR.

BUT Inez had no chance for further colloquy with her aunt that evening. And when they came home from the little ball, perhaps Inez was tired, perhaps her aunt was tired. Inez was conscious that she was cross, and she felt sure that aunt Eunice was reserved and not communicative.

The next morning she attacked her to find out what she had learned from the mysterious Englishman, the spy, as she persevered in calling him.

"Is he Blount, dear aunt?—I have felt so sure that he was Blount, under a false name. I suppose he has a new name for every country he goes into, and every time he changes his coat. I only wish I had called him 'Mr. Blount,' to see the color come for once on those sallow cheeks. I mean to teach Mary to call him 'Blount'!"

"Nonsense, child, you have not the least idea of what you are talking about. Mr. Blount is dead, in the first place. He died last spring. In the second place, and in the third place, he was not an Englishman at all,—he was a Tennessee senator." She dropped her voice, even in their own room, and said, "Capt. Phil. told me his father knew him."

Miss Inez was a little put down by this firstly, secondly and thirdly. But she came to the charge again. "Well, I was only a girl, and I did not understand politics. I thought that Blount was a sort of English spy, and I know this man is."

Eunice took the magisterial or duennaish manner, and the White Hawk looked from the one to the other, wondering why Inez was so much excited, and why Eunice seemed so grave.

"Dear Inez," said her aunt, "the Senate of the United States thought, or said they thought, that Mr. Blount was mixed up in a plot which King George's people had for getting back the whole of our region—I mean of the American shore of the Mississippi—to the English. And they punished him for it. And he died. And that is the end of Mr. Blount."

"What a provoking old aunt you are! Of course I do not care whether his name is Blount or what it is, so long as I am sure that it never was Lonsdale till he landed in Mexico. I am sure I used to hear no end of talk about Mr. Blount; and—and—I have it—it was Capt. Chisholm, aunt. There!" And the girl jumped up and performed an Apache war-dance with the White Hawk, in token that she had now rightly detected the name of her enemy.

"You look as if you could scalp him, Inez! Take care, or White Hawk will!"

"Scalp him!—scalping is too good for him, dear aunt. I could scalp him beautifully! Let me show you." And she flew at poor aunt Eunice on the moment; seized from her luxuriant hair a pretty gold stiletto on which it was wound,—gathered the rich curls up in her own left hand, and then, waving the stiletto above her head, with a perfect war-cry, affected to plunge it into the offending chevelure. The White Hawk laughed in a most un-Indian way; and poor Eunice fought valiantly to liberate herself.

When peace was restored, by a ransom on both sides of a few kisses, Inez flung herself on the floor, and said—

"Respectable lady, will you tell me now what was your conversation with Capt. Chisholm, now disguised in this presidio under the fictitious name of Lonsdale, called an *alias* to procurators and counsel learned in the law,—otherwise known as 'The Man I Hate.'" And she waved the stiletto again wildly above her head.

"My dear pussy, Mr. Lonsdale is no more a soldier than you are; and I do not believe he ever heard of Capt. Chisholm. When he goes to Orleans they will talk to him about those things perhaps, but in England they were as much secrets as they are here."

"About what things, dear aunt," said Inez, as serious now as she had been outrageous.

"About that foolish plan of the Governor of Canada to pick up the stitches they dropped when they lost the Mississippi River. It was all a bold intrigue of the people in Canada, who probably had some instructions from London, or perhaps only asked for some. But there were not ten men in England who ever heard of the plan. The Governor of Canada sent this Capt. Chisholm through to us, to see what could be done. And some foolish people fell into the plot, that is all."

"And Mr. Lonsdale, the spy,—otherwise known as 'The Man I Hate' "—these words were accompanied as before by the brandishing of the stiletto,—"has been sent again on just the same errand. Only this time he begins at Vera Cruz and Mexico. He travels north by Monterey and Monteclovez. He pretends to be interested in volcanoes and botany and in butterflies. He makes weak little water-color pictures, almost as bad as mine, of the ruins of Tlascala and Cholula! All this is a mask, a vain and useless mask, to disguise him from my eyes, and those of my countrymen! But see how vain is falsehood before truth. The moment he looks me in the face, the mean disguise falls off, and the spy appears! Another André, another Arnold stands before me, in the presence of 'THE MAN I HATE!' "

"How did you find him out?" asked Eunice, laughing.

"First, Madam Malgares said that he was a hidalgo of the highest rank at King George's Court; that he was a Duke of the blue blood, and that Lonsdale was only the name by which he travels incognito."

"But it is not a week since you told me that Madam Malgares was a fool. I do not believe English princes of the blood travel incognito in the heart of Mexico."

"Madam Malgares may be a fool," said little Inez wisely, "but none the less may an acute and adroit man, who has even deceived Miss Eunice Perry, have dropped his guard when he spoke to her."

Inez was, however, a little annoyed by her aunt's retort, and she tried her second reason.

"Second,—his talk of butterflies, and of flowers, is not the talk of a virtuoso, nor even of an artist. It is assumed!" Here she waved the dagger again. "He talks with interest, when he drops his voice, when he inquires about President Adams or Mr. Jefferson,—about Capt. Nolan or ——"

"Heigh-ho!" and her animation was at an end; and, poor girl, she really looked sad and pale.

"About whom?" said Eunice thoughtlessly.

But Inez was not to be caught.

"I wish I knew who was President! What a shame it should take so long for news to come when we came so quickly. Why, I dare say Roland knows, and papa, and we know nothing."

But Eunice Perry was not deceived by Inez's change of subject. She was as much surprised as Inez was, that they had no message nor token from William Harrod; and she was quite as anxious about Philip Nolan, too, as her niece could be.

Meanwhile, at the moment when the ladies were discussing Mr. Lonsdale so coolly, he was trying to take old Ransom's measure. With or without an object of pressing his inquiries, he had walked out to the stables to have the personal assurance which every good traveler needs, that the horses which had brought him all the way from Mexico, and were to carry him farther on his journey, were well cared for. At the stables he found, and was well pleased to find, old Ransom.

"Good morning, Ransom," he said, half shyly, and half proudly. He spoke, unconsciously, with the "air of condescension observable in some foreigners," and with an uncertainty which was not unnatural as to whether Ransom were or were not a servant.

The truth was that Ransom was entitled to all the privileges of a servant, and took all the privileges of a master. He noticed Mr. Lonsdale's hesitation instantly,—and from that moment was master of the situation.

"Mornin', sir," was his reply; and then he went on in a curious objurgation, in four or more languages, addressed to the half-breed who was currying Miss Inez's horse.

"They do not treat horses quite as we do," said Lonsdale, trying to be condescending.

"Donno what you do to 'em," said Ransom, civilly enough, "there's a good many ways to spile a horse. These here greasers knows most of 'em."

"Will you come into the stable and look at my bay?" said Lonsdale artfully. "I do not like to trust him with these fellows."

The old man understood that this was a bribe, as distinctly as if Lonsdale had offered him half a crown. But no man is beyond the reach of flattery,—as the old saw says, we are at least pleased that we are worth flattering,—and he accompanied the Englishman into the other wing of the stable buildings. Having given there such advice as seemed good, he loitered, as Lonsdale did, in the open court-yard.

"Is there any news from above?" said the Englishman, pointing in the direction of the road up the river.

Ransom had had time to determine on his answer. He would have been glad to know what the ladies had told Lonsdale. As he did not know, he fell back on his policy of general distrust.

"Them red-skins was back yesterday. All got so drunk couldn't tell nothin'."

"I wish I could hear from Capt. Nolan," said Lonsdale,—not as if he were asking a question.

"Needn't be troubled about him," said Ransom gloomily; "he'll take care of himself."

"I think he will," said the Englishman, with an easy good-nature, which failed him as little in meeting Ransom's brevities, as when he met little Inez's impertinences. "I think he will. But I would be glad to know there was no fighting."

Ransom said nothing.

The other waited a moment, and, finding that he should draw nothing unless he gave something, risked something and said:

"Capt. Nolan has no better friend than I am. I never saw him; but I know he is an honorable gentleman. And I do not want to see him and his country at a disadvantage when they meet these idolaters and barbarians."

The words were such as he would not, perhaps, have used in other circles. But they were not badly chosen. Certainly they were not, considering that his first object was to detach the old man from the policy of reserve. Ransom himself had often called the priests "them idolaters" in his talk with Miss Perry, with Inez and even with the White Hawk,—in faithful recollection of discourses early listened to from Puritan pulpits. But not in Orleans, least of all in his master's house, never even from his confrères in Capt. Nolan's troop or with Harrod, had he heard the frank expression of a dislike as hearty as his own.

His own grim smile stole over his face, not unobserved by the Englishman.

"The truth is, Mr. Ransom," said Lonsdale, following his advantage, "there are a plenty of reasons why your country should make war with Spain, and why my country should help you, if you will let us. But when that war comes, let it be a war of armies and generals and fleets and admirals. Do not let an honorable gentleman like Mr. Nolan be flung away in a wilderness, where nobody can help him."

He had said enough to change the whole current of Ransom's thought and plan. Wisely or not, Ransom took into his favor a man who held such views as to the Spanish monarchy. He inwardly cemented a treaty of peace with Lonsdale, based on information which for years he had carried in the recesses of a heart which never betrayed confidence.

The well-informed American reader should not need to be told, that not only through the West, but wherever there were active young men in the American army, at that time, the hope of "conquering or rescuing" Mexico—as the phrase was—had found its way as among the probable or the desirable futures of the American soldier. When Taylor and Scott entered Mexico in triumph, in 1846, they were but making real, visions of glory, which had excited Alexander Hamilton and his friends nearly fifty years before. A curious thing it is, among the revenges and revelations of history, that Hamilton's great rival, Burr, blasted his own fame and ruined his own life by taking up the very plan and the very hope which Hamilton had nursed with more reason, and, indeed, with more hope of success, years before. Silas Perry himself was not more interested in the plans of Miranda, the South American adventurer, than was Alexander Hamilton. And in Miranda's early schemes, as is well known, he relied on the coöperation, not of undisciplined freebooters from the American States, but of the American army under the direction of the American President. When, under President Adams, that army was greatly enlarged—when Washington was placed at its head, with Hamilton for the first in command under him—this army was not to act in ignoble sea-board defenses. It was to be stationed at the posts which have since become cities on the Ohio and the Mississippi, and when the moment came, Hamilton was to lead it to Orleans, and if God so ordered, to Mexico. "Only twenty days' march to San Antonio," says one of those early letters, anticipating by a generation the days of Houston and David Crockett.

Of course all these plans were secrets of State. Not too much of them is now to be found in the Archives of Washington, or in the published correspondence. The War Department was, very unfortunately, or shall we say, very conveniently, burned, with its contents, in 1800. But no such secrets could exist, no such plans could be formed, without correspondence—private indeed, for more than success hung on the privacy—with the handful of loyal Americans who lived in Orleans. They were, to the last drop of their blood, interested to see such plans succeed. Their coöperation, so far as it could be rendered fairly, must be relied on when the moment for action came. Oliver Pollock, already spoken of in these pages, who had supplied powder to Fort Pitt in those early days of Washington's battles, when powder was like gold-dust, had, before this time, left Orleans for Baltimore. There he was able to give to the Government such advice as it needed. When such an agent as Wilkinson, or Freeman, or Nolan, was despatched to Orleans, he confided what he dared, to such reliable men as Silas Perry, or Daniel Clark.

In Silas Perry's household there were many secrets of business or of State. But none were secrets to Seth Ransom. True, there was a certain affectation maintained, as to what he knew, and what he did not know. When the time came for a revelation, Silas Perry would make that revelation, for form's sake. He would say, " Ransom, I am going to send two boxes to Master Roland, by the Nancy, to Bordeaux." But then he knew that Ransom knew this already, and Ransom knew that he knew that he knew it. There were occasions, indeed, when Silas Perry was humiliated in the family counsels, because he was obliged to ask for Ransom's unoffered assistance in secret matters. There was a celebrated occasion, when Mr. Perry had lost the Will of General Morgan, which that officer had intrusted to him for safe and secret deposit. Silas Perry had put it away, without whispering a word of it to any one, not even to his sister, far less to Inez. And he had forgotten it through and through. And at last, years after, a messenger came in haste for it, Gen. Morgan being ill, and wishing to change it. Mr. Perry came from the counting-house and spent hours of a hot day in mad search for it. And finally, when he was almost sick from disgrace and despair, Eunice called Ransom to her.

The old man entered, displeased and disgusted.

" Ransom, Mr. Perry has lost an important paper."

" Know he has."

" It is the will of General Morgan, and the General has sent for it."

" Know he has."

" My brother cannot find it."

" Know he can't."

Eunice even—whom he loved—was obliged to humiliate herself.

" Do you remember his ever speaking to you of it ? "

" Never said a word to me."

Eunice had to prostrate herself further.

" Do you think you could find it ? "

" Could, if he told me to."

" Ransom, would you find it; he is very much troubled about it ? "

Ransom's triumph was now complete, and he led his humbled master and mistress to the forgotten crypt where the will was laid away.

To such a man, the general plan of Hamilton, Miranda, the English Cabinet and the American Government was known as soon as it had been confidentially discussed between General Wilkinson and Silas Perry. It was as safe with him, as with the English foreign secretary; far safer, as has proved since, than it was with Wilkinson. Ransom knew now, therefore, that within four years past, the coöperation of an English fleet, an American army and Spanish insurgents, had been among things hoped for by the most intelligent men in his own country. And so, the few words which Lonsdale spoke now, led him instantly to the hasty conviction, that Lonsdale was a confidential agent in a renewal of the same combination.

I am afraid this discussion of politics has been but rapidly read by the younger part of those friends who are kind enough to hurry over these lines. Let me only say to them, that if they will take the pains to read it, they will find the first step in the course which this country marched in for sixty years. That course eventually gave to it Texas, and afterward California. Among other things, meanwhile, it gave to it Oregon and all east of Oregon. And when Kansas and Nebraska came to be settled, came the question " how ? " And out of that question came the great Civil War, which even the youngest of these young readers does not think unimportant.

And indeed, there needed powers not less than the statesmanship of Adams and Rufus King, the chivalry of Hamilton, and the fanaticism of Miranda, to bring about a marvel like that of peaceful talk between Seth Ransom and an Englishman.

" Do not let an honorable gentleman like Mr. Nolan be flung away in a wilderness, where no one can help him." These were Lonsdale's words of frankness.

" Said so myself. Said so to him, and said so to Mr. Harrod. Told 'em both it was all damn nonsense. Ef the greasers was after 'em, told 'em to get out of the way, and wait for the folks up above to settle 'em."

"Well!" said Lonsdale eagerly, "and what did they say?"

"They said they was ready for 'em. They said they was nobody at Noches, that dared follow where they was goin'; they wasn't enough men there. An' they wasn't when we was there. Mr. Harrod an' I counted the horses, we did. They wasn't enough when we was there.—But," after a pause, "they's been more men sent 'em since. Hundred an' sixty men went from this place over here—went two months ago to Noches." Another pause. Ransom looked over his shoulder, made sure there were no listeners, and dropped his voice,—"Sent word of this to the Cap'n. Got his message back yesterday. He left for home a week ago yesterday."

"God be praised," said Lonsdale, so eagerly, that even Inez would have had some trust in him. "If only he runs the lookout at Nacogdoches."

"He passed within ten miles on 'em while they was dancin' and figurin' with the ladies," said the old man, well pleased. "Guess he won't run into their mouths this time."

"If he gets safe home," said the other, "he will have chances enough to come over here, with an army behind him."

"Mebbe," was the sententious reply. But Ransom doubted already whether he had not gone too far in his relations to an officer of the English crown,—as he chose to suppose Lonsdale to be,—and his confidences for this day were over.

Was he wise, indeed, in trusting "The Man I Hate," so far as he had done?

We shall see—what we shall see.

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE.

"The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few."
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

THE question whether Spain and America should meet in battle in the forests of Texas was, at that moment, already decided, although Ransom and Lonsdale did not know it. The descendants of Raleigh and Sydney, and Drake, and Hawkins, of Amyas Leigh and Bertram, and Robinson Crusoe and their countrymen, were to take up the gage of battle which had lain forgotten so long, and were to meet in fight the descendants of Alva, and Cortez, and Pizarro, and De Soto and Philip the Second.

And for fifty years that battle was to go on—not on the seas as in Drake's days and Howard's, but on the land—in sight of the very palaces Cortez had wondered at, and in the very deserts in which De Soto had wandered.

And when the glove was first picked up, poor Philip Nolan, alas! was the brave knight who stood for the faith and for the star of Sidney and Howard.

Of the tragedy which followed, in the twenty-four hours since we saw him, history has left us two accounts—one, the journal of Muzquiz, the officer whom we saw kissing his hand at Chihuahua; and the other, the tale of Ellis Bean, the youngest of Nolan's companions. They differ in detail, as is of course. But as to the general history of that cruel day, we know the story, and we know it only too well.

The custom of Nolan's camp was, always, that a third of the little party should keep the night-watch while two-thirds slept. It had happened, naturally enough, that the five Spaniards—as the Mexicans of the party were always called, when they were not called "greasers"—made one of the three watches. And, as destiny ordered, these five were on duty on the night after Crooked Feather left with his message. "As destiny ordered," one says; had they not been there, Philip Nolan perhaps would never have been a martyr, and these words had never been written. Destiny, carelessness, or treachery, that night put these five men on guard. It was the 21st of March, and in that climate, to such men as these young fellows, there was little hardship in such beds as they had provided. They slept, and their leader slept, as hunters sleep after one day of work, and before another of enterprise. He had not confided to any of them but Blackburn, the plan for an immediate return.

Of a sudden, the trampling of horses roused him. It was dark; still he judged it past midnight. The fear of a stampede, or of Indian thieves, was always present, and Nolan was on his feet. He hailed the guard.

No answer!

He left the little shed in which they were sleeping. The guard were gone.

"Blackburn! Bean! Cæsar! The greasers are gone! Call all the men!"

In the darkness, the men gathered.

From their wall of logs they peered out

into the forest. It was not so dark but they could see here a figure passing and there. Nolan and the others hailed in Spanish, and in various Indian tongues, but they got no answers.

"Who will come to the corral with me?" cried their fearless leader.

Half-a-dozen men volunteered.

They crossed to the corral to find that the horses were safe. It was no stampeding party. Philip Nolan knew at that instant, that he had not Indians to fight against, but the forces of the most Catholic King of Spain. One hundred and sixty of them too, if Miss Eunice had been right in her counting.

Of this he said nothing to his men. He bade each man charge his rifle. But no man was to fire till he gave the word. He looked for his own double-barreled fowling-piece. It was gone. One of the "greasers" had stolen it, as he deserted.*

This act made their bad faith the more certain, and revealed to the men, what Nolan never doubted, the character of their enemies. He bade them keep well covered by the logs, and so they waited for the gray of the morning.

Nor did they wait long. A party of the besiegers approached. Nolan shewed himself fearlessly.

"Take care how you come nearer," he cried. "One or other of us will die if you do."

They halted like children, as they were bidden.

"Who will come with me this time?" said he; and again the volunteers were all that he could ask.

"No! not with rifles! Lay down your rifles." And he stepped forth unarmed from the little enclosure, and they, without gun or pistol, followed.

Again Nolan hailed the enemy, in Spanish:—

"Do not come near,—for one or other of us will be killed, if you do." On this there was a consultation among the enemy, and, with a white flag, an Irishman, whose name was Barr, came near enough to talk with Nolan in English. He said his commander was a Lieutenant named Muzquiz, and he justified Eunice's count of a hundred and sixty men. Unless Nolan had more men than he seemed to have, fight was hopeless, Barr said.

"We shall see that," said Nolan, "What terms do they offer us?"

Barr was not authorized to offer any terms. The orders of Muzquiz were to arrest them, and send them prisoners to Coahuila.

"Arrest us!" said Nolan, "when you know I have your Governor's permit to collect these horses for your own army in Louisiana, and to bring in goods, if I choose, to pay the Indians for them; do you mean to arrest me?"

Barr said he could say nothing of that. Muzquiz had come to arrest them, and he expected them to surrender "in the name of the King."

Nolan turned to his men; but he needed not to consult them. They knew what Spanish courtesy to prisoners was too well. "Let them fight if they choose," was the sentiment of one and all. Barr went back to his master; and Nolan and his companions to the little log inclosure, which was yesterday only the poorest horse-pen, and was to-day a fort, beleaguered and defended.

Who knows what, even with such odds, the end might have been! These gallant Spanish troopers, ten to one, did not dare risk themselves too near. But, not ten minutes after the sharp-shooting began, Nolan exposed himself too fearlessly,—was struck by a ball in the head, and fell dead, without a word.

Muzquiz had brought with him a little swivel, on the back of a mule. He did not dare risk his men before the Kentucky and Mississippi sharp-shooters. But it was easy fighting, to load this little cannon with grape-shot, and fire it pell-mell upon the logs. If one of his men exposed himself, a warning rifle-shot showed that some one was alive within. But the Spaniards kept their distance bravely, and loaded and fired the swivel behind the shelter which the careful Muzquiz had prepared.

Within the pen there were various counsels. Ellis Bean, the youngest of the party, probably offered the best; which was, that at the moment the swivel was next discharged they should dash upon it and take it, trusting to the Spaniards' unwillingness to die first. "It is at most but death," said Bean, "and we may as well die so as in their mines." And two or three of the boldest of them held with Bean. But the more cautious men said this was madness. And so, after four hours of this aiming into the thicket from behind the logs, they loosened the logs on the side opposite the swivel, and then took the opportunity of the next discharge to escape from their fortress into the woods, bearing with them two wounded men, but leaving the body of their brave commander.

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* The piece was afterward seen by Lieut. Pike, and Muzquiz, the Spaniard, describes the theft.

There were but nine well men left, after the desertion, and these two wounded fellows. Each man filled his powder-horn, and to old Cæsar, who had no gun, was given the remaining stock of powder to carry. For a few minutes their retreat was not noticed. They got a little the start of the swivel-firers. But the silence of the pen walls told a story, and the Spaniards soon mustered courage to attack an empty fortress. Nothing there but Phil Nolan's body, and the little stores of the encampment!

Warily the host followed. Mounted men as they were, they of course soon overtook these footmen. But they kept a prudent distance still. No man wanted to be the first shot, and the whir of an occasional bullet would remind the more adventurous that it was better to be cautious. At last however they made a prize. Poor Cæsar, with his heavy load, had lagged, and as he had no gun, a brave trooper pounced upon him. All the powder of the pursued troop was thus in the hands of the pursuers.

The next victory, announced by a cheer of Spanish rapture, was the surrender of one of the wounded men. He could not keep up with his friends, and he would not delay them. He was seen waving a white rag, and was surrounded by the advance with a shout of victory.

So passed six hours of pursuit and retreat. Muzquiz sent a body in advance, to command, with their carbines, both sides of the trail he knew his enemy would take. But so cautious was the Spanish fire, that the fortunate fellows passed through this defile without losing a man. Well for them that the Spaniards believed so religiously in the distance to which the Kentucky rifle would carry lead! Six hours of pursuit and retreat! At last Fero, who was more like a commander than any others in the little company, and Blackburn, the Quaker, called a halt. They counted their forces. All here, but he who had insisted on surrendering himself,—save alas! Cæsar.

Every man's horn was nearly empty! Unless Cæsar could be found—all was lost!

No. He cannot be found!

They are brave fellows; but there is nothing for it, but to hoist a white flag, which Muzquiz welcomed gladly.

He knew now what he could do, and what he could not do. He knew he could not make Spanish troopers with their carbines stand the sure fire of the Kentucky rifle. He knew Nolan was dead. The danger of the expedition was at an end. His own advancement was sure. In any event it was victory.

Muzquiz therefore sent in Barr, the Irishman again, and this time bade him offer terms. The little party was to return to Nachitoches and never come into Texas any more. In particular they were to promise to make no establishment with the Indians.

To this they replied, that he might have saved himself trouble. This was just what they wanted to do. But they added that they should never give up their arms.

They were assured that this was not demanded; only they must agree to be escorted back to Nachitoches.

To this they agreed, if they might go back and bury Nolan. Muzquiz consented to this. The party marched back together, and buried him. But no man knows his resting-place. Nolan's River, a little branch of the Brassos, is the only monument of his fame.

The whole party then turned eastward, and marched good-naturedly enough together to Nacogdoches. Once and again the Spaniards had to accept of the superior skill of the Americans, in building rafts, or constructing other methods for crossing the swollen streams. So they arrived at the little garrison. Which were the conquerors?

It would have been hard to tell, until the morning after their arrival, when the Americans were disarmed, man by man, and handcuffed as criminals.

From that moment to this moment, the words "Spanish honor" have meant in Texas "a snare and a lie."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT SAN ANTONIO.

> "Of all their falsehood, more could I recount,
> But now the bright sun 'ginneth to dismount,
> And for the dewy night now doth draw nigh,
> I hold it best for us home to hie."
>
> SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

APRIL crept by at San Antonio; but it only crept. The easy winter-life, which was not wintry, passed into the life of what ought to have been a lovely spring-time; for not at Nice or Genoa, better known, alas, to the average American reader than San Antonio, can spring be more lovely than it is there; but it was not lovely. Major Barelo assured Eunice on his honor that he had no news from Muzquiz's force above. He began to assure her that if they had met the hunters, he certainly should have heard of it before this. Miss Perry tried to believe this, and she tried to make Inez believe it. But still the days hung heavy. The little entertainments of the garrison seemed heartless and dull. What was a game at prison-bounds, or a costume-ball, or a play of Cervantes, or a picnic at the Springs, when people did not know whether dear friends were alive or dead, or in life-long captivity! How could one hunt for prairie flowers, and analyze them and press them, when one remembered the ride across the prairies, and wondered where they were who shared it!

Poor Inez had her own cause of anxiety, which burned all the more hotly in her poor little heart, because she was too proud to speak of it even to Aunt Eunice. Where was Will Harrod? If he had joined Captain Phil before Crooked Feather did, why had not Crooked Feather brought one word, or message, or token? If he had not joined Captain Phil?—that question was even worse. Oh! the whole thing was so hollow! That one should eat and drink and sleep, should go to balls, and tertulias, and reading parties, that Lieut. Gonzales should lift one into the saddle and talk bad English with one for the hours of a ride, that Mr. Lonsdale should hang round all the evening, and talk of everything but what he was thinking of, and she was thinking of, and Aunt Eunice was thinking of—it was all a horrid lie, and it was terrible.

White Hawk was her only comfort. Dear child, she knew she was her only comfort, and, with exquisite instincts, she took upon her the duties of a comforter without once affecting that she took them. But she could make Inez forget herself, and she did. She would spin out the pretty lessons in writing, on which Inez had begun with her. She would lead her to talk about the spelling tasks, and the reading lesson, which in Inez's new-fledged dignity as a tutor she was giving. Then she would play teacher in her turn. They found porcupine's quills—and a lovely mess they made of things in dyeing them with such decoctions as White Hawk invented. They embroidered slippers for Aunt Eunice, for themselves, for Major Barelo, and for dear Aunt Dolores; even for old Ransom, they embroidered slippers as the winter and spring went by. Inez was becoming a proficient in other forms of wood-craft. Ah me! if Will Harrod had come back, she could have talked to him before the spring went by, in pantomime quite as expressive as his own, and far more graceful.

But then, just when they came back from a tramp on the beautiful river-side, with old Ransom and one and another attendant, laden down with their roots and barks and berries, and other stuff,—as the old man called it,—the first sight of the garrison brought back the old terrible anxiety. Inez would rush to Aunt Dolores or to Aunt Eunice, and say, "Is there any news?" as if this happy valley was no happy valley at all, and as if she could not forget how far parted she was from the world.

Old Ransom took on himself to school her, in his fashion, more than her aunt thought wisest.

"Een," he said to her one day as they rode, "ye mus'n' take on so much as ye do for the Cap'n. The Cap'n 's all right, he is. He told me heself he should be back at the river 'fore March was over. Them mustangs ain't good for nothin' ef you sells 'em after May, 'n' the Cap'n knew that's well as I did. 'N' he says, says he, 'Ransom,' says he, 'I shall be in Natchez first week in April. I shall send two hundred on 'em down the river to Orleans in flats,' says he, ''n' I shall go across to the Cumberland river, through the Creek country with the others.' That's what he says to me. He knows Bowles, the Injen Chief—always did know lots of the red-skins. 'N' he says to me, 'I shall go to the Cumberland river to be there 'fore April 's over, time for the spring plowing.'"

Every word of this was a lie; but it was a lie invented with so kind an object, and indeed, so well invented, that the Recording Angel undoubtedly dropped a tear of compassion and regret commingled, as he wrote it down.

Poor Inez tried to believe it true.

"You never saw Crooked Feather again, Ransom, did you?"

Ransom paused. He doubted for a moment, whether he would not boldly create a second conversation with Crooked Feather, in which that chief should describe an interview with William Harrod. But no! this was too much. For the old man loved the truth in itself, and did not ever intend to swerve from it. What he had said about Nolan and the horses he believed to be the absolute truth of things. He had put it in the form of a conversation with Nolan, because he could thus most distinctly make Inez apprehend it, baby as she was, in his estimation still. But as to Harrod, he believed as implicitly that he had been scalped within the week after he left them. Believing that, he had no romance to invent which should restore him to the world.

After a pause—not infrequent in his colloquies—he assumed a more didactic tone. It would, at another time, have delighted Inez. But now, the weight at her heart was too heavy. Still, she beckoned the White Hawk to come up and ride by their side, and the old man went on with his lecture.

"I never see him, Een, and I never want to. Niggers is bad; French folks is bad; English is wus; and Spanish is wus then them, by a long sight; but red-skins is the wust on 'em all. They's lazy, that's one thing; so is niggers. They's fools, that's one thing; so is the mounseers. They's proud as the devil, that's one thing; so is the Englishmen. They'll lie 's fast 's they can talk, so'll the Spaniards; 'n' they'll cheat, and steal, and pretend they can't understand nothin' you say all the time. They's a bad set. I gin your old chief (Crooked Feather he said his name was, but he lied; it wasn't—didn't have no name)—I gin him his sugar, 'n' I turned him out of the warehouse, 'n' I told him ef I ever see him ag'in, I'd thrash him within an inch of his life. He pertended he didn't know nothin', 'n' that he didn't know what I meant. But he knew enough to make tracks, 'n' I haint ever seen him sence, 'n' I haint wanted to, neyther. Red-skins is fools, 'n' liars, 'n' thieves, 'n' lazy, 'n' aint no good any way."

Ma-ry understood enough of this eulogy on her old masters to laugh at it thoroughly; indeed she sympathized and said to Inez:

"Ma-ry knows, yes. Ransom knows, yes. Crooked Feather bad, lazy, steal. Oh, Inez, Inez, darling dear, all bad, all lie, all steal," and she flung down her reins in a wild way, and just rested herself fearlessly on the other's shoulder, and kissed her once and again, as if to bless her that she had taken her from her old task-masters; then she took the reins again, and made her pony fly like the wind along the road, and return to the party, as if she must do something vehement, to express her sense of her escape from such captivity.

Thus Ransom tried—and tried not unsuccessfully—to turn Inez's thoughts for a moment from questions of Nolan and Harrod. But not for a long respite. The moment they passed the gate of the little wall, which in those days, after a fashion, bounded the garrison, it was evident that something had transpired. The lazy sentinel himself stood at his post with more of a military air. On the military plaza were groups of men together—in the wild gesticulation of Spanish talk—where usually, at this hour, no one would be seen. Certain that some news had come, Inez pushed her horse, and Ransom in his respectful following, kept close behind her. She would not ask a question of the Spanish officers whom they dashed by; but she fancied that in their salute there was an air of gravity which she had certainly never seen before; a gravity which the sight of two smiling, pretty girls, dashing by at a fast canter, certainly would not in itself have excited.

Arrived in the court-yard, the excited girl swung herself into Ransom's arms, gathered up her dress, and rushed into her aunt's room. The White Hawk needed no help, but left her pony as quickly and followed Inez. Eunice was not there at the moment. But just as Inez had determined to go in search of her, her aunt appeared at the door. Oh, how wretchedly sad in every line of her face, and in the eyes which looked so resolutely on poor Inez! The news had come, and it was bad news!

Eunice gave one hand to each and led them both into the inner room. She shut the door. She made Inez lie down. Oh, how still she was! and how still they were!

She sat by the girl's side. She held her hand. She even stroked her forehead with the other, before she could speak. At last:

"O my darling, my dearest!—it is all too true! It is all over!"

Inez was on her elbow, looking straight into her eyes.

"Inez, my darling, they met; they found him, only the day after he wrote to us. They fought him—the wretches—ten to his one. They killed him! They have taken all the others prisoners, and they are all to go to the mines, to slave there till the King shall send word to have them killed. O my darling, my child!"

Inez looked her still in the face.

"Who else is killed? Tell me all, dear aunt, tell me all!"

"My darling, O my darling! I cannot hear that anybody but Nolan was killed. They killed him at their first fire, and he never spoke again. Dear, dear fellow! oh, what will his little wife say or do!"

It was the first time that in words Eunice had ever told Inez that Nolan had married the pretty Fanny Lintot, whose picture Inez had seen. In truth, he had married her just before he left Natchez.

"They say they took our people prisoners on terms of unconditional surrender! Inez, they say what is not true. Will Harrod, and all those men with Nolan, would have died before they would have been marched to the mines. But, my darling, I have told you all I know."

"There is no word from—from—from Capt. Harrod?" asked Inez, finding it hard to speak his name even now.

"Oh! no word for us from anybody. There is only a bragging dispatch with 'God preserve Your Excellency many years' from this coward of a Muzquiz—this man who takes an army to hunt a soldier. Why, I should have thought he had met Bonaparte hand to hand!

"The Major sent for me. He is so kind. And dear Dolores—oh, she is lovely. He told me all he knew. He promised to tell me all. Perhaps the prisoners will come this way, then we shall know.

"But what a wretch I am! I have been praying and hoping so that I might break it to you gently. And I have only poured out my whole story without one thought. Dear, dear Inez, forgive me!"

She was beside herself with excitement. In truth, of the two, Inez seemed more calm. But she was, oh! so deadly pale! She tried to speak. No! she could not say a word. She opened her lips, but no sound would come. Nay, even the tears would not come. She looked up—she looked around. She saw dear Ma-ry, her eyes flooded with tears, her whole eager face alive with her sorrow and her sympathy. Inez flung herself into her arms, and the tears flowed as she sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed upon her shoulder.

Eunice told Inez that Major Barelo had told her all. She thought he had. The loyal Spanish gentleman had kept his secret well.

He had not told her all. The bragging dispatch from Muzquiz had been accompanied with a little parcel. This parcel contained the ears of Philip Nolan! The chivalrous Muzquiz—the representative of the Most Catholic King, had cut off the ears of the dead hero, to send them in token of victory to the Governor!

So low had sunk the chivalry which in the days of Lobeira gave law to the courtesy of the world!

Of this accompaniment to the dispatch, Barelo had said nothing to Eunice Perry, nor did she know it till she died.

We know it from the dispatch in which the Castilian chief announces it!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I MUST GO HOME."

"Now with a general peace the world was blest;
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the laboring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear."
ASTRÆA REDUX.

POOR Inez! Poor Eunice!

They kept their grief to themselves as best they could. But every one in the garrison circle knew there was a grief to keep, though no one, not even Donna Maria, suspected the whole of it, and no one could quite account for the depth of the ladies' interest in the freebooters. Eunice said boldly that it would prove to be all a mistake, which De Nava and Salcedo would surely regret. That Mr. Nolan was an accomplished gentleman, they all knew, for he had visited Antonio again and again; he had danced in their parties, and dined at their tables. She said he was Gayoso's friend, and Casa Calvo's friend, and that they were not the men she took them for, if they did not resent such interference from another province. She said boldly, that there would have to be some public statement now, whether the King of Spain meant to protect his subjects in Louisiana against other subjects in Mexico. So far Eunice carried talk with a high spirit, because she would gladly give the impression, in the garrison circle, that she and Inez were wounded with a sense of what may be called provincial pride. The inhospitality exercised toward Nolan to-day, might be exercised toward them to-morrow.

But, while Eunice Perry took this high tone in the long morning talks of the ladies, her own heart was sick with the secret her brother had confided to her. She knew that Orleans and Louisiana were Spanish only in name. Did not De Nava and Salcedo know this also? Was not this bold dash against Nolan the first declaration of the indifference of Spanish commanders to all directions from Louisiana, now Louisiana was French again? And if it were so, ought not Eunice Perry be looking toward getting her white doves to their own shelter again, as soon as might be?

She determined, not unwisely, to confide to Ransom the great secret of State which her brother had intrusted to her. In doing this, she knew that she would not displease Silas Perry, who would have told Ransom within a minute after he had heard it, for the mere convenience of not having to perplex himself by hiding from his right hand, what affected both hands every moment.

Eunice was not displeased that for once she could take the old man by surprise. She chose, as she was wont to do, for private conferences, a chance when they were riding. For, while the old stone walls of the garrison might have ears, the river, the prairie, and the mesquits had none.

"Ransom, you know why all the people in Orleans speak French?"

"They's French folks, all on 'em, mum, they is. These Spaniards is nothin'. Ain't real Spanish, none on 'em. Gayoso, he'd lived in England, all his life. This one has to talk French. Sham-Spanish all on 'em, they is."

"Yes, Ransom, the King of Spain sends over officers who speak French, because the people are French people."

"Yes'm, all French folks once; had French Governors. Awful times, w'en your brother fust come there,—when they tried to send the Spanish Governor packing—good enough for him, too. He caught 'em and hanged 'em all—darned old rascal, he did. Awful times! He was a Paddy, he was—darned old rascal!"

"Yes, Ransom, and a very cruel thing it was. Well now, Ransom, the King of Spain is frightened, and he has given Orleans back, and all the country, to the French."

"Guess not, Miss Eunice!" said the old man quickly, really surprised this time.

"Yes, Ransom, there is no doubt of it. But it is a great secret. The French general told my brother, and he bade me tell no one but you and Inez. Do not let these people dream of it here."

"No, marm, and they don't know it now. Ef they knew it, I should know. They don't know nothin'." Ransom said all this slowly, with long pauses between the sentences. But Eunice could see that he was pleased—yes, well pleased with the announcement. His eyes looked like a prophet's, far into the distance before him. And his face slowly beamed with a well-satisfied smile, as if he had himself conducted the great negotiation.

"Good thing, Miss Perry! guess it's a good thing. Mr. Perry did not go for nothin'. Them French don't know nothin'. King of Spain—darned fool—he don't know nothin'. Ye brother had to go 'n' tell 'em."

"No, Ransom, I do not think my brother told them. But he says he is glad to belong to the side that always wins."

"Guess Mr. Perry told 'em, ma'am," was Ransom's fixed reply. "They's all fools—don't know nothin'."

Eunice had made her protest and did not renew it. She knew she should never persuade the old man that he and Silas Perry together did not manage all those affairs in the universe, which were managed well.

"My brother is well pleased, Ransom, and so is Roland. Roland is quite a friend of Gen. Bonaparte."

"Yes'm, this man always wins. Say his soldiers cum over here to learn fightin'. Say General Washington had to show 'em how. Say Roshimbow's comin' over to the islands now. I knew that one—Roshimbow—myself; held his hoss for him one day, down to Pomfert meetin'-house, when he stopped to git suthin to drink at the tavern. General Washington was showin' him about fightin' then, and so was old General Knox, and Colonel Greaton; and now he's been tellin' this other one. That's the way they knows how to do it. French is nothin'. Don't know nothin'. This other one, he's an Eyetalian."

"This other one," who thus received the art of war at second-hand from Colonel Greaton, of the Massachusetts line, and from George Washington, was the person better known in history as Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Ransom, if there is one whisper of war between France and Spain, we must get back to Orleans. I am sure I do not know how. Or if there is war between England and France again,—or between England and Spain. Indeed I wonder sometimes that we ever came. But we acted for the best."

She hardly knew that he was by her, as she fell back on these anxieties. But it was just as well. The old man was as sympathetic as her mother would have been.

"I should not be troubled, mum. It's peace now, and the Major here thinks it's like to be. So does the Gov'nor and the

General. Heerd 'em say so yesterday. It's peace now and it's like to be." Here a long pause. "Ain't no cause to be troubled. Miss Inez liked the ride comin', and she'll like it goin'. There's two or three of the greasers here will go where I tell 'em, and three of the niggers too, ef you don't like to ask him for soldiers. Shouldn't take no trouble about it. When you want to go, ma'am, we'll go. I'll tell 'em the King sent word we was to go." And his own smile showed that he was not displeased at the prospect of leaving behind him a community, which he held in deeper scorn than the Orleans which he loved while he despised.

"I hope we may not have to go, Ransom; but you must keep your eyes open and your ears, and we will be ready to go at an hour's warning."

"Yes'm, the sooner the better."

The truth was, that the signal came sooner than Eunice expected; and in a way as bad as the worst that she had feared. Late in the afternoon of a sultry day in June—a day which had been pronounced too hot for riding—the ladies had just returned from a bath in the river, and were not in full costume, when a clamor and excitement swept among the garrison, and in spite of Major Barelo's precautions and the Donna Maria's, made way even into the rooms of the American ladies. The White Hawk ran out to reconnoitre, and inquire.

A band of Spanish troopers, with great fanfarons of trumpets, and even with little Moorish drums, came riding into the plaza, and in the midst, with a troop behind as well as before, a little company of eleven bearded men, dirty and ragged, heavily ironed, lest they might leap from their horses, and, without arms, overthrow a hundred Spanish Cavalry. These were the American prisoners. They had been kept a month at Nacogdoches, listening to lies about their release, and at last were on their way to Chihuahua and the mines.

The White Hawk, with her usual indifference to regulations, walked right down to this wretched coffle, and, in a minute, recognized Blackburn, who had seen her at Nacogdoches. Without attempting a word of English, she asked him in pantomime, where Harrod was—for the girl saw that he was not in the number. Blackburn did not conceal his surprise. He had taken it for granted, as they all had, that Harrod and the others had been held by the Spaniards. He told the girl in gestures which she perfectly understood, that they had never seen Harrod, nor King, nor Adams, nor Richards, since, with old Cæsar, he parted from them in the autumn.

Then she ventured on the farther question, to which, alas, she knew the answer: "Where was Capt. Nolan?" Ah me! the poor fellow could only confirm the cruel news of two months before. His quick gesture showed where the fatal shot struck and how sudden was his death. Then he told, in a minute more, that all this was but the morning after Crooked Feather left them. He called her to him, and bade her stroke his horse's neck and lie close against his fore-leg as she did so. She was as quick and stealthy as a savage would have been in obeying him, and in an instant more she was rewarded. He slid into her hand, under the rough mane, the little prayer-book which Eunice had sent to Nolan. Blackburn himself had taken it from his leader's body when they buried him; and though, heaven knows, he had been stripped and plundered once and again since, so that nothing else was left him that he could call his own; the plunderers were men who had a certain fear of prayer-books,—if it were fear which reverenced,—and for good reasons and for bad, they had left him this and this alone.

"Come again! come again!" said the White Hawk fearlessly; and she hurried away from the troop, with the news she had collected. In a minute more she had joined the ladies.

"Troopers come—Ma-ry—Ma-ry—troopers. Nolan's men come! five, five, one!" and she held up her fingers. "Poor men, they are all—what you call—iron—iron—here, here—on hands—on feet. Blackburn come,—me talk to Blackburn,—Blackburn tell all. Darling,—darling,—Will Harrod never found them! Will Harrod never saw them! O darling, darling dear!—Will Harrod all safe,—all gone home—Orleans,—darling, darling dear!"

"Who says he's safe?" cried poor Inez, starting to her feet.

"Me say so,—me say he never saw Nolan,—never saw Blackburn. Blackburn said he was here. Blackburn wonder very, very much Will Harrod not here. Blackburn tell me,—tell me now,—Will Harrod never come,—King never come,—Adams never come,—Richards never come. Blackburn say all here. Nobody come but old Cæsar, and Blackburn. Old Cæsar here now—me see old Cæsar."

Inez had fallen back, when she saw that Harrod's safety was only the White Hawk's guess. But now she started:

"Dear, dear old Cæsar—let me go see him too," and they ran. But the prisoners had already been led away. And there needed formal applications to Barelo—and who should say to whom else, before they could talk with the poor old fellow?

To such applications, however, Barelo was in no sort deaf. If he had dared—and if there had not been twenty or thirty days' hard travel to the frontier, he would have given permits enough to Ransom, and Miss Perry, and Mlle. Inez and the White Hawk to have set every one of the "bearded men" free—he would have made a golden bridge for them to escape by; for Major Barelo could and did read the future. This was impossible. But old Ransom daily, and one or other of the ladies, saw the prisoners and, while they could, ministered to their wants.

White Hawk's first story was entirely confirmed. Neither of the escort of the ladies had ever been seen on the Tockowakono or Upper Brassos. The men thought they had deserted and gone back to Natchez. But Inez, of course, and Eunice, knew that Harrod had never deserted his friend.

"No! the Apaches have him—or the Comanches."

"They *had* him! they *had* him, Eunice! But they keep no prisoners alive!" and in a paroxysm of weeping, Inez fell on her aunt's lap, and the pretended secret of her heart was a secret no longer to either of them.

It was Inez's wretchedness, perhaps, which wore more and more on Eunice as the summer crept by. Perhaps it was the wretchedness of the miserable handful of men kept in close confinement at Antonio. Month after month, this captivity continued. More and more doubtful were Cordero's and Herrara's words, when Eunice forced them, as she would force them, to speak of the chances of liberation. As September passed, there came one of the flying rumors from below, of which no man knew the authority, that the King of Spain had quarreled with the French Republic. This rumor gave Eunice new ground for anxiety as to her position. And she was well-disposed to yield, when Inez one night broke all reserve, and after one of the endless talks about the mysteries and miseries around them, cried out in her agony:

"I must go home!"

(To be continued.)

* * *

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

Stand here and look, and softly hold your breath
  Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!
  How many miles away is yonder town
  That nestles in the valley? Far beneath—
A scimitar half drawn from out its sheath—
  The river curves through meadows newly mown;
  The ancient water-courses are all strown
  With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
And peak on peak against the turquoise blue
  The Alps like towering campanili stand,
  Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
  O tell me, Love, if this be Switzerland,—
  Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PEOPLE *vs.* JOHN DOE *alias* GABRIEL CONROY, AND JANE ROE *alias* JULIE CONROY. BEFORE BOOMPOINTER, J.

THE day of the trial was one of exacting and absorbing interest to One Horse Gulch. Long before ten o'clock the court-room and even the halls and corridors of the lately rehabilitated court-house were thronged with spectators. It is only fair to say that by this time the main points at issue were forgotten. It was only remembered that some of the first notabilities of the State had come up from Sacramento to attend the trial; that one of the most eminent lawyers in San Francisco had been engaged for the prisoner at a fee variously estimated from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and that the celebrated Col. Starbottle, of Siskiyou, was to assist in the prosecution. That a brisk duel of words, and, it was confidently hoped, a later one of pistols, would grow out of this forensic encounter; that certain disclosures affecting men and women of high social standing were to be expected; and finally, that in some mysterious way a great political and sectional principle (Col. Starbottle was from the South and Mr. Poinsett from the North) was to be evolved and upheld during the trial,—these were the absorbing fascinations to One Horse Gulch.

At ten o'clock Gabriel, accompanied by his counsel, entered the court-room, followed by Col. Starbottle. Judge Boompointer, entering at the same moment, bowed distantly to Arthur and familiarly to Col. Starbottle. In his *otium*, off the bench, he had been chaffed by the District Attorney, and had lost large sums at play with Col. Starbottle. Nevertheless he was a trifle uneasy under the calmly critical eyes of the famous young advocate from San Francisco. Arthur was too wise to exhibit his fastidiousness before the Court; nevertheless, Judge Boompointer was dimly conscious that he would on that occasion have preferred that the Clerk who sat below him had put on a cleaner shirt, and himself refrained from taking off his cravat and collar, as was his judicial habit on the Wingdam circuit. There was some slight prejudice on the part of the panel to this well-dressed young lawyer, which they were pleased to specify and define more particularly as his general "airiness." Seeing which, Justice, on the bench, became more dignified, and gazed severely at the panel and at Arthur.

In the selection of the jury there was some difficulty; it was confidently supposed that the prisoner's counsel would challenge the array on the ground of the recent vigilance excitement, but public opinion was disappointed when the examination by the defense was confined to trivial and apparently purposeless inquiry into the nativity of the several jurors. A majority of those accepted by the defense were men of Southern birth and education. Col. Starbottle, who, as a representative of the peculiar chivalry of the South, had always adopted this plan himself, in cases where his client was accused of assault and battery, or even homicide, could not in respect to his favorite traditions object to it. But when it was found that there were only two men of Northern extraction on the jury, and that not a few of them had been his own clients, Col. Starbottle thought he had penetrated the theory of the defense.

I regret that Col. Starbottle's effort, admirably characterized by the "Banner" as "one of the most scathing and Junius-like gems of legal rhetoric ever known to the Californian bar," has not been handed down to me *in extenso*. Substantially, however, it appeared that Col. Starbottle had never before found himself in "so peculiar, so momentous, so—er—delicate a position. A position, sir, er—er—gentlemen, fraught with the deepest social, professional—er—er—he should not hesitate to say, upon his own personal responsibility, a position of the deepest political significance! Col. Starbottle was aware that this statement might be deprecated—nay, even *assailed* by some. But he did not retract that statement. Certainly not in the presence of that jury, in whose intelligent faces he saw—er—er—er—justice—inflexible justice!—er—er—mingled and—er—mixed with—with chivalrous instinct, and suffused with the characteristic—er—er—glow of—er—er—" (I regret to

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add that at this supreme moment, as the Colonel was lightly waving away with his fat right hand the difficulties of rhetoric, a sepulchral voice audible behind the jury suggested "Robinson County whisky" as the origin of the phenomena the Colonel hesitated to describe. The judge smiled blandly and directed the deputy sheriff to preserve order. The deputy obeyed the mandate by looking over into the crowd behind the jury and saying, in an audible tone, "You'd better dry up thar, Joe White, or git out o' that!" and the Colonel, undismayed, proceeded). "He well understood the confidence placed by the defense in these gentlemen. He had reason to believe that an attempt would be made to show that this homicide was committed in accordance with certain—er—er—principles held by honorable men—that the act was retributive, and in defense of an invasion of domestic rights and the sanctity of wedlock. But he should show them its fallacy. He should show them that only a base pecuniary motive influenced the prisoner. He should show them—er—er—that the accused had placed himself, first, by his antecedent acts, and secondly, by the manner of the later act, beyond the sympathies of honorable men. He should show them a previous knowledge of certain—er—er—indiscretions on the part of the prisoner's wife, and a condonation by the prisoner of those indiscretions, that effectually debarred the prisoner from the provisions of the code; he should show an inartistic—he must say, even on his own personal responsibility, a certain ungentlemanliness, in the manner of the crime that refused to clothe it with the—er—generous mantle of chivalry. The crime of which the prisoner was accused might have—er—er—been committed by a Chinaman or a nigger. Col. Starbottle did not wish to be misunderstood. It was not in the presence of—er—beauty—" (the Colonel paused, drew out his handkerchief, and gracefully waved it in the direction of the dusky Manuela and the truculent Sal—both ladies acknowledging the courtesy as an especial and isolated tribute, and exchanging glances of the bitterest hatred); "it is not, gentlemen, in the presence of an all-sufficient and enthralling sex that I would seek to disparage their influence with man. But I shall prove that this absorbing—er—er—passion, this—er—er—delicious,—er—er—fatal weakness that rules the warlike camp, the—er—er—stately palace, as well as the—er—er—cabin of the base-born churl, never touched the calculating soul of Gabriel Conroy! Look at him, gentlemen! Look at him, and say upon your oaths, upon your experience as men of gallantry, if he is a man to sacrifice himself for a woman. Look at him and say truly, as men personally responsible for their opinions, if he is a man to place himself in a position of peril through the blandishments of—er—er—beauty, or sacrifice himself upon the—er—er—altar of Venus!"

Every eye was turned upon Gabriel. And certainly at that moment he did not bear any striking resemblance to a sighing Amaryllis or a passionate Othello. His puzzled, serious face, which had worn a look of apologetic sadness, was suffused at this direct reference of the prosecution, and the long, heavy lower limbs, which he had diffidently tucked away under his chair to reduce the elevation of his massive knees above the ordinary level of one of the court-room chairs, retired still further. Finding himself during the Colonel's rhetorical pause, still the center of local observation, he slowly drew from his pocket a small comb, and began awkwardly to comb his hair with an ineffective simulation of preoccupation and indifference.

"Yes, sir," continued the Colonel, with that lofty forensic severity so captivating to the spectator, "you may comb yer hair" (hyar was the Colonel's pronunciation), "but yer can't comb it so as to make this intelligent jury believe that it is fresh from the hands of—er—er—Delilah."

The Colonel then proceeded to draw an exceedingly poetical picture of the murdered Ramirez, "a native, appealing to the sympathies of every Southern man, a native of the tropics, impulsive, warm, and peculiarly susceptible, as we all are, gentlemen, to the weaknesses of the heart."

The Colonel would not dwell further upon this characteristic of the deceased: There were, within the sound of his voice, visible to the sympathizing eyes of the jury, two beings who had divided his heart's holiest affections—their presence was more eloquent than words.

"This man," continued the Colonel, "a representative of one of our oldest Spanish families—a family that recalled the days of—er—er—the Cid and Don John—this man had been the victim at once of the arts of Mrs. Conroy and the dastardly fears of Gabriel Conroy; of the wiles of the woman and the stealthy steel of the man."

Colonel Starbottle would show that personating the character and taking the name of Grace Conroy, an absent sister of the accused, Mrs. Conroy, then really Madam Devarges, sought the professional aid of the impulsive and generous Ramirez to establish her right to a claim then held by the accused—in fact wrongfully withheld from his own sister, Grace Conroy; that Ramirez, believing implicitly in the story of Madam Devarges with the sympathy of an overflowing nature, gave her that aid until her marriage with Gabriel exposed the deceit. Col. Starbottle would not characterize the motives of such a marriage. It was apparent to the jury. They were intelligent men, and would detect the unhallowed combination of two confederates, under the sacrament of a holy institution to deceive the trustful Ramirez. "It was a nuptial feast," continued the Colonel, "at which—er—er—Mercury presided, and not—er—er—Hymen. Its only issue was fraud and murder. Having obtained possession of the property in a common interest, it was necessary to remove the only witness of the fraud, Ramirez. The wife found a willing instrument in the husband. And how was the deed committed? Openly and in the presence of witnesses? Did Gabriel even assume a virtue, and under the pretext of an injured husband, challenge the victim to the field of honor? No! No, gentlemen. Look at the murderer, and contrast his enormous bulk with the—er—slight, graceful, youthful figure of the victim, and you will have an idea of the—er—er—enormity of the crime."

After this exordium came the *testimony; i. e.*, facts, colored more or less unconsciously, according to the honest prejudices of the observer, his capacity to comprehend the fact he had observed, and his disposition to give his theory regarding that fact rather than the fact itself. And when the blind had testified to what they saw and the halt had stated where they walked and ran, the prosecution rested with a flush of triumph.

They had established severally: that the deceased had died from the effects of a knife wound; that Gabriel had previously quarreled with him and was seen on the hill within a few hours of the murder; that he had absconded immediately after, and that his wife was still a fugitive; and that there was ample motive for the deed in the circumstances surrounding the prisoner.

Much of this was shaken on cross-examination. The surgeon who made the autopsy was unable to say whether the deceased, being consumptive, might not have died from consumption that very night. The witness who saw Gabriel pushing the deceased along the road, could not swear positively whether the deceased were not pulling Gabriel instead, and the evidence of Mrs. Conroy's imposture was hearsay only. Nevertheless, bets were offered in favor of Starbottle against Poinsett—that being the form in which the interest of One Horse Gulch crystallized itself.

When the prosecution rested, Mr. Poinsett, of counsel for defense, moved for the discharge of the prisoner, no evidence having been shown of his having had any relations with or knowledge of the deceased until the day of the murder, and none whatever of his complicity with the murderess, against whom the evidence of the prosecution and the arguments of the learned prosecuting attorney were chiefly directed.

Motion overruled. A sigh of relief went up from the spectators and the jury. That any absurd technical objection should estop them from that fun, which as law-abiding citizens they had a right to expect, seemed oppressive and scandalous, and when Arthur rose to open for the defense, it was with an instinctive consciousness that his audience was eying him as a man who had endeavored to withdraw from a race.

Ridiculous as it seemed in reason, it was enough to excite Arthur's flagging interest and stimulate his combativeness. With ready tact he fathomed the expectation of the audience and at once squarely joined issue with the Colonel.

Mr. Poinsett differed from his learned friend in believing this case was at all momentous or peculiar. It was a quite common one—he was sorry to say a *very* common one—in the somewhat hasty administration of the law in California. He was willing to admit a peculiarity in his eloquent brother's occupying the line of attack, when his place was clearly at his, Mr. Poinsett's, side. He should overlook some irregularities in the prosecution from this fact, and from the natural confusion of a man possessing Col. Starbottle's quick sympathies, who found himself arrayed against his principles. He should, however, relieve them from that confusion, by stating that there really was no principle involved beyond the common one of self-preservation. He was willing to admit the counsel's ingenious theory that Mrs. Conroy—who was not mentioned in the indictment—or indeed any other person not specified, had committed the deed with which his client was charged. But as they were here to try Gabriel Conroy only, he could not see the relevancy of the testimony to that fact. He should content himself with the weakness of the accusation. He should not occupy their time, but should call at once to the stand, the prisoner; the man who, the jury would remember, was now, against all legal precedent, actually, if not legally, placed again in peril of his life, in the very building which but a few days before had seen his danger and his escape.

He should call Gabriel Conroy!

There was a momentary sensation in the court. Gabriel uplifted his huge frame slowly and walked quietly toward the witness box. His face slightly flushed under the half-critical, half-amused gaze of the spectators, and those by whom he brushed as he made his way through the crowd, noticed that his breathing was hurried. But when he reached the box, his face grew more composed, and his troubled eyes presently concentrated their light fixedly upon Col. Starbottle. Then the clerk mumbled the oath, and he took his seat.

"What is your name?" asked Arthur.

"I reckon ye mean my real name?" queried Gabriel, with a touch of his usual apology.

"Yes, certainly, your real name, sir," replied Arthur, a little impatiently.

Col. Starbottle pricked up his ears, and lifting his eyes met Gabriel's dull concentrated fires full in his own.

Gabriel then raised his eyes indifferently to the ceiling. "My real name—my genooine name is Johnny Dumbledee. J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, D-u-m-b-i-l-d-e, Johnny Dumbledee!"

There was a sudden thrill, and then a stony silence. Arthur and Maxwell rose to their feet at the same moment. "What?" said both those gentlemen sharply, in one breath.

"Johnny Dumbledee," repeated Gabriel slowly, and with infinite deliberation, "Johnny Dumbledee ez my rele name. I hev frequent," he added, turning around in easy confidence to the astonished Judge Boompointer, "I hev frequent allowed I was Gabriel Conroy—the same not bein' the truth. And the woman ez I married—*her* name was Grace Conroy, and the heap o' lies ez thet God-forsaken old liar over thar—" (he indicated the gallant Col. Starbottle with his finger)—"hez told passes my pile! Thet woman, my wife ez was and ez—waz Grace Conroy. (To the Colonel gravely.) You hear me! And the only imposture, please your Honor and this yer Court, and you gentl'men, was ME!"

CHAPTER L.

IN REBUTTAL.

The utter and complete astonishment created by Gabriel's reply was so generally diffused that the equal participation of Gabriel's own counsel in this surprise was unobserved. Maxwell would have risen again hurriedly, but Arthur laid his hand on his shoulder.

"The man has gone clean mad!—this is suicide," whispered Maxwell excitedly. "We must get him off the stand. You must explain!"

"Hush!" said Arthur quickly. "Not a word! Show any surprise and we're lost!"

In another instant all eyes were fixed upon Arthur, who had remained standing, outwardly calm. There was but one idea dominant in the audience. What revelation would the next question bring? The silence became almost painful as Arthur quietly and self-containedly glanced around the court-room and at the jury, as if coolly measuring the effect of a carefully planned dramatic sensation. Then, when every neck was bent forward and every ear alert, Arthur turned nonchalantly yet gracefully to the bench.

"We have no further questions to ask, your Honor," he said quietly, and sat down.

The effect of this simple, natural, and perfectly consistent action was tremendous! In the various triumphs of Arthur's successful career, he felt that he had never achieved so universal and instantaneous a popularity. Gabriel was forgotten; the man who had worked up this sensation—a sensation whose darkly mysterious bearing upon the case no one could fathom, or even cared to fathom, but a sensation that each man confidently believed held the whole secret of the crime—this man was the hero! Had it been suggested, the jury would have instantly given a verdict for this hero's client without leaving their seats. The betting was two to one on Arthur. I beg to observe that I am writing of men, impulsive, natural, and unfettered in expression and action by any tradition of logic or artificial law—a class of beings much idealized by poets, and occasionally, I believe, exalted by latter-day philosophers.

Judge Boompointer looked at Col. Starbottle. That gentleman, completely stunned and mystified by the conduct of the defense, fumbled his papers, coughed, expanded his chest, rose, and began the cross-examination.

"You have said your name was—er—er—Johnny—er—er—" (the Colonel was here obliged to consult his papers)—"er—John Dumbledee. What was your idea, Mr. Dumbledee, in—er—assuming the name of—er—er—Gabriel Conroy?"

Objected to by counsel for defense. Argument: First, motives, like beliefs, not admissible; case cited, Higginbottom *vs.* Smithers. Secondly, not called out on direct ex.; see Swinke *vs.* Swanke, opinion of Muggins, J., 2 Cal. Rep. Thirdly, witness not obliged to answer questions tending to self-crimination. Objection overruled by the Court. Precedent not cited; real motive, curiosity. Boompointer, J. Question repeated:—

"What was your idea or motive in assuming the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

Gabriel (cunningly and leaning confidentially over the arm of his chair): "Wot would be *your* idee of a motif?"

The witness, amidst much laughter, was here severely instructed by the Court that the asking of questions was not the function of a witness. The witness must answer.

Gabriel: "Well, Gabriel Conroy was a purty name—the name of a man ez I onst knew ez died in Starvation Camp. It kinder came easy, ez a sort o' interduckshun, don't ye see, Jedge, toe his sister Grace, ez was my wife. I kinder reckon, between you and me, ez thet name sorter helped the courtin' along—she bein' a shy critter, outer her own fammerly."

Question: "In your early acquaintance with the deceased, were you not known to him as Gabriel Conroy always, and not as—er—er—Johnny Dumbledee?"

Arthur Poinsett here begged to call the attention of the Court to the fact that it had not yet been shown that Gabriel—that is, Johnny Dumbledee—had ever had any *early* acquaintance with the deceased. The Court would not fail to observe that counsel on the direct examination had restricted themselves to a simple question—the name of the prisoner.

Objection sustained by Judge Boompointer, who was beginning to be anxious to get at the facts. Whereat Col. Starbottle excepted, had no more questions to ask, and Gabriel was commanded to stand aside.

Betting now five to one on Arthur Poinsett; Gabriel's hand, on leaving the witness box, shaken cordially by a number of hitherto disinterested people. Hurried consultation between defendant's counsel. A note handed to Col. Starbottle. Intense curiosity manifested by Manuela and Sal regarding a closely veiled female, who enters a moment later, and is conducted with an excess of courtesy to a seat by the gallant Colonel. General impatience of audience and jury.

The defense resumed. Michael O'Flaherty called: Nativity, County Kerry, Ireland. Business, miner. On the night of the murder, while going home from work, met deceased on Conroy's Hill, dodging in among the trees, fur all the wurreld like a thafe. A few minutes later overtook Gabriel Conroy half a mile further on, on the same road, going in same direction as witness, and walked with him to Lawyer Maxwell's office.

Cross-examined: Is naturalized. Always voted the dimmycratic ticket. Was always opposed to the Government—bad 'cess to it—in the old country, and isn't thet mane to go back on his principles here. Doesn't know that a Chinaman has affirmed to the same fact of Gabriel's *alibi.* Doesn't know what an *alibi* is; thinks he would if he saw it. Believes a Chinaman is worse nor a nigger. Has noticed that Gabriel was left-handed.

Amadée Michet, sworn for defense: Nativity, France. Business, foreman of "La Parfaite Union." Frequently walks to himself in the beautiful grove on Conroy's Hill. Comes to him on the night of the 15th Gabriel Conroy departing from his house. It is then seven hours, possibly more, not less. The night is fine. This Gabriel salutes him, in the American fashion, and is gone. Eastward. Ever to the east. Watches M. Conroy because he wears a *triste* look, as if there were great sadness *here* (in the breast of the witness's blouse). Sees him vanish in the gulch. Returns to the hill and there overhears voices, a man's and a woman's. The woman's voice is that of Mme. Conroy. The man's voice is to him strange and not familiar. Will swear positively it was not Gabriel's. Remains on the hill about an hour. Did not see Gabriel again. Saw a man and woman leave the hill and pass by the Wingdam road as he was going home. To the best of his belief the woman was Mrs. Conroy. Do not know the man. Is positive it was not Gabriel Conroy. Why? Eh! Mon Dieu, is it possible that one should mistake a giant?

Cross-examined: Is a patriot—do not know what is this democrat you call. Is a hater of aristocrats. Do not know if the deceased was an aristocrat. Was not enraged with Mme. Conroy. Never made love to her. Was not jilted by her. This is all what you call too theen, eh? Has noticed that the prisoner was left-handed.

Helling Ditmann: Nativity, Germany. Does not know the deceased; does know Gabriel. Met him the night of the 15th on the road from Wingdam; thinks it was after eight o'clock. He was talking to a Chinaman.

Cross-examined: Has not been told that these are the facts stated by the Chinaman. Believes a Chinaman as good as any other man. Don't know what you mean. How comes dese dings. Has noticed the prisoner used his left hand efery dime.

Dr. Pressnitz recalled: Viewed the body at nine o'clock on the 16th. The blood stains on the linen and the body had been slightly obliterated and diluted with water, as if they had been subjected to a watery application. There was an unusually heavy dew at seven o'clock that evening, not later. Has kept a meteorological record for the last three years. Is of the opinion that this saturation might be caused by dew falling on a clot of coagulated blood. The same effect would not be noticeable on a freshly bleeding wound. The hygrometer showed no indication of a later fall of dew. The night was windy and boisterous after eight o'clock, with no humidity. Is of the opinion that the body as seen by him, first assumed its position before eight o'clock. Would not swear positively that the deceased expired before that time. Would swear positively that the wounds were not received after eight o'clock. From the position of the wound, should say it was received while the deceased was in an upright position and the arm raised as if in struggling. From the course of the wound, should say it could not have been dealt from the left hand of an opponent.

On the cross-examination, Dr. Pressnitz admitted that many so-called "left-handed men" were really ambi-dexterous. Was of the opinion that perspiration would *not* have caused the saturation of the dead man's linen. The saturation was evidently after death—the blood had clotted. Dr. Pressnitz was quite certain that a dead man did not perspire.

The defense rested amid a profound sensation. Col. Starbottle, who had recovered his jaunty spirits, apparently influenced by his animated and gallant conversation with the veiled female, rose upon his short stubby feet, and withdrawing his handkerchief from his breast laid it upon the table before him. Then, carefully placing the ends of two white pudgy fingers upon it, Col. Starbottle gracefully threw his whole weight upon their tips, and, leaning elegantly toward the veiled figure, called "Grace Conroy."

The figure arose, slight, graceful, elegant; hesitated a moment, and then slipped a lissom shadow through the crowd as a trout glides though a shallow, and before the swaying, moving mass had settled to astonished rest, stood upon the witness stand. Then with a quick, dexterous movement she put aside the veil, that after the Spanish fashion was both bonnet and veil, and revealed a face so exquisitely beautiful and gracious, that even Manuela and Sal were awed into speechless admiration. She took the oath with downcast lids, whose sweeping fringes were so perfect that this very act of modesty seemed to the two female critics as the most artistic coquetry, and then raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon Gabriel.

Col. Starbottle waved his hand with infinite gallantry.

"What is—er—your name?"

"Grace Conroy."

"Have you a brother by the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

"I have."

"Look around the court and see if you can recognize him!"

The witness with her eyes still fixed on Gabriel pointed him out with her gloved finger.

"I do. He is there!"

"The prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"He is Gabriel Conroy?"

"He is."

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Six years."

"Where did you see him last, and under what circumstances?"

"At Starvation Camp, in the Sierras. I left there to get help for him and my sister."

"And you have never seen him since?"

"Never!"

"Are you aware that among the—er—er—unfortunates who perished, a body that was alleged to be yours was identified?"

"Yes."

"Can you explain that circumstance?"

"Yes. When I left I wore a suit of boy's clothes. I left my own garments for Mrs. Peter Dumphy, one of our party. It was her body, clothed in my garments, that was identified as myself."

"Have you any proof of that fact other than your statement?"

"Yes. Mr. Peter Dumphy, the husband of Mrs. Dumphy, my brother, Gabriel Conroy, and—"

"May it please the Court" (this voice was Arthur Poinsett's, cool, quiet, and languidly patient), "may it please the Court, we of the defense—to save your Honor and the jury some time and trouble—are willing to admit this identification of our client as Gabriel Conroy, and the witness, without further corroboration than her own word, as his sister. Your Honor and the gentlemen of the jury will not fail to recognize in the evidence of our client as to his own name and origin, a rash, foolish, and, on behalf of myself and my colleague, I must add, unadvised attempt to save the reputation of the wife he deeply loves, from the equally unadvised and extraneous evidence brought forward by the prosecution. But we must insist, your Honor, that all this is impertinent to the real issue, the killing of Victor Ramirez by John Doe *alias* Gabriel Conroy. Admitting the facts just testified to by the witness, Grace Conroy, we have no cross-examination to make."

The face of the witness, which had been pale and self-possessed, flushed suddenly as she turned her eyes upon Arthur Poinsett. But that self-contained scamp retained an unmoved countenance as, at Judge Boompointer's unusually gracious instruction that the witness might retire, Grace Conroy left the stand. To a question from the Court, Col. Starbottle intimated that he should offer no further evidence in rebuttal.

"May it please the Court," said Arthur quietly, "if we accept the impeachment by a sister of a brother on trial for his life, without comment or cross-examination, it is because we are confident—legally confident—of showing the innocence of that brother by other means. Recognizing the fact that this trial is not for the identification of the prisoner under any name or *alias*, but simply upon the issue of the fact, whether he did or did not commit murder upon the body of Victor Ramirez, as specified in the indictment, we now, waiving all other issues, prepare to prove his innocence by a single witness. That this witness was not produced earlier, was unavoidable; that his testimony was not outlined in the opening, was due to the fact that only within the last half-hour had he been within the reach of the mandate of this Court." He would call Henry Perkins!

There was a slight stir among the spectators by the door as they made way to a quaint figure that, clad in garments of a by-gone fashion, with a pale, wrinkled, yellow face, and gray hair from which the dye had faded, stepped upon the stand.

Is a translator of Spanish and searcher of deeds to the Land Commission. Is called an expert. Recognizes the prisoner at the bar. Saw him only once, two days before the murder, in passing over Conroy's Hill. He was sitting on the door-step of a deserted cabin with a little girl by his side. Saw the deceased twice—once when he came to Don Pedro's house in San Francisco to arrange for the forgery of a grant that should invalidate one already held by the prisoner's wife. Saw the deceased again, after the forgery, on Conroy's Hill, engaged in conversation with the prisoner's wife. Deceased appeared to be greatly excited, and suddenly drew a knife and made an attack upon the prisoner's wife. Witness reached forward and interposed in defense of the woman, when the deceased turned upon him in a paroxysm of insane rage, and a struggle took place between them for the possession of the knife, witness calling for help. Witness did not succeed in wresting the knife from the hands of deceased; it required all his strength to keep himself from bodily harm. In the midst of the struggle, witness heard steps approaching, and again called for help. The call was responded to by a voice in broken English, unintelligible to witness,—apparently the voice of a Chinaman. At the sound of the voice and the approach of footsteps, the deceased broke from witness, and, running backward a few steps, plunged the knife into his own breast and fell. Witness ran to his side, and again called for help. Deceased turned upon him with a ghastly smile, and said: "Bring any one here, and I'll accuse you before them of my murder!" Deceased did not speak again, but fell into a state of insensibility. Witness became alarmed, reflecting upon the threat of the deceased, and did not go for help. While standing irresolutely by the body, Mrs. Conroy, the prisoner's wife, came upon him. Confessed to her the details just described, and the threat of the deceased. She advised the instant flight of the witness, and offered to go with him herself. Witness procured a horse and buggy from a livery-stable, and at half-past nine at night took

Mrs. Conroy from the hill-side near the road, where she was waiting. Drove to Markleville that night, where he left her under an assumed name, and came alone to San Francisco and the Mission of San Antonio. Here he learned from the last witness, prisoner's sister, Grace Conroy, of the arrest of her brother for murder. Witness at once returned to One Horse Gulch, only to find the administration of justice in the hands of a Vigilance Committee. Feeling that his own life might be sacrificed without saving the prisoner's, he took refuge in a tunnel on Conroy's Hill. It chanced to be the same tunnel which Gabriel Conroy and his friend afterward sought in escaping from the Vigilance Committee after the earthquake. Witness, during the absence of Gabriel, made himself known to Mr. Jack Hamlin, Gabriel's friend and comrade in flight, and assured him of the witness's intention to come forward whenever a fair trial could be accorded to Gabriel. After the re-arrest and bailing of Gabriel, witness returned to San Francisco to procure evidence regarding the forged grant, and proofs of Ramirez's persecution of Mrs. Conroy. Had brought with him the knife, and had found the cutler who sold it to deceased eight months before, when deceased first meditated an assault on Mrs. Conroy. Objected to, and objection overruled by a deeply interested and excited Court.

"That is all," said Arthur.

Col. Starbottle, seated beside Grace Conroy, did not, for a moment, respond to the impatient eyes of the audience in the hush that followed. It was not until Grace Conroy whispered a few words in his ear, that the gallant Colonel lifted his dilated breast and self-complacent face above the level of the seated counsel.

"What—er—er—was the reason—why did the—er—er—deeply anxious wife, who fled with you, and thus precipitated the arrest of her husband—why did not she return with you to clear him from suspicion? Why does she remain absent?"

"She was taken ill—dangerously ill—at Markleville. The excitement and fatigue of the journey had brought on premature confinement. A child was born—"

There was a sudden stir among the group beside the prisoner's chair. Col. Starbottle, with a hurried glance at Grace Conroy, waved his hand toward the witness and sat down. Arthur Poinsett rose.

"We ask a moment's delay, your Honor. The prisoner has fallen in a fit."

CHAPTER LI.

A FAMILY GREETING.

WHEN Gabriel opened his eyes to consciousness, he was lying on the floor of the jury-room, his head supported by Olly, and a slight, graceful, womanly figure, that had been apparently bending over him, in the act of slowly withdrawing from his awakening gaze. It was his sister Grace.

"Thar, you're better now," said Olly, taking her brother's hand, and quietly ignoring her sister, on whom Gabriel's eyes were still fixed. "Try and raise yourself into this chair. Thar—thar now—that's a good old Gabe—thar I reckon you're more comfortable!"

"It's Gracy!" whispered Gabriel hoarsely, with his eyes still fixed upon the slight, elegantly dressed woman, who now, leaning against the door-way, stood coldly regarding him. "It's Gracy—your sister, Olly!"

"Ef you mean the woman who hez been tryin' her best to swar away your life, and kem here allowin' to do it—she ain't no sister o' mine—not," added Olly, with a withering glance at the simple elegance of her sister's attire, "not even ef she does trapse in yer in frills and tuckers—more shame for her!"

"If you mean," said Grace, coldly, "the girl whose birthright you took away by marrying the woman who stole it—if you mean the girl who rightfully bears the name that you denied, under oath, in the very shadow of the gallows, she claims nothing of you but her name."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, simply. He dropped his head between his great hands, and a sudden tremor shook his huge frame.

"Ye ain't goin' to be driv inter histeriks agin along o' that crockodill," said Olly, bending over her brother in alarm. "Don't ye—don't ye cry, Gabe!" whimpered Olly, as a few drops oozed between Gabriel's fingers; "don't ye take on, darling, *afore her!*"

The two sisters glared at each other over the helpless man between them. Then another woman entered, who looked sympathetically at Gabriel and then glared at them both. It was Mrs. Markle. At which, happily for Gabriel, the family bickering ceased.

"It's all over, Gabriel! you're clar!" said Mrs. Markle, ignoring the sympathies as well as the presence of the two other ladies. "Here's Mr. Poinsett."

He entered quickly, but stopped and

flushed slightly under the cold eyes of Grace Conroy. But only for a moment. Coming to Gabriel's side, he said, kindly:

"Gabriel, I congratulate you. The acting District Attorney has entered a *nolle prosequi*, and you are discharged."

"Ye mean I kin go?" said Gabriel, suddenly lifting his face.

"Yes. You are as free as air."

"And ez to *her?*" asked Gabriel quickly.

"What do you mean?" replied Arthur, involuntarily glancing in the direction of Grace, whose eyes dropped scornfully before him.

"My wife—July—is *she* clar too?"

"As far as this trial is concerned, yes," returned Arthur, with a trifle less interest in his voice, which Gabriel was quick to discern.

"Then I'll go," said Gabriel, rising to his feet.

He made a few steps to the door, and then hesitated, stopped, and turned toward Grace. As he did so, his old apologetic, troubled, diffident manner returned.

"Ye'll exkoos me, Miss," he said, looking with troubled eyes upon his newly found sister, "ye'll exkoos me, ef I haven't the time now to do the agreeable and show ye over yer property on Conroy's Hill. But it's thar! It's all thar, ez Lawyer Maxwell kin testify. It's all thar, and the house is open, ez it always was to ye, ez the young woman who keeps the house kin tell ye. I'd go thar with ye ef I hed time, but I'm startin' out now, to-night, to see July. Toe see my wife, Miss Conroy—to see July ez is expectin'! When I say 'expectin',' I don't mean *me*—far from it. But expectin' a little stranger—my chile! And I reckon afore I get thar thar'll be a baby—a pore little, helpless new-born baby—ony *so* long!" added Gabriel, exhibiting his fore-finger as a degree of mensuration, "and ez a famerly man, being ladies, I reckon you reckon I oughter be thar."

(I grieve to state that at this moment the ladies appealed to exchange a glance of supreme contempt, and am proud to record that Lawyer Maxwell and Mr. Poinsett exhibited the only expression of sympathy with the speaker that was noticeable in the group.) Arthur detected it, and said, I fear none the less readily for that knowledge:

"Don't let us keep you, Gabriel; we understand your feelings. Go at once."

"Take me along, Gabe," said Olly, flashing her eyes at her sister, and then turning to Gabriel with a quivering upper lip.

Gabriel turned, swooped his tremendous arm around Olly, lifted her bodily off her feet, and saying, "You're my own little girl," vanished through the door-way.

This movement reduced the group to Mrs. Markle and Grace Conroy, confronted by Mr. Poinsett and Maxwell. Mrs. Markle relieved an embarrassing silence by stepping forward and taking the arm of Lawyer Maxwell and leading him away. Arthur and Grace were left alone.

For the first time in his life, Arthur lost his readiness and self-command. He glanced awkwardly at the woman before him, and felt that neither conventional courtesy nor vague sentimental recollection would be effective here.

"I am waiting for my maid," said Grace, coldly; "if, as you return to the court-room, you will send her here, you will oblige me."

Arthur bowed confusedly.

"Your maid—"

"Yes, you know her, I think, Mr. Poinsett," continued Grace, lifting her arched brows with cold surprise. "Manuela!"

Arthur turned pale and red. He was conscious of being not only awkward, but ridiculous.

"Pardon me—perhaps I am troubling you —I will go myself," said Grace, contemptuously.

"One moment, Miss Conroy," said Arthur, instinctively stepping before her as she moved as if to pass him, "one moment, I beg."

He paused, and then said, with less deliberation and more impulsively than had been his habit for the last six years:

"You will, perhaps, be more forgiving to your brother if you know that I, who have had the pleasure of meeting you since—since—you were lost to us all—I, who have not had his preoccupation of interest in another—even I, have been as blind, as foolish, as seemingly heartless as he. You will remember this, Miss Conroy—I hope quite as much for its implied compliment to your complete disguise, and an evidence of the success of your own endeavors to obliterate your identity, as for its being an excuse for your brother's conduct, if not for my own. *I* did not know you."

Grace Conroy paused and raised her dark eyes to his.

"You spoke of my brother's preoccupation with—with the woman for whom he would have sacrificed anything—*me*—his very life! I can—I am a woman—I can understand *that!* You have forgotten, Don Arturo, you have forgotten—pardon me—I am not finding fault—it is not for me to find fault—but you have forgotten—Donna Maria Sepulvida!"

She swept by him with a rustle of silk and lace, and was gone. His heart gave a sudden bound; he was about to follow her, when he was met at the door by the expanding bosom of Col. Starbottle.

"Permit me, sir, as a gentleman, as a man of—er—er—er—honor! to congratulate you, sir! When we—er—er—parted in San Francisco, I did not think that I would have the—er—er—pleasure—a rare pleasure to Col. Starbottle, sir, in his private as well as his—er—er—public capacity, of —er—er—a PUBLIC APOLOGY. Ged, sir! I have made it! Ged, sir! when I entered that *nolle pros.*, I said to myself—I did, blank my blank soul!—I said, 'Star., this is an apology—blank me!—an apology, sir! But you are responsible, sir, you are responsible, Star.! personally responsible!'"

"I thank you," said Arthur abstractedly, still straining his eyes after the retreating figure of Grace Conroy, and trying to combat a sudden instinctive jealousy of the man before him,—"I thank you, Colonel, on behalf of my client and myself."

"Ged, sir," said Col. Starbottle, blocking up the way, with a general expansiveness of demeanor,—"Ged, sir, this is not all. You will remember that our recent interview in San Francisco was regarding another and a different issue. That, sir, I am proud to say, the developments of evidence in this trial have honorably and—er—er—as a lawyer, I may say, have legally settled. With the—er—er—identification and legal—er—rehabilitation of Grace Conroy, that claim of my client falls to the ground. You may state to your client, Mr. Poinsett, that—er —er—upon my own personal responsibility I abandon the claim."

Arthur Poinsett stopped and looked fixedly at the gallant Colonel. Even in his sentimental preoccupation the professional habit triumphed.

"You withdraw Mrs. Dumphy's claim upon Mr. Dumphy?" he said slowly.

Col. Starbottle did not verbally reply. But that gallant warrior allowed the facial muscles on the left side of his face to relax so that one eye was partially closed.

"Yes, sir,—there is a matter of a few thousand dollars that—er—er—you understand I am—er—er—personally responsible for."

"That will never be claimed, Col. Starbottle," said Arthur, smiling, "and I am only echoing, I am sure, the sentiments of the man most concerned, who is approaching us—Mr. Dumphy!"

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS RETURN.

MR. JACK HAMLIN was in very bad case. When Dr. Duchesne, who had been summoned from Sacramento, arrived, that eminent surgeon had instantly assumed such light-heartedness and levity toward his patient, such captiousness toward Pete, with an occasional seriousness of demeanor when he was alone, that, to those who knew him, it was equal to an unfavorable prognosis. Indeed, he evaded the direct questioning of Olly, who had lately constituted herself a wondrously light-footed, soft-handed assistant of Pete, until one day when they were alone, he asked, more seriously than was his wont, if Mr. Hamlin had ever spoken of his relations, or if she knew of any of his friends who were accessible.

Olly had already turned this subject over in her womanly mind, and had thought once or twice of writing to the Blue Moselle; but on the direct questioning of the doctor and its peculiar significance, she recalled Jack's confidences on their midnight ride, and the Spanish beauty he had outlined. And so one evening, when she was alone with her patient, and the fever was low, and Jack lay ominously patient and submissive, she began —what the doctor had only lately abandoned—probing a half-healed wound.

"I reckon you'd hev' been a heap more comfortable ef this thing hed happened to ye down thar in San Antonio," said Olly.

Jack rolled his dark eyes wonderingly upon his fair persecutor.

"You know you'd hev had thet thar sweetheart o' yours—thet Mexican woman —sittin' by ye, instead o' me—and Pete," suggested the artful Olympia.

Jack nearly leaped from the bed.

"Do you reckon I'd hev rung myself in as a wandering cripple—a tramp thet hed got peppered—on a lady like *her?* Look yer, Olly," continued Mr. Hamlin, raising himself on his elbow; "if you've got the idea thet thet woman is one of them hospital sharps—one of them angels who waltz round a sick man with a bottle of camphor in one hand and a tract in the other—you had better disabuse your mind of it at once, Miss Conroy; take a back seat and wait for a new deal. And don't you go to talkin' of thet lady as my sweetheart—it's—it's—sacrilegious—and the meanest kind of a bluff."

As the day of the trial drew near, Mr. Hamlin had expressed but little interest in it, and had evidently only withheld his general disgust of Gabriel's weakness from consideration of his sister. Once Mr. Hamlin condescended to explain his apparent coldness.

"There's a witness coming, Olly, that'll clear your brother—more shame for him—the man ez *did* kill Ramirez. I'm keeping my sympathies for that chap. Don't you be alarmed. If that man don't come up to the scratch, I will. So—don't you go whining round. And ef you'll take my advice, you'll keep clear o' that court, and let them lawyers fight it out. It will be time enough for you to go when they send for *me*."

"But you can't move—you ain't strong enough," said Olly.

"I reckon Pete will get me there some way if he has to pack me on his back. I ain't a heavy weight now," said Jack, looking sadly at his thin white hands, "I've reckoned on that, and even if I should pass in my checks there's an affidavit already sworn to in Maxwell's hands."

Nevertheless, on the day of the trial, Olly, still doubtful of Gabriel, and still mindful of his capacity to develop "God-forsaken mulishness" was nervous and uneasy, until a messenger arrived from Maxwell, with a note to Hamlin, carrying the tidings of the appearance of Perkins in Court, and closing with a request for Olly's presence.

"Who's Perkins?" asked Olly, as she reached for her hat in nervous excitement.

"He's no slouch," said Jack sententiously. "Don't ask questions. It's all right with Gabriel now," he added assuringly. "He's as good as clear. Run away, Miss Conroy. Hold up a minit! There, kiss me! Look here, Olly, say!—Do you take any stock in that lost sister of yours that your blank fool brother is always gabbing about? You do! Well you are as big a fool as he! There! There!—Never mind now—she's turned up at last! Much good may it do you. One! two!—go!" and as Olly's pink ribbons flashed through the door-way, Mr. Hamlin lay down again with a twinkle in his eye.

He was alone. The house was very quiet and still; most of the guests, and the hostess and her assistant, were at the all-absorbing trial; even the faithful Pete, unconscious of any possible defection of his assistant, Olly, had taken the opportunity to steal away to hear the arguments of counsel. As the retreating footsteps of Olly echoed along the vacant corridor he felt that he possessed the house completely.

This consciousness, to a naturally active man, bored by illness and the continuous presence of attendants however kind and devoted, was at first a relief. Mr. Hamlin experienced an instant desire to get up and dress himself, to do various things which were forbidden—but which now an overruling Providence had apparently placed within his reach. He rose with great difficulty, and a physical weakness that seemed altogether inconsistent with the excitement he was then feeling, and partially dressed himself. Then he was suddenly overtaken with great faintness and vertigo, and staggering to the open window fell in a chair beside it. The cool breeze revived him for a moment, and he tried to rise but found it impossible. Then the faintness and vertigo returned, and he seemed to be slipping away somewhere,—not altogether unpleasantly nor against his volition—somewhere where there was darkness, and stillness, and rest. And then he slipped back, almost instantly as it seemed to him, to a room full of excited and anxious people, all extravagantly and, as he thought, ridiculously concerned about himself. He tried to assure them that he was all right, and not feeling any worse for his exertion, but was unable to make them understand him. Then followed night, replete with pain and filled with familiar voices that spoke unintelligibly, and then day, devoted to the monotonous repetition of the last word or phrase that the doctor or Pete or Olly had used, or the endless procession of Olly's pink ribbons and the tremulousness of a window curtain, or the black, sphynx-like riddle of a pattern on the bed quilt, or the wall-paper. Then there was sleep that was turbulent and conscious, and wakefulness that was lethargic and dim, and then infinite weariness, and then lapses of utter vacuity—the occasional ominous impinging of the shadow of death.

But through this chaos there was always a dominant central figure—a figure partly a memory, and, as such, surrounded by consistent associations; partly a reality, and incongruous with its surroundings—the figure of Donna Dolores! But whether this figure came back to Mr. Hamlin out of the dusky arches of the Mission Church in a cloud of incense, besprinkling him with holy water, or whether it bent over him, touching his feverish lips with cool drinks, or smoothing his pillow, a fact utterly unreal and preposterous seen against the pattern of the wall-paper, or sitting on the familiar chair by his bedside—it was always there. And when, one day, the figure stayed longer, and the interval of complete consciousness seemed more protracted, Mr. Hamlin, with one mighty effort, moved his lips, and said feebly:

"Donna Dolores!"

The figure started, leaned its beautiful face, blushing a celestial, rosy red, above his own, put its finger to its perfect lips, and said in plain English:

"Hush! I am Gabriel Conroy's sister!"

CHAPTER LIII.

IN WHICH MR. HAMLIN PASSES.

WITH his lips sealed by the positive mandate of the lovely specter, Mr. Hamlin resigned himself again to weakness and sleep. When he awoke, Olly was sitting by his bedside; the dusty figure of Pete, spectacled, and reading a good book, was dimly outlined against the window,—but that was all. The vision—if vision it was—had fled.

"Olly," said Mr. Hamlin, faintly.

"Yes!" said Olly, opening her blue eyes in expectant sympathy.

"How long—have I been dr—I mean how long has this—spell lasted?"

"Three days," said Olly.

"The ——— you say!" (A humane and possibly weak consideration for Mr. Hamlin, in his new weakness and suffering, restricts me to a mere outline of his extravagance of speech.)

"But you're better now," supplemented Olly.

Hr. Hamlin began to wonder faintly if his painful experience of the last twenty-four hours were a part of his convalescence. He was silent for a few moments, and then suddenly turned his face toward Olly.

"Didn't you say something about—about—your sister the other day?"

"Yes,—she's got back," said Olly, curtly.

"Here?"

"Here."

"Well?" said Mr. Hamlin, a little impatiently.

"Well," returned Olly, with a slight toss of her curls. "She's got back, and I reckon it's about time she did."

Strange to say, Olly's evident lack of appreciation of her sister seemed to please Mr. Hamlin,—possibly because it agreed with his own idea of Grace's superiority, and his inability to recognize or accept her as the sister of Gabriel.

"Where has she been all this while?" asked Jack, rolling his large hollow eyes over Olly.

"Goodness knows! Says she's bin livin' in some fammerly down in the South—Spanish, I reckon—thet's where she gits those airs and graces."

"Has she ever been here,—in this room?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"Of course she has," said Olly. "When I left you to go with Gabe to see his wife at Wingdam, she volunteered to take my place. Thet woz while you woz flighty, Mr. Hamlin. But I reckon she admired to stay here on account of seein' her bo!"

"Her what?" asked Mr. Hamlin, feeling the blood fast rushing to his colorless face.

"Her bo," repeated Olly; "thet thar Ashley or Poinsett—or whatever he calls hisself now!"

Mr. Hamlin here looked so singularly, and his hand tightened so strongly around Olly's, that she hurriedly repeated to him the story of Grace's early wanderings, and her absorbing passion for their former associate, Arthur Poinsett. The statement was, in Olly's present state of mind, not favorable to Grace.

"And she just came up yer, only to see Arthur agin. Thet's all. And she nearly swearin' her brother's life away—and pretendin' it was only done to save the fammerly's name. Jest az if it hed been any more comfortable fur Gabriel to have been hung in his own name. And then goin' and accusin' thet innocent ole lamb, Gabe, of conspiring with July to take her name away. Purty goin's on, I reckon! And thet man Poinsett, by her own showin', never lettin' on to see her nor us,—nor anybody. And she sassin' *me* for givin' my opinion of him—and excusin' him by sayin' she didn't want him to know *whar* she was. And she refusin' to see July at all—and pore July lyin' thar at Wingdam, sick with a new baby. Don't talk to me about her!"

"But your sister didn't run away with—with—this chap. She went away to bring you help," interrupted Jack, hastily dragging Olly back to earlier history.

"Did she? Couldn't she trust her bo to go and get help and then come back fur her?—reckonin' he cared for her at all. No, she waz thet crazy after him she couldn't trust him outer her sight—and she left the camp and Gabe and ME for him. And then the idee of *her* talking to Gabriel about bein' disgraced by July! Ez ef she had never done anythin' to spile her own name, and puttin' on such airs and—"

"Dry up!" shouted Mr. Hamlin, turning with sudden savageness upon his pillow. "Dry up!—don't you see you're driving me half crazy with your infernal buzzing!"

He paused as Olly stopped in mingled mortification and alarm, and then added in milder tones:

"There, that'll do. I'm not feeling well, to-day. Send Dr. Duchesne to me, if he's here. Stop one moment—there! good-bye! go!"

Olly had risen promptly. There was always something in Mr. Hamlin's positive tones that commanded an obedience that she would have refused to any other. Thoroughly convinced of some important change in Mr. Hamlin's symptoms, she sought the Doctor at once. Perhaps she brought with her some of her alarm and anxiety, for a moment later that distinguished physician entered, with less deliberation than was his habit. He walked to the bedside of his patient, and would have taken his hand, but Jack slipped his tell-tale pulse under the covers, and, looking fixedly at the Doctor, said:

"Can I be moved from here?"

"You can, but I should hardly advise—"

"I didn't ask that. This is a lone hand I'm playin', Doctor, and if I'm euchred, tain't your fault. How soon?"

"I should say," said Dr. Duchesne, with professional caution, "that if no bad symptoms supervene" (he made here a half-habitual, but wholly ineffectual, dive for Jack's pulse), "you might go in a week."

"I must go *now!*"

Dr. Duchesne bent over his patient. He was a quick as well as a patiently observing man, and he saw something in Jack's face that no one else had detected. Seeing this, he said:

"You can go now—at a great risk—the risk of your life!"

"I'll take it!" said Mr. Hamlin, promptly. "I've been playin' agin odds," he added, with a faint but audacious smile, "for the last six months, and it's no time to draw out now. Go on, and tell Pete to pack up and get me ready."

"Where are you going?" asked the Doctor quietly, still gazing at his patient.

"To—blank!" said Mr. Hamlin, impulsively.

Then recognizing the fact that, in view of his having traveling companions, some more definite and practicable locality was necessary, he paused a moment, and said:

"To the Mission of San Antonio."

"Very well," said the Doctor, gravely.

Strange to say, whether from the Doctor's medication, or from the stimulus of some reserved vitality hitherto unsuspected, Mr. Hamlin from that moment rallied. The preparations for his departure were quickly made, and in a few hours he was ready for the road.

"I don't want to have anybody cacklin' around me," he said, in deprecation of any leave-taking. "I leave the board,—they can go on with the game."

Notwithstanding which, at the last moment Gabriel hung awkwardly and heavily around the carriage in which the invalid was seated.

"I'd foller arter ye, Mr. Hamlin, in a buggy," he interpolated, in gentle deprecation of his unwieldy and difficult bulk, "but I'm sorter kept yer with my wife—who is powerful weak along of a pore small baby—about so long—the same not bein' a fammerly man yourself, you don't kinder get the hang of. I thought it might please ye to know that I got bail yesterday fur thet Mr. Perkins—ez didn't kill that thar Ramirez—the same havin' killed hisself—ez woz fetched out on the trial, which I reckon ye didn't get to hear. I admire to see ye lookin' so well, Mr. Hamlin, and I'm glad Olly's goin' with ye. I reckon Grace would hev gone too, but she's sorter skary about strangers, hevin' bin engaged these seving years to a young man by the name o' Poinsett ez waz one o' my counsel, and hevin' lately had a row with the same—one o' them lovers' fights—which bein' a young man yourself, ye kin kindly allow for."

"Drive on!" imprecated Mr. Hamlin furiously to the driver. "What in the name of blank are you waiting for?" and with the whirling wheels Gabriel dropped off apologetically in a cloud of dust, and Mr. Hamlin sank back exhaustedly on the cushions.

Notwithstanding, as he increased his distance from One Horse Gulch, his spirits seemed to rise, and by the time they had reached San Antonio, he had recovered his old audacity and dash of manner, and raised the highest hopes in the breast of everybody but—his doctor. Yet that gentleman, after a careful examination of his patient one night, said privately to Pete:

"I think this exaltation will last about three days longer. I am going to San Francisco. At the end of that time I shall return—unless you telegraph to me before that."

He parted gayly from his patient, and seriously from everybody else. Before he left, he sought out Padre Felipe.

"I have a patient here, in a critical condition," said the Doctor; "the hotel is no place for him. Is there any family here—any house that will receive him, under your advice, for a week? At the end of that time he will be better, or beyond *our* ministration. He is not a Protestant—he is nothing. You have had experience with the heathen, Father Felipe."

Father Felipe looked at Dr. Duchesne. The Doctor's well-earned professional fame had penetrated even San Antonio; the Doctor's insight and intelligence were visible in his manner, and touched the Jesuit instantly.

"It is a strange case, my son—a sad case," he said, thoughtfully. "I will see."

He did. The next day, under the directions of Father Felipe, Mr. Hamlin was removed to the Rancho of the Blessed Fisherman; and, notwithstanding the fact that its hostess was absent, was fairly installed as its guest. When Mrs. Sepulvida returned from her visit to San Francisco, she was at first astonished, then excited, and then, I fear, gratified.

For she at once recognized in this guest of Father Felipe the mysterious stranger whom she had, some weeks ago, detected on the plains of the Blessed Trinity. And Jack, despite his illness, was still handsome, and had, moreover, the melancholy graces of invalidism, which go far with an habitually ailing sex. And so she coddled Mr. Hamlin, and gave him her sacred hammock by day over the porch and her best bedroom at night. And then, at the close of a pleasant day, she said archly:

"I think I have seen you before, Mr. Hamlin—at the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. You remember—the house of Donna Dolores?"

Mr. Hamlin was too observant of the sex to be impertinently mindful of another woman than his interlocutor, and assented with easy indifference.

Donna Maria (now thoroughly convinced that Mr. Hamlin's attentions on that eventful occasion were intended for herself, and even delightfully suspicious of some prearranged plan in his present situation):

"Poor Donna Dolores! You know we have lost her forever?"

"When?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"That dreadful earthquake on the 8th."

Mr. Hamlin, reflecting that the appearance of Grace Conroy was on the 10th, assented again abstractedly.

"Ah, yes! so sad! And yet, perhaps, for the best. You know the poor girl had a hopeless passion for her legal adviser—the famous Arthur Poinsett? Ah! you did not. Well, perhaps it was only merciful that she died before she knew how insincere that man's attentions were. You are a believer in special Providences, Mr. Hamlin?"

Mr. Hamlin (doubtfully):

"You mean a run of luck?"

Donna Maria (rapidly, ignoring Mr. Hamlin's illustration):

"Well, perhaps *I* have reason to say so. Poor Donna Dolores was my friend. Yet, would you believe there were people—you know how ridiculous is the gossip of a town like this—there are people who believed that he was paying attention to ME!"

Mrs. Sepulvida hung her head archly. There was a long pause. Then Mr. Hamlin called faintly:

"Pete!"

"Yes, Mars Jack."

"Ain't it time to take that medicine?"

When Dr. Duchesne returned, he ignored all this little by-play, and even the anxious inquiries of Olly, and said to Mr. Hamlin:

"Have you any objections to my sending for Dr. Mackintosh—a devilish clever fellow?"

And Mr. Hamlin had none. And so, after a private telegram, Dr. Mackintosh arrived, and for three or four hours the two doctors talked in an apparently unintelligible language, chiefly about a person who Mr. Hamlin was satisfied did not exist. And when Dr. Mackintosh left, Dr. Duchesne, after a very earnest conversation with him on their way to the stage-office, drew a chair beside Mr. Hamlin's bed.

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got everything fixed—all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"You've made Pete very happy this morning."

Jack looked up at Dr. Duchesne's critical face, and the Doctor went on, gravely:

"Confessing religion to him—saying you believed as he did!"

A faint laugh glimmered in the dark hollows of Jack's eyes.

"The old man," he said explanatorily, "has been preachin' mighty heavy at me ever since t'other doctor came, and I reckoned it might please him to allow that everything he said was so. You see the old man's bin right soft on me, and between us, Doctor, I ain't much to give him in exchange. It's no square game!"

"Then you believe you're going to die?" said the Doctor, gravely.

"I reckon."

"And you have no directions to give me?"

"There's a blank hound at Sacramento, Jim Briggs, who borrowed and never gave back my silver-mounted Derringers, blank him! that I reckoned to give you. Tell him he'd better give them up, or I'll—"

"Jack," interrupted Dr. Duchesne, with infinite gentleness, laying his hand on the invalid's arm, "you must not think of me."

Jack pressed his friend's hand.

"There's my diamond pin up the spout at Wingdam, and the money gone to Lawyer Maxwell to pay witnesses for that blank old fool, Gabriel. And then, when Gabriel and me was escaping, I happened to strike the very man, Perkins, who was Gabriel's principal witness, and he was dead broke, and I had to give him my solitaire ring to help him get away and be on hand for Gabriel. And Olly's got my gold specimen to be made into a mug for that cub of that old she-tiger—Gabriel's woman—that Madame Devarges. And my watch—who in blank *has* got my watch?" said Mr. Hamlin, reflectively.

"Never mind those things, Jack. Have you any word to send—to—anybody?"

"No."

There was a long pause. In the stillness, the ticking of a clock on the mantel became audible. Then there was a laugh in the anteroom, where a professional brother of Jack's had been waiting, slightly under the influence of grief and liquor.

"Scotty ought to know better—than to kick up a row in a decent woman's house," whispered Jack, faintly. "Tell him to dry up, blank him, or I'll—"

But his voice was failing him, and the sentence remained incomplete.

"Doc." (after a long effort).

"Jack!"

"Don't—let—on—to Pete—I fooled—him."

"No, Jack."

They were both still for several minutes. And then Dr. Duchesne softly released his hand, and laid that of his patient, white and thin, upon the coverlid before him. Then he rose gently and opened the door of the anteroom. Two or three eager faces confronted him.

"Pete," he said gravely, "I want Pete—no one else."

The old negro entered with a trembling step. And then, catching sight of the white face on the pillow, he uttered one cry—a cry replete with all the hysterical pathos of his race, and ran and dropped on his knees beside it! And then the black and the white face were near together, and both were wet with tears.

Dr. Duchesne stepped forward and would have laid his hand gently upon the old servant's shoulder. But he stopped, for suddenly both of the black hands were lifted wildly in the air, and the black face, with rapt eyeballs, turned toward the ceiling as if they had caught sight of the steadfast blue beyond. Perhaps they had.

"O de Lord God! whose prechiss blood washes de brack sheep and de white sheep all de one color! O de Lamb ob God! Sabe, sabe dis por', dis por' boy. O Lord God for MY sake. O de Lord God dow knowst fo' twenty years Pete, ole Pete has walked in dy ways—has found de Lord and him crucified!—and has been dy servant. O de Lord God—O de bressed Lord, ef it's all de same to you, let all dat go fo' nowt! Let old Pete go! and send down dy mercy and forgiveness fo' *him!*"

CHAPTER LIV.

IN THE OLD CABIN AGAIN.

THERE was little difficulty in establishing the validity of Grace Conroy's claim to the Conroy grant, under the bequest of Dr. Devarges. Her identity was confirmed by Mr. Dumphy—none the less readily that it relieved him of a distressing doubt about the late Mrs. Dumphy, and did not affect his claim to the mineral discovery which he had purchased from Gabriel and his wife. It was true that since the dropping of the lead the mine had been virtually abandoned, and was comparatively of little market value. But Mr. Dumphy still clung to the hope that the missing lead would be discovered.

He was right. It was some weeks after the death of Mr. Hamlin, that Gabriel and Olly stood again beneath the dismantled roof-tree and bare walls of his old cabin on Conroy Hill. But the visit this time was not one of confidential disclosure nor lonely contemplation, but with a practical view of determining whether this first home of the brother and sister could be repaired and made habitable, for Gabriel had steadily refused the solicitations of Grace that he should occupy his more recent mansion. Mrs. Conroy and infant were at the hotel.

"Thar, Olly," said Gabriel, "I reckon that a cart-load o' boards and a few days' work with willing hands, will put that thar shanty back agin ez it used to be when you and me waz childun."

"Yes," said Olly abstractedly.

"We've had good times yer, Olly, you and me!"

"Yes," said Olly, with eyes still afar.

Gabriel looked down—a great ways—on his sister, and then suddenly took her hand and sat down upon the door-step, drawing her between his knees after the old fashion.

"Ye ain't hearkenin' to me, Olly dear!"

Whereat Miss Olympia instantly and illogically burst into tears, and threw her small arms about Gabriel's huge bulk. She had been capricious and fretful since Mr. Hamlin's death and it may be that she embraced the dead man again in her brother's arms. But her outward expression was, "Gracy! I was thinking o' poor Gracy, Gabe!"

"Then," said Gabriel, with intense archness and cunning, "you was thinking o' present kempany, for ef I ain't blind, that's them coming up the hill."

There were two figures slowly coming up the hill outlined against the rosy sunset. A man and woman: Arthur Poinsett and Grace Conroy. Olly lifted her head and rose to her feet. They approached nearer. No one spoke. The next instant—impulsively I admit, inconsistently I protest—the sisters were in each other's arms. The two men looked at each other, awkward, reticent, superior.

Then, the women having made quick work of it, the two men were treated to an equally illogical, inconsistent embrace. When Grace at last, crying and laughing, released Gabriel's neck from her sweet arms, Mr. Poinsett assumed the masculine attitude of pure reason.

"Now that you have found your sister, permit me to introduce you to my wife," he said to Gabriel, taking Grace's hand in his own.

Whereat Olly flew into Poinsett's arms, and gave him a fraternal and conciliatory kiss. Tableau.

"You don't look like a bride," said the practical Olly to Mrs. Poinsett, under her breath, "you ain't got no veil, no orange blossoms—and that black dress—"

"We've been married seven years, Olly," said the quick-eared and ready-witted Arthur.

And then these people began to chatter as if they had always been in the closest confidence and communion.

"You know," said Grace to her brother, "Arthur and I are going East, to the States, to-morrow, and really, Gabe, he says he will not leave here until you consent to take back your house—your wife's house, Gabe. You know WE" (there was a tremendous significance in this newly found personal plural) "WE have deeded it all to you."

"I hev a dooty to per-form to Gracy," said Gabriel Conroy, with astute deliberation looking at Mr. Poinsett,—"a dooty to thet gal, thet must be done afore any transfer of this yer propputty is made. I hev to make restitootion of certing papers ez hez fallen casooally into my hands. This yer paper," he added, drawing a soiled yellow envelope from his pocket, "kem to me a week ago, the same hevin' lied in the Express Office sens the trial. It belongs to Gracy, I reckon, and I hands it to her."

Grace tore open the envelope, glanced at its contents hurriedly, uttered a slight cry of astonishment, blushed, and put the paper into her pocket.

"This yer paper," continued Gabriel, gravely, drawing another from the pocket of his blouse, "was found by me in the Empire Tunnel the night I was runnin' from the lynchers. It likewise b'longs to Gracy—and the world gin'rally. It's the record of Dr. Devarges's fust discovery of the silver lead on this yer hill, and," continued Gabriel, with infinite gravity, "wipes out, so to speak, this yer mineral right o' me and Mr. Dumphy, and the stockholders gin'rally."

It was Mr. Poinsett's turn to take the paper from Gabriel's hands. He examined it attentively by the fading light.

"That is so," he said earnestly; "it is quite legal and valid."

"And thar ez one paper more," continued Gabriel, this time putting his hand in his bosom and drawing out a buckskin purse, from which he extracted a many-folded paper. "It's the grant that Dr. Devarges gave Gracy, thet thet pore Mexican Ramirez ez—may be ye may remember was killed—handed to my wife, and July, my wife"—said Gabriel, with a prodigious blush—"hez bin sorter keepin' IN TRUST for Gracy!"

He gave the paper to Arthur, who received it, but still retained a warm grasp of Gabriel's massive hand.

"And now," added Gabriel, "et's gettin' late, and I reckon et's about the square thing ef we'd ad-journ this yer meeting to the hotel; and ez you're goin' away, may be ye'd make a partin' visit with yer wife, forgettin' and forgivin' like, to Mrs. Conroy and the baby—a pore little thing—that, ye wouldn't believe it, Mr. Poinsett, looks like me!"

But Olly and Grace had drawn aside, and were in the midst of an animated conversation. And Grace was saying:

"So I took the stone from the fire just as I take this—(she picked up a fragment of the crumbling chimney before her)—it looked black and burnt just like this, and I rubbed it hard on the blanket, so; and it shone, just like silver; and Dr. Devarges said—"

"We are going, Grace," interrupted her husband, "we are going to see Gabriel's wife."

Grace hesitated a moment; but, as her husband took her arm, she slightly pressed it with a certain matrimonial caution, whereupon, with a quick, impulsive gesture, Grace held out her hand to Olly, and the three gayly followed the bowed figure of Gabriel as he strode through the darkening wood.

CHAPTER LV.

THE RETURN OF A FOOT-PRINT.

I REGRET that no detailed account of the reconciliatory visit to Mrs. Conroy has been handed down, and I only gather a hint of it from after-comments of the actors themselves. When the last words of parting had been said, and Grace and Arthur had taken their seats in the Wingdam coach, Gabriel bent over his wife's bedside.

"It kinder seemed ez ef you and Mr. Poinsett recog-nized each other at first, July," said Gabriel.

"I *have* seen him before—not here! I don't think he'll ever trouble us much, Gabriel," said Mrs. Conroy, with a certain triumphant lighting of the cold fires of her gray eyes. "But look at the baby. He's laughing! He knows you, I declare!"

And in Gabriel's rapt astonishment at this unprecedented display of intelligence in one so young, the subject was dropped.

"Why, where did you ever see Mrs. Conroy before?" asked Grace of her husband, when they had reached Wingdam that night.

"I never saw *Mrs. Conroy* before," returned Arthur, with legal precision. "I met a lady in St. Louis years ago under another name, who, I dare say, is now your brother's wife. But—I think, Grace—the less we see of her—the better."

"Why?"

"By the way, darling, what was that paper that Gabriel gave you?" asked Arthur, lightly avoiding the previous question.

Grace drew the paper from her pocket, blushed slightly, kissed her husband, and then putting her arms around his neck, laid her face in his breast, while he read aloud, in Spanish, the following:

"This is to give trustworthy statement that on the 18th of May, 1848, a young girl, calling herself Grace Conroy, sought shelter and aid at the Presidio of San Geronimo. Being friendless—but of the B. V. M. and the Saints—I adopted her as my daughter, with the name of Dolores Salvatierra. Six months after her arrival, on the 12th of November, 1848, she was delivered of a dead child, the son of her affianced husband, one Philip Ashley. Wishing to keep her secret from the world, and to prevent recognition by the members of her own race and family, by the assistance and advice of an Indian *peon*, Manuela, she consented that her face and hands should be daily washed by the juice of the *Yokoto*—whose effect is to change the skin to the color of bronze. With this metamorphosis she became known, by my advice and consent, as the daughter of the Indian Princess Nicata and myself. And as such I have recognized in due form, her legal right in the apportionment of my estate.

"Given at the Presidio of San Geronimo, the 1st day of December, 1848.

"JUAN HERMENIZILDO SALVATIERRA."

"But how did Gabriel get this?" asked Arthur.

"I—don't—know!" said Grace.

"To whom did *you* give it?"

"To—Padre Felipe."

"Oh! I see," said Arthur. "Then *you* are Mr. Dumphy's long-lost wife!"

"I don't know what Father Felipe did," said Grace, tossing her head slightly. "I put the matter in his hands."

"The whole story?"

"I said nothing about you—you great goose!"

Arthur kissed her, by way of acknowledging the justice of the epithet.

"But I ought to have told Mrs. Sepulvida the whole story when she said you proposed to her. You're sure you didn't?" continued Grace, looking into her husband's eyes.

"Never!" said that admirable young man, promptly.

CHAPTER LVI.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM OLYMPIA CONROY TO GRACE POINSETT.

"—the baby is doing well. And only think—Gabe has struck it again! And you was the cause, dear—and he says it all belongs to you—like the God-forsaken old mule that he is. Don't you remember when you was telling me about Doctor Divergers giving you that rock and how you rubed it untill the silver shone, well, you took up a rock from our old chimbly and rubed it, wile you was telling it. And thet rock Gabe came acrost next morning, all shining where you had rubed it. And shure enuff it was sollid silver. And then Gabe says, says he, We've struck it agin, fur the chimbly rock was taken from the first hole I dug on the hill only a hunderd feet from here. And shure enuff, yesterday he purspected the hole and found the leed agin. And we are all very ritch agin and comin' to see you next year, only that Gabe is such a fool!

"Your loving Sister,

"OLYMPIA CONROY."

THE END.

NOTE.—"Gabriel Conroy" was begun in SCRIBNER for November, 1875, and is therefore completed in ten numbers.

ON THE IRON TRAIL.

BUFFALO TRAILS IN WESTERN KANSAS.

IT was the 12th of April when I left New York City, and there was snow in the air. I remember getting into the railway coach belted in an ulster and muffled in a shawl.

It was the 18th of April when I got out of the cars in Topeka, Kansas, and the air was blossomy and vocal with spring. I smiled in a self-satisfied way as I tried to realize that I was among the Topekans and not in Florida or up the Rhine, and I gave a border ruffian twenty-five cents to hold my overcoat, for it was too warm to wear it, and would have been too absurd to carry it. He had a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and he curled a broad grin all round it as he said,

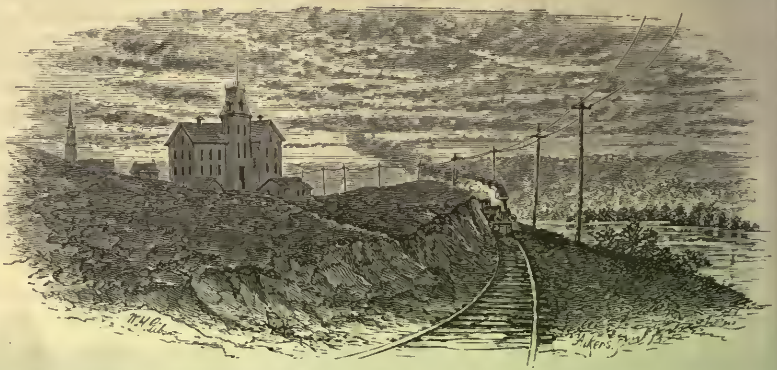
"San Wan, I s'pose?"

"San Juan? no," I replied, indignantly. "Do you take me for a miner? I'm going to the Hesperides, and the garden of Macænas. How long before this train starts?"

This was the fifteenth time that I had protested that I was not going to San Juan. It seemed to be an understood fact that any man who traveled at this season of the year from the east must be going to San Juan.

The simple fact is I was traveling for pleasure, and at this moment was *en route* to what Charles Sumner once called the heart of the continent and what, I have since learned, the border ruffians call its backbone. I had decided at St. Louis, without consulting anybody, to take the most southern and the most direct route. I marked out my own course with a lead pencil on a colored pocket map, as the Emperor Nicholas once marked out a railway, and then with the same imperious will I adjusted the facts to it. By this simple and autocratic method, I avoided an embarrassment of routes, and found myself ticketed as a passenger one morning over the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fé road, for Colorado. It was enough for me that it ran much closer than all the rest to my pencil mark, and made as straight an air line as the valley of the Arkansas would allow, to Pueblo and the Rocky Mountains.

For several years I had heard and read of a country lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific which corresponded in many respects with the original Eden. It was an elysium for invalids and a joy forever for artists. I think Bierstadt left a flavor of it in the Academy of Design, and Moran caught something of its opaline atmosphere for the idlers at Schaus's. Then there were long-lost and given-up victims of gout and rheumatism and phthisis, continually coming back from this dim and uncertain paradise, and suddenly appearing on Broadway, forthwith enraging everybody by their effusive health. Any place, it seemed to me, where life was not a continual conflict with one's environment, must be worth discovering for the benefit of the pulmonic race. I resolved to discover it, and I set out from New York with a deep conviction that I should find, somewhere along the spinal ridge of the republic, that nature had provided in one inimitable volcanic stroke, a sanitarium and a park; embellished it with marvels more monstrous than anything our Park commissioners had ever dreamed of, and had shut the pneumonia and the malaria out, with adamantine gates on one side, and a desert on the other. "Here,"—wrote a charming convalescent with one lung,—"here, the air carries healing on its wings, the earth spouts medicinal gladness out of golden depths, and summer, aromatic and perpetual, basks and sings under the snowy vestments of a thousand peaks." Ozone, I said to myself, can go no farther than this.



THE MOST PROMINENT BUILDING IN A KANSAS TOWN.

RAW-HIDE-FRONTED DUG-OUT.

But to reach Colorado, I had to go through Kansas. My premonitions of Kansas were not pleasant. My earliest recollection of the State still represented it as bleeding. I was told by an intimate and fastidious friend at Moretti's, that it raised bush-whackers and Texan cattle; that its railroad travel was liable to be interrupted at any moment by grasshoppers; and that I should have Mennonites, ranchmen, Ute Indians, army contractors and miners for society. In short it was altogether safer and wiser for me to go and lie under an orange-tree at St. Augustine, or take my valise to Carlsbad and enjoy life at a roulette table.

Upon my word, I found more life to the square inch, west of the Mississippi, than I ever found anywhere in all my poking about. It struck me that the crudity, the impetus and the elemental force that were everywhere observable gave an entirely new zest to my journey; and I found, long before I had arrived at the end of my trip, that some of the most vigorous men that the older civilizations produce, came out here as tourists in order to get the contact and enjoy the shock of this life, which is one of incessant endeavor, and which develops in a marked degree, by its intimacy with primitive agencies, the wholesome fiber of the man.

Kansas is no doubt a *terra incognita* to the fashionable wanderer. It is not specially described in "Bradshaw" or "Harper's Hand-book." But a ride through it must be a revelation to the *ennuied* man who has spent months in indolently cursing the lazzaroni of Southern Italy or in buying the laggard energy of dragomen and Spanish muleteers. The vital eagerness; the fresh, unconventional alertness; the sharp, restless, spic-span condition of everything, it seems to me, are not without special charms to the visitor. Nor can he, if the organic forces are still in him, wholly escape the contagious influence of an atmosphere which still retains its primal magnetism, and of a humanity which is putting forth all its heroism in a hand to hand conflict with external nature.

WHAT THEY DO NOT BELIEVE EAST.

Elsewhere in the world we may look upon the serener pictures of settled conditions,—the blandishments of fixed society; the fruits—not always sound in the core—of centuries of perturbation; the repose of a life which has been turned from the outward and healthier struggle with the universal, to the inner and more wearisome struggle with itself. Here, the actual charms of a new existence, which with all its rawness and restlessness has the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn" in it, come upon us, as if, indeed, an air delicious and electric had blown over us from that brightest of all morns when the earth seemed ours to conquer, and every natural obstacle invited us with enchantment to easy victory.

Nor is there wanting a certain romantic interest to this route. If you turn back fifty years and can get hold of any of the old narratives of western travel and exploit, you will come across what is celebrated in many a bloody legend as the Santa Fé trail. It wound up 800 miles through the wilderness from Mexico, across what is now the State of Kansas, and struck the Missouri, somewhere in the vicinity of what is at present the emporium of Kansas City. Nothing in the history of our civilization is so fraught with the dark and bloody deeds of border life, as that long and weary wagon-road over which the traders of the time drove their merchandise, and on which they fought hand to hand with the natural banditti of the country.. The trail was a bloody one. Many an innocent wife who started upon it was dragged into the forgetfulness of the unknown wilds beyond. Many a resolute band fell into the ambuscades that sprang up along its unprotected length, and many are the traditions of heroism and revenge that have come down from it to the present generation of western men. From St. Louis,—then the base of supplies for the whole great south-west,—the boats carried their merchandise to Independence; thence it was taken in wagons formed into trains and hauled through a savage country, frequently with

WATER-TANK ON A. T. & S. F. R. R.

THE FIRST TOWN-SITE SPECULATORS

A GOOD SIGN ON THE PLAINS.

no other protection than the hardy teamsters themselves provided. Of course, the rich booty of a train was a great temptation to the red-skins, and to capture the entire outfit, kill all the men and carry off the women, was not an unfrequent occurrence.

Commerce, which upon the ocean or in the wilderness follows its own laws and lines, still travels the Santa Fé trail—but it is now an iron trail. The wagons have given way to coaches and palace cars. The roadway is ballasted with stone, and jumps the ravines on magnificent bridges. It is indeed, as you will say if you ride over it, one of the finest and fastest trails in the country, and it pierces Colorado in the center, and must sooner or later become the great feeder, no less than the developer, of the immense domain on the south-west, now known by every Wall street man to be bursting with mineral wealth.

And here let me say for the benefit of tourists, that it is the close chase of nature and barbarism that gives all the interest of a keen struggle to this ride. Dullness is not possible for the observer who can see what is going on after he gets into the arena. In the first place, so close is this civilization with its brick school-houses and its printing-presses, upon the heels of primeval nature, that the military posts—such as Forts Dodge and Lyon—have not had time to get away, and the settler two hundred miles from Topeka, still adds the pleasure of the chase to his husbandry, and knocks over the buffalo and the antelope on his own grounds.

The ride from Kansas City to Pueblo is, indeed, a panoramic view, not only of the efforts and results of American progress, but of its actual motion. We can see it here as if under polarized light, positively shooting out its crystals in a wondrous beauty of color and form. First, the exultant and somewhat audacious young life of its cities at Kansas City and Topeka,—loading its Centennial cars with the thousand products of its affluent fields and groves and mines; garlanding its spacious granaries with wild flowers, and sending up shouts and pæans of bloodless victory as Ceres rides eastward out of this plenty to make an exhibition of her corn standing twenty feet high. And as I

SHIP OF THE PLAINS AT ANCHOR

SHIP OF THE PLAINS AT SEA.

listen to the brass bands, I remember that it was but yesterday that Kansas, now blossoming, was bleeding; that Atchison, Topeka, Lawrence, Leavenworth were sown like dragons' teeth in a border war; and Horace Greeley and a few other men of sagacity and influence were using all their eloquence in the east to convince the world that this disputed domain was not a desert, and, unharried by thievish savages and banditti, would in a few years blossom like the rose.

Do you tell me it is not a new sensation to stand upon the doorstep of the young capital, feel it tremble with the incoming and outgoing trains, watch its bustling broad streets, scent its snowy orchards and admire the blue shimmer of the Arkansas, which has come all the way from its grand cañon to lave the parterres of this wide-awake city? Surely the wilderness has its victories no less than Wall street.

But from the bustle and beauty of these germinant towns to the wheat-fields, the blue grass and the homesteads—modest but comfortable—of the next remove is not a clearer departure than from the thrift and repose of the agricultural region to the nomadic and gamy life of the next, with its adobe shelters, its great corrals, its countless herds, its unceasing cotton-wood groves through which the glassy waters dance and sparkle, and over which wheel and circle the wild fowl.

From Kansas City, on the Missouri River, to Topeka is sixty-six miles. To Newton, is 185 miles, and in this distance we have passed fifty towns. I wish I could generalize them in one description, but that is impossible. "Town" may mean a pert, handsome metropolis like Kansas City with eight railroads puncturing and fretting it; it may mean a lawn with handsome cottages and great broad avenues lit with gas, like Topeka. It applies to those ganglia along the nervous system of the State where a liberty pole and a cattle-shed mean business,—though to the eastern eye they appear dreadfully inadequate,—and it takes in all those aggregations of sheds and dance-houses where once the herdsmen congregated, but where now the settler from Illinois is turning over the sod or setting up shop. It will not do to speak contemptuously of the meanest of these town germs. The railroad, one would think, threw them off with its cinders along the track, but what we have seen accomplished in those thriving places to the east is within the possibility of every one of these settlements.

When we pass Dodge City we enter the primitive domain. The buffalo grass now takes the place of the blue grass, and the buffaloes themselves appear at intervals in the distance. It is a vast arid country with no other background than the low down, fleecy

SHIP OF THE PLAINS IN DOCK.

SAILORS RESTING.

sky, and little other life than the grazing cattle or the occasional ranchman. But the train spins unerringly across these plains toward the setting sun, intersecting the older tracks of the bisons worn into the soil by I know not how many seasons of travel, and making the tourist wonder, as I did, why we should go any farther when we were leaving civilization behind us. But that is an impossibility, as I found out at Dodge City and Las Animas.

To properly understand the distinctive character of this town, one must bear in mind that the country between the Missouri River and the base of the Rocky Mountains is a rolling champaign, six hundred miles wide, which rises from an elevation of five hundred and sixty feet above the sea at Kansas City to five thousand three hundred feet at the mountains. The railroad ascends this magnificent declivity at the average rate of twelve feet to the mile,—a grade that is of course not apparent to the eye. For three hundred miles, the track of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road passes through what is unquestionably the richest, and at the same time, the healthiest bottom-land in the United States. As I happened to make my visit just as the farmers and officials were collecting samples of produce grown on this track, to exhibit at the Centennial, you can understand that the productiveness of the soil was pretty fairly demonstrated to me, and I believe the visitors at the Philadelphia Exhibition will not need any word of mine after looking at the samples of wheat, oats and Indian corn. The United States land grant to this road is, with the single exception of that made to the Illinois Central, the richest and most important Government endowment that has ever been made. It has resulted in bringing two million acres under cultivation, and opening a market to a domain larger than the states of New York and Indiana together.

At the distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles west of Kansas City, we reached what may be called the present western limit of arable culture. The morning of the second day's travel reveals a change. The buffalo trails stretch out over the limitless levels in crossing and converging lines. The yellow, air-cured hay of the gramma grass is not yet altogether hidden by the green spears. The dry, white beds of the water-courses, strewn with bowlders, gleam at us with comfortless and voiceless sterility. The buffalo skeletons, bleached and dismembered, multiply close to the track.

A GREASER WHEELBARROW.

OLD TIMES ON THE BORDER—RICE'S RANCH.

NEW TIMES ON THE BORDER, SOUTH PUEBLO.

There has been an occasional cry of "antelope" from the train-boy, and we have strained our eyes in the direction of pointing fingers, to see a shadowy herd moving indistinctly in the distance, and then mysteriously disappearing; and we have dashed through the prairie dog settlements so often, that we no longer smile at the comical antics of the little animals or endeavor to knock them off their mounds with our pocket-pistols.

Nor is this second day's change confined to appearances. More than one sense perceives the climatic transition. The air itself, all along wonderfully transparent, is now curiously crystalline and dry. Without the sting of humidity, the breezes in their roughest moods leave only the remembrance of a caress for those invalids who sit upon the car platforms. And if the train stops,—as it will at every one of those water-tanks that rise like so many miniature forts, and ride at us with increasing size over the horizon,—and we get out upon the hard, dry sod to stretch our limbs, the awful measureless stillness of desolation settles upon us,—here where the garish hours hang heavy in their luxurious monotony, even the atmosphere is tuneless, save when it borrows a wild moan or two from the telegraph wires. The eye in vain endeavors to measure the parallel undulations of the earth as they fade in successive tints into the impalpable blues and grays of the far distance, still dotted—such is the wonderful achromatic translucency of this atmosphere—with the sage bush.

It is at least three hundred miles across this silent, immovable sea, and as we glide over its surface, wearied with its immensity and yet fascinated by its green waves that run past us—past us all day, and seem to flow together far behind and swallow up the faint vanishing point of the shining railroad track—we think with pity of those earlier voyagers toiling across this waterless waste in what has been aptly called the Ship of the Plains,—watching for weary days and weeks for a glimpse of those cool peaks, which in another hour or two will lift their spectral outlines for us out of the western ether.

That once familiar object on the plains, the canvas-covered emigrant wagon, still crawls occasionally westward, and we see its white top now and then far ahead for a while, and presently far behind, diminishing to a gleaming speck, and finally no longer distinguishable from the little piles of bones that dot the distance. To its weary occupants, nothing can be more welcome than the moist oases of the railroad tanks, or that other sign looming up above the horizon like a burnt tree, but bearing the inscription, "One Mile to R. R. Station. Food and Water."

If we stop at a little station called La Junta, about twenty-one miles west of the old cattle-trading place of Las Animas, we shall strike what is left of the old Santa Fé trail and business, and see the Ship of the Plains in dock, loading for a southern voyage.

Here are large storehouses which feed these unwieldy transports with merchandise for Santa Fé. When loaded, they roll leisurely out across the country, drawn invari-

ADOBE OVEN.

ably by oxen, and driven by the equally bovine greasers, and the last that is seen of them, are the canvas sails as they disappear slowly over the undulating country.

A month at least it will take them to make the voyage, and then they will reload with wool, coal and ore, and set out upon their return trip.

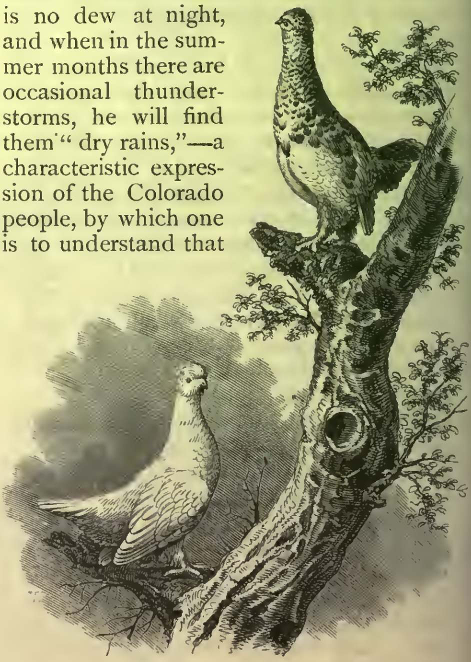
ADOBE FIRE-PLACE.

La Junta is at present the shipping-point on our line of travel, but it is one of the peculiarities of a new country that these rendezvous move on with the railroad. It is only a year or two ago that Las Animas was the center for the herders, cattle-shippers, and "greasers."

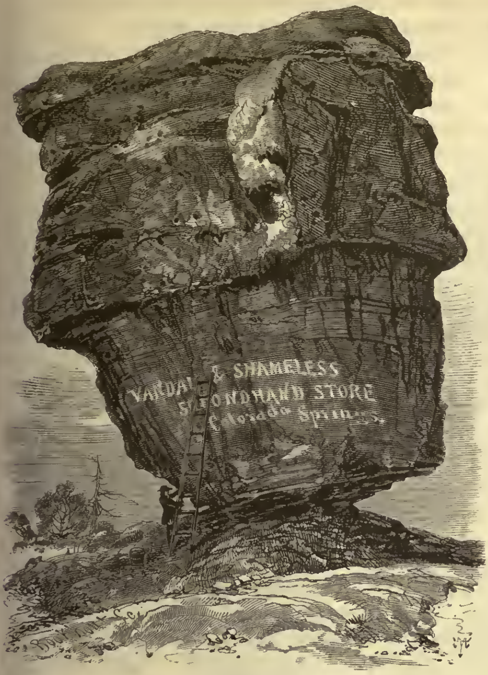
But whatever the point, the character derived from this class remains the same. Greasers and cow-boys are as unlike as it is possible to imagine men, in all but their love of gambling and whisky. I had an opportunity to make a passing sketch of the greaser at La Junta. He seemed to me to be a creature instinctively aware of the deterioration of his stock, and who had long since made up his mind to dodge as many of the hard knocks of life as possible, and submit servilely to those that he could not avoid. His face is invariably of one type, —a tawny lethargic index of low cunning, dull sensuality and indolence. He preserves the long straight hair and high cheek bones that his mothers borrowed from Indian stock, while his dress and his gait and his character betray the Mexican. Under great stress he does a good deal of simple drudgery, but he does it exactly as do the mules he rides. And when it is over he goes with his fellows and sits in the sun to stare vacantly at the ground or into the air.

Long before we come in sight of Pueblo, we discover Pike's Peak in snowy patches pointing above the horizon. And once that we admit it to our picture it is impossible again to shut it out during our rambles through Colorado. Go where I would, —south to the Grand Cañon, north to Denver City, or westward through the Ute Pass,—this silent, sheeted monitor was looking down upon me. I felt his presence even when I did not see him. Let me ride all day, over table-land, through ravines, across plains, until every familiar landmark was "hull down," and I knew that if I turned and looked over my shoulder, *he would be there*, in the same place, dominating me with that eternal white face.

Once in Pueblo, the present terminus of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, the traveler has reached the upland plateau of North America. He is at least four thousand feet above sea-level, and is perfectly secure from either ocean. If he is afflicted with bronchial troubles, he will breathe freer at once. If he is asthmatic he will cease to remember it. If he has organic disease of the heart, the increased action of his lungs will discover it. There is no large tract of water within a thousand miles of him. There is no dew at night, and when in the summer months there are occasional thunder-storms, he will find them "dry rains,"—a characteristic expression of the Colorado people, by which one is to understand that



ROCKY MOUNTAIN QUAIL, WINTER AND SUMMER PLUMAGE.



BALANCE-ROCK.

the rain-drops pass through the air without wetting it. In other words, let it pour ever so hard, the atmosphere is never saturated; nor indeed is the earth, for the dense sod of buffalo grass sheds the water like a shingled roof.

Pueblo, as the reader doubtless knows, lies at the base of the mountains, midway between Denver and Trinidad, which, it is sufficiently correct for our purpose to say, mark the northern and southern extremes of the plateau. It is a quaint little city, in which the old and the new jostle each other closely since the railroad has been completed — those queer, one story *adobe* structures, nearly always awry, and cracked, alternating with the smart American "frame house," with its green shutters and veranda.

Stretching north along the foot of the mountains is the garden of Mæcenas. There can be no doubt of it. This is the national sanitarium and the national park. Denver is a hundred miles north. Skirting the foot-hills, and winding in and out of the passes, is a little railroad which takes us into the heart of the promised land and drops us at the Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Monument Park and all the cañons. South of Pueblo stretches away into Mexico the inexhaustible ledges and still unworked mines of Sierra Mogada and the San Juan country.

It needs but a few hours' stay in this town to discover that two entirely dissimilar streams of travel pass north and south.

The wagon loads of mining traps, the trains of mules, the companies of rough, determined men go south. The tourists, the invalids, the pleasure seekers go north. Colorado Springs is only forty-two miles off. We arrive there leisurely in three hours on the narrow gauge railway, and then we are face to face with Pike's Peak, only a pleasant walk from the Garden of the Gods, and fairly in the center of the Sanitarium.

Here all the conditions of life are new and inspiriting. The town itself lies under the mountains on a sunny plain. The ice-cold streams from the snow-covered peaks bubble through its streets, and irrigate the fields. Here there is no winter, as the dweller on the Atlantic coast has known it, and no summer, as he has learned to dread it, but an equable, eternal spring. He shall fancy himself on the plains of Lombardy, or in the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, and the mornings will not chill him nor the evenings chase him with unkindly breath indoors. All the airy influences of nature are beneficent and tender, and a new electrical stimulus spurs him into activity. She has wrapped her grandeur in the most varied beauty of color, and she pours her medicine at his feet from every valley, and drops it like incense from every zephyr. Does this sound rhapsodical? Pray remember that I have written it where one

OLD FOGY STAGE-DRIVER.

cannot breathe without taking in ozone, and cannot drink without imbibing carbonic acid gas. The very fish, flesh and fowl are whipped gamy and fresh from the mountain trout-streams or hunted in the fastnesses. The pressure of such an atmosphere as weighs you down, is gone at an elevation of six thousand three hundred and seventy feet. Shall not the emotions come to the surface with the blood!

Here indeed one can watch the varying moods and complexions of the mobile mountain and never grow tired of watching. Changing with every hour, he still looks calmly down out of the same grandeur. Morning hangs her auroral softness on his crags. Noonday deepens the thousand shadows of his furrowed face, and sunset flings a roseate glory over his snowy crown, but nothing robs him of the awful majesty and sovereignty of his character.

CATTLE-DROVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The town of Colorado Springs lies upon a natural level, close to the foot-hills and facing the range. Between it and the mountains extends the table-land, called the Mesa, which is both a meadow and a terrace,—sweeping up to the rocky ascent with graceful curves, and cut here and there with the rivulets that brawl down from the heights. Standing upon the veranda of the hotel which faces the peaks, one cannot, even after a week's familiarity with the scene, entirely disabuse himself of the illusion that the picturesque and serrated wall lifting itself far above him is but a stone's throw away. The inevitable and irresistible impulse of every new-comer, is to walk over to the mountains before breakfast. The invariable result is, if he undertakes it, that he will not be back to dinner. It is five miles to the foot-hills, and ten at least to Pike's Peak proper. But with one leg of an imaginary pair of compasses stuck into the hotel, you may, with the other, describe a ten-mile circle such as one sometimes sees upon city maps, which will inclose most of the natural wonders of this range that have been celebrated the world over.

Pike's Peak, the Ute Pass, the Falls of the Fountain, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Monument Park, Cheyenne Cañon, Manitou, and the Mineral Springs, are all easily accessible, and are held by the people of this town to be their natural perquisites.

Manitou Glen, lying in the mouth of the Ute Pass, and already turned into a fashionable watering-place, is to my mind, the most attractive, if not the most stupendous of these resorts. Nothing so thoroughly Swiss in its wildness and rocky beauty have I anywhere seen, and it is difficult as you enter it to avoid listening for the tinkle of the Alpine cattle-bell, and the echoes of the *ranz des vaches*. But its pictorial interest is, when you come to penetrate it far enough, broader, deeper and more varied than anything Switzerland has to offer. The volcanic agency has massed the primitive colors of the earth so as to defy description; the red sandstone, the porphyry, the gleaming granite, against which the white limestone stands out in curious relief, the moss-grown bowlders, the splendid seams of red oxide and ochrous earth—make an *ensemble* of pigments that is wonderfully fascinating. All these hues are softened and complemented by the varying tints of a luxurious vegetation. The fountain creek comes tunefully down the pass, through chasms and over precipices. Pinyon, pine, cedar, birch and hemlock shade the road in overhanging groves, and mark the timber lines upon the heights, a thousand feet above us, in successive belts of color. The wild clematis and the Virginia creeper festoon the natural arcades with their tracery, and myriads of aromatic shrubs and wild flowers make the underbrush and the sod brilliant with their dyes and load the air with their perfumes.

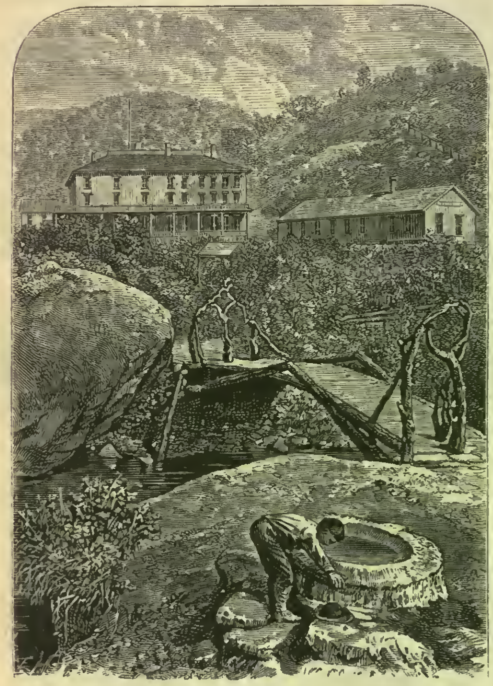
GARDEN OF THE GODS.

The moment we leave the Mesa and enter this valley we are upon enchanted ground. In one instant we have passed from the shadowless and voiceless void to the sacred penetralia where every natural agency is leagued in the witchery of beauty. South of us rises, eight thousand feet above, the snow-filled ravines and glittering pinnacles of Pike's Peak; east of us a mere glimpse of the yellow and level meads of the great plain; all about us that indescribable charm of wildness not yet tamed into conventional lines. It is here that, just as we have experienced the first thrill of delight common to all men in complete isolation, we meet upon the rocky road-side, with the luxuriant hotel and spring house, nestling with a true watering-place elegance of piazza and drives right in the lap of solitude.

It is here, too, that we encounter the mineral springs. They are six in number, and vary in temperature from 43° to 56° Fahr., and are strongly charged with carbonic acid. They are respectively called "The Shoshone," "The Navajo," "The Manitou," "The Ute Soda," "The Iron Ute," and "The Little Chief." The waters have from time immemorial enjoyed curative reputation among the Indians, and many are the romantic legends that have been left behind as to their origin and purpose.

Professor Loew, of the Wheeler Expedition, has published an analysis which shows that they resemble the springs of Ems, and excel those of Spa. I cannot help thinking, in spite of all the testimony, that the great medicinal virtue of this place is in its air. A balsamic breath blows forever down the pass from the pines, and one has only to watch the invalids climbing the rocks, driving over the plains, and making long excursions into the ever new mysteries of the range, to perceive that they are spurred and animated by vital influences that are rare.

A pretty wide experience of watering-places enables me to speak with conviction, when I say that I believe this spot will in time become a national resort. It can be reached now in four days from New York, by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road. Its position, its surroundings and its climatic conditions surpass those of any place in this country. Within half an hour's walk is "The Garden of the Gods." Lying behind it is the main range of the Rocky Mountains, which furnishes ever new surprises to the adventurous explorer, and offers all kinds of game to the sportsman. Excellent brook trout, ptarmigan or Rocky Mountain quail, red-tail deer, and ducks, snipe and grouse, to say nothing of antelopes and an occasional cinnamon bear, are the standard temptations. I ought to say here that, unlike Switzerland, the mountains in this vicinity are entirely accessible. Our party, in which there were four ladies, penetrated the Ute Pass, a distance of over two miles, and ascended to an elevation of nine thousand feet without any difficulty. We afterward found an easy path up the Cheyenne Cañon, and an excellent carriage-road to the top of the Grand Cañon. The forests of pine timber do not cease until an elevation of eleven thousand five hundred feet is reached; whereas in Switzerland, they disappear at six thousand feet. I am told that at Mount Lincoln, mining is carried on all winter at an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet, which is as high as the "Jungfrau."



SODA SPRINGS AND CLIFF HOUSE, MANITOU.

To the tourist, "The Garden of the Gods" will probably ever remain the most prominent attraction of this place. Before I set out for that celebrated natural museum, I rapped at the door of a quaint little cottage, perched up like a wren's nest over the brook in the pass. One cannot look at its exterior and resist the temptation to make a call. Unfortunately for me, Grace Greenwood was not at home. However, after inspecting as much of the nest as was accessible, I felt my respect for the lady's independence materially heightened. If she had possessed less she would have built an ornamental château at Long Branch, and then lived in New York to escape from it. She was probably, at the time I called, making a visit at the United States Signal Station in the clouds near by, or had gone to Denver on her mule to do her shopping.

The Garden of the Gods is one of those natural parks where Thor and Boreas seem to have done all the hammering and chiseling, after a greater than either had shut the domain in with an upturned stratum. The gate, as you approach the entrance, is by far the finest part of the exhibition. And it seems to me that nobody has ever attempted to do justice to the wonderful color of these perpendicular walls, which rise three hundred feet into the air. If you will imagine a bed of red and gray sandstone, gypsum and limestone, from twenty to fifty feet thick, five hundred feet broad and half a mile long, turned on edge and broken in the middle so as to leave a gap of a hundred feet wide, you will get a general idea of the ridge which forms this wall and gateway. But you cannot possibly have any conception of the intricate modeling, the grotesque forms into which the elements have worn the surface, nor of the splendid hues, partly integral and partly laid on by the artist hand of time. To the cultivated eye, the form is lost in the blaze of pigments. When the painter first sees it he pauses in astonishment at what appears to be a stupendous and idealess poem of color. From a little distance, the façade, where it does not rise scarlet and maroon against the greens of the hills behind, runs into a veined and patched mosaic of chalcedony and onyx.

As the beholder draws closer, he sees that it is the graining and enameling of the elements on a superb ground, and then he perceives also, that a thousand demons, with preternatural chisels, were probably doomed to work at these fantastic pinnacles and niches and pedestals for ages—left indeed to their own grotesque fancies to shape and scoop and polish the eternal bastions into the strangest devices—only they could not cease from their work. Nothing short of the fancy of a Coleridge can write the demoniac history of the gates. But I can readily see that any man, even without aboriginal blood in him, would drop into a poetical fetishism if he lived here long and had few companions other than the whirling eagles which build their nests along the parapet and rear the young symbols of the republic in the upper frieze.

Looking through the gate-way, the first object seen is the inevitable Pike's Peak, cloud-capped and softened with mists. Other peaks there are which lend a fine background to the view. One is called Cameron's Cone and another Cheyenne. But the immediate object of interest to the visitor is the garden itself, and once inside, he readily believes himself to be in an old fortress rather than a garden of the gods. However, the park itself is inexpressibly beautiful in its wild grandeur, and it is difficult to believe that the stupendous monuments set out at regular intervals have been placed there by accident. It would baffle the skill of a Canova to match the massy suggestiveness of some of them. Phantoms, winged lions, and strangely distorted effigies are reared upon pedestals and shafts that are of quite another material, but which have been turned on the lathe of the tempest to true cylindrical grace.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

I saw this strange and phantasmal museum afterward at night. The moon was full, and lent to the scene a weird and indescribable effect. There were two of us, and we had ridden over with perhaps the somewhat romantic if not morbid notion, that the garden at night would be invested with something of the spell of incantation. We were not disappointed. After the first astonishment, due to the ghastly pranks the light played with the shifting outlines of the stony ghosts, a sense of the awful unrealness of the place stole over us. It was impossible to divest myself entirely of the idea that those grim and ghastly effigies of things unknown, now winking and writhing in the mysterious light, were the symbols, perhaps the manifestation, of some arcane power.

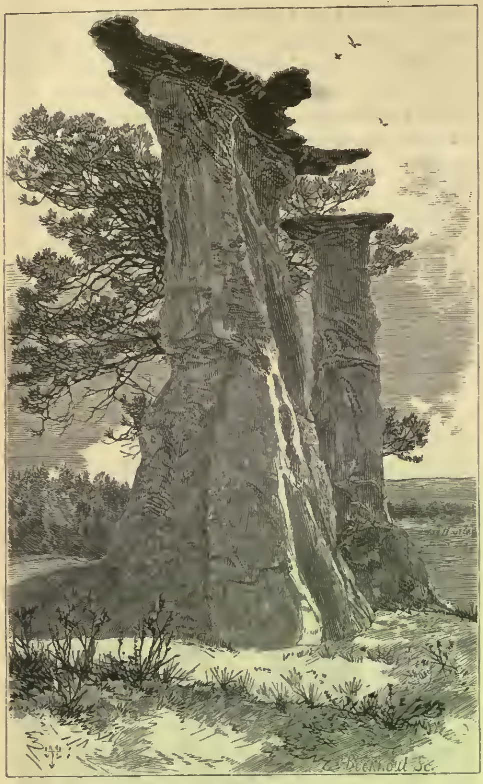
WOLVERINE.

The very silence of the place was sepulchral, and connected it with the ruin of ages. The ponderous shadow of the great wall only served, where its masses fell, to intensify the lurking objects within its limit. The melancholy bark of a coyote far up the mountain, sounded like the yelp of a soul in another world. I recalled the *outré* lines of Poe's—never before had they half the significance:

GRACE GREENWOOD'S COTTAGE, MANITOU.

> "By a route obscure and lonely,
> Haunted by ill angels only,
> Where an Eidolon named Night
> On a black throne reigns upright.
> I have reached these lands but newly
> From an ultimate dim Thule—
> From a wild, weird clime—sublime;
> Out of space and out of time."

Perhaps the most remarkable fact of all is, that while these monoliths and cromlechs preserve here a purely monumental character,—such as is befitting pleasure grounds,—over at the place somewhat inappropriately called "Monument Park," not ten miles away, they take the form and significance of tombs, sarcophagi and ceno-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ROCKS IN MONUMENT PARK.

taphs, and even suggest the rude attempt of the wind or water to scrawl them with memorial hieroglyphics.

After these natural statues, the Balance-rock has little interest for the tourist; besides there remains too much to be seen elsewhere. Glen Eyrie, the elegant home of Gen. Palmer, is only a half mile north, in the mouth of Queen's Cañon, and five miles south are the numberless water-falls and cliffs of the Cheyenne Cañon, through which there is a passable foot-path, and a great variety of beautiful and impressive scenes.

When I returned to Pueblo after a week's visit among these notable rocks, I was asked what I thought of Colorado. Not wishing to waste any of the admiration which I was saving for this article, I replied that I could not for the life of me see how it was going to feed itself. It is true, I said, Pueblo and the other towns have availed themselves of the streams from the mountains, to supply irrigation, but that plan, picturesque as it is, will not do for wheat-fields. Besides, the country will be equally divided between pleasure seekers from all parts of the world —who are notoriously the most voracious eaters—and the miners.

"Without a large tillable area or a large agricultural population, it seems to me that you will not be self-supporting."

The Colorado gentleman knocked his pipe out on the heel of his boot, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and replied:

"You're precisely correct; we ain't hankerin' after agriculture. It wouldn't do us much good if we was, with that air paster layin' out there"—(sweeping his hand broadly, so as to indicate the whole of Kansas). "Hev you been over that patch?"

I nodded my head, affirmatively.

"Then you've been in the garden of men. We ain't got nothin' but God's gardens to show. But, I calculate, when we git the gold out of nature's bowels into our pockets, there won't much of the milk and honey o' that country go East. No, sir; it'll climb this way. Why, Colonel, you ken talk about your gardens—that State's a reg'lar *cornicupio*, with the big end turned this way. In ten years you'll find the human race coming out to Colorado to live, and expectin' Kansas to help 'em through. All we can do is to give 'em their lungs full and their pockets full. The people of that valley down there will fill their bellies. You bet."

This homely speech was not devoid of a certain sagacity. I thought of it afterward when I had bought a horse, and had pushed my way far south of Pueblo, among the gold-grubbers and prospectors. The amazing richness of this whole mountain range, not alone in gold and silver, but in all the other metals and in coal,—a richness that grows upon the sense as one passes south,—convinced me that a measureless commerce was yet to spring up with the South-west,

A MOUNTAIN COYOTE.

U. S. SIGNAL STATION, SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

and that the country about Santa Fé, once the objective point of those numberless traders who risked their lives upon the plains, was sooner or later to be one of the busiest domains within the borders of the Union.

The whole of the tract now known as San Juan is literally alive with the pioneer adventurers who seek a newly opened mining country. Every one is digging, and every one by digging can make money. But what the country needs is an open road to the capitalist, the machinist and the trader. It is in want of mills and markets. These the railroad alone will supply. To reach San Juan now, the traveler and the miner must ride for one hundred miles at least, in a stage-coach or upon a mule. With such primitive means of access, it is not strange that the tourist seldom ventures with his pencil beyond Cañon City.

But even at that point, he observes that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, already surveyed to the Rio Grande, will, in a very short time, connect Mexico with Missouri, closely and commercially, as the early Santa Fé traders sought, and, in their primitive way, did indeed connect them.

Nature, no less than traffic, appears to have indicated this route. The other lines which run further north look primarily to California. The Santa Fé road aims at Colorado and the South-west, a domain which, more than any other, is at this moment engaging the attention of the capitalist as well as the wonder hunter and adventurer. I found throughout Colorado a genuine interest in this railroad, which is to be the great channel of nourishment and of emigration. Perhaps I should say that a ride in a buggy of a hundred miles over the farming country in Kansas, led me to believe that the producers of that State are fully aware of their relations to the road whose policy has been from the outset to encourage every kind of industry by fair rates, and by offering every reasonable inducement both to settlers and to residents.

If the remaining projected route to the South is completed as thoroughly and as durably as the line now reaching Pueblo, the West, I believe, will have reason to feel proud of one highway conscientiously constructed in the interest of the community.

◆

A SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drownèd Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea:
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste:
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou 'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER I.

THEY did not look like women, or at least a stranger new to the district might easily have been misled by their appearance, as they stood together in a group, by the pit's mouth. There were about a dozen of them there—all "pit girls," as they were called; women who wore a dress more than half masculine, and who talked loudly and laughed discordantly, and some of whom, God knows, had faces as hard and brutal as the hardest of their collier brothers and husbands and sweethearts. They had lived their lives among the coal-pits, and had worked early and late at the "mouth," ever since they had been old enough to take part in the heavy labor. It was not to be wondered at that they had lost all bloom of womanly modesty and gentleness. Their mothers had been "pit girls" in their time, their grandmothers in theirs; they had been born in coarse homes; they had fared hardly, and worked hard; they had breathed in the dust and grime of coal, and, somehow or other, it seemed to stick to them and reveal itself in their natures as it did in their bold unwashed faces. At first one shrank from them, but one's shrinking could not fail to change to pity. There was not an element of softness to rule or even influence them in their half savage existence.

On the particular evening of which I speak, the group at the pit's mouth were even more than usually noisy. They were laughing, gossiping and joking,—coarse enough jokes,—and now and then a listener might have heard an oath flung out carelessly, and as if all were well used to the sound. Most of them were young women, though there were a few older ones among them, and the principal figure in the group—the center figure, about whom the rest clustered—was a young woman. But she differed from the rest in two or three respects. The others seemed somewhat stunted in growth; she was tall enough to be imposing. She was as roughly clad as the poorest of them, but she wore her uncouth garb differently. The man's jacket of fustian, open at the neck, bared a handsome sunbrowned throat. The man's hat shaded a face with dark eyes that had a sort of animal beauty, and a well-molded chin. It was at this girl that all the rough jokes seemed to be directed.

"I'll tell thee, Joan," said one woman, "we'st ha' thee sweetheartin' wi' him afore th' month's out."

"Aye," laughed her fellows, "so we shall. Tha'st ha' to turn soft after aw. Tha conna stond out again' th' Lunnon chap. We'st ha' thee sweetheartin', Joan, i' th' face o' aw tha'st said."

Joan Lowrie faced them defiantly:

"Tha'st noan ha' me sweetheartin' wi' siss an a foo'," she said, "I amna ower fond o' men folk at no time. I've had my fill on 'em; and I'm noan loike to tak' up wi' such loike as this un. An' he's no an a Lunnoner neither. He's on'y fro' th' South. An th' South is na Lunnon."

"He's getten' London ways tho'," put in another. "Choppin' his words up an' mincin' 'em smo'. He's noan Lancashire, ony gowk could tell."

"I dunnot see as he minches so," said Joan roughly. "He dunnot speak our loike, but he's well enow i' his way."

A boisterous peal of laughter interrupted her.

"I thowt tha' ca'ed him a foo' a minute sin'," cried two or three voices at once. "Eh, Joan, lass, tha'st goin' t' change thy moind, I see."

The girl's eyes flashed dangerously.

"Theer's others I could ca' foo's," she said; "I need na go far to foind foo's. Foo' huntin's th' best sport out, an' th' safest. Leave th' engineer alone an' leave me alone too. It 'll be th' best fur yo'."

She turned round and strode out of the group. Another burst of derisive laughter followed her, but she took no notice of it. She took no notice of anything—not even of the two men who at that very moment passed her, and, passing, turned to look at her as she went by.

"A fine creature!" said one of them.

"A fine creature!" echoed the other. "Yes, and you see that is precisely it, Derrick. 'A fine creature'—and nothing else. Do you wonder at my dissatisfaction?"

They were the young civil engineer and his friend the Reverend Paul Grace, curate of the parish. There were never two men more unlike, physically and mentally, and yet it would have been a hard task to find two natures more harmonious and sympathetic. Still most people wondered at and failed to comprehend their friendship. The mild, nervous little Oxonian barely reached Derrick's shoulder; his finely cut face was singularly feminine and innocent; the mild eyes beaming from behind his small spectacles had an absent, dreamy look. One could not fail to see at the first glance, that this refined, restless, conscientious little gentleman was hardly the person to cope successfully with Riggan. Derrick strode by his side like a young son of Anak—brains and muscle evenly balanced and fully developed.

He turned his head over his shoulder to look at Joan Lowrie once again before replying to Grace's remark.

"No, I do not," he said after the second glance; "I am equally dissatisfied myself."

Grace warmed at once. Being all nerve and brain, he was easily moved, especially where his sense of duty was touched.

"That girl," said he, "has worked at the pit's mouth from her childhood; her mother was a pit girl until she died—of hard work, privation and ill treatment. Her father is a collier and lives as most of them do—drinking, rioting, fighting. Their home is such a home as you have seen dozens of since you came here; the girl could not better it if she tried, and would not know how to begin if she felt inclined. She has borne, they tell me, such treatment as would have killed most women. She has been beaten, bruised, felled to the earth by this father of hers, who is said to be a perfect fiend, in his cups. And yet she holds to her place in their wretched hovel, and makes herself a slave to the fellow with a dogged, stubborn determination. What can I do with such a case as that, Derrick?"

"You have tried to make friends with the girl?" said Derrick.

Grace colored sensitively.

"There is not a man, woman or child in the parish," he answered, "with whom I have not conscientiously tried to make friends, and there is scarcely one, I think, with whom I have succeeded. Why can I not succeed? Why do I always fail? The fault must be with myself——"

"A mistake that at the outset," interposed Derrick. "There is no 'fault' in the matter; there is simply misfortune. Your parishioners are so unfortunate as not to be able to understand you, and on your part you are so unfortunate as to fail at first to place yourself on the right footing with them. I say 'at first,' you observe. Give yourself time, Grace, and give them time too."

"Thank you," said the Reverend Paul. "But speaking of this girl—'That lass o' Lowrie's,' as she is always called—Joan I believe her name is. Joan Lowrie is, I can assure you, a weight upon me. I cannot help her, and I cannot rid my mind of her. She stands apart from her fellows. She has most of the faults of her class, but none of their follies; and she has the reputation of being half feared, half revered. The man who dared to approach her with the coarse love-making which is the fashion among them, would rue it to the last day of his life. She seems to defy all the world."

"And it is impossible to win upon her?"

"More than impossible. The first time I went to her with sympathy, I felt myself a child in her hands. She never laughed nor jeered at me as the rest do. She stood before me like a rock, listening until I had finished speaking. 'Parson,' she said, 'if tha'lt leave me alone, I'll leave thee alone,' and then turned about and walked into the house. I am nothing but 'th' parson' to these people, and 'th' parson' is one for whom they have little respect and no sympathy."

He was not far wrong. The stolid heavy-natured colliers openly looked down upon 'th' parson.' A 'bit of a whipper snapper,' even the best-natured called him in sovereign contempt for his insignificant physical proportions. Truly the sensitive little gentleman's lines had not fallen in pleasant places. And this was not all. There was another source of discouragement with which he had to battle in secret, though of this he would have felt it almost dishonor to complain. But Derrick's keen eyes had seen it long ago, and, understanding it well, he sympathized with his friend accordingly. Yet, despite the many rebuffs the curate had met with, he was not conquered by any means. His was not an easily subdued nature, after all. He was very warm on the subject of Joan Lowrie this evening,—so warm, indeed, that the interest the mere sight of the girl had awakened in Derrick's mind was considerably heightened. They were still speaking of her when they stopped before the door of Grace's modest lodgings.

"You will come in, of course?" said Paul.

"Yes," Derrick answered, "for a short

time. I am tired and shall feel all the better for a cup of Mrs. Burnie's tea," pushing the hair restlessly back from his forehead, as he had a habit of doing when a little excited.

He made the small parlor appear smaller than ever, when he entered it. He was obliged to bend his head when he passed through the door, and it was not until he had thrown himself into the largest easy chair, that the trim apartment seemed to regain its countenance.

Grace paused at the table, and with a sudden sensitive flush, took up a letter that lay there among two or three uninteresting-looking epistles.

"It is a note from Miss Anice," he said, coming to the hearth and applying his penknife in a gentle way to the small square envelope.

"Not a letter, Grace?" said Derrick with a half smile.

"A letter! Oh dear, no! She has never written me a letter. They are always notes with some sort of business object. She has very decided views on the subject of miscellaneous letter-writing."

He read the note himself and then handed it to Derrick.

It was a compact, decided hand, free from the least suspicion of an unnecessary curve.

"DEAR MR. GRACE,—

"Many thanks for the book. You are very kind indeed. Pray let us hear something more about your people. I am afraid papa must find them very discouraging, but I cannot help feeling interested. Grandmamma wishes to be remembered to you.

"With more thanks,
"Believe me your friend,
"ANICE BARHOLM."

Derrick refolded the note and handed it back to his friend. To tell the truth, it did not impress him very favorably. A girl not yet twenty years old, who could write such a note as this to a man who loved her, must be rather *too* self-contained and well balanced.

"You have never told me much of this story of yours, Grace," he said.

"There is not much to tell," answered the curate, flushing again of course. "She is the Rector's daughter, and is unlike any other girl in the world. I have known her three years. You remember I wrote to you about meeting her while you were in India. As for the rest, I do not exactly understand myself how it is that I have gone so far, having so—so little encouragement—in fact having had no encouragement at all; but, however that is, it has grown upon me, Derrick,—my feeling for her has grown into my life,—and there it all lies. She has never cared for me. I am quite sure of that, you see. Indeed, I could hardly expect it. It is not her way to care for men as they are likely to care for her, though it will come some day, I suppose—with the coming man," half smiling. "She is simply what she signs herself here, my friend Anice Barholm, and I am thankful for that much. She would not write even that if she did not mean it."

"Bless my soul," broke in Derrick, tossing back his head impatiently; "and she is only nineteen yet, you say?"

"Only nineteen," said the curate, with simple trustfulness in his friend's sympathy, "but different, you know, from any other woman in the world."

The tea and toast came in then, and they sat down together to partake of it. Derrick knew Anice quite well before the meal was ended, and yet he had not asked many questions. He knew how Grace had met her at her father's house—an odd, self-reliant, singularly pretty and youthful-looking little creature, with the force and decision of half a dozen ordinary women hidden in her small frame; how she had seemed to like him; how their intimacy had grown; how his gentle, deep-rooted passion had grown with it; how he had learned to understand that he had nothing to hope for—all the simple history, in fact, with a hundred minor points that floated to the surface as they talked.

"I am a little fearful for the result of her first visit here," said Grace, pushing his cup aside and looking troubled. "I can not bear to think of her being disappointed and disturbed by the half-savage state in which these people live. She knows nothing of the mining districts. She has never been in Lancashire, and they have always lived in the South. She is in Kent now, with Mrs. Barholm's mother. And though I have tried, in my short letters to her, to prepare her for the rough side of life she will be obliged to see, I am afraid it is impossible for her to realize it, and it may be a sort of shock to her when she comes."

"She is coming to Riggan then?" said Derrick.

"In a few weeks. She has been visiting Mrs. Galloway since the Rector gave up his living at Ashley-wolde, and Mrs. Barholm told me to day that she spoke in her last letter of coming to them."

The moon was shining brightly when Derrick stepped out into the street later in the evening, and though the air was somewhat chill it was by no means unpleasant. He had rather a long walk before him. He disliked the smoke and dust of the murky little town, and chose to live on its outskirts; but he was fond of sharp exercise, and regarded the distance between his lodging and the field of his daily labor as an advantage.

"I work off a great deal of superfluous steam between the two places," he said to Grace at the door. "The wind coming across Boggart Brow has a way of scattering and cooling feverish plans and restless fancies, that is good for a man. Half a mile of the Knoll Road is often sufficient to bring morbidness to reason."

To-night by the time he reached the corner that turned him upon the Knoll Road, his mind had wandered upon an old track, but it had been drawn there by a new object,—nothing other than Joan Lowrie, indeed. The impression made upon him by the story of Joan and her outcast life was one not easy to be effaced, because the hardest miseries in the lot of a class in whom he could not fail to be interested, were grouped about an almost dramatic figure. He was struck, too, by a painful sense of incongruity.

"If she had been in this other girl's niche," he said, "if she had lived the life of this Anice ——"

But he did not finish his sentence. Something, not many yards beyond him, caught his eye—a figure seated upon the road-side near a collier's cottage—evidently a pit girl in some trouble, for her head was bowed upon her hands, and there was a dogged sort of misery expressed in her very posture.

"A woman," he said aloud. "What woman, I wonder. This is not the time for any woman to be sitting there alone."

He crossed the road at once, and going to the girl, touched her lightly on her shoulder.

"My lass," he said good-naturedly, "what ails you?"

She raised her head slowly as if she were dizzy and bewildered. Her face was disfigured by a bruise, and on one temple was a cut from which the blood trickled down her cheek; but the moonlight showed him that it was Joan. He removed his hand from her shoulder and drew back a pace.

"You have been hurt!" he exclaimed.

"Aye," she answered deliberately, "I've had a hurt—a bad un."

He did not ask her how she had been hurt. He knew as well as if she had told him, that it had been done in one of her father's fits of drunken passion. He had seen this sort of thing before during his sojourn in the mining districts. But, shamefully repulsive as it had been to him, he had never felt the degradation of it as fiercely as he did now.

"You are Joan Lowrie?" he said.

"Aye, I'm Joan Lowrie, if it 'll do yo' ony good to know."

"You must have something done to that cut upon your temple," he said next.

She put up her hand and wiped the blood away, as if impatient at his persistence.

"It 'll do well enow as it is," she said.

"That is a mistake," he answered. "You are losing more blood than you imagine. Will you let me help you?"

She stirred uneasily.

But he took no notice of the objection. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, after some little effort, managed to stanch the bleeding, and, having done so, bound the wound up. Perhaps something in his sympathetic silence and the quiet consideration of his manner touched Joan. Her face, upturned almost submissively, for the moment seemed tremulous, and she set her lips together. She did not speak until he had finished, and then she rose and stood before him immovable as ever.

"Thank yo'," she said in a suppressed voice, "I canna say no more."

"Never mind that," he answered, "I could have done no less. If you could go home now ——"

"I shall na go whoam to neet," she interrupted him abruptly.

"You cannot remain out of doors!" he exclaimed.

"If I do, it wunnot be th' first toime," meeting his startled glance with a pride which defied him to pity or question her. But his sympathy and interest must have stirred her, for the next minute her manner softened. "I've done it often," she added, "an' nowts nivver feared me. Yo' need na care, Mester, I'm used to it."

"But I cannot go away and leave you here," he said.

"You canna do no other," she answered.

"Have you no friends?" he ventured hesitatingly.

"No, I ha' not," she said, hardening again, and she turned away as if she meant to end the discussion. But he would not leave her. The spirit of determination was as strong in his character as in her own. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, dashing off a few lines upon it, handed it to her. "If you will take that to Thwaites' wife," he said, "there will be no necessity for your remaining out of doors all night."

She took it from him mechanically; but when he finished speaking, her calmness left her. Her hand began to tremble, and then her whole frame, and the next instant the note fell to the ground, and she dropped into her old place again, sobbing passionately and hiding her face on her arms.

"I wunnot tak' it!" she cried, "I wunnot go no wheer an' tell as I'm turned loike a dog into th' street."

Her misery and shame shook her like a tempest. But she subdued herself at last.

"I dunnot see as yo' need care," she protested half resentfully. "Other folk dunnot. I'm left to mysen most o' toimes." Her head fell again and she trembled all over.

"But I do care!" he returned. "I cannot leave you here and will not. If you will trust me and do as I tell you, the people you go to need know nothing you do not choose to tell them."

It was evident that his determination made her falter, and seeing this he followed up his advantage, and so far improved it that at last, after a few more arguments, she rose slowly and picked up the fallen paper.

"If I mun go, I mun," she said, twisting it nervously in her fingers, and then there was a pause, in which she plainly lingered to say something, for she stood before him with a restrained air and downcast face. She broke the silence herself, however, suddenly looking up and fixing her large eyes full upon him.

"If I was a lady," she said, "happen I should know what to say to yo'; but bein' what I am, I dunnot. Happen as yo're a gentleman yo' know what I'd loike to say an canna—happen yo' do."

Even as she spoke, the ever-present element of defiance in her nature struggled against the finer instinct of gratitude; but the finer instinct conquered, and when her eyes fell before his, her whole being softened into a novel dignity of womanliness. He knew, however, even while recognizing this, that words would not please her; so he was as brief as possible in his reply.

"We will not speak of thanks," he said. "I may need help some day, and come to you for it."

Her head went up at once—a sudden glow fell upon her.

"If yo' ivver need help at th' pit will yo' come to me?" she demanded. "I've seen th' toime as I could ha' gi'en help to th' Mesters ef I'd had th' moind. If yo'll promise *that* —— "

"I will promise it," he answered her.

"An' I'll promise to gi' it yo'," eagerly. "So that's settled. Now I'll go my ways. Good neet to yo'."

"Good night," he returned, and uncovering with as grave a courtesy as he might have shown to the finest lady in the land, or to his own mother or sister, he stood at the road-side and watched her until she was out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

"TH' owd lad's been at his tricks again," was the rough comment made on Joan Lowrie's appearance when she came down to her work the next morning; but Joan looked neither right nor left, and went to her place without a word. Not one among them had ever heard her speak of her miseries and wrongs, or had known her to do otherwise than ignore the fact that their existence was well known among her fellow-workers.

When Derrick passed her on his way to his duties, she looked up from her task with a faint, quick color, and replied to his courteous gesture with a curt yet not ungracious nod. It was evident that not even her gratitude would lead her to encourage any advances. But, notwithstanding this, he did not feel repelled or disappointed. He had learned enough of Joan, in their brief interview, to prepare him to expect no other manner from her. He was none the less interested in the girl because he found himself forced to regard her curiously and critically, and at a distance. He watched her as she went about her work, silent, self-contained and solitary.

"That lass o' Lowrie's!" said a superannuated old collier once, in answer to a remark of Derrick's. "Eh! hoo's a rare un, hoo is! Th' fellys is haaf feart on her. Tha' sees hoo's getten a bit o' skoolin. Hoo con read a bit, if tha'll believe it, Mester." with a hint of pardonable pride in the accomplishment.

"Not as th' owd chap ivver did owt fur her i' that road," the speaker went on, nothing loath to gossip with 'one o' th' Mesters.' "He nivver did nowt fur her but spend her wage i' drink. But theer wur a neet skoo' here a few years sen', an' th' lass went her ways wi' a few o' th' steady uns, an' they say as she getten ahead on 'em aw, so as it wur a wonder. Just let her set her moind to do owt an' she'll do it."

"Here," said Derrick to Paul that night, as the engineer leaned back in his easy chair, glowering at the grate and knitting his brows, "Here" he said, "is a creature with the majesty of a Juno—a woman—really nothing but a girl in years—who rules a set of savages by the mere power of a superior will and mind, and yet a woman who works at the mouth of a coal-pit,—who cannot write her own name, and who is beaten by her fiend of a father as if she were a dog. Good Heaven," vehemently. "What is she doing here! What does it all mean?"

The Reverend Paul put up his delicate hand deprecatingly.

"My dear Fergus," he said, "if I dare—if my own life and the lives of others would let me—I think I should be tempted to give it up, as one gives up other puzzles, when one is beaten by them."

Derrick looked at him, forgetting himself in a sudden sympathetic comprehension.

"You have been more than ordinarily discouraged to day," he said. "What is it, Grace."

"Do you know Sammy Craddock," was the rather irrelevant reply.

"'Owd Sammy Craddock'?" said Derrick with a laugh. "Wasn't it 'Owd Sammy,' who was talking to me to-day about Joan Lowrie?"

"I dare say it was," sighing. "And if you know Sammy Craddock, you know one of the principal causes of my discouragement. I went to see him this afternoon, and I have not quite—quite got over it, in fact."

Derrick's interest in his friend's trials was stirred as usual at the first signal of distress. It was the part of his stronger and more evenly balanced nature to be constantly ready with generous sympathy and comfort.

"It has struck me, somehow or other," he said, "that Craddock is one of the institutions of Riggan. I should like to hear something definite concerning him. Why is he your principal cause of discouragement, in the first place?"

"Because he is the man of all others whom it is hard for me to deal with,—because he is the shrewdest, the most irreverent and the most disputatious old fellow in Riggan. And yet, in the face of all this, because he is so often right, that I am forced into a sort of respect for him."

"Right!" repeated Derrick, raising his reflective eyebrows. "That's bad."

Grace rose from the chair, flushing up to the roots of his hair,—

"Right!" he reiterated. "Yes, *right* I say. And how, I ask you, can a man battle against the faintest element of right and truth, even when it will and *must* arraign itself on the side of wrong. If I could shut my eyes to the right, and see only the wrong, I might leave myself at least a blind content, but I can not—I can not. If I could look upon these things as Barholm does ——" But here he stopped, suddenly checking himself.

"Thank God you can not," put in Derrick quietly.

For a few minutes the Reverend Paul paced the room in silence.

"Among the men who were once his fellow-workers, Craddock is an oracle," he went on. "His influence is not unlike Joan Lowrie's. It is the influence of a strong mind over weaker ones. His sharp sarcastic speeches are proverbs among the Rigganites; he amuses them and can make them listen to him. When he holds up 'Th' owd parson' to their ridicule, he sweeps all before him. He can undo in an hour what I have struggled a year to accomplish. He was a collier himself until he became superannuated, and he knows their natures, you see."

"What has he to say about Barholm?" asked Derrick—without looking at his friend, however.

"Oh!" he protested, "that is the worst side of it—that is miserable—that is wretched! I may as well speak openly. Barholm is his strong card, and that is what baffles me. He scans Barholm with the eye of an eagle, and does not spare a single weakness. He studies him—he knows his favorite phrases and gestures by heart, and has used them until there is not a Riggan collier who does not recognize them when they are presented to him, and applaud them as an audience might applaud the staple joke of a popular actor."

Explained even thus far, the case looked difficult enough; but Derrick felt no wonder at his friend's discouragement when he had heard his story to the end, and understood it fully.

The living at Riggan had never been fortunate, or happily managed. It had been presented to men who did not understand the people under their charge, and to men whom the people failed to understand; but possibly it had never before fallen into the hands of a man who was so little qualified to govern Rigganites, as was the present rector, the Reverend Harold

Barholm. A man who has mistaken his vocation, and who has become ever so faintly conscious of his blunder, may be a stumbling-block in another's path; but restrained as he will be by his secret pangs of conscience, he can scarcely be an active obstructionist. But a man who, having mistaken the field of his life's labor, yet remains amiably self-satisfied, and unconscious of his unfitness, may do more harm in his serene ignorance than he might have done good if he had chosen his proper sphere. Such a man as the last was the Reverend Harold. A good-natured, broad-shouldered, tactless, self-sufficient person, he had taken up his work with a complacent feeling that no field of labor could fail to be benefited by his patronage; he was content now as always. He had been content with himself and his intellectual progress at Oxford; he had been content with his first parish at Ashley-wolde; he had been content then with the gentle-natured, soft-spoken Kentish men and women; he had never feared finding himself unequal to the guidance of their souls, and he was not at all troubled by the prospect Riggan presented to him.

"It is a different sort of thing," he said to his curate, in the best of spirits, "and new to us—new of course; but we shall get over that—we shall get over that easily enough, Grace."

So with not a shadow of a doubt as to his speedy success, and with a comfortable confidence in ecclesiastical power, in whomsoever vested, he called upon his parishioners one after the other. He appeared at their cottages at all hours, and gave the same greeting to each of them. He was their new rector, and having come to Riggan with the intention of doing them good, and improving their moral condition, he intended to do them good, and improve them, in spite of themselves. They must come to church: it was their business to come to church, as it was his business to preach the gospel. All this implied, in half an hour's half-friendly, half-ecclesiastical conversation, garnished with a few favorite texts and theological platitudes, and the man felt that he had done his duty, and done it well.

Only one man nonplussed him, and even this man's effect upon him was temporary, only lasting as long as his call. He had been met with a dogged resentment in the majority of his visits, but when he encountered 'Owd Sammy Craddock' he encountered a different sort of opposition.

"Aye," said Owd Sammy, "an' so tha'rt th' new rector, art ta? I thowt as mich as another ud spring up as soon as th' owd un wur cut down. Tha parsens is a nettle as dunnot soon dee out. Well, I'll leave thee to th' owd lass here. Hoo's a rare un fur gab when hoo' taks th' notion, an' I'm noan so mich i' th' humor t' argufy mysen today." And he took his pipe from the mantel-piece and strolled out with the cool indifference of a man who was not to be influenced by prejudices.

But this was not the last of the matter. The Rector went again and again, cheerfully persisting in bringing the old sinner to a proper sense of his iniquities. There would be some triumph in converting such a veteran as Sammy Craddock, and he was confident of winning this laurel for himself. But the result was scarcely what he had expected. Owd Sammy stood his ground like a stubborn ne'er-do-weel as he was. The fear of man was not before his eyes, and 'parsens' were his favorite game. He was as contumacious and profane as such men are apt to be, and he delighted in scattering his clerical antagonists as a task worthy of his mettle. He encountered the Reverend Harold with positive glee. He flung bold arguments at him, and bolder sarcasms. He jeered at him in public, and sneered at him in private, and held him up to the mockery of the collier men and lads, with the dramatic mimicry which made him so popular a character. As Derrick had said, Sammy Craddock was a Riggan institution. In his youth, his fellows had feared his strength; in his old age they feared his wit. "Let Owd Sammy tackle him," they said, when a new-comer was disputatious, and hard to manage; "Owd Sammy's th' one to gi' him one fur his nob. Owd Sammy'll fettle him—graidely." And the fact was that Craddock's cantankerous sharpness of brain and tongue were usually efficacious. So he "tackled" Barholm, and so he "tackled" the curate. But, for some reason, he was never actually bitter against Grace. He spoke of him lightly, and rather sneered at his physical insignificance; but he did not hold him up to public ridicule.

"I hav' not quite settled i' my moind about th' little chap," he would say sententiously to his admirers. "He's noan siccan a foo' as th' owd un, for he's a graidely foo, *he* is, and no mistake. At any rate a little foo' is better nor a big un."

And there the matter stood. Against

these tremendous odds Grace fought—against coarse and perverted natures,—worse than all, against the power that should have been ranged upon his side. And added to these discouragements, were the obstacles of physical delicacy, and an almost morbid conscientiousness. A man of coarser fiber might have borne the burden better—or at least with less pain to himself.

"A drop or so of Barholm's blood in Grace's veins," said Derrick, communing with himself on the Knoll Road after their interview—"a few drops of Barholm's rich, comfortable, stupid blood in Grace's veins would not harm him. And yet it would have to be but a few drops indeed," hastily. "On the whole I think it would be better if he had more blood of his own."

The following day Anice Barholm came. Business had taken Derrick to the station in the morning, and being delayed, he was standing upon the platform when one of the London trains came in. There were generally so few passengers on such trains who were likely to stop at Riggan, that the few who did so were of some interest to the bystanders. Accordingly he stood gazing, in rather a preoccupied fashion, at the carriages, when the door of a first-class compartment opened, and a girl stepped out upon the platform near him. Before seeing her face one might have imagined her to be a child of scarcely more than fourteen or fifteen. This was Derrick's first impression; but when she turned toward him he saw at once that it was not a child. And yet it was a small face, and a singular youthful and lovely one, with its delicate oval features, its smooth, clear skin, and the stray locks of hazel-brown hair that fell over the low forehead. She had evidently made a journey of some length, for she was encumbered with traveling wraps, and in her hands she held a little flower-pot containing a cluster of early blue violets,—such violets as would not bloom as far north as Riggan, for weeks to come. She stood upon the platform for a moment or so, glancing up and down as if in search of some one, and then, plainly deciding that the object of her quest had not arrived, she looked at Derrick in a business-like, questioning way. She was going to speak to him. The next minute she stepped forward without a shadow of girlish hesitation.

"May I trouble you to tell me where I can find a conveyance of some sort," she said. "I want to go to the Rectory."

Derrick uncovered, recognizing his friend's picture at once.

"I think," he said with far more hesitancy than she had herself shown, "that this must be Miss Barholm."

"Yes," she answered, "Anice Barholm. I think," she said, "from what Mr. Grace has said to me, that you must be his friend."

"I am *one* of Grace's friends," he answered, "Fergus Derrick."

She managed to free one of her small hands, and held it out to him.

She had arrived earlier than had been expected, it turned out, and through some mysterious chance or other, her letters to her friends had not preceded her, so there was no carriage in waiting, and but for Derrick she would have been thrown entirely upon her own resources. But after their mutual introduction the two were friends at once, and before he had put her into the cab, Derrick had begun to understand what it was that led the Reverend Paul to think her an exceptional girl. She knew where her trunks were, and was quite definite upon the subject of what must be done with them. Though pretty and frail-looking enough, there was not a suggestion of helplessness about her. When she was safely seated in the cab, she spoke to Derrick through the open window.

"If you will come to the Rectory to-night, and let papa thank you," she said "we shall all be very glad. Mr. Grace will be there you know, and I have a great many questions to ask which I think you must be able to answer."

Derrick went back to his work, thinking about Miss Barholm, of course. She was different from other girls, he felt, not only in her fragile frame and delicate face, but with another more subtle and less easily defined difference. There was a suggestion of the development in a child of the soul of a woman.

Going down to the mine, Derrick found on approaching it that there was some commotion among the workers at the pit's mouth, and before he turned in to his office he paused upon the threshold for a few minutes to see what it meant. But it was not a disturbance with which it was easy for an outsider to interfere. A knot of women drawn away from their work by some prevailing excitement, were gathered together around a girl—a pretty but pale and haggard creature, with a helpless despairing face—who stood at bay in their midst, clasping a child to her bosom—a target for all eyes. It was a wretched sight, and told its own story.

"Wheer ha' yo' been, Liz?" Derrick heard two or three voices exclaim at once. "What did yo' coom back for? This is what thy handsome face has browt thee to, is it?"

And then the girl, white, wild-eyed and breathless with excitement and shame, turned on them, panting, bursting into passionate tears.

"Let me a-be!" she cried, sobbing. "There's none of yo' need to talk. Let me a-be! I did na coom back to ax nowt fro' none on you! Eh Joan! Joan Lowrie!"

Derrick turned to ascertain the meaning of this cry of appeal, but almost before he had time to do so, Joan herself had borne down upon the group; she had pushed her way through it, and was standing in the center, confronting the girl's tormentors in a flame of wrath, and Liz was clinging to her.

"What ha' they been sayin' to yo', lass?" she demanded. "Eh! but yo're a brave lot, yo' are—women yo' ca' yo'rsens!—badgerin' a slip o' a wench loike this."

"I did na coom back to ax nowt fro' noan o' them," sobbed the girl. "I'd rayther dee ony day nor do it! I'd rayther starve i' th' ditch—an' its comin' to that."

"Here," said Joan, "gi' me th' choild."

She bent down and took it from her, and then stood up before them all, holding it high in her strong arms—so superb, so statuesque, and yet so womanly a figure, that a thrill shot through the heart of the man watching her.

"Lasses," she cried, her voice fairly ringing, "do yo' see this? A bit o' a helpless thing as canna answer back yo're jeers! Aye! look at it well, aw on yo'. Some on yo's getten th' loike at whoam. An' when yo' looked at th' choild, look at th' mother! Seventeen year owd, Liz is, an' th' world's gone wrong wi' her. I wunnot say as th' world's gone ower reet wi' ony on us; but them on us as has had th' strength to howd up agen it, need na set our foot on them as has gone down. Happen theer's na so much to choose betwixt us after aw. But I've gotten this to tell yo'—them as has owt to say o' Liz, mun say it to Joan Lowrie!"

Rough, and coarsely pitiless as the majority of them were, she had touched the right chord. Perhaps the bit of the dramatic in her upholding of the child, and championship of the mother, had as much to do with the success of her half-commanding appeal as anything else. But at least, the most hardened of them faltered before her daring, scornful words, and the fire in her face. Liz would be safe enough from them henceforth, it was plain.

That evening while arranging his papers before going home, Derrick was called from his work by a summons at the office door, and going to open it, he found Joan Lowrie standing there, looking half abashed, half determined.

"I ha' summat to ax yo'," she said briefly, declining his invitation to enter and be seated.

"If there is anything I can do for—" began Derrick.

"It is na mysen," she interrupted him. "There is a poor lass as I'm fain to help, if I could do it, but I ha' not th' power. I dunnot know of any one as has, except yo'rsen an' th' parson, an' I know more o' yo' than I do o' th' parson, so I thowt I'd ax yo' to speak to him about th' poor wench, an' ax him if he could get her a bit o' work as ud help to keep her honest."

Derrick looked at her handsome face gravely, curiously.

"I saw you defend this girl against some of her old companions, a few hours ago, I believe," he said.

She colored high, but did not return his glance.

"I dunnot believe in harryin' women down th' hill," she said, "I'm a woman mysen."

And then, suddenly she raised her eyes.

"Th' little un is a little lass," she said, "an' I canna bide th' thowt o' what moight fa' on her if her mother's life is na an honest un—I canna bide the thowt on it."

"I will see my friend to-night," said Derrick, "and I will speak to him. Where can he find the girl?"

"Wi' me," she answered. "I'm taken both on 'em whoam wi' me."

(To be continued.)

A NEIGHBORLY CALL.

When we were all young and lived at home in the country—in the green, flower-bestrown, ever-changing, sunshiny country, vital with myriad forms of life, musical with incessant buzz, and chirp, and whir, and song, thick-thronged with childhood's important and imperious business—sometimes the hens would fly out of their coops untimely into the flower-beds or the kitchen-garden, because a careless hand had left the slide-door open; or the pigs would crowd out of a too fragile pen and root in among the beets, and strawberries, and sweet corn. And when the "hired man" had rushed to the rescue, armed with hoe, rake, pitchfork, or any improvised instrument of war whatever, and had scattered the scared hens, fluttering frantic with divided minds, squawking wild terror, in every direction but the right one: and the pigs, slowly startled, had first grunted remonstrance, and then, hard pressed, had torn across the careful borders with unexpected, ungraceful and destructive agility, beyond reach of hoe or pitchfork—then it was that Achilles, with the dew of battle on his martial brow and the grip of fate in his tense, muscular fingers, gave one vain, final lunge with his domestic broadside, and muttered, under breath:

"Go—to—*Hal*ifax!"

Such was our first introduction to the little smoky, provincial city of the sea, and it was not, perhaps, till we came to man's estate that we began to mistrust these childish associations and suspect that our wayward younger brethren of the garden-walks were not recommended to Halifax as a benevolent city of refuge for fugitives from justice; but, that the saving virtue of its last two syllables is what commends it to the tongues of muscular and angry young Christians.

If you would see Nova Scotia aright, go visit it by the pale moonlight of early November. The summers of Northern New England are so long that their sweetness rather cloys on the senses, and it is a relief to escape from the heats of the middle-autumn into the tempered warmth of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Then the scenery between Bangor and Bedford Basin is remarkably varied and picturesque; and when all the evergreens are glittering with November dew, and the warm, spicy breath of November gales has swept over the fields, or the blessings of Heaven are descending in a six days' rain,—a comfortable Pullman car, pleasant company and an absorbing novel, make the journey one of unique interest. There is certainly no form of dead pine or wilted hackmatack, or sodden field or spongy road, that can ever be unfamiliar to the eyes of him who has journeyed to Halifax in that Dead Sea of the seasons, the placid if insipid November.

So then, if you are of a scientific turn, and devoured with desire to know whether the waves in the Bay of Fundy do run mountain-high, whether the hungry tides do rush up from the sea to swallow the swine feeding on shell-fish along the shore, and, worse still, whether even the friendly rivers turn themselves into immense bores and plunge insanely inland to engulf the unwary cattle feeding tranquilly on the rich meadow-grass—there is no surer way than to go down yourself to the Bay of Fundy and take an observation.

My opinion, founded on careful research, may be best expressed in the fine feminine formula regarding the proportion of unhappy marriages: "there are more that are that ain't than ain't that are."

The devotees of science appear often to suppose that when they have rode, lance in rest, against some popular opinion, they have not only demolished the opinion, but the fact on which it was based; and have thereby approved themselves good soldiers of science. They seem not to have considered that popular opinion is itself a fact, and to be accounted for. If the tides in the Bay of Fundy are not mountain-high and arid feeders upon ambushed flocks, how came they to have such a reputation? No one ever accused Wenham Pond of charging upon Beverly Shore.

There come in also the necessities of the case. Here is a long, deep, narrow gully, hollowed in between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with all the sea behind it, sinking and swelling under the influence of sun, and moon, and star. When that sea is lashed into storm and stress, there is nothing for it to do but push into the Bay of Fundy, raging up its gorges, choking against every rocky bank too high for overflow, foaming up the rivers and submerging every level low enough to afford relief. Given a deep cut with the ocean outside, and the tides that cannot spread must rise. Notwithstanding then, the philosophical attempts of those who would reduce every wonder of the world to a commonplace stature, it remains that the tides in the Bay of Fundy ought to rise. If they are but ordinary city "swells," it shows a failure on their part to "sense" the situation.

But you are not reduced to abstract reasoning. There are the floating docks of St. John, letting you up and down like the locks of a canal. Standing on the deck of your majestic ferry-boat at low water, you gaze far up into the sky, and see exactly where you will ascend to the stars when the tide comes in. High and mighty on the mud droop the stately ships, helpless, bedraggled, degraded, that will ride the waves triumphantly as soon as the waves wash up. Nay, have not these eyes seen on the Petticodiac—the river of the great bore—the first act in the tragedy, the grazing cattle? And all along the banks may be witnessed the overflowings of the waters—ditches, and dikes, and mud. And all along the Bay stretch the fertile Tantramar meadows—celebrated by Sam Slick as the place where the Sackville farmers run ten miles to catch a horse to ride two to market or to meeting. But let them laugh who won Tantramar meadows from the sea two hundred years ago—thrifty Frenchmen, whose successors, not always, alas! their descendants, have reaped rich harvests ever since. For these grateful fields, from their own unaided richness, give to the farmers their three tons of hay to the acre—their thank-offering for being wrested from the deep. But I cannot think Longfellow was as good at diking as at hexameters when he put flood-gates into these dikes, opened them at stated seasons, and "welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows." I cannot find that there is any season when the flax-fields, and corn-fields, and orchards, would welcome an incursion from the salt sea. The Nile, I believe, is in great demand as a fertilizer; but, as at present advised, all that the simple Acadian farmers want of the Bay of Fundy is, that it should keep hands off.

Riding over the tortuous back of the Costigan Mountain, you gaze across the valley below and through the rifts in the woods, and, perhaps, over the woods creeping between, if, perhaps, you may catch a glimpse of the Northumberland Strait and Prince Edward Island, and so bring yourself at once into direct communication with an open Polar Sea. For, in New Brunswick, in late October, one seems not so very far off from any Arctic locality, and your search is rewarded; for there, in spite of the oldest inhabitant, who affirms that the high land along shore hides the whole coast from view, and in spite of the gloomiest traveler who declares that the clouds will prevent any sight at all—there, lifted high up against the sky, cold and wide and steely blue, stretches the long line of Northumberland Strait, unmistakable as the sun in the sky; and there, moreover, is the coast plainly to be discerned,—"Wallace Harbor," "Fox Harbor," and Oak Island. The gloomy traveler is utterly brought to shame, and the oldest inhabitant, routed from his stronghold, is reduced to explaining that we have seen what no others have ever seen—a mirage—by which, through the cloudy, misty state of the atmosphere, the whole gulf coast was lifted up for our inspection!

Bedford Basin, just outside—or inside—of Halifax, where the Province can hold a whole fleet in its pocket, is a signal proof of Nature's intention that man should be a fighting animal. A sheet of water connected by a narrow opening with the outside ocean, gives not only a delightful summer resort on its shores to the citizens of the city, but sporting ground for the largest ships. The shore, moreover, is so steep that all the water surface is available; and the great "Bellerophon," bearing a whole village population within its ample walls, comes sailing stately in, and winds and turns through all its swift, graceful, dignified evolutions, obeying the master's hand as promptly as the smallest sea-nymph of them all. Here is harbor enough for any fleet that England may choose to send for our menace and overthrow. And since they do say that we have in all our yards no such man-of-war as this "Bellerophon" of theirs—and since mine own eyes have marked well its guns and men, and seen how stanch are its oaken ribs and iron sides, how splendid its array of burnished brass and glittering steel, how formidable its piles of balls, and shot, and shell, and how imminent the necessity of retrenchment and economy in our own army and navy—why—let us have peace!

It is ever assumed in our political, and especially in our international discussions, that we are, by reason of our isolated position, exempt from the dangers that threaten European nations. Austria, and France, and Russia, and England, must hold well the balance of power, since, whatever foe menaces is at his gates. But we, afar off from any nation, have only to mind our own business, assured that Europe and Africa will not sail over the Atlantic waters to trouble themselves about the condition of our navy or the caliber of our guns.

Arrogant assumption! as if we were the people, and wisdom on this continent shall die with us! While close at hand, within easy reach by rail, and telegraph, and express—so near, in fact, that if you are unexpectedly invited to dinner, you can send home to the republic for your veteran swallow-tail, that hero of a hundred tea-fights—lies a regularly constructed nation, a foreign power in all its parts, a kingdom with thrones and dominions, principalities and provinces, a government in fact, with ample machinery in good working order. We thought we were playing at this little game alone, and lo! yonder they are going through all the motions with every appearance of earnestness, and every attendance of cost. They have a Cabinet and a Council, an Administration party, and an Opposition party. They have a Minister of Marine and a Minister of Finance, and a Fisheries Commissioner and a Canal Commissioner, and no doubt a Canal Ring and a Whisky Ring, and all the other rings that pertain to popular government; and they have violently partisan newspapers that lash themselves up to a fury on what appear to be questions involving no moral point. To one class, the Premier is not only the first Minister of the Crown in Canada, but its chief adviser,—leader of the House of Commons, the foremost representative of Canadian nationality, a singularly able administrator, an honest man of the Hugh Miller stamp, a statesman and a gentleman, whom the Dominion delights to honor, and, honoring whom, she honors herself! And, across the way, the other newspaper denounces him as a canny Scotchman, shrewd enough to know on which side his bread is buttered, a low-born plotter who can never rise above his original grade, an arrogant, tyrannical, haughty ruler, who is not careful to speak you courteously, a greedy and dishonest trickster, caring only to line his pockets with gold, and to fatten on the spoils of office. Even you, yourself, raised into distinguished guests by one organ, shrink into third-rate Americans in the other. It is all as natural as life, and you involuntarily turn to the first page to see if you have not by some mistake fastened upon a copy of the "Jamestown Herald," or the "Smithville Times." Such Spartan virtue on the one side, such high-handed fraud on the other, you have hitherto imagined to characterize only the officers of this wretched republic.

But we need not feel alarmed at the proximity of this foreign nation. It is true that there are seeds of discord, but they seem to have borne no fruit, though they were planted now nearly a hundred years ago. When we had the little unpleasantness with England, and when—God bless her!—we whipped her soundly and sent her about her business for a generation or so, the good people who wished to be only a new England, found the new United States a rather uncomfortable place of abode, and they went by scores and by hundreds, and settled in New Brunswick. One could pardon them if a little hatred, envy, malice and all uncharitableness lurked in their breasts,—they, although just men, not having been yet made perfect. It is bad enough to fight with a man to prevent his having his own way, and be beaten and see him getting it. But it is far worse to see him thriving on it! Nevertheless, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia seem to be a friendly people, and they showed their friendliness unto death. "Large numbers of men," says the Doctor, who has the blood of our greatest statesmen in his veins, and the history, topography, geology, and sociology of the Dominion at his finger-tips, "large numbers of men from Cumberland County, and many thousands from the Provinces fought in the Northern Army during the late Rebellion." And fighting among these Provincials is no child's play. It is a stalwart and sturdy race that stems the tides in the Bay of Fundy, and breasts the sea among the treacherous rocks of Halifax and along the stormy shore of Northumberland Strait.

Twenty and more years ago the little community on Prince Edward Island fought its little fight between Protestant and Catholic, and summarily settled the question over which we are still waging a war of words. Two members were to be elected in Belfast to the Island Parliament. The Protestants, say contemporary history and local tradition, offered to compound on one member if the Catholics would be content also to elect one in peace. To this the Catholics, strong in superior numbers, would not consent, but determined to carry the election of both men, by fists and feet if necessary. To avoid bloodshed, the priest agreed with the clergyman of the Scotch Kirk to request the people from the pulpit, not to carry any weapons to the polls on the morning of the election. Both sides listened to the voice of spiritual authority, and both obeyed; but all the same the Catholics gave out word that they would kill any man who should dare vote on the Protestant side. The managers were on the ground early, and obedient to the church, came without weapons; but they had taken the precaution to send their shillalahs in advance, and pile them up in the bushes near the polls. A Scotch farmer, MacGrath by name, having to go to the woods to work, went early to the poll to vote, and was met by the announcement that if he did so they would beat his brains out. But with the commands and promises of Kirk and priest in memory he could not believe this was anything but idle threat. Perhaps, if he had believed it, his sturdy Scotch pride and pluck would have made him vote just the same; but vote he did and in fifteen minutes his blood crimsoned the snow. His lifeless remains were borne to the house of the Kirk minister, whose young son mounted his horse, and rode in horror-stricken haste to meet the Protestant men coming from other parts of the district. These men had left their farms and their fisher-nets, unarmed, according to agreement; but they had not left brawn and brain behind. They quickly provided themselves with beveled, pointed sticks, which in the hands of such men might be as fatal as the old Scotch "claymore," and marched down, silently, swiftly, savagely, upon the puny Irish,—a race of giants. About five hundred Irish were gathered about the polls, while the Scotch counted scarcely half that number; but then might have been fulfilled that which is written, "How should one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." The sight of MacGrath's blood roused their wrath to flame, and in fifteen minutes the astonished and dismayed Irish fled precipitately, leaving seventy of their number dead or wounded on the battle-field! Seven brothers, sons of one mother, the youngest of them six feet seven, were in the fight, and their driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for they drave furiously through the demoralized crowd. Douglas, the oldest of the seven, was nearly scalped. A well-directed blow laid open his head, and the skin hung down over his eye; but not for that did he cease to wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon about the skulls of these Philistines. "I could fight the rascals wi' one eye," he said demurely, when questioned afterward about the day's doings.

"Och! sure then!" said an old Irishman, recounting the scene with as much frankness and zest as if he had not been on the losing side, "and it was an awfu' sight intirely. Do ye' see that forest beyant?" pointing to about ten acres of young Rock Maples. "If ye had seen them Belfast Scotch a-comin' down the hill. They looked for all the world like that,—every one of 'em wid two sticks. Man alive, it was the greatest wonder in the world that we wasn't all killed dead intirely altogether," and the old so'dier grew young again in the vivid glow of that remembered terror.

One poor fellow was done to death by his own rash, headstrong mother. She saw him preparing for his peaceful work as usual and arrested him with lowering brows—

"Is it not going ye are?"

"Sure, an' it's not wanting me they'll be. An' more than that, I have no business there. Sure isn't it out of our district?"

"Sure, then, I'll dishown yer for iver as an Irishman and a son of your mother if ye doesn't be afther takin' yer place among yer counthrymen and fighting for yer religion."

The poor lad went, heavy-hearted, to the bloody field. A blow from one of the Scotch heroes stretched him, almost headless, upon the ground, and thus he was borne back to his mother, not "dishowned." The exact number of the killed was never known. Not a Protestant fell, save the first, MacGrath, whose death was so amply avenged. But the work was done for a generation at least. The two Protestant members were elected by acclamation ten days after the fight.

Standing on the wind-blown citadel of Halifax, looking seaward, or gazing from the low drive-way along her rocky shores, nothing of the past or the present touches us with such vital human force as that hazy spot on the distant coast, near which, three years ago, the good ship "Atlantic," beset by no storm, betrayed by no leak, was flung by a ruthless captain upon the fatal rocks for doom and death. Close to land, almost within sight of home, on a still and star-lit night, they perished by a wanton fate. But wide as the story of their cruel wreck, and the guilt of those who caused it, rang also the tale of daring, the heroic helpfulness of men who ventured life to safe life. Local tradition has rescued some feats of unselfish bravery which escaped the more public record. We all know how nobly and how successfully the Rev. Mr. Ancient fought for the lives of the imperiled throng; how he climbed along the tilted deck, instructing, encouraging, assisting. We know how Quarter-master Speakman swam from the laboring ship through the raging surf to the Golden Rule rock with a line, by the aid of which over two hundred men passed through the weltering waters, and gained the temporary safety of the rock. Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the nerve, the manhood, the humanity, the wisdom of these stirring deeds; but we remember that Quarter-master Speakman in swimming to the rock was making his own way to the shore. The Rev. Mr. Ancient had a good boat under him, manned by a first-class crew, and himself fortified by past experience as a sailor.

Their action was splendid; but more splendid, more dauntless it seems to me was that of Quarter-master Thomas. He had foreseen and vainly tried to avert the disaster. "The ship ought to stand to the south-west," he had said to his superior officer, and had been repulsed as meddling with what did not concern him. "We shall not feel the land till we strike it," he had muttered despairingly. But when the fatal hour came, none was so brave as he. Standing on the broken bow of the steamer, Speakman said to Thomas, "You try and gain the shore and I will try for the rock."

Thomas sprang in, but soon returned, saying, "No man can live in such a surf."

"You can but drown," said Speakman truly, "try it again." And the resolute man, fully alive to the peril, did try it again, and made his way through the angry waters safe to the shore, nearly a hundred yards away. There, Edmund Clancy and his brother Michael, awakened by the escape of steam from the shattered ship, were hurrying to the wreck, and at their garden gate met Thomas, benumbed by his long struggle in the water, and by his hard labor through the cold and the snow on shore, and almost exhausted. They returned with him to the house, gave him a cap, a pair of socks and boots, and as soon as he had recovered, he took about sixty fathoms of line, seven-eighths rope, and went down again to the shore. Meanwhile Quarter-master Speakman had swum out with his line from the steamer to the Golden Rule Rock, which was much nearer to the steamer than to the shore. By this line a passenger followed, and third officer Brady was the third man to reach the Rock. When Quarter-master Thomas reached the shore with the Clancys, four men had gained it from the wreck, encouraged by his safe arrival, and a large number were on the Golden Rule Rock aided by Speakman's line. When Thomas saw these people crowded on the little Rock, with no means of reaching the Island, he exclaimed,

"Some one must take them a line or most of them will be washed off."

"No man can take out a line in such a surf," cried Clancy, who thought him crazed by the sudden strain on strength and life.

"I shipped to do my duty to my officers, my ship-mates, and the passengers," said the sailor simply, "and in God's name I will take it out, or drown in doing it."

Then, being himself safe on shore and out of danger, he took the bight of the rope in his mouth, ran down the rock, plunged into the awful breakers, and succeeded in reaching the rock. He then secured his line, swam back again, and fastened the rope to a stake which he had driven into a crack of the rocks. Then back and forth through this Hell Gate of the sea, back and forth from four o'clock till seven, three endless hours, he went and came, helping the chilled and terrified passengers, helping to save over fifty men, many of whom must have perished in unaided effort, or have been forced into the sea from the rock by others crowding up from the ship before any assistance came from the mainland. Then, strength failed him. As he neared the shore, he threw up his arms, and they thought him lost, but a friendly wave cast him, more dead than alive, high up on the beach; he was taken to the house, warmed and restored, and went back to England with life enough left to jump overboard from his ship, just as she was entering the Mersey, and save the life of an unknown person who had fallen from a passing boat!

Stronger than iron-bound ships or bastioned citadels, is England in such hearts as these.

And yet, unawed by peril, and uninspired by heroism, there were not wanting in that supreme hour dastards of the riotous crew who not only gave no heed to the living, but who rifled the dead, and who did not flinch afterward, from attempts to deprive this brave man of the credit which was his least due.

A late statement of the case, by the Clancys and other eye-witnesses, was forwarded to the British Royal Humane Society, which decreed a silver clasp to the medal already awarded Thomas, and three pounds sterling!

Inscrutable are the ways of royalty. The silver clasp may have been, and doubtless was—as a symbol solely—a sufficient and priceless reward, but it is difficult for the republican mind to see anything but absurdity in the three pounds sterling. A sadder story of a more fatal blunder on the part of the Government was told me by one whose own family was smitten to the dust by the sudden shock. Two brothers and a brother-in-law built and owned a vessel which they sailed as a trader to Newfoundland and Bermuda from Prince Edward Island. In the autumn of 1870 they had made a very successful voyage, and were thereby induced, against their usual custom, to return again to Boon Bay. The night they sailed, the fond old mother sat by her son, her Benjamin, holding his head in her lap; and as she passed her fingers back and forth through his black locks lovingly, she could not help sighing,

"Oh! my son, I am so troubled at the thought of your leaving so late in the season for a voyage on such a stormy coast."

"Never mind, mother," said the young man cheerily, "we know every inch of our tight little craft, and with a good light on the East Point, we have nothing to fear."

So they started out on their perilous journey,—

> "For men must work and women must weep,
> Though the harbor bar be moaning,"

and their good ship did not betray their trust, nor belie their word, but bore them safely to their destined haven. But the good light of East Point failed them. For some mere political reason, the Government had dismissed the light-house keeper, the dismissal to take effect on the fifth of January. The keeper left as soon as his time was up, and no one having been appointed to fill the position, the light went out. On the ninth of January, eighteen seventy-one, the ship came sailing merrily across the stormy waters, watching warily for the light that had gone out four days before. Just where that light should have been,—the light that should guide them safely home, to father and mother and wife and child, only thirty miles away,—they met their doom. The unhappy vessel dashed in the darkness straight upon East Point rock, straight into the jaws of death. One lifeless body was washed ashore and half buried in the sand. The captain's coat was found with the buttons wrenched off, showing that he had torn off his coat and struck out manfully for life through the hopeless waters. Of all the rest, friend and brother, captain and crew, the sea would not give up its dead. The vessel shattered itself against the rocks, then drifted dismantled and helpless over the waters to Broad Cove, Cape Breton, where its floating fragments told the sad story of its midnight doom. And for all the household wreck,—ruined fortunes, broken hearts, parents bereaved, three happy wives widowed, one wholly crazed with grief, and ten children orphaned in one family, by the direct act of Government,—that Government gave not one penny for their support or relief.

But let me not impugn royalty, for the Provinces are loyal to their sovereign. King streets, and Queen streets, and Prince streets abound, and everywhere the sign of the crown over lintel and door-post indicates a living faith in monarchical institutions. Otherwise the casual observer might say that the social fabric here lacketh somewhat the fire and fiber which distinguish the adjacent republic. You cross the puny little St. Croix falling forlornly through a desolate region of pines and rocks and barren wilderness, and travel through a tract of wide and no doubt fertile fields, but dotted with villages that look few and feeble, to Halifax itself,—dingy, smoke-stained, but hospitable and courteous,—suffering as its own citizens somewhat profanely allege, from a too close worship of rum, fish, and molasses. And always the country seems to speak of a past and not of a future. Halifax is gay with her red-coated garrison, and, as everywhere else, epaulets carry the day over the homely, slighted shepherds' trade; but her hostelries are quaint and old-fashioned like the inns of a New England village, stranded on the highways by the receding tide of stage-coach travel, and preserving for to-day the ways and traditions of a vanished yesterday. The church in which we worship is a prerevolutionistic relic brought down from Boston, before Boston had become rebellious, and restored by a later generation, to be preserved for the reverence of its successor. I should not like to see this changed. I should be sorry to see King street and Queen street masquerading as Washington street and Madison avenue. I should regret to see the Regent's Inn discrowned of its tarnished golden crown, and resplendent with modern lettering of the most dazzling gilt. It would be a thousand pities, and a serious check to our own enterprise, to have no place on the North American Continent where New York kid gloves could be sent to be resold to peripatetic New York citizens, as smuggleable Parisian goods, and where the sea-fearing American citizen might be able to gratify, in ever so slight yet expensive a manner, his innate love of stolen sweets, and so enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

But whatever may be thought of continental annexation, this question at least is settled: the prejudice largely derived from the Briton, and largely adopted by the American, against hasty way-side eating, is utterly unfounded. Leisurely meals are pleasant but they are not essential. Breakfasting rather early, and therefore rather slightly, at your hotel, you are ravenously hungry by the time the train stops for dinner. The railroad dinners are not bad. They are not exquisitely dainty, but they are not bad. You take your place at table and begin to eat. You wait for nothing, but eat right and left. You give your orders for beef and vegetables, and what other succulents heaven may have in store, but you eat all the time, not stealthily, but boldly—crackers, bread and butter, and cheese, and pickles, while the beef is coming. A great reformer, famished and venturesome, went so far as to attack—feebly—a cold cabbage, and a whole regiment of equally voracious but more timorous forks followed suit, till, of that cabbage, not so much as a pale green crinkle was left to mark the spot where it stood. And, with all the cabbage, and cheese, and pie, and pickle, with tea and coffee, bitter-black with strength, all eaten and drunken at steady, unfaltering, resolute railroad speed, unseasoned with talk, only intensified now and then with inextinguishable laughter, and appendixed with two handfuls of bread and cheese borne into the car at the last and latest bell-ringing, there never was such rude health, such absolute tranquillity of temper and serenity of bliss, and unconsciousness of digestion as distinguished the retinue of the great reformer. The very restaurant people themselves saw and succumbed. The native self-defense of the kitchen magnates fell before these appalling appetites, these straightforward, resolute *omnivori*. Ganymede brought the savory turkey, and apologized for not producing canvas-back duck. Hebe showered down apple-pie, and cranberry and mince, and regretted that they had not known we were coming, that they might have prepared the patriotic squash. Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon them! One of them was ready to sacifice all your engagements, and endanger your straps and portmanteaus, in her frantic impulse to rescue you from the pangs of hunger.

"Mrs. Haley, have you anything ready to eat?"

"I have, darlint, sure, and haven't I a nice bit of a chicken beyont? Sit down like a darlint, eat yer fill, and there is a good cup of tay for yer, too."

"Tell me, Mrs. Haley, when the cars move up to the platform."

"I will, dear."

"Mrs. Haley, are they moving?"

"They are, dear, just taking a little wood and a sup of wather."

"Mrs. Haley, are the cars not at the platform yet?"

"They are, dear, and gone again; they are away down the road now beyont. But niver mind, eat yer breakfast like a darlint, and don't be moindin' them aould cars, they does be comin' and goin' all the toime! Och! there now, and ye'll have pleanty o' toime to ate."

And sure enough, by the time you have breakfasted comfortably, and telegraphed your whereabouts, the Truro train comes up, and as you pass her door, Mrs. Haley shouts triumphantly,

"There! didn't I tell ye they're comin' and goin' all the toime!"

Only beware of the big-hearted, beneficent angel of the church of Windsor Junction!

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MIGHTY HAND, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armèd men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,

Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands out-stretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
  Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
  I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten,—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.
  I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness

Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
  Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

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THE LIVING MUMMY.

BY IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

"A Dry fisherman and a wet hunter make sorry figures," says the French proverb. Never having had any turn for angling, I can form no opinion as to the feelings of a fisherman in fine sunny weather—or tell how far, in foul weather, the satisfaction he obtains from a good catch makes up for the unpleasantness of getting drenched. But, for any one out shooting, rain is an actual disaster.

Well, it was to a disaster of this kind that Ermolai and I were exposed in one of our expeditions after blackcock in the Bielef district. From the earliest morn the rain fell without ceasing. We tried everything we could think of in order to escape from it. We pulled our water-proofs almost over our heads; we took shelter under trees, in hopes of being less drenched. But our water-proofs, besides hindering us from shooting, let in the wet in the most shameless manner; and under the trees, though at first scarcely a drop reached us, yet, after a time, the moisture which had accumulated on the leaves broke through; every branch spouted on us like a water-pipe, till a cold stream insinuated itself under our cravats and ran down our backs. Things had got to their worst, as Ermolai observed.

"It's no use, Peter Petrovich," at last he exclaimed. "There will be no shooting today. The scent won't lie in the wet, and the guns will hang fire."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. We'll go to Alexievka. Perhaps you don't know such a place exists. It's a hamlet belonging to your mother, about eight versts off. We can spend the night there, and to-morrow —— "

"We'll come back here?"

"No, not here. I know some covers beyond Alexievka, much better for blackcock than hereabouts."

I did not stop to ask my trusty companion why he had not taken me there at once, and, before long, we reached the little village, of the existence of which, to tell the truth, I had never till then had the slightest idea. There was a small seigneurial house in it, very old, but unoccupied, and therefore clean. Within its walls I spent a tolerably quiet night.

Next morning I awoke very early. The sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; all around was brilliant with the fresh light of the early sunbeams flashed back by yesterday's rain-drops.

While a carriage was being got ready, I took a stroll through what had once been a fruit-garden, but was now a little wilderness, surrounding the house on all sides with its rich, odoriferous vegetation. Ah! how pleasant it was in the open air, beneath the clear sky, in which trembled the larks, from which streamed the silvery rain of their ringing notes! Actual dew had they borne aloft on their wings, and in the dew of fancy their songs seemed to have been steeped. I wandered along bare-headed, joyfully drawing long deep breaths.

On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the garden hedge, a number of bee-hives were to be seen. A narrow path led up to them, gliding like a snake between compact walls of nettles and fern, above which, rose here and there, a stray stalk of dark green hemp. I strolled along this path and reached the bee-hives. Beside them stood the wattled hut which they occupied in winter. I glanced through its half-opened door-way. All was dark inside, and dry, and still; the air redolent of mint and balm. In one corner was a raised planking, and on it there seemed to be stretched a small figure, with a coverlet thrown over it. I was turning away when—"Barin,* Barin, Peter Petrovich!" I heard a voice cry—a voice weak, languid, hoarse, resembling the rustling of sedge in a pool. I stopped short.

"Peter Petrovich! Please come here," continued the voice.

It came to my ears from the corner where, as I have said, the planking stood.

I drew near—and stopped in amazement. Before me lay a human being of some kind; but of what kind was it?

The face was so emaciated, so bronzed into one monotonous hue, that it was precisely like one of those depicted in old manuscripts. The nose was as sharp as the edge of a knife; of lips scarcely anything could be seen; from underneath the kerchief round the head some thin locks of yellowish hair straggled on to the forehead. The only touches of high light in the picture were contributed by the teeth and eyes. Under the chin, at the fold of the covering, two small hands, of the same bronzed hue as the face, were slowly working their bony fingers. When I looked more closely, I saw that the features were not only free from ungainliness, but were even finely cut—but the whole face was strange,—startling. What heightened the singular effect it produced upon me was that I could see, on those metallic cheeks, a smile striving, but unsuccessfully, to break forth:

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* Master, Seigneur, or Sir.

"You do not recognize me, Barin?" whispered the voice again. It seemed as if it were merely exhaled from the scarcely moving lips. "But how could you recognize me? I am Loukeria. Do you recollect, I used to lead the Khorovods* at your mother's, in Spasskoe? I used to lead the singing, too, if you remember."

"Loukeria!" I exclaimed. "Can this be you?"

"Yes, Barin. I am Loukeria."

I knew not what to say, but stared as if stupified at that dark, motionless face, with its pale and death-like eyes fixed on mine. Was it possible? That mummy—Loukeria, the beauty of the household, that tall, lithe, clear-skinned, rosy-cheeked girl, so given to laughter and dance and song!—Loukeria, the bright Loukeria, whom all our lads courted, for whom, I myself, then a youngster of sixteen, had secretly sighed!

"Tell me, Loukeria," I said at last; "what can have happened to you?"

"A great trouble has befallen me! But don't be repelled by my misfortune, Barin. Take a seat on that pail there—a little nearer, please, or you won't be able to hear what I say. You see what a fine strong voice I have now. Ah, how glad I am to see you! How did you ever come to Alexievka?"

Loukeria spoke continuously, though her words came slowly and were faintly uttered.

"It was Ermolai who brought me here," I said. "But, tell me ——"

"Tell you about my troubles? Very well, Barin. It's a long time since they came upon me, some six or seven years ago. I had just then been betrothed to Vassily Poliakof. Do you recollect him? Well made, with curly hair—he was one of your mother's servants. But you weren't in the country at that time; you were studying then at Moscow. Vassily and I were very fond of each other. He was never out of my mind. Well, one night—it was in the spring—I could not sleep. A little before daybreak, I heard a nightingale singing in the garden so sweetly, so wonderfully, that I could not help getting up and going out on the steps to listen to it. It sang and sang. All of a sudden I fancied that some one was calling to me with a voice like Vassily's—low, like this—'Lasha!'* I looked round, and—I suppose I was only half awake—I missed my footing, slipped off the steps, and fell right down on the ground. I thought I was not much hurt, for I jumped up directly and went back to my room. But it seems I must have got some hurt inside. Let me wait a minute, Barin, to get my breath."

Loukeria stopped talking. I gazed at her in wonder. What astonished me most was that she told her tale in a tone that was almost lively, without a groan or a sigh, never complaining or asking for sympathy.

"From the time of that accident," continued Loukeria, "I began to fade and wither away. My skin darkened; first I found a difficulty in walking, then I could not use my legs any more. I could neither stand nor sit up, but had to be always lying down. I never cared to eat or drink, and continually grew worse and worse. Your mother kindly got doctors to see me, and had me sent to a hospital. But not the slightest good came of it all. And there was not a single doctor who could tell what was the matter with me. What didn't they do to me! They seared my back with hot irons, they placed me in pounded ice. But it was all of no use. After a time I seemed to get numb all over, and at last it was settled that there was no curing me. The gentry cannot be expected to keep cripples in their houses, so I was sent on here where I have some relations. And here I live, as you see."

Loukeria again stopped, and again tried to smile.

"But, it's dreadful, this state you're in!" I exclaimed, and not knowing what to say next, added: "And how about Vassily Poliakof?" not a very discreet question to ask.

Loukeria turned away her eyes a little.

"Poliakof? He was very unhappy for some time. And then he married another girl, one from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far off. Her name is Agra-

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*The *Khorovod* is the circling dance, accompanied by song,—the French *ronde*.

*Diminutive of Loukeria.

fena. He was very fond of me; but he was a young man, you know; he couldn't always remain unmarried. And what sort of a helpmate should I have been for him? He has a wife who is good and comely, and they have children. He is employed in the steward's office of a neighboring estate—your mother gave him a permit—and all goes well with him, thank God!"

"And so you're always lying here without moving?" I asked.

"This is the seventh year, Barin, I've been lying here. During the summer I remain in this hut. When it turns cold, I am removed to the outer room of the bath-house."

"And who looks after you?"

"There are kind folks here as well as elsewhere. I am not deserted, and I don't want much looking after. As for victuals—why, I scarcely eat anything; and for drink—there is water in that pitcher. It always stands there, with plenty of fresh spring-water. I can get at it without help. One of my arms is still serviceable, and, besides, there is a young girl, an orphan, who comes to see after me, God bless her! She was here just now. Didn't you meet her? A fair-haired girl, and so pretty! She brings me flowers. I am so fond of flowers. I haven't any garden ones; I had some once, but they're all gone. But see how charming the wild flowers are; and they smell even sweeter than the garden ones. See, here are some lilies of the valley—what can be prettier?"

"And you don't find the life you lead wearisome or painful, my poor Loukeria?"

"What can one do? I won't say what isn't true. At first it was very dreary. But after I got accustomed to it and learned to be patient, it seemed a mere nothing. There are others still worse off."

"How so?"

"There are some who are homeless, there are others who are blind or deaf. But I, thank God! see quite well and hear everything, everything. If a mole burrows underground I can hear it, and I can enjoy every scent, however faint it may be. When the buckwheat is in flower in the fields, or the lime-trees in the garden, there is no need to tell me of it. I am the first to know it, as long as the wind blows the right way. No, why should I anger God? There are many who are worse off than I am. For instance, when one is well, one may easily fall into sin. But from me, all sin has, as it were, passed aside. Father Alexis, our priest, was going to give me the sacrament the other day, and he said: 'You need not confess. What sin can you possibly commit in the state you're in?' 'But,' I replied: 'How about mental sins, Father?' 'Come,' says he, and smiled withal, 'those can be no great sins.'"

"Though, I dare say I've not done much even in the way of those same mental sins," continued Loukeria, "because I've accustomed myself not to think, not even to remember. Time goes faster that way."

I must own I felt astonished.

"You are always alone, Loukeria. How can you prevent ideas from coming into your mind? Surely, you cannot always be sleeping?"

"Oh, no, Barin! Though I am free from any acute suffering, yet, I have a pain just here, and in the bones, too, which does not let me sleep properly. No—here I lie and lie, and think of nothing. I know that I am alive, that I breathe—and that is all. I see, I hear. The bees hum around the hives; a pigeon lights on the roof and coos; a hen comes with her chickens to pick up the crumbs; sometimes a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—it's all a pleasure to me. Two years ago, some swallows made their nest over there, in the corner, and reared a brood. How interesting that was! One of them would fly in, cling to the nest, give the young birds their food, and then be off again. Next minute, there would be the other one instead. Sometimes they would not fly in, would only flit past the open door, and, then how the little ones would open their beaks wide and cry for food! I looked out for them again next year, but folks say that some one hereabouts shot them. What good could he get by that? Why, a swallow's whole body is not much bigger than a cock-chafer's. How cruel you sportsmen are!"

"I never kill swallows," I hastened to say.

"Once, something funny happened," continued Loukeria. "A hare ran in here; it's a fact! I suppose it had been chased by dogs. Anyhow, in it came, right through the door-way. It sat close by me, sat ever so long, twitching its nose the while and its mustaches—just like an officer—and looking at me all the time. One could see it knew well enough that it needn't be afraid of me. At last, up it jumped, bounded to the door, gave a look back when it got there—and was gone. What a droll creature it was!

"Wasn't it funny, though?" said Loukeria, glancing at me. I laughed to please her. She moistened her dry lips.

"In winter, I must allow, I'm not so well off, for then it's so dark. It would be a pity to light a candle, and what would be the use of it? I can read and write, and I was always fond of reading, but what is there for me to read? There are no books here, but, even if there were, how could I hold one up? Father Alexis brought me an almanac one day, but he saw it was of no use, so he just took it back again. However, even in the dark, there's always something to listen to. A cricket chirps, or a mouse begins to gnaw. And so one gets on well enough without thinking of anything.

"Besides, I say my prayers," continued Loukeria, with a slight sigh. "Only I don't know many. And why should I go wearying the Lord? What is there I can ask Him for? He knows better than I do what is meet for me. He has laid upon me a cross; it is a sign of his love for me. That is how we are told to look upon such things. I say the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Prayer for all who are Afflicted, and then I go on lying here without thinking at all."

Two or three minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, but sat perfectly still, on the reversed pail which served as a scanty stool. The cruel stony immobility of the unfortunate living creature who lay there before me, seemed to communicate itself to me. I felt as if I too were losing vitality.

"Loukeria," I began at last, "think over the suggestion I am going to make. Would you like me to arrange for your being removed to a hospital,—a good hospital in town. Who knows whether it may not be possible to cure you? At all events you would not be left alone."

Loukeria's eyebrows twitched a little.

"Oh no, Barin!" she said in an uneasy whisper. "Don't send me to a hospital; don't take me from where I am. I should only suffer all the more there. How can I be cured? There was a doctor came here one day and wanted to examine me. I begged him not to. 'For Christ's sake, do not disturb me!' I said. What was the use? He began turning me over from one side to another, bending my arms and legs, and kneading them into dough, saying the while: 'I do this for the sake of science. I'm a scientific man, you see, and employed by Government. And you mustn't go putting difficulties in my way,' said he, 'for I've had a decoration given me for what I've done, and it's for the sake of such stupids as you that I labor.' He went on worriting me ever so long, then he told me the name of my complaint—such a learned one—and then he left me. But for a whole week afterward, there wasn't a bone in me that didn't ache.

"You said that I am alone, always alone. No, not always. People come here sometimes. I am a quiet body, in no one's way. The village girls come in here and gossip; pilgrim women turn in here on their wanderings, and tell stories about Jerusalem, and Kief, and the Holy Cities. But I'm not afraid of being alone; I even prefer being so. No, Barin, don't disturb me, don't send me to a hospital. Thank you all the same. You mean it kindly, but please let me be as I am."

"As you like, as you like, Loukeria. You see I thought it would do you good ——"

"I know it was meant for my good, Barin. But who is there who can be sure he is right in helping another? Who can enter into another's heart? Let every one help himself!—you'd hardly believe me, but sometimes when I lie here all alone, it's exactly as if there wasn't another living creature in the whole world beside myself. Just I alive and no one else! And then it seems to me as if a shadow came over me from on high, and I become rapt in meditation. It's wonderful!"

"And what do you meditate about at such times, Loukeria?"

"That's impossible to say, Barin; there's no explaining it. Besides, I forget all about it afterward. It comes just like a cloud. The rain falls, all is fair and fresh, but I don't remember of what nature it was. Only I say to myself: 'If there had been any one here, nothing of the sort would have happened, and I should have felt nothing—except my troubles.'"

Loukeria drew a long breath, not without difficulty. Her lungs were evidently as little at her command as the rest of her frame.

"When I look at you, Barin," she began anew, "I can see that you are very sorry for me. But you must not pity me too much,—really you must not. I'll tell you something. Sometimes even now I —— you recollect, don't you, how merry I used to be in old days? Well even now I sing songs at times."

"Sing songs?"

"Yes, songs, old songs, such as are sung at Christmas, at marriages, in Khorovods; all sorts of songs. I used to know a good many, and I haven't forgotten them. Only I never sing dance-songs now. In my present condition, that wouldn't be becoming!"

"And how do you sing them? To yourself?"

"Yes, and aloud too. I can't sing loud, of course, but still—I told you, you know, that there's a young girl who comes to see me. She's an orphan, so she's quick. Well, I've been giving her lessons. She's already learned four songs. Don't you believe me? Well then, I'll soon show you ——"

Loukeria drew a long breath. The idea that this almost inanimate being was about to sing gave me an involuntary shudder. But before I could say a word, there began to sound in my ears a prolonged note, scarcely audible, but still true and clear; and after it, followed a second and a third. "In the Meadows," was the song Loukeria chose. She sang without altering the stony expression of her face; even her eyes remained fixed. But how pathetic was the sound of that poor feeble voice, wavering like a thread of smoke! How earnestly did the singer strive to throw her whole soul into her song! It was no longer a shudder of repugnance which I felt; an inexpressible compassion took hold of all my heart.

"Ah! I can sing no more!" she said abruptly. "I have no more strength left. —— It was such a pleasure to see you."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand upon her small, chilly fingers. She looked up at me, and her dark eyelids, shaded like those of ancient statues with golden lashes, closed again. A moment later they glimmered in the half light. They were moist with tears.

I remained as still as ever.

"What a strange creature I am!" suddenly exclaimed Loukeria with unexpected vivacity; and, opening her eyes wide, tried to wipe away the tears. "Oughtn't I to be ashamed? What is the matter with me? Such a thing has not happened to me for ever so long, not since the day when Vassily Poliakof came to see me last spring. As long as he was sitting here and talking, it was all right; but as soon as he was gone, I took to crying away all by myself. What an idea! Well, tears don't cost the like of us anything! Barin," added Loukeria, "you've a handkerchief, haven't you? Would you mind drying my eyes?"

I hastened to do what she asked, and left the handkerchief with her. At first she would not keep it. "Why should I have such a present made me?" she said. The handkerchief was quite a common one, but white and clean. At last she took it in her weak fingers, and kept them closed upon it. By this time I had grown accustomed to the twilight in which we were, and could distinctly make out her features, could even discern a slight rosy flush through the bronze hue of her face, could discover in that face—at least so I fancied—some traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, Barin, if I slept," Loukeria began anew. "In reality I don't often sleep; but when I do I always have dreams, beautiful dreams. I never feel ill in them. In dreams I am always quite well and young. The only misfortune is that when I wake, I want to have a good stretch, and here I am unable to move. Once I had such a wonderful dream! Shall I tell you about it? Very well, you shall hear it.

"I seemed to be standing in a corn-field, and all around was rye, ever so tall, quite ripe, like so much gold! And along with me was a dog of a ruddy color, a terribly snappish one, always trying to bite me. And in my hands I seemed to hold a sickle —not a common one, but one just like what the moon is when it looks like a sickle. And with that same sort of moon I had to cut all that rye. But I was quite done up with the heat, and the moon dazzled my eyes, and sluggishness took hold of me. And all around grew corn-flowers, such swarms of them! And all of them bent their heads toward me. I said to myself: 'I'll pick these corn-flowers. Vassily promised he would come. I'll make myself a wreath first; there will be time enough for my reaping afterward.' Well, I began plucking the corn-flowers, but they melted away in my hands, and so I could not make myself a wreath. Meanwhile I heard some one come close to me and call: 'Loukeria, Loukeria!' 'Ah!' thought I, 'what a pity; I've not had time enough after all. Never mind, I'll put this moon on my head instead of the corn-flowers.' So I put on the moon, just like a Kokoshnick*, and immediately I began to shine so brightly that I lighted up the whole field. Presently there came swiftly gliding along the surface of the corn, not Vassily, but Christ himself! How I knew that it was Christ I cannot say. He was not as we see him in Church pictures, but still it was he—tall, youthful, beardless, all in white, only with a golden girdle. He stretched out his hand to me and said: 'Be not afraid, my chosen spouse, but follow me. In my heavenly kingdom shalt thou lead the choral dance, and sing songs of Paradise.' And I, how closely did I cling to his hand! The dog was following at my heels, but just then we rose in the air. He was in front—his wings, long wings like a sea-gull's, spreading over all the heavens—and I followed after him. So the dog had to stay behind. Then for the first time I understood that the dog was my ailment, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was now no place for it."

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* The Russian crescent-shaped head-dress.

Loukeria paused for a while.

"Another time I had a dream," she continued; "or, perhaps it was a revelation; I know not. It seemed to me that I was lying here in this hut, and there came to me my dead parents, my father and my mother. And they bowed low before me, but without uttering a word. And I said to them: 'Wherefore, O my father and my mother, do ye bow down before me?' And they replied: 'Because thou hast suffered much in this world, thou hast not only freed thine own soul, but thou hast also taken from us a heavy burden; and, therefore, have we fared far better in the other world. With thine own sins hast thou already finished thy reckoning. Now dost thou overcome ours also.'

"And when they had thus spoken, my parents again rendered me obeisance and disappeared—there was nothing to be seen but the bare walls. Thereupon I was greatly troubled as to what manner of thing had come to pass. I even made confession of it to the priest. But he was of opinion that it was not a revelation, inasmuch as revelations are made only to clerical personages.

"Here is another dream I have had," continued Loukeria. "I saw myself sitting by the road-side under a willow-tree, holding a staff in my hand, a bag slung across my shoulder, my head wrapped in a kerchief—just like a pilgrim. And on a pilgrimage, in truth, I had wandered somewhere far, far away. And before me pilgrims kept incessantly passing. Slowly did they move, as though unwillingly, and all in one direction; the faces of all of them were sad, and they all closely resembled one another. And I saw that among them, there kept darting to and fro a female form, a whole head taller than the rest, and her dress was strange, not like ours, not a Russian dress. Her face also was strange, a meager face and stern. All the others seemed to keep aloof from her. Suddenly she turned round and came straight up to me. Then she stopped and looked at me steadfastly. Her eyes were like those of a hawk, yellow, large, and exceedingly clear. I asked her, 'Who art thou?' and she replied: 'I am thy Death.' I might well have been frightened, but instead of that a great joy came over me, and I made the sign of the cross. And, to me, that Death of mine said: 'I pity thee, Loukeria, but I cannot take thee with me. Farewell!' Ah me! how sad did I become!

"'Take me away,' I cried: 'take me with thee, mother dear!' Then my Death turned back to me, and began to speak to me. I knew that she was telling me of my appointed time, but obscurely, in words hard to understand.

"'After St. Peter's Fast,' she said.

"And then I awoke. Such are the wondrous dreams I have dreamt."

Loukeria looked upward and remained musing for a time.

"The only thing that troubles me is this. Sometimes a whole week goes by without my having a moment's sleep. Last year, a lady who passed by here came to see me, and she gave me a bottle of some remedy for sleeplessness; ten drops at a time, she told me to take of it. It did me a deal of good, and I was able to sleep. Only the bottle has long ago been emptied. Do you know what medicine that was, and how it is to be got?"

The lady had evidently given her laudanum. I promised to get her another bottle of the same kind, and then I could not help once more expressing my astonishment at her patience.

"Ah, Barin!" she exclaimed; "what are you talking about? What sort of patience is that of mine? Now Simeon Stylites exhibited really great patience. For thirty whole years did he stand on the top of a pillar! And there was another saint who had himself buried breast-high in the ground, and the ants came and devoured his face. Moreover, a person who had a deal of book-learning used to tell me this: There was a certain land, and the Agarians conquered that land, and tormented and slew the inhabitants thereof. And however much those inhabitants tried, they could by no means get themselves free. Then there appeared among that people a holy virgin, and she took a great sword, and she put on a weighty breastplate, and she went against those Agarians, and drove them all across the sea. And as soon as she had chased them away, she said to them: 'Now consume me with fire, because my promise was that I would die by a fiery death in behalf of my people.'

And the Agarians took her and consumed her with fire, and from that time forth that people has been free. That was really a noble deed! But I—what have I done?"

I silently marveled a little as to whence, and under what aspect, the story of Joan of Arc had made its way hither. Then I asked Loukeria how old she was?

"Twenty-eight, or, perhaps, twenty-nine. At all events, not thirty. But why should I count my years? I will tell you something more ——"

All of a sudden, Loukeria coughed huskily, and uttered a kind of groan.

"You have talked a good deal," I said, "it may do you harm."

"That's true," she replied, in an almost inaudible whisper. "Our talk has come to an end. But, never mind. When you are gone, I shall be silent enough. At all events, I have had a little solace."

I rose to take leave, repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and begged her once more to think over the matter, and let me know if there was anything she wanted.

"There is nothing that I want. I have plenty of everything, thank God!" she said, with deep feeling, but only by a considerable effort. "May God grant to all their health! But there is one thing, Barin, you might ask your mother. The peasants here are very poor. If she would only diminish their obligations a little. They have not enough land. As to wood and such-like things, they have none at all. They would pray to God on your behalf. But I need nothing. I have all that I want."

I took leave of Loukeria, after promising that I would see her request fulfilled. Just as I reached the door she called me back.

"Do you remember, Barin," she said,—a singular expression touching her eyes and lips—"do you remember what long hair I used to have, right down to my knees? It was a long time before I could make up my mind about it. But how could I keep it in proper order, in the state I am in? So, at last, I had it cut short. Yes —— Well, good-bye, Barin. I cannot talk any more."

That same day, before going out shooting, I had a talk about Loukeria with the head of the hamlet. From him I learned that she bore the name among the villagers of "The Living Mummy," and that she never gave the least trouble to any one: neither murmur nor complaint was ever heard from her lips.

"She never asks for anything, but, on the other hand, she is grateful for everything. Very quiet-like, to be sure,—very quiet-like. God has smitten her,"—it was thus he concluded—"for her sins, no doubt. But we won't go into that. And as to condemning her, forsooth. No, no; we won't condemn her. Let her go free!"

A few weeks later, I heard that Loukeria was dead. Death had come for her in truth, and that, too, "after the St. Peter's Fast." They say that on the day of her death, she heard a constant ringing of church bells, though Alexievka is reckoned to be more than five versts from a church, and it was not a Sunday or Saint's day. Besides, Loukeria affirmed that the sound came, not from the church, but from "on high." She probably had not ventured to say that it came "from heaven."

CRAWFORD'S CONSISTENCY.

We were great friends, and it was natural that he should have let me know with all the promptness of his ardor that his happiness was complete. Ardor is here, perhaps, a misleading word, for Crawford's passion burned with a still and hidden flame; if he had written sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, he had never declaimed them in public. But he was deeply in love; he had been full of tremulous hopes and fears, and his happiness, for several weeks, had hung by a hair—the extremely fine line that appeared to divide the yea and nay of the young lady's parents. The scale descended at last with their heavily-weighted consent in it, and Crawford gave himself up to tranquil bliss. He came to see me at my office—my name, on the little tin placard beneath my window, was garnished with an M. D., as vivid as new gilding could make it—long before that period of the morning at which my irrepressible buoyancy had succumbed to the teachings of experience (as it usually did about twelve o'clock), and resigned itself to believe that that particular day was not to be distinguished by the advent of the female form that haunted my dreams—the confiding old lady, namely, with a large account at the bank, and a mild, but expensive chronic malady. On that day I quite forgot the paucity of my patients and the vanity of my hopes in my enjoyment of Crawford's contagious felicity. If we had been less united in friendship, I might have envied him; but as it was, with my extreme admiration and affection for him, I felt for half an hour as if I were going to marry the lovely Elizabeth myself. I reflected after he had left me that I was very glad I was not, for lovely as Miss Ingram was, she had always inspired me with a vague mistrust. There was no harm in her, certainly; but there was nothing else either. I don't know to what I compared her—to a blushing rose that had no odor, to a blooming peach that had no taste. All that nature had asked of her was to be the prettiest girl of her time, and this request she obeyed to the letter. But when, of a morning, she had opened wide her beautiful, candid eyes, and half parted her clear, pink lips, and gathered up her splendid golden tresses, her day, as far as her own opportunity was concerned, was at an end; she had put her house in order, and she could fold her arms. She did so invariably, and it was in this attitude that Crawford saw her and fell in love with her. I could heartily congratulate him, for the fact that a blooming statue would make no wife for me, did not in the least discredit his own choice. I was human and erratic; I had an uneven temper and a prosaic soul. I wished to get as much as I gave—to be the planet, in short, and not the satellite. But Crawford had really virtue enough for two—enough of vital fire, of intelligence and devotion. He could afford to marry an inanimate beauty, for he had the wisdom which would supply her shortcomings, and the generosity which would forgive them.

Crawford was a tall man, and not particularly well made. He had, however, what is called a gentlemanly figure, and he had a very fine head—the head of a man of books, a student, a philosopher, such as he really was. He had a dark coloring, thin, fine black hair, a very clear, lucid, dark gray eye, and features of a sort of softly-vigorous outline. It was as if his face had been cast first in a rather rugged and irregular mold, and the image had then been lightly retouched, here and there, by some gentler, more feminine hand. His expression was singular; it was a look which I can best describe as a sort of intelligent innocence—the look of an absent-minded seraph. He knew, if you insisted upon it, about the corruptions of this base world; but, left to himself, he never thought of them. What he did think of, I can hardly tell you: of a great many things, often, in which I was not needed. Of this, long and well as I had known him, I was perfectly conscious. I had never got behind him, as it were; I had never walked all round him. He was reserved, as I am inclined to think that all first rate men are; not capriciously or consciously reserved, but reserved in spite of, and in the midst of, an extreme frankness. For most people he was a clear-visaged, scrupulously polite young man, who, in giving up business so suddenly, had done a thing which required a good deal of charitable explanation, and who was not expected to express any sentiments more personal than a literary opinion re-inforced by the name of some authority, as to whose titles and attributes much vagueness of knowledge was excusable. For me, his literary opinions were the lightest of his sentiments; his good manners, too, I am sure, cost him nothing. Bad manners are the result of irritability, and as Crawford was not irritable he found civility very easy. But if his urbanity was not victory over a morose disposition, it was at least the expression of a very agreeable character. He talked a great deal, though not volubly, stammering a little, and casting about him for his words. When you suggested one, he always accepted it thankfully,—though he sometimes brought in a little later the expression he had been looking for and which had since occurred to him. He had a great deal of gayety, and made jokes and enjoyed them—laughing constantly, with a laugh that was not so much audible as visible. He was extremely deferential to old people, and among the fairer sex, his completest conquests, perhaps, were the ladies of sixty-five and seventy. He had also a great kindness for shabby people, if they were only shabby enough, and I remember seeing him, one summer afternoon, carrying a baby across a crowded part of Broadway, accompanied by its mother,—a bewildered pauper, lately arrived from Europe. Crawford's father had left him a very good property; his income, in New York, in those days, passed for a very easy one. Mr. Crawford was a cotton-broker, and on his son's leaving college, he took him into his business. But shortly after his father's death he sold out his interest in the firm—very quietly, and without asking any one's advice, because, as he told me, he hated buying and selling. There were other things, of course, in the world that he hated too, but this is the only thing of which I remember to have heard him say it. He had a large house, quite to himself (he had lost his mother early, and his brothers were dispersed); he filled it with books and scientific instruments, and passed most of his time in reading and in making awkward experiments. He had the tastes of a scholar, and he consumed a vast number of octavos; but in the way of the natural sciences, his curiosity was greater than his dexterity. I used to laugh at his experiments and, as a thrifty neophyte in medicine, to deprecate his lavish expenditure of precious drugs. Unburdened, independent, master of an all-sufficient fortune, and of the best education that the country could afford, good-looking, gallant, amiable, urbane—Crawford at seven and twenty might fairly be believed to have drawn the highest prizes in life. And, indeed, except that it was a pity he had not stuck to business, no man heard a word of disparagement either of his merit or of his felicity. On the other hand, too, he was not envied—envied at any rate with any degree of bitterness. We are told that though the world worships success, it hates successful people. Certainly it never hated Crawford. Perhaps he was not regarded in the light of a success, but rather of an ornament, of an agreeable gift to society. The world likes to be pleased, and there was something pleasing in Crawford's general physiognomy and position. They rested the eyes; they were a gratifying change. Perhaps we were even a little proud of having among us so harmonious an embodiment of the amenities of life.

In spite of his bookish tastes and habits, Crawford was not a recluse. I remember his once saying to me that there were some sacrifices that only a man of genius was justified in making to science, and he knew very well that he was not a man of genius. He was not, thank heaven; if he had been, he would have been a much more difficult companion. It was never apparent, indeed, that he was destined to make any great use of his acquisitions. Every one supposed, of course, that he would "write something;" but he never put pen to paper. He liked to bury his nose in books for the hour's pleasure; he had no dangerous *arrière pensée*, and he was simply a very perfect specimen of a class which has fortunately always been numerous—the class of men who contribute to the advancement of learning by zealously opening their ears and religiously closing their lips. He was fond of society, and went out, as the phrase is, a great deal,—the mammas in especial, making him extremely welcome. What the daughters, in general, thought of him, I hardly know; I suspect that the younger ones often preferred worse men. Crawford's merits were rather thrown away upon little girls. To a considerable number of wise virgins, however, he must have been an object of high admiration, and if a good observer had been asked to pick out in the whole town, the most propitious victim to matrimony, he would certainly have designated my friend. There was nothing to be said against him—there was not a shadow in the picture. He himself, indeed, pretended to be in no hurry to marry, and I heard him more than once declare, that he did not know what he should do with a wife, or what a wife would do with him. Of course we often talked of this matter, and I—upon whom the burden of bachelorhood sat heavy—used to say, that in his place, with money to keep a wife, I would change my condition on the morrow. Crawford gave a great many opposing reasons; of course the real one was that he was very happy as he was, and that the most circumspect marriage is always a risk.

"A man should only marry in self-defense," he said, "as Luther became Protestant. He should wait till he is driven to the wall."

Some time passed and our Luther stood firm. I began to despair of ever seeing a pretty Mrs. Crawford offer me a white hand from my friend's fireside, and I had to console myself with the reflection, that some of the finest persons of whom history makes mention, had been celibates, and that a desire to lead a single life is not necessarily a proof of a morose disposition.

"Oh, I give you up," I said at last. "I hoped that if you did not marry for your own sake, you would at least marry for mine. It would make your house so much pleasanter for me. But you have no heart! To avenge myself, I shall myself take a wife on the first opportunity. She shall be as pretty as a picture, and you shall never enter my doors."

"No man should be accounted single till he is dead," said Crawford. "I have been reading Stendhal lately, and learning the philosophy of the *coup de foudre*. It is not impossible that there is a *coup de foudre* waiting for me. All I can say is that it will be lightning from a clear sky."

The lightning fell, in fact, a short time afterward. Crawford saw Miss Ingram, admired her, observed her, and loved her. The impression she produced upon him was indeed a sort of summing up of the impression she produced upon society at large. The circumstances of her education and those under which she made her first appearance in the world, were such as to place her beauty in extraordinary relief. She had been brought up more in the manner of an Italian princess of the middle ages—sequestered from conflicting claims of ward-ship—than as the daughter of a plain American citizen. Up to her eighteenth year, it may be said, mortal eye had scarcely beheld her; she lived behind high walls and triple locks, through which an occasional rumor of her beauty made its way into the world. Mrs. Ingram was a second or third cousin of my mother, but the two ladies, between whom there reigned a scanty sympathy, had never made much of the kinship; I had inherited no claim to intimacy with the family, and Elizabeth was a perfect stranger to me. Her parents had, for economy, gone to live in the country—at Orange—and it was there, in a high-hedged old garden, that her childhood and youth were spent. The first definite mention of her loveliness came to me from old Dr. Beadle, who had been called to attend her in a slight illness. (The Ingrams were poor, but their daughter was their golden goose, and to secure the most expensive medical skill was but an act of common prudence.) Dr. Beadle had a high appreciation of a pretty patient; he, of course, kept it within bounds on the field of action, but he enjoyed expressing it afterward with the freedom of a profound anatomist, to a younger colleague. Elizabeth Ingram, according to this report, was perfect in every particular, and she was being kept in cotton in preparation for her *début* in New York. He talked about her for a quarter of an hour, and concluded with an eloquent pinch of snuff; whereupon I remembered that she was, after a fashion, my cousin, and that pretty cousins are a source of felicity, in this hard world, which no man can afford to neglect. I took a holiday, jumped into the train, and arrived at Orange. There, in a pretty cottage, in a shaded parlor, I found a small, spare woman with a high forehead and a pointed chin, whom I immediately felt to be that Sabrina Ingram, in her occasional allusions to whom my poor mother had expended the very small supply of acerbity with which nature had intrusted her.

"I am told my cousin is extremely beautiful," I said. "I should like so much to see her."

The interview was not prolonged. Mrs. Ingram was frigidly polite; she answered that she was highly honored by my curiosity, but that her daughter had gone to spend the day with a friend ten miles away. On my departure, as I turned to latch the garden gate behind me, I saw dimly through an upper window, the gleam of a golden head, and the orbits of two gazing eyes. I kissed my hand to the apparition, and agreed with Dr. Beadle that my cousin was a beauty. But if her image had been dim, that of her mother had been distinct.

They came up to New York the next winter, took a house, gave a great party, and presented the young girl to an astonished world. I succeeded in making little of our cousinship, for Mrs. Ingram did not approve of me, and she gave Elizabeth instructions in consequence. Elizabeth obeyed them, gave me the tips of her fingers, and answered me in monosyllables. Indifference was never more neatly expressed, and I wondered whether this was mere passive compliance, or whether the girl had put a grain of her own intelligence into it. She appeared to have no more intelligence than a snowy-fleeced lamb, but I fancied that she was, by instinct, a shrewd little politician. Nevertheless, I forgave her, for my last feeling about her was one of compassion. She might be as soft as swan's-down, I said; it could not be a pleasant thing to be her mother's daughter, all the same. Mrs. Ingram had black bands of hair, without a white thread, which descended only to the tops of her ears, and were there spread out very wide, and polished like metallic plates. She had small, conscious eyes, and the tall white forehead I have mentioned, which resembled a high gable beneath a steep roof. Her chin looked like her forehead reversed, and her lips were perpetually graced with a thin, false smile. I had seen how little it cost them to tell a categorical fib. Poor Mr. Ingram was a helpless colossus; an immense man with a small plump face, a huge back to his neck, and a pair of sloping shoulders. In talking to you, he generally looked across at his wife, and it was easy to see that he was mortally afraid of her.

For this lady's hesitation to bestow her daughter's hand upon Crawford, there was a sufficiently good reason. He had money, but he had not money enough. It was a very comfortable match, but it was not a splendid one, and Mrs. Ingram, in putting the young girl forward, had primed herself with the highest expectations. The marriage was so good that it was a vast pity it was not a little better. If Crawford's income had only been twice as large again, Mrs. Ingram would have pushed Elizabeth into his arms, relaxed in some degree the consuming eagerness with which she viewed the social field, and settled down, possibly, to contentment and veracity. That was a bad year in the matrimonial market, for higher offers were not freely made. Elizabeth was greatly admired, but the ideal suitor did not present himself. I suspect that Mrs. Ingram's charms as a mother-in-law had been accurately gauged. Crawford pushed his suit, with low-toned devotion, and he was at last accepted with a good grace. There had been, I think, a certain amount of general indignation at his being kept waiting, and Mrs. Ingram was accused here and there, of not knowing a first-rate man when she saw one. "I never said she was honest," a trenchant critic was heard to observe, "but at least I supposed she was clever." Crawford was not afraid of her; he told me so distinctly. "I defy her to quarrel with me," he said, "and I don't despair of making her like me."

"Like you!" I answered. "That's easily done. The difficulty will be in your liking her."

"Oh, I do better—I admire her," he said. "She knows so perfectly what she wants. It's a rare quality. I shall have a very fine woman for my mother-in-law."

Elizabeth's own preference bore down the scale in Crawford's favor a little, I think; how much I hardly know. She liked him, and thought her mother took little account of her likes (and the young girl was too well-behaved to expect it). Mrs. Ingram reflected probably that her pink and white complexion would last longer if she were married to a man she fancied. At any rate, as I have said, the engagement was at last announced, and Crawford came in person to tell me of it. I had never seen a happier-looking man; and his image, as I beheld it that morning, has lived in my memory all these years, as an embodiment of youthful confidence and deep security. He had said that the art of knowing what one wants was rare, but he apparently possessed it. He had got what he wanted, and the sense of possession was exquisite to him. I see again my shabby little consulting-room, with an oil-cloth on the floor, and a paper, representing seven hundred and forty times (I once counted them) a young woman with a pitcher on her head, on the walls; and in the midst of it I see Crawford standing upright, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, his head thrown back, and his eyes as radiant as two planets.

"You are too odiously happy," I said. "I should like to give you a dose of something to tone you down."

"If you could give me a sleeping potion," he answered, "I should be greatly obliged to you. Being engaged is all very well, but I want to be married. I should like to sleep through my engagement—to wake up and find myself a husband."

"Is your wedding-day fixed?" I asked.

"The twenty-eighth of April—three months hence. I declined to leave the house last night before it was settled. I offered three weeks, but Elizabeth laughed me to scorn. She says it will take a month to make her wedding-dress. Mrs. Ingram has a list of reasons as long as your arm, and every one of them is excellent; that is the abomination of it. She has a genius for the practical. I mean to profit by it; I shall make her turn my mill-wheel for me. But meanwhile it's an eternity!"

"Don't complain of good things lasting long," said I. "Such eternities are always too short. I have always heard that the three months before marriage are the happiest time of life. I advise you to make the most of these."

"Oh, I am happy, I don't deny it," cried Crawford. "But I propose to be happier yet." And he marched away with the step of a sun-god beginning his daily circuit.

He was happier yet, in the sense that with each succeeding week he became more convinced of the charms of Elizabeth Ingram, and more profoundly attuned to the harmonies of prospective matrimony. I, of course, saw little of him, for he was always in attendance upon his betrothed, at the dwelling of whose parents I was a rare visitor. Whenever I did see him, he seemed to have sunk another six inches further into the mystic depths. He formally swallowed his words when I recalled to him his former brave speeches about the single life.

"All I can say is," he answered, "that I was an immeasurable donkey. Every argument that I formerly used in favor of not marrying, now seems to me to have an exactly opposite application. Every reason that used to seem to me so good for not taking a wife, now seems to me the best reason in the world for taking one. I not to marry, of all men on earth! Why, I am made on purpose for it, and if the thing did not exist, I should have invented it. In fact, I think I *have* invented some little improvements in the institution—of an extremely conservative kind—and when I put them into practice, you shall tell me what you think of them."

This lasted several weeks. The day after Crawford told me of his engagement, I had gone to pay my respects to the two ladies, but they were not at home, and I wrote my compliments on a card. I did not repeat my visit until the engagement had become an old story—some three weeks before the date appointed for the marriage—I had then not seen Crawford in several days. I called in the evening, and was ushered into a small parlor reserved by Mrs. Ingram for familiar visitors. Here I found Crawford's mother-in-law that was to be, seated, with an air of great dignity, on a low chair, with her hands folded rigidly in her lap, and her chin making an acuter angle than ever. Before the fire stood Peter Ingram, with his hands under his coat-tails; as soon as I came in, he fixed his eyes upon his wife. "She has either just been telling, or she is just about to tell, some particularly big fib," I said to myself. Then I expressed my regret at not having found my cousin at home upon my former visit, and hoped it was not too late to offer my felicitations upon Elizabeth's marriage.

For some moments, Mr. Ingram and his wife were silent; after which, Mrs. Ingram said with a little cough, "It *is* too late."

"Really?" said I. "What has happened?"

"Had we better tell him, my dear?" asked Mr. Ingram.

"I didn't mean to receive any one," said Mrs. Ingram. "It was a mistake your coming in."

"I don't offer to go," I answered, "because I suspect that you have some sorrow. I couldn't think of leaving you at such a moment."

Mr. Ingram looked at me with huge amazement. I don't think he detected my irony, but he had a vague impression that I was measuring my wits with his wife. His ponderous attention acted upon me as an incentive, and I continued,

"Crawford has been behaving badly, I suspect?—Oh, the shabby fellow!"

"Oh, not exactly behaving," said Mr. Ingram; "not exactly badly. We can't say that, my dear, eh?"

"It is proper the world should know it," said Mrs. Ingram, addressing herself to me; "and as I suspect you are a great gossip, the best way to diffuse the information will be to intrust it to you."

"Pray tell me," I said bravely, "and you may depend upon it the world shall have an account of it." By this time I knew what was coming. "Perhaps you hardly need tell me," I went on. "I have guessed your news; it is indeed most shocking. Crawford has broken his engagement!"

Mrs. Ingram started up, surprised into self-betrayal. "Oh, really?" she cried, with a momentary flash of elation. But in an instant she perceived that I had spoken fantastically, and her elation flickered down into keen annoyance. But she faced the situation with characteristic firmness. "We have broken the engagement," she said. "Elizabeth has broken it with our consent."

"You have turned Crawford away?" I cried.

"We have requested him to consider everything at an end."

"Poor Crawford!" I exclaimed with ardor.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Crawford in person stood on the threshold. He paused an instant, like a falcon hovering; then he darted forward at Mr. Ingram.

"In heaven's name," he cried, "what is the meaning of your letter?"

Mr. Ingram looked frightened and backed majestically away. "Really, sir," he said; "I must beg you to desist from your threats."

Crawford turned to Mrs. Ingram; he was intensely pale and profoundly agitated. "Please tell me," he said, stepping toward her with clasped hands. "I don't understand—I can't take it this way. It's a thunderbolt!"

"We were in hopes you would have the kindness not to make a scene," said Mrs. Ingram. "It is very painful for us, too, but we cannot discuss the matter. I was afraid you would come."

"Afraid I would come!" cried Crawford. "Could you have believed I would not come? Where is Elizabeth?"

"You cannot see her!"

"I cannot see her?"

"It is impossible. It is her wish," said Mrs. Ingram.

Crawford stood staring, his eyes distended with grief, and rage, and helpless wonder. I have never seen a man so thoroughly agitated, but I have also never seen a man exert such an effort at self-control. He sat down; and then, after a moment—"What have I done?" he asked.

Mr. Ingram walked away to the window, and stood closely examining the texture of the drawn curtains. "You have done nothing, my dear Mr. Crawford," said Mrs. Ingram. "We accuse you of nothing. We are very reasonable; I'm sure you can't deny that, whatever you may say. Mr. Ingram explained everything in the letter. We have simply thought better of it. We have decided that we can't part with our child for the present. She is all we have, and she is so very young. We ought never to have consented. But you urged us so, and we were so good-natured. We must keep her with us."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Crawford.

"It seems to me it is quite enough," said Mrs. Ingram.

Crawford leaned his head on his hands. "I must have done something without knowing it," he said at last. "In heaven's name tell me what it is, and I will do penance and make reparation to the uttermost limit."

Mr. Ingram turned round, rolling his expressionless eyes in quest of virtuous inspiration. "We can't say that you have done anything; that would be going too far. But if you had, we would have forgiven you."

"Where is Elizabeth?" Crawford again demanded.

"In her own apartment," said Mrs. Ingram majestically.

"Will you please to send for her?"

"Really, sir, we must decline to expose our child to this painful scene."

"Your tenderness should have begun farther back. Do you expect me to go away without seeing her?"

"We request that you will."

Crawford turned to me. "Was such a request ever made before?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"For your own sake," said Mrs. Ingram, "go away without seeing her."

"For my own sake? What do you mean?"

Mrs. Ingram, very pale, and with her thin lips looking like the blades of a pair of scissors, turned to her husband. "Mr. Ingram," she said, "rescue me from this violence. Speak out—do your duty."

Mr. Ingram advanced with the air and visage of the stage manager of a theater, when he steps forward to announce that the favorite of the public will not be able to play. "Since you drive us so hard, sir, we must tell the painful truth. My poor child would rather have had nothing said about it. The truth is that she has mistaken the character of her affection for you. She has a high esteem for you, but she does not love you."

Crawford stood silent, looking with formidable eyes from the father to the mother. "I must insist upon seeing Elizabeth," he said at last.

Mrs. Ingram gave a toss of her head. "Remember it was your own demand!" she cried, and rustled stiffly out of the room.

We remained silent; Mr. Ingram sat slowly rubbing his knees, and Crawford, pacing up and down, eyed him askance with an intensely troubled frown, as one might eye a person just ascertained to be liable to some repulsive form of dementia. At the end of five minutes, Mrs. Ingram returned, clutching the arm of her daughter, whom she pushed into the room. Then followed the most extraordinary scene of which I have ever been witness.

Crawford strode toward the young girl, and seized her by both hands; she let him take them, and stood looking at him. "Is this horrible news true?" he cried. "What infernal machination is at the bottom of it?"

Elizabeth Ingram appeared neither more nor less composed than on most occasions; the pink and white of her cheeks was as pure as usual, her golden tresses were as artistically braided, and her eyes showed no traces of weeping. Her face was never expressive, and at this moment it indicated neither mortification nor defiance. She met her lover's eyes with the exquisite blue of her own pupils, and she looked as beautiful as an angel. "I am very sorry that we must separate," she said. "But I have mistaken the nature of my affection for you. I have the highest esteem for you, but I do not love you."

I listened to this, and the clear, just faintly trembling, child-like tone in which it was uttered, with absorbing wonder. Was the girl the most consummate of actresses, or had she, literally, no more sensibility than an expensive wax doll? I never discovered, and she has remained to this day, one of the unsolved mysteries of my experience. I incline to believe that she was, morally, absolutely nothing but the hollow reed through which her mother spoke, and that she was really no more cruel now than she had been kind before. But there was something monstrous in her quiet, flute-like utterance of Crawford's damnation.

"Do you say this from your own heart, or have you been instructed to say it? You use the same words your father has just used."

"What can the poor child do better in her trouble than use her father's words?" cried Mrs. Ingram.

"Elizabeth," cried Crawford, "you don't love me?"

"No, Mr. Crawford."

"Why did you ever say so?"

"I never said so."

He stared at her in amazement, and then, after a little—"It is very true," he exclaimed. "You never said so. It was only I who said so."

"Good-bye!" said Elizabeth; and turning away, she glided out of the room.

"I hope you are satisfied, sir," said Mrs. Ingram. "The poor child is before all things sincere."

In calling this scene the most extraordinary that I ever beheld, I had particularly in mind the remarkable attitude of Crawford at this juncture. He effected a change of base, as it were, under the eyes of the enemy—he descended to the depths and rose to the surface again. Horrified, bewildered, outraged, fatally wounded at heart, he took the full measure of his loss, gauged its irreparableness, and, by an amazing effort of the will, while one could count fifty, superficially accepted the situation.

"I have understood nothing!" he said. "Good-night."

He went away, and of course I went with him. Outside the house, in the darkness, he paused and looked around at me.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

"I had come—rather late in the day—to pay a visit of congratulation. I rather missed it."

"Do you understand—can you imagine?" He had taken his hat off, and he was pressing his hand to his head.

"They have backed out, simply!" I said. "The marriage had never satisfied their ambition—you were not rich enough. Perhaps they have heard of something better."

He stood gazing, lost in thought. "They," I had said; but he, of course, was thinking only of *her;* thinking with inexpressible bitterness. He made no allusion to her, and I never afterward heard him make one. I felt a great compassion for him, but knew not how to help him, nor hardly, even, what to say. It would have done me good to launch some objurgation against the precious little puppet, within doors, but this delicacy forbade. I felt that Crawford's silence covered a fathomless sense of injury; but the injury was terribly real, and I could think of no healing words. He was injured in his love and his pride, his hopes and his honor, his sense of justice and of decency.

"To treat *me* so!" he said at last, in a low tone. "Me! me!—are they blind—are they imbecile? Haven't they seen what I have been to them—what I was going to be?"

"Yes, they are blind brutes!" I cried. "Forget them—don't think of them again. They are not worth it."

He turned away and, in the dark empty street, he leaned his arm on the iron railing that guarded a flight of steps, and dropped his head upon it. I left him standing so a few moments—I could just hear his sobs. Then I passed my arm into his own and walked home with him. Before I left him, he had recovered his outward composure.

After this, so far as one could see, he kept it uninterruptedly. I saw him the next day, and for several days afterward. He looked like a man who had had a heavy blow, and who had yet not been absolutely stunned. He neither raved nor lamented, nor descanted upon his wrong. He seemed to be trying to shuffle it away, to resume his old occupations, and to appeal to the good offices of the arch-healer, Time. He looked very ill—pale, preoccupied, heavy-eyed, but this was an inevitable tribute to his deep disappointment. He gave me no particular opportunity to make consoling speeches, and not being eloquent, I was more inclined to take one by force. Moral and sentimental platitudes always seemed to me particularly flat upon my own lips, and, addressed to Crawford, they would have been fatally so. Nevertheless, I once told him with some warmth, that he was giving signal proof of being a philosopher. He knew that people always end by getting over things, and he was showing himself able to traverse with a stride a great moral waste. He made no rejoinder at the moment, but an hour later, as we were separating, he told me, with some formalism, that he could not take credit for virtues he had not.

"I am not a philosopher," he said; "on the contrary. And I am not getting over it."

His misfortune excited great compassion among all his friends, and I imagine that this sentiment was expressed, in some cases, with well-meaning but injudicious frankness. The Ingrams were universally denounced, and whenever they appeared in public, at this time, were greeted with significant frigidity. Nothing could have better proved the friendly feeling, the really quite tender regard and admiration that were felt for Crawford, than the manner in which every one took up his cause. He knew it, and I heard him exclaim more than once with intense bitterness that he was that abject thing, an "object of sympathy." Some people flattered themselves that they had made the town, socially speaking, too hot to hold Miss Elizabeth and her parents. The Ingrams anticipated by several weeks their projected departure for Newport—they had given out that they were to spend the summer there—and, quitting New York, quite left, like the gentleman in "The School for Scandal," their reputations behind them.

I continued to observe Crawford with interest, and, although I did full justice to his wisdom and self-control, when the summer arrived I was ill at ease about him. He led exactly the life he had led before his engagement, and mingled with society neither more nor less. If he disliked to feel that pitying heads were being shaken over him, or voices lowered in tribute to his misadventure, he made at least no visible effort to ignore these manifestations, and he paid to the full the penalty of being "interesting." But, on the other hand, he showed no disposition to drown his sorrow in violent pleasure, to deafen himself to its echoes. He never alluded to his disappointment, he discharged all the duties of politeness, and questioned people about their own tribulations or satisfactions as deferentially as if he had had no weight upon his heart. Nevertheless, I knew that his wound was rankling—that he had received a dent, and that he would keep it. From this point onward, however, I do not pretend to understand his conduct. I only was witness of it, and I relate what I saw. I do not pretend to speak of his motives.

I had the prospect of leaving town for a couple of months—a friend and fellow-physician in the country having offered me his practice while he took a vacation. Before I went, I made a point of urging Crawford to seek a change of scene—to go abroad, to travel and distract himself.

"To distract myself from what?" he asked, with his usual clear smile.

"From the memory of the vile trick those people played you."

"Do I look, do I behave as if I remembered it?" he demanded with sudden gravity.

"You behave very well, but I suspect that it is at the cost of a greater effort than it is wholesome for a man—quite unassisted—to make."

"I shall stay where I am," said Crawford, "and I shall behave as I have behaved—to the end. I find the effort, so far as there is an effort, extremely wholesome."

"Well, then," said I, "I shall take great satisfaction in hearing that you have fallen in love again. I should be delighted to know that you were well married."

He was silent a while, and then—"It is not impossible," he said. But, before I left him, he laid his hand on my arm, and, after looking at me with great gravity for some time, declared that it would please him extremely that I should never again allude to his late engagement.

The night before I left town, I went to spend half an hour with him. It was the end of June, the weather was hot, and I proposed that instead of sitting indoors, we should take a stroll. In those days, there stood, in the center of the city, a concert-garden, of a somewhat primitive structure, into which a few of the more adventurous representatives of the best society were occasionally seen—under stress of hot weather—to penetrate. It had trees and arbors, and little fountains and small tables, at which ice-creams and juleps were, after hope deferred, dispensed. Its musical attractions fell much below the modern standard, and consisted of three old fiddlers playing stale waltzes, or an itinerant ballad-singer, vocalizing in a language perceived to be foreign, but not further identified, and accompanied by a young woman who performed upon the triangle, and collected tribute at the tables. Most of the frequenters of this establishment were people who wore their gentility lightly, or had none at all to wear; but in compensation (in the latter case), they were generally provided with a substantial sweetheart. We sat down among the rest, and had each a drink with a straw in it, while we listened to a cracked Italian tenor in a velvet jacket and ear-rings. At the end of half an hour, Crawford proposed we should withdraw, whereupon I busied myself with paying for our juleps. There was some delay in making change, during which, my attention wandered; it was some ten minutes before the waiter returned. When at last he restored me my dues, I said to Crawford that I was ready to depart. He was looking another way and did not hear me; I repeated my observation, and then he started a little, looked round, and said that he would like to remain longer. In a moment I perceived the apparent cause of his changing mind. I checked myself just in time from making a joke about it, and yet—as I did so—I said to myself that it was surely not a thing one could take seriously.

Two persons had within a few moments come to occupy a table near our own. One was a weak-eyed young man with a hat poised into artful crookedness upon a great deal of stiffly brushed and much-anointed straw-colored hair, and a harmless scowl of defiance at the world in general from under certain bare visible eyebrows. The defiance was probably prompted by the consciousness of the attractions of the person who accompanied him. This was a woman, still young, and to a certain extent pretty, dressed in a manner which showed that she regarded a visit to a concert-garden as a thing to be taken seriously. Her beauty was of the robust order, her coloring high, her glance unshrinking, and her hands large and red. These last were encased in black lace mittens. She had a small dark eye, of a peculiarly piercing quality, set in her head as flatly as a button-hole in a piece of cotton cloth, and a lower lip which protruded beyond the upper one. She carried her head like a person who pretended to have something in it, and she from time to time surveyed the ample expanse of her corsage with a complacent sense of there being something in that too. She was a large woman, and, when standing upright, must have been much taller than her companion. She had a certain conscious dignity of demeanor, turned out her little finger as she ate her pink ice-cream, and said very little to the young man, who was evidently only her opportunity, and not her ideal. She looked about her, while she consumed her refreshment, with a hard, flat, idle stare, which was not that of an adventuress, but that of a person pretentiously and vulgarly respectable. Crawford, I saw, was observing her narrowly, but his observation was earnestly exercised, and she was not—at first, at least, —aware of it. I wondered, nevertheless, why he was observing her. It was not his habit to stare at strange women, and the charms of this florid damsel were not such as to appeal to his fastidious taste.

"I see you are struck by our lovely neighbor," I said. "Have you ever seen her before?"

"Yes!" he presently answered. "In imagination!"

"One's imagination," I answered, "would seem to be the last place in which to look for such a figure as that. She belongs to the most sordid reality."

"She is very fine in her way," said Crawford. "My image of her was vague; she is far more perfect. It is always interesting to see a supreme representation of any type, whether or no the type be one that we admire. That is the merit of our neighbor. She resumes a certain civilization; she is the last word—the flower."

"The last word of coarseness, and the flower of commonness," I interrupted. "Yes, she certainly has the merit of being unsurpassable, in her own line."

"She is a very powerful specimen," he went on. "She is complete."

"What do you take her to be?"

Crawford did not answer for some time, and I suppose he was not heeding me. But at last he spoke. "She is the daughter of a woman who keeps a third-rate boarding-house in Lexington Avenue. She sits at the foot of the table and pours out bad coffee. She is considered a beauty, in the boarding-house. She makes out the bills—'for three weeks' board,' with *week* spelled *weak*. She has been engaged several times. That young man is one of the boarders, inclined to gallantry. He has invited her to come down here and have ice-cream, and she has consented, though she despises him. Her name is Matilda Jane. The height of her ambition is to be 'fashionable.'"

"Where the deuce did you learn all this?" I asked. "I shouldn't wonder if it were true."

"You may depend upon it that it is very near the truth. The boarding-house may be in the Eighth avenue, and the lady's name may be Araminta; but the general outline that I have given is correct."

We sat awhile longer; Araminta—or Matilda Jane—finished her ice-cream, leaned back in her chair, and fanned herself with a newspaper, which her companion had drawn from his pocket, and she had folded for the purpose. She had by this time, I suppose, perceived Crawford's singular interest in her person, and she appeared inclined to allow him every facility for the gratification of it. She turned herself about, placed her head in attitudes, stroked her glossy tresses, crooked her large little finger more than ever, and gazed with sturdy coquetry at her incongruous admirer. I, who did not admire her, at last, for a second time, proposed an adjournment; but, to my surprise, Crawford simply put out his hand in farewell, and said that he himself would remain. I looked at him hard; it seemed to me that there was a spark of excitement in his eye which I had not seen for many weeks. I made some little joke which might have been taxed with coarseness; but he received it with perfect gravity, and dismissed me with an impatient gesture. I had not walked more than half a block away when I remembered some last word—it has now passed out of my mind—that I wished to say to my friend. It had, I suppose, some importance, for I walked back to repair my omission. I re-entered the garden and returned to the place where we had been sitting. It was vacant; Crawford had moved his chair, and was engaged in conversation with the young woman I have described. His back was turned to me and he was bending over, so that I could not see his face, and that I remained unseen by him. The lady herself was looking at him strangely; surprise, perplexity, pleasure, doubt as to whether "fashionable" manners required her to seem elated or offended at Crawford's overture, were mingled on her large, rosy face. Her companion appeared to have decided that his own dignity demanded of him grimly to ignore the intrusion; he had given his hat another cock, shouldered his stick like a musket, and fixed his eyes on the fiddlers. I stopped, embraced the group at a glance, and then quietly turned away and departed.

As a physician—as a physiologist—I had every excuse for taking what are called materialistic views of human conduct; but this little episode led me to make some reflections which, if they were not exactly melancholy, were at least tinged with the irony of the moralist. Men are all alike, I said, and the best is, at bottom, very little more delicate than the worst. If there was a man I should have called delicate, it had been Crawford; but he too was capable of seeking a vulgar compensation for an exquisite pain—he also was too weak to be faithful to a memory. Nevertheless I confess I was both amused and re-assured; a limit seemed set to the inward working of his resentment—he was going to take his trouble more easily and naturally. For the next few weeks I heard nothing from him; good friends as we were, we were poor correspondents, and as Crawford, moreover, had said about himself—What in the world had he to write about? I came back to town early in September, and on the evening after my return, called upon my friend. The servant who opened the door, and who showed me a new face, told me that Mr. Crawford had gone out an hour before. As I turned away from the house it suddenly occurred to me—I am quite unable to say why—that I might find him at the concert-garden to which we had gone together on the eve of my departure. The night was mild and beautiful, and—though I had not supposed that he had been in the interval a regular *habitué* of those tawdry bowers—a certain association of ideas directed my steps. I reached the garden and passed beneath the arch of paper lanterns which formed its glittering portal. The tables were all occupied, and I scanned the company in vain for Crawford's familiar face. Suddenly I perceived a countenance which, if less familiar, was, at least, vividly impressed upon my memory. The lady whom Crawford had ingeniously characterized as the daughter of the proprietress of a third-rate boarding-house was in possession of one of the tables where she was enthroned in assured pre-eminence. With a garland of flowers upon her bonnet, an azure scarf about her shoulders, and her hands flashing with splendid rings, she seemed a substantial proof that the Eighth avenue may, after all, be the road to fortune. As I stood observing her, her eyes met mine, and I saw that they were illumined with a sort of gross, good-humored felicity. I instinctively connected Crawford with her transfiguration, and concluded that he was effectually reconciled to worldly joys. In a moment I saw that she recognized me; after a very brief hesitation she gave me a familiar nod. Upon this hint I approached her.

"You have seen me before," she said. "You have not forgotten me."

"It's impossible to forget you," I answered, gallantly.

"It's a fact that no one ever does forget me?—I suppose I oughtn't to speak to you without being introduced. But wait a moment; there is a gentleman here who will introduce me. He has gone to get some cigars." And she pointed to a gayly bedizened stall on the other side of the garden, before which, in the act of quitting it, his purchase made, I saw Crawford.

Presently he came up to us—he had evidently recognized me from afar. This had given him a few moments. But what, in such a case, were a few moments? He smiled frankly and heartily, and gave my hand an affectionate grasp. I saw, however, that in spite of his smile he was a little pale. He glanced toward the woman at the table, and then, in a clear, serene voice: "You have made acquaintance?" he said.

"Oh, I know him," said the lady; "but I guess he don't know me! Introduce us."

He mentioned my name, ceremoniously, as if he had been presenting me to a duchess. The woman leaned forward and took my hand in her heavily begemmed fingers. "How d'ye do, Doctor?" she said.

Then Crawford paused a moment, looking at me. My eyes rested on his, which, for an instant, were strange and fixed; they seemed to defy me to see anything in them that he wished me not to see. "Allow me to present you," he said at last, in a tone I shall never forget—"allow me to present you to my wife."

I stood staring at him; the woman still grasped my hand. She gave it a violent shake and broke into a loud laugh. "He don't believe it! There's my wedding-ring!" And she thrust out the ample knuckles of her left hand.

A hundred thoughts passed in a flash through my mind, and a dozen exclamations—tragical, ironical, farcical—rose to my lips. But I happily suppressed them all; I simply remained portentously silent, and seated myself mechanically in the chair which Crawford pushed toward me. His face was inscrutable, but in its urbane blankness I found a reflection of the glaring hideousness of his situation. He had committed a monstrous folly. As I sat there, for the next half-hour—it seemed an eternity—I was able to take its full measure. But I was able also to resolve to accept it, to respect it, and to side with poor Crawford, so far as I might, against the consequences of his deed. I remember of that half-hour little beyond a general, rapidly deepening sense of horror. The woman was in a talkative mood; I was the first of her husband's friends upon whom she had as yet been able to lay hands. She gave me much information—as to when they had been married (it was three weeks before), what she had had on, what her husband (she called him "Mr. Crawford") had given her, what she meant to do during the coming winter. "We are going to give a great ball," she said, "the biggest ever seen in New York. It will open the winter, and I shall be introduced to all his friends. They will want to see me, dreadfully, and there will be sure to be a crowd. I don't know whether they will come twice, but they will come once, I'll engage."

She complained of her husband refusing to take her on a wedding-tour—was ever a woman married like that before? "I'm not sure it's a good marriage, without a wedding-tour," she said. "I always thought that to be really man and wife, you had to go to Niagara, or Saratoga, or some such place. But he insists on sticking here in New York; he says he has his reasons. He gave me that to keep me here." And she made one of her rings twinkle.

Crawford listened to this, smiling, unflinching, unwinking. Before we separated—to say something—I asked Mrs. Crawford if she liked music? The fiddlers were scraping away. She turned her empty glass upside down, and with a thump on the table—"I like that!" she cried. It was most horrible. We rose, and Crawford tenderly offered her his arm; I looked at him with a kind of awe.

I went to see him repeatedly, during the ensuing weeks, and did my best to behave as if nothing was altered. In himself, in fact, nothing was altered, and the really masterly manner in which he tacitly assumed that the change in his situation had been in a high degree for the better, might have furnished inspiration to my more bungling efforts. Never had incurably wounded pride forged itself a more consummately impenetrable mask; never had bravado achieved so triumphant an imitation of sincerity. In his wife's absence, Crawford never alluded to her; but, in her presence, he was an embodiment of deference and attentive civility. His habits underwent little change, and he was punctiliously faithful to his former pursuits. He studied—or at least he passed hours in his library. What he did—what he was—in solitude, heaven only knows; nothing, I am happy to say, ever revealed it to me. I never asked him a question about his wife; to feign a respectful interest in her would have been too monstrous a comedy. She herself, however, more than satisfied my curiosity, and treated me to a bold sketch of her life and adventures. Crawford had hit the nail on the head; she was veritably, at the time he made her acquaintance, residing at a boarding-house, not in the capacity of a boarder. She even told me the terms in which he had made his proposal. There had been no love-making, no nonsense, no flummery. "I have seven thousand dollars a year," he had said—all of a sudden;—"will you please to become my wife? You shall have four thousand for your own use." I have no desire to paint the poor woman who imparted to me these facts in blacker colors than she deserves; she was to be pitied certainly, for she had been lifted into a position in which her defects acquired a glaring intensity. She had made no overtures to Crawford; he had come and dragged her out of her friendly obscurity, and placed her unloveliness aloft upon the pedestal of his contrasted good-manners. She had simply taken what was offered her. But for all one's logic, nevertheless, she was a terrible creature. I tried to like her, I tried to find out her points. The best one seemed to be that her jewels and new dresses—her clothes were in atrocious taste—kept her, for the time, in loud good-humor. Might they never be wanting? I shuddered to think of what Crawford would find himself face to face with in case of their failing;—coarseness, vulgarity, ignorance, vanity, and, beneath all, something as hard and arid as dusty bricks. When I had left them, their union always seemed to me a monstrous fable, an evil dream; each time I saw them the miracle was freshly repeated.

People were still in a great measure in the country, and though it had begun to be rumored about that Crawford had taken a very strange wife, there was for some weeks no adequate appreciation of her strangeness. This came, however, with the advance of the autumn and those beautiful October days when all the world was in the streets. Crawford came forth with his terrible bride upon his arm, took every day a long walk, and ran the gauntlet of society's surprise. On Sundays, he marched into church with his incongruous consort, led her up the long aisle to the accompaniment of the opening organ-peals, and handed her solemnly into her pew. Mrs. Crawford's idiosyncrasies were not of the latent and lurking order, and, in the view of her fellow-worshipers of her own sex, surveying her from a distance, were sufficiently summarized in the composition of her bonnets. Many persons probably remember with a good deal of vividness the great festival to which, early in the winter, Crawford convoked all his friends. Not a person invited was absent, for it was a case in which friendliness and curiosity went most comfortably, hand in hand. Every one wished well to Crawford and was anxious to show it, but when they said they wouldn't for the world seem to turn their backs upon the poor fellow, what people really meant was that they would not for the world miss seeing how Mrs. Crawford would behave. The party was very splendid and made an era in New York, in the art of entertainment. Mrs. Crawford behaved very well, and I think people were a good deal disappointed and scandalized at the decency of her demeanor. But she looked deplorably, it was universally agreed, and her native vulgarity came out in the strange bedizenment of her too exuberant person. By the time supper was served, moreover, every one had gleaned an anecdote about her bad grammar, and the low level of her conversation. On all sides, people were putting their heads together, in threes and fours, and tittering over each other's stories. There is nothing like the bad manners of good society, and I, myself, acutely sensitive on Crawford's behalf, found it impossible, by the end of the evening, to endure the growing exhilaration of the assembly. The company had rendered its verdict; namely, that there were the vulgar people one could, at a pinch accept, and the vulgar people one couldn't, and that Mrs. Crawford belonged to the latter class. I was savage with every one who spoke to me. "Yes, she is as bad as you please," I said; "but you are worse!" But I might have spared my resentment, for Crawford, himself, in the midst of all this, was simply sublime. He was the genius of hospitality in person; no one had ever seen him so careless, so free, so charming. When I went to bid him good-night, as I took him by the hand—"You will carry it through!" I said. He looked at me, smiling vaguely, and not showing in the least that he understood me. Then I felt how deeply he was attached to the part he had undertaken to play; he had sacrificed our old good-fellowship to it. Even to me, his oldest friend, he would not raise a corner of the mask.

Mrs. Ingram and Elizabeth were, of course, not at the ball; but they had come back from Newport, bringing an ardent suitor in their train. The event had amply justified Mrs. Ingram's circumspection; she had captured a young Southern planter, whose estates were fabled to cover three-eighths of the State of Alabama. Elizabeth was more beautiful than ever, and the marriage was being hurried forward. Several times, in public, to my knowledge, Elizabeth and her mother, found themselves face to face with Crawford and his wife. What Crawford must have felt when he looked from the exquisite creature he had lost to the full-blown dowdy he had gained, is a matter it is well but to glance at and pass—the more so, as my story approaches its close. One morning, in my consulting-room, I had been giving some advice to a little old gentleman who was as sound as a winter-pippin, but, who used to come and see me once a month to tell me that he felt a hair on his tongue, or, that he had dreamed of a blue-dog, and to ask to be put upon a "diet" in consequence. The basis of a diet, in his view, was a daily pint of port wine. He had retired from business, he belonged to a club, and he used to go about peddling gossip. His wares, like those of most peddlers, were cheap, and usually, for my prescription, I could purchase the whole contents of his tray. On this occasion, as he was leaving me, he remarked that he supposed I had heard the news about our friend Crawford. I said that I had heard nothing. What was the news?

"He has lost every penny of his fortune," said my patient. "He is completely cleaned out." And, then, in answer to my exclamation of dismay, he proceeded to inform me that the New Amsterdam Bank had suspended payment, and would certainly never resume it. All the world knew that Crawford's funds were at the disposal of the bank, and that two or three months before, when things were looking squally, he had come most generously to the rescue. The squall had come, it had proved a hurricane, the bank had capsized, and Crawford's money had gone to the bottom. "It's not a surprise to me," said Mr. Niblett, "I suspected something a year ago. It's true, I am very sharp."

"Do you think any one else suspected anything?" I asked.

"I dare say not; people are so easily humbugged. And, then, what could have looked better, above board, than the New Amsterdam?"

"Nevertheless, here and there," I said, "an exceptionally sharp person may have been on the watch."

"Unquestionably—though I am told that they are going on to-day, down town, as if no bank had ever broken before."

"Do you know Mrs. Ingram?" I asked.

"Thoroughly! She is exceptionally sharp, if that is what you mean."

"Do you think it is possible that she foresaw this affair six months ago?"

"Very possible; she always has her nose in Wall street, and she knows more about stocks than the whole board of brokers."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "sharp as she is, I hope she will get nipped, yet!"

"Ah," said my old friend, "you allude to Crawford's affairs? But you shouldn't be a better royalist than the king. He has forgiven her—he has consoled himself. But what will console him now? Is it true his wife was a washerwoman? Perhaps she will not be sorry to know a trade."

I hoped with all my heart that Mr. Niblett's story was an exaggeration, and I repaired that evening to Crawford's house, to learn the real extent of his misfortune. He had seen me coming in, and he met me in the hall and drew me immediately into the library. He looked like a man who had been thrown by a vicious horse, but had picked himself up and resolved to go the rest of the way on foot.

"How bad is it?" I asked.

"I have about a thousand a year left. I shall get some work, and with careful economy we can live."

At this moment I heard a loud voice screaming from the top of the stairs. "Will *she* help you?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment, and then—"No!" he said simply. Immediately, as a commentary upon his answer, the door was thrown open and Mrs. Crawford swept in. I saw in an instant that her good-humor was in permanent eclipse; flushed, disheveled, inflamed, she was a perfect presentation of a vulgar fury. She advanced upon me with a truly formidable weight of wrath.

"Was it you that put him up to it?" she cried. "Was it you that put it into his head to marry me? I'm sure I never thought of him—he isn't the twentieth part of a man! I took him for his money—four thousand a year, clear; I never pretended it was for anything else. To-day, he comes and tells me that it was all a mistake—that we must get on as well as we can on twelve hundred. And he calls himself a gentleman—and so do you, I suppose! There are gentlemen in the State's prison for less. I have been cheated, insulted and ruined; but I'm not a woman you can play that sort of game upon. The money's mine, what is left of it, and he may go and get his fine friends to support him. There ain't a thing in the world he can do—except lie and cheat!"

Crawford, during this horrible explosion, stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor; and I felt that the peculiarly odious part of the scene was that his wife was literally in the right. She had been bitterly disappointed—she had been practically deceived. Crawford turned to me and put out his hand. "Good-bye," he said. "I must forego the pleasure of receiving you any more in my own house."

"I can't come again?" I exclaimed.

"I will take it as a favor that you should not."

I withdrew with an insupportable sense of helplessness. In the house he was then occupying, he, of course, very soon ceased to live; but for some time I was in ignorance of whither he had betaken himself. He had forbidden me to come and see him, and he was too much occupied in accommodating himself to his change of fortune to find time for making visits. At last I disinterred him in one of the upper streets, near the East River, in a small house of which he occupied but a single floor. I disobeyed him and went in, and as his wife was apparently absent, he allowed me to remain. He had kept his books, or most of them, and arranged a sort of library. He looked ten years older, but he neither made nor suffered me to make, an allusion to himself. He had obtained a place as clerk at a wholesale chemist's, and he received a salary of five hundred dollars. After this, I not infrequently saw him; we used often, on a Sunday, to take a long walk together. On our return we parted at his door; he never asked me to come in. He talked of his reading, of his scientific fancies, of public affairs, of our friends—of everything, except his own troubles. He suffered, of course, most of his purely formal social relations to die out; but if he appeared not to cling to his friends, neither did he seem to avoid them. I remember a clever old lady saying to me at this time, in allusion to her having met him somewhere—"I used always to think Mr. Crawford the most agreeable man in the world, but I think now he has even improved!" One day—we had walked out into the country, and were sitting on a felled log by the roadside, to rest (for in those days New Yorkers could walk out into the country),—I said to him that I had a piece of news to tell him. It was not pleasing, but it was interesting.

"I told you six weeks ago," I said, "that Elizabeth Ingram had been seized with small-pox. She has recovered, and two or three people have seen her. Every ray of her beauty is gone. They say she is hideous."

"I don't believe it!" he said, simply.

"The young man who was to marry her does," I answered. "He has backed out—he has given her up—he has posted back to Alabama."

Crawford looked at me a moment, and then—"The idiot!" he exclaimed.

For myself, I felt the full bitterness of poor Elizabeth's lot; Mrs. Ingram had been "nipped," as I had ventured to express it, in a grimmer fashion than I hoped. Several months afterward, I saw the young girl, shrouded in a thick veil, beneath which I could just distinguish her absolutely blasted face. On either side of her walked her father and mother, each of them showing a visage almost as blighted as her own.

I saw Crawford for a time, as I have said, with a certain frequency; but there began to occur long intervals, during which he plunged into inscrutable gloom. I supposed in a general way, that his wife's temper gave him plenty of occupation at home; but a painful incident—which I need not repeat—at last informed me how much. Mrs. Crawford, it appeared, drank deep; she had resorted to liquor to console herself for her disappointments. During her periods of revelry, her husband was obliged to be in constant attendance upon her, to keep her from exposing herself. She had done so to me, hideously, and it was so that I learned the reason of her husband's fitful absences. After this, I expressed to Crawford my amazement that he should continue to live with her.

"It's very simple," he answered. "I have done her a great wrong, and I have forfeited the right to complain of any she may do to me."

"In heaven's name," I said, "make another fortune and pension her off."

He shook his head. "I shall never make a fortune. My working-power is not of a high value."

One day, not having seen him for several weeks, I went to his house. The door was opened by his wife, in curl-papers and a soiled dressing-gown. After what I can hardly call an exchange of greetings,—for she wasted no politeness upon me,—I asked for news of my friend.

"He's at the New York Hospital," she said.

"What in the world has happened to him?"

"He has broken his leg, and he went there to be taken care of—as if he hadn't a comfortable home of his own! But he's a deep one; that's a hit at me!"

I immediately announced my intention of going to see him, but as I was turning away she stopped me, laying her hand on my arm. She looked at me hard, almost menacingly. "If he tells you," she said, "that it was me that made him break his leg—that I came behind him, and pushed him down the steps of the back-yard, upon the flags, you needn't believe him. I could have done it; I'm strong enough"—and with a vigorous arm she gave a thump upon the door-post. "It would have served him right, too. But it's a lie!"

"He will not tell me," I said. "But you have done so!"

Crawford was in bed, in one of the great, dreary wards of the hospital, looking as a man looks who has been laid up for three weeks with a compound fracture of the knee. I had seen no small amount of physical misery, but I had never seen anything so poignant as the sight of my once brilliant friend in such a place, from such a cause. I told him I would not ask him how his misfortune occurred: I knew! We talked awhile, and at last I said, "Of course you will not go back to her!"

He turned away his head, and at this moment, the nurse came and said that I had made the poor gentleman talk enough.

Of course he did go back to her—at the end of a very long convalescence. His leg was permanently injured; he was obliged to move about very slowly, and what he had called the value of his working-power was not thereby increased. This meant permanent poverty, and all the rest of it. It lasted ten years longer—until 185–, when Mrs. Crawford died of *delirium tremens*. I cannot say that this event restored his equanimity, for the excellent reason that to the eyes of the world—and my own most searching ones—he had never lost it.

HOSPES CIVITATIS.

Annus Mirabilis Respublicæ MDCCCLXXVI.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

VICTORIOUS in her senate-house she stands,
Mighty among the nations, latest born;
Armed men stood round her cradle, violent hands
Were laid upon her, and her limbs were torn;
Yet she arose, and turned upon her foes,
And, beaten down, arose,
Grim, as who goes to meet
And grapple with Defeat,
And pull Destruction from her iron seat!
When saw the Earth another,
O valorous Daughter of imperious Mother,
Who greatly dared as thou?
Making thy land one wide Thermopylæ,
And the long leagues of sea thy Salamis,
Determined to be free
As the unscaled heaven is,
Whose calm is in thy eyes, whose stars are on thy brow!

Thy children gathered round thee to defend,
O mother of a race of hardy sons!
Left plows to rust in the furrows, snatched their guns,
And rode hot haste as though to meet a friend,
Who might be nigh his end,
Which *thou* wert not, though often sore beset;
Nor did they fall in vain who fell for thee;
Nor could thy enemies, though its roots they wet
With thy best blood, destroy thy glorious tree,
That on its stem of greatness flowers late:
Hedged with sharp spines it shot up year by year,
As if the planets drew it to their sphere,
The quick earth spouting sap through all its veins,
Till of the days that wait
To see it burst in bloom not one remains—
Not so much as an hour,
For, lo! it is in flower—
Bourgeoned, full blown in an instant! Tree of trees,
The fame whereof has flown across the seas,
Whereat the elder sisters of the race
Have hastened to these high walls,
These populous halls,
To look on this Centurial Tree,
And to strike hands with thee,
And see thy happy millions face to face!

First comes, as nearest, an imperial dame,
Named for that king's fair daughter whom Jove bore
Through the blue billows to the Cretan shore,
Where she its queen became:
Parent of many peoples, strong and proud,
Comes Europe in her purples, peaceful here:
Her great sword sheathed, and rent the battle-cloud
Wherewith her kings surround her—
The chains that long have bound her
Concealed, though clanking loud,
As stately she draws near;
Often in sorrow bowed,
She slips the shroud
Over her royal mantle,—wrings her hands,
That dripped so late with slaughter,
Of some brave son, dear daughter,
And heaps on her head the ashes of her desolated lands!
Hither Europe, great and mean,
Half a slave, and half a queen;
Hear what words are to be spoken,
What the Present doth foretoken,
Hear, and understand, and know,
As did our wiser Mother a hundred years ago!

England, our Mother's Mother, twice our foe,
But now our friend, for coming thus to-day
Should bury past contentions, and it may:
We have so much in common, we should be

Rivals in peace, not warfare; for there runs
The same blood in our sons:
The same deep-seated love of Liberty
Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good tongue,
Familiar with all songs your bards have sung:
Those large men, Milton, Shakspere, both are ours.
Come, from the shadow of your minster towers,
Vast, venerable, and your prison walls,
Where lazily the sickening sunshine crawls
In close, damp wards; and from your storied domes,
Columns of victory, each famous park;
And from the squalor of your wretched homes,
Where starving children die like rats in the dark!
Powerful and impotent, receive, retain
The wisdom wrung from you, and not in vain:
Be for this truth our debtor—
That gentlemen are good, but men are better!

Next come those neighbors twain,
Fair, fickle, courtly France, and somber Spain.

Shorn of her ancient strength, but potent still,
From her great wall-girt city by the Seine,
Shattered by hard beleaguerment, and wild ire
That sacked her palaces, and set on fire,
Pulled down her pillared column in disdain,
Most apt for all things ill;
From her green vineyards, ripening in the sun
On southern slopes their misted, purple blooms,
From cunning workshops, and from busy looms,
And where her princely painters ply their Art,
Artificer and artist, both in one,
Tempter and tempted, Siren of mankind,
Of many minds, but not the stable mind,
Keen wit and stormy heart;
With blare of trumpets and with roll of drums,
She comes triumphantly—France comes!

Spain, with a grave sedateness,
That well befits her old renown and greatness,
When she put boldly forth to find a world,
Found it, and pillaged it, and with banners furled,
Sailed in her galleons homeward, red with blood,
But wealthy with her spoil; nor did the flood
Engulf her for her cruelties—blessed, not banned,
By him who holds the keys of Peter in his hand!
They came not to bring peace here, but a sword,
Sharp followers of the meek and loving Lord,
Whom priests and monks were riding, and still ride—
Cowls over crowns, and over all the pride
That arrogates to know the will of God,
Holding alike His scepter and His rod,
Lighting at once the censer, and the fires
Wherein the poor wretch Heresy expires!
Te Deums then, but now—
But thou dost well to bow,
And cross thyself, and mutter *Aves:* we,
Who know not thy temptations, cannot know
What their punishment should be:
But heaven adjusted vengeance long ago,
When the New World passed from thee!

Three follow. Deadly feud
Two cherished many years;
For one was held in bitter servitude,
And flouted for her tears.

But she has risen victorious, and is crowned
Among the nations, with one foe remaining,
Powerless, except in curses, and complaining,
And spiritual thunders that not now confound;
Controlling, where he can,
The consciences of the living, souls of the dead,
Vicegerent of High God in puny man;
More arrogant than She who sat of old
On her Seven Hills, where altar smokes upcurled,
Hungry for blood and gold,
Sleepless, and ever mailed and helmetèd,
Whose legions scourged the world!
Free Italy comes hither,
Bringing with her
The memory of her glorious, great dominions,
What time her eagles swept with iron pinions
Three Continents, and her conquerors came home,
Followed by fallen kings, the slaves of Rome;—
The memory of her patriots and sages,
Whose strong deeds and wise words light the succeeding ages!
And they of later mold, wedding the sea;
Doges of Venice; the rich Medici;
Grave senators, stout captains, famous men,
Who wielded sword and pen;
Tasso, Boccaccio, the stern Florentine;
With other children of her royal line,
Who elevate the soul, and melt the heart,
With their sublime, divinely tender Art!

Austria, who wears the crowns of divers lands,
Snatched from pale brows in battle by red hands;
Haught mistress of old peoples, Serb and Slave,
Bohemian, Styrian, stalwart Tyrolese,
Whom now she must provoke and now appease;
From where the waters of the Danube lave
Vienna's walls, and, winding past Komorn,
Flow southward down through Hungary to the sea;
And where her chamois-hunters wind the horn
Along the Rhetian Alps, she comes, elate,
Peaceful, and prosperous, hither. May she be
A civic nation, with a happier fate
Than fell on her at Sadowa! O may she
Be lenient, juster, wiser than before,
Mother, and not Oppressor,
Redresser, not Transgressor,
And her black eagles' talons rend no more!

But who is she comes with her, with such a mountain air,
And singing on her way,
A simple spray of edelweis in her abundant hair,
A cold light in her bright, blue eyes, like that of winter day,
Steady, but sparkling, like her lakes, which Heaven stoops down to see,
And sees itself so clearer? Who may the maiden be?
No maiden, but a matron—mother of sturdy men,
Whose lion spirits Nature with independence fills,
Walled in with kingdoms, empires, and the everlasting hills.
Perhaps they have been conquered; but tell us where and when:
Not where her Arnold grasped the Austrian spears,
Nor when the Tuilleries gave up its king,
And they were hacked in pieces! All the years
Have seen them dying, dying,
But never flying,
Unless they followed Victory's crimson wing!
As peaceful as the bosom of their lakes;
As rugged as the Alps which are their home,
Along whose granite feet their rivers foam;

As dreadful as the thunder when it shakes
Its lightnings over Jura! Heart and hand,
Welcome the sole republic, Switzerland!

With these come other three,
One kingdom and two empires, all at peace,
But dreaming of new warfare. Who shall say
When they may draw their million swords, and slay
The poor, unpitied peoples? what release
These have from them, and what the end may be?
What woes and tribulations,
What dooms and desolations,
Upon the innocent and unoffending nations!

Six years of doubtful greatness, hardly won,
Hath *she* possessed, and guarded day and night,
Forging huge cannon, in her grim delight,
To do (mistaken!) what can not be done:
The weak will band against her when she becomes too strong,
The strong will fall upon her when she becomes too weak,
And none will plead for her who smote them long,
Nor her own children turn the over-smitten cheek.
They sow but ill who sow the seeds of hate,
For while the harvests grow, the reapers wait:
Another Jena may efface Sedan,
And Kaiser (grant it, God!) give place to Man!
She should be greater in good things than they
Who sit on thrones about her, Pope and Czar;
For she was born beneath a better star,
And had good men to guide her on her way:
"Iron and blood" are curses
That hatch out sure reverses:
For Conquest flies from Carnage, which she brings,
Borne down in the lost battle by its tremendous wings!
Be greater than thy neighbors, Germany,
Severe step-mother, whom thy sons forsake
For peace and freedom elsewhere. Glory lies
Not in thine arms, but arts,—in what is wise
Among thy thinkers, scholars, who partake
Of a larger nature than belongs to thee.
Better the land whose battles Luther fought
Than that of Frederick, so misnamed the Great;
To which the deaf Beethoven, hearkening, brought
God's chapel music; for which Goethe thought;
A prosperous People, not a powerful State!

But who is she, woman of northern blood,
With fells of yellow hair and ruddy looks,
Berserker wife, with many an ocean son?
Her robe is hemmed with mountains, fringed with fiords,
With scattered islands sown like pearls thereon,
Rivers therein as plentiful as brooks;
Her feet are in the seas, and arctic birds
Hover and scream about her; on her brow
The shadows of great pine woods: like the flood
Enters, and, like the pine, stands Sweden now!

Towering above and dwarfing these, a Shape
Enormous and portentous. She looks down
And captives with her smile, and with her frown
Destroys till none escape:
Her head in arctic winters, she looks round,
Westward and eastward, from the wild White Cape,
Across Siberian wastes to Behring Strait:
In the far distance her sharp eyes are glancing
To where her feet are stealthily advancing,
On peoples whom her Cossacks will surround,
On kings they will unking, and temples great,
Whose gods they will destroy, or mutilate,
Despite the many hands that smite no more;
Southward, to where the mountain passes lead
To India; from her red Crimean shore,
Where she beheld in rage her children bleed;
Southward, along the waters, till she sees
Minarets and mosques,
Green gardens, cool kiosks,
Seraglios, where the Sultan lolls at ease—
She scarce can keep her hands off, for her hands
Pluck empires from her pathway: she commands
Her myriads, they obey: her shadows darken
Europe, Asia, who to her whispers hearken,
Dreading her voice of thunder,
And the foot that tramples them under—
So comes imperious Russia! Giantess
With thin spots in her armor, forged too fast
Of outworn breastplates of old generations,
Her strength enfeebled by sparse populations,
Nomadic in the steppes: if she were less
She would be greater; she has grown too vast.
What does she see within her and without her?
What guards has sovereign Nature set about her?
Above an icy ocean, and below
Innumerable streams that come and go,
Through wildernesses, and unherded plains;
Long mountain ranges, where the snow remains,
And mocks the short-lived summer; penal mines,
Where poor, enslaved, rebellious Poland pines;
Chastising armies on her wide frontiers,
Where, imminent, War appears!
These things, O Russia! are thy weakness, these
Thy hard misfortune; nor can all thy state
Their terrible force abate,
Nor thy great cities, nor thy navied seas—
Colossal sister, whom we welcome here
To these high halls in this Centurial Year!

Who is this Woman of majestic mien?
More than woman, less than Queen;
Her long robe trailed with the dust
Of the old ruined cities wherein she
Sat, abject, head bowed, in dead apathy,
Till some young, cruel hunter, spying, thrust
(Half in anger, half in play)
His sharp spear at her as he rode that way,
Grazing her heart, till, startled back to life,
She rose, and fled, and hid among the tombs,
Safer where gaunt hyenas were at strife,
Than where men were! O wretched and forlorn!
Why art thou living? O why wert thou born?
Where are the many crowns that thou hast worn,
Discrowned One! and the many scepters where?
Thy face is furrowed, furrowed, and thy hair
(Still golden) is disheveled! O what dooms
Have fallen upon thee! O what suns are set!
Thy far eyes see them yet—
The light of lost dominion lingers there,
The melancholy evening of regret;
And in thine ears what voices of despair—
The wailings of thy myriad children slain
By Mede and Roman, Turk and Tartar hordes—
The rush of onset and the din of swords,
Gengis, and Bajazet, and Tamerlane:
Weep Asia, weep again!
—Another in thy place,
So suddenly we did not see thee go;
Thou wert, and here she is! If there was woe,
There is no trace thereof in her untroubled face!
Who can declare the stature of this Woman—

The simple light of wonder in her eyes,
The strange, mysterious gloom that deeper lies,
And whether she be godlike, or be human?
Unhusbanded, and primitive;
But now, behold, her children live,
Crowding about her knees, the Mother of the Race!
Tents arise and flocks are fed,
And men begin to bury dead:
O Shepherdess! thy sons depart,
The tents, the flocks, and where they were;
Cities gather, and thou art
No shepherdess, but Worshiper;
For round thee exhalations rise,
Which men, beholding, straightway say,
"Lo, these are gods!" and go their way,
And carve in wood, and mold in clay,
And cut in stone rude images
Hideous thereof, and bow to these,
Thou being their Priestess, both when they
Bring their first-fruits and on the altars lay,
And when their yearling lambs they sacrifice
To gods that know not of it, nor any thing.
The ruler at the gate is now a king,
Has armèd men and horsemen, and is to battle gone,
Headed and goaded on by thee, O more than Amazon!
Whose once white robe is purple, whose strong right hand is red—
Heap ashes on thy head,
Thou dark, infuriate Mother, whose children's blood is shed!
Who shall declare her, from her garment's hem
To the tall towers of her great diadem,
Goddess! Gone again—
For here poor, ruined Asia weeps, and weeps in vain!

With her are certain of her peoples—they
Who dwell in far Cathay;
They, neighboring, who their island empire hold;
They, less remote, more old,
Who live in sacred Ind.

What shall we call
This Curious One, who builded a great wall,
That, rivers crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out, but let in, the Invader;
Who is what her ancients made her;
Who neither wholly wakes, nor wholly sleeps,
Fool at once and sage,
Childhood of more than patriarchal age?
With twinkling, almond eyes, and little feet,
She totters hither, from her fields of flowers,
From where Pekin uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants meet
And barter with the world. We close our eyes,
And see her otherwise.
(Perhaps the spell began
With the quaint figures on her painted fan.)
At first she is a Land,
A stretch of plains and mountains, and long rivers,
Down which her inland tribute she delivers
To the sea cities: where a child may stand,
A man may climb, plants are, and shrubs, and trees;
Arable every where,
No idlers there
In that vast hive-world of industrious bees!
Now she is many persons, many things,
The little and the great:
The Emperor plowing in the Sacred Field,
What time the New-Year comes in solemn state;
A soldier, with his matchlock, bow, and shield,
Behind the many-bannered dragon wings;
A bonze, where the high pagodas rise,
And Buddha sits, cross-legged, in rapt repose;
A husbandman that goes
And sows his fallow fields with barley, wheat,
And gathers in his harvests, dries his tea;
Hunter, from whom the silver pheasant flies;
Boatman, whose boat floats downward to the sea;
Sailor, whose junk is clumsy; woodman, who
Cuts camphor-trees and groves of tall bamboo;
Gardens, wherein the zones like sisters meet,
Where bud and flower and fruit together grow,
The banyan and pomegranate, and the palm,
And the great water-lily, white as snow;
Rivers, with low squat bridges; every where
Women and children; beardless men, with queues,
In tunics, short wide trowsers, silken shoes,
Some with the peakèd caps of Mandarins;
Behold the ruby button burning there,
And yonder severed head that ghastly grins;
Old hill-side tombs, where mourners still repair;
Innumerous bustle, immemorial calm—
And this is China!

She
Who follows quickly—if she woman be—
Is clad in a loose robe, whose flowing folds
Mold out the shape they cover, and discover
To the eye of lord and lover,
The strong limbs, girdled waist, the arm that holds
Her island children, and the breasts that feed:
Woman and mother, why that manly stride,
And the two swords at thy side?
Offended or defended, who must bleed?
Her face is powdered, painted, and her hair,
Drawn high above her head, with pins of gold
Is fastened: if light olive tints are fair,
Fair is her oval face, though overbold;
Good-humor lights it, frankness, and the grace
Of high-born manner, honor, pride of place:
But, looking closer, keener, we discern
Something that can be stern,
Like the dark tempests on her mountain highlands,
The wild typhoons that whirl around her thousand islands!
Most bounteous here, as in her sea-girt lands,
Where she stretches forth her hands,
Plucks cocoas and bananas in woods of oak and pine,—
Grapes on every vine,
And walks on gold and silver, and knows her power increased,
Nor fears her nobles longer—the Lady of the East!

What words of what great poet can declare
This woman's fallen greatness, her despair,
The melancholy light in her mild eyes?
She neither lives nor dies!
First-born of Earth's First Mother, she gave birth
To the infant races, and her dwelling-place
Cradled the young religions: face to face,
Her many gods and children walked the Earth.
(Who could know, when Life began,
Which was god, and which was man?)
Her mountains are the bases of the sky,
Where the gods brooded, uncreate, eternal,
Celestial and infernal—

Indra every where, and Siva nigh,
Thunder voice that in the summer speaks—
Shadow of the wings that fly—
Arrow in the bended bow!
Did they wander down the mountain peaks,
Through the clouds and everlasting snow?
Or did men clamber up and fetch them down below?
Who may know
What their heads and hands portend;
What the beasts whereon they ride,
And whether these be deified;
What was in the beginning and shall be in the end?
What matter? Things like these—
Struggles to ascend the ladder of the air,
Plunges to reach unbottomed mysteries—
Have been thy ruin, India, once so fair,
So powerful, prayerful! Hands that clasp in prayer
Let go the sword and scepter: thou hast seen
Thine roughly wrested from thee, and hast been
A prey to many spoilers, some thine own:
Timor proclaimed himself thy Emperor;
And Baber conquered, beaten thrice before;
And Nadir took thy glorious Peacock Throne;
And others, Hindoo, Moslem, self-made kings,
Carved out rich kingdoms from thy wide domains—
Had violent, bloody reigns,
And perished (the gods be thanked!) like meaner things—
If meaner, crueler in thy forests be,
Among the wolves and jackals skulking there,
And dreadful tigers roaring in their lair,
Than these foul beasts that so dismembered thee!
O mortal and divine!
The largeness of the primitive world is thine:
The everlasting handiwork remains,
In the high mountain ranges, the broad plains,
The wastes, and vast, impenetrable woods
(Oppressive solitudes
Where no man was!), the multitudinous rivers—
The gods were generous givers,
If from the heavenly summit of Meru,
Beyond all height, they sent the Ganges down;
Or is it, Goddess, from thy mountained crown,
Far lifted in the inaccessible blue,
Its waters, rising in perpetual snow,
Come in swift torrents, swollen in their flow
By larger rivers, others swelling them,
All veins to this long stem
Of thy great leaf of verdure? Sacred River,
That from Gangotri goest to the Sea,
Past temples, cities, peoples—Holy Stream,
Whom but to hear of, wish for, see, or touch,
Bathe in, or sing old hymns to day by day,
Whom but to name a hundred leagues away,
Was to atone for all the sins committed
In three past lives (for Vishnu so permitted)
O Ganges! would the Powers could re-deliver
Thy virtues lost, or we renew the dream:
We can restore so much,
India, we cannot yet relinquish Thee!

A Vision of a Cloud,
Remote, but floating nearer, looming higher;
Movements therein as if of smothered fire,
And voices that are neither low nor loud.
A Vision of a Shadow, stooping down
Or rising up: we first behold the feet,
Then the huge, grasping hands; at last the frown
On what should be the face of this Afreet!
A Vision of a Form that lies supine,
Lazily sprawling over a Continent;
Feet in the Indian Ocean, elbow leaning
On a green Atlantic cape, with nothing screening,
Not even a lifted palm-leaf, the fierce shine
Of summer from its blinking, blinded eyes,
The hot sirocco from its desert brain,
Which a great sea cannot cool: supine it lies—
If chained, it hugs the chain!
Its head is on the mountains, and its hands
Fumble in its long slumber and dull dreams;
They finger cowries in the briny sands,
And dabble in the ooze of shrinking streams:
What happens around it neither hears nor heeds,
Awake or sleeping: over it lizards crawl,
The desert ostrich scampers in its face,
The hippopotamus crushes its river reeds;
Locusts consume, lions tear: it lies through all—
Most brutish of the Race!

A Vision of a River, and a Land
Where no rain falls, which is the river's bed,
Through which it flows from waters far away,
Great lakes, and springs unknown, increasing slow,
Till the midsummer currents, rushing red,
Come overflowing the banks day after day,
Like ocean billows that devour the strand,
Till, lo! there is no land,
Save the cliffs of granite that inclose their flow,
And the waste sands beyond; subsiding then
Till land comes up again, and the husbandmen
(Chanting hymns the while)
Sow their sure crops, which till midwinter be
Green, gladdening the old Nile
As he goes on his gracious journey to the Sea!
—Land of strange gods, human, and beast, and bird,
Where animals were sacred and adored,
The great bull Apis being of these the chief;
Pasth, with her woman's breast and lion face,
Maned, with her long arms stretching down her thighs;
Dog-faced Anubis, haler of the dead
To judgment; Nu, with the ram's head and curled horns;
And Athor, whom a templed crown adorns;
And Mut, the vulture; and the higher Three—
The goddess-mother Isis, and her lord,
Divine Osiris, whom dark Typhon slew,
For whom, in her great grief
(Leading unfathered Horus, weeping too),
She wandered up and down, lamenting sore,
Searching for lost Osiris: Libya heard
Her lamentations, and her rainy eyes
Flooded the shuddering Nile from shore to shore,
Till she had found, in many a secret place,
The poor dismembered body (can it be
These are supreme Osiris?) whereat she
Gathered the dear remains that Typhon hid,
And builded over each a Pyramid
In thirty cities, and was queen no more;
For Horus governed in his father's stead,
The crowns of Earth and Heaven on his anointed head!
—From out the mists of hoar Antiquity
Straggle uncertain figures, gods or men—
Menes, Athothis, Cheops, and Khafren;

No matter who these last were, what they did,
Save that each raised a monstrous Pyramid
To house his mummy, and they rise to-day
Rifled thereof! And she—
Colossal Woman, couchant in the sands,
Who has a lion's body, paws for hands
(If she was wingèd, like the Theban one,
The wide-spread wings are gone):
Nations have fallen round her, but she stands;
Dynasties came and went, but she went not:
She saw the Pharaohs and the Shepherd Kings,
Chariots and horsemen in their dread array—
Cambyses, Alexander, Anthony,
The hosts of standards, and the eagle wings,
Whom, to her ruinous sorrow, Egypt drew:
She saw, and she forgot—
Remembered not the old gods nor the new,
Which were to her as though they had not been;
Remembered not the opulent, great Queen,
Whom riotous misbecomings so became—
Temptress, whom none could tame,
Splendor and danger, fatal to beguile;
Remembered not the serpent of old Nile,
Nor the Herculean Roman she loved and overthrew!
Half buried in the sand it lies:
It neither questions nor replies;
And what is coming, what is gone,
Disturbs it not: it looks straight on,
Under the everlasting skies,
In what eternal Eyes!

Out of all this a Presence comes, and stands
Full-fronted, as who turns upon the Past,
Modern among the ancients, and the last
Of re-born, risen nations: in her hands,
That once so many scepters held, and rods,
A palm leaf set with jewels: Princess, she—
She has her palaces along the Nile,
Her navies on the sea;
And in the temples of her fallen gods
(Not hers—she knows but the One God over all),
She hears from holy mosques the muezzin's call,
"Lo, Allah is most great!" And when the dawn
Is drawing near, "Prayer better is than Sleep."
She rides abroad; her curtains are undrawn—
She walks with lifted veil, nor hides her smile,
Nor the sweet, luminous eyes, where languors creep
No more: she is no more Circassian girl,
But Princess, woman with the mother breast;
No Cleopatra to dissolve the pearl
And take the asp—the East become the West!
Honor to Egypt—honor;
May Allah smile upon her!
He does; for, while on others waning now,
The Prophet's Crescent broadens on her brow:
O prosper, Egypt, prosper! nor deplore
What was and might have been,
When thou wert slave and queen:
Hither, and sing "*In exitu*," no more!

Welcome, a thousand welcomes! Our emotion
Demands a speech we have not: it demands
The unutterable largeness of the ocean,
The immeasurable broadness of the lands
That own us masters. Who is he shall speak
This language for us? from what mountain peak?
And in the rhythms of what epic song,
At once serene and strong?
Welcomes, ten thousand welcomes! It is much,
O sisters! ye have done in coming here;
For from the hour ye touch
Our peaceful shores, ye are peaceful, equal, dear!
Not with exultations,
O Sister, Mother nations!
Do we receive your coming; for more than many see
Comes with ye; do ye see it? It is what is to be
Some day among your myriads, who will no more obey;
But, peaceable or warring, will then find out the way
Themselves to govern: if they tolerate
Kaisers, and Kings, and Princelings, as to-day,
It will be because they pity and are too good to hate.
The New World is teaching the Old World to be free:
This, her acknowledgment from these, is more
Than all that went before:
Henceforth, America, Man looks up to Thee,
Not down at the dead Republics! Rise, arise!
That all men may behold thee. Be not proud;
Be humble and be wise;
And let thy head be bowed
To the Unknown, Supreme One, who on high
Has willed thee not to die!
Be grateful, watchful, brave;
See that among thy children none shall plunder,
Nor rend asunder—
Swift to detect and punish, and strong to shield and save!
Shall the drums beat, trumpets sound,
And the cannon thunder round?
No, these are warlike noises, and must cease;
Not thus, while the whole world from battle rests,
The Commonwealth receives her honored guests—
She celebrates no triumphs but of Peace.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Manufacture of Doctors.

One of the most suggestive bits of information contained in Mr. Scudder's excellent article in our July number, on Harvard University, related to the revolution that has been effected in the medical department of that institution. So far as we know the history of medical education in this country, the standard has been disgracefully low. In the old days of country schools, hundreds of men were made physicians every year on a very small provocation. A young man of moderate intelligence, knowing small Latin and less Greek, entered his name at any regular practitioner's office, and attended two courses of lectures. If, after presenting his preceptor's certificate that he had been a student of medicine for three years, including the two lecture terms, he passed with tolerable credit a most desultory and incompetent examination, he received his diploma, and was at liberty to settle anywhere, to practice every branch of medicine and surgery. How much better the state of things is now, in the Schools of New York and Philadelphia, we have no means at hand definitely to determine. The city schools have certain advantages of clinical instruction which the country schools never possessed, but beyond these, we believe there is very little to be said in their favor. The young men come in swarms, and they go in swarms, and it is very rare that any one goes "plucked." The little Homœopathic school in this city is much more thorough and exacting than the "regular" schools, which are engaged in a heavy competition. Out of its class of thirty odd last year, nine were plucked, after a very close examination, or about twenty-seven per cent, while of a class of over a hundred, in one of the regular schools, only two were plucked—less than two per cent.

It seems that at Boston, for fifty years or more, the old system of instruction and examination had prevailed, when the authorities, though the school was abundantly prosperous, became discontented, and inaugurated a revolution. They had worked faithfully in the old way, with as good results as the old way could secure. As Dr. Holmes, in summing up the matter, said: "It was a great feast of many courses, to which the student was invited; but they were all set on at once, which was not the best arrangement, either for mental appetite or digestion." In other words, the students came to Boston two winters, and were crammed with lectures, and then went home to short commons. The change inaugurated devotes the entire academic year to medical instruction. The two terms begin respectively in September and February, and end in February and June. Each of these terms is more than the equivalent of the former winter term. The instruction is made progressive, the students being divided into three classes, taking up the different branches in their natural succession, instead of having the whole burden poured on to them at once. The old oral, hasty and utterly incompetent examination for a degree, that was formerly in vogue, has gone out, and in place of it there has been instituted a written examination, lasting three hours in each branch, and the student must pass this examination satisfactorily before he can obtain his diploma.

There is, perhaps, nothing in all the many improvements that Harvard has made during the history of its remarkable progress, for which a long-suffering people owe it so much gratitude as for this. It has always been too easy an achievement to obtain a medical diploma. Medical schools have competed with each other for students, and the temptation has been to keep the standard low, and to graduate the largest possible number of men. None know better than intelligent medical men, that there are multitudes of physicians in practice who never ought to have been permitted to practice—men whose medical education is shamefully slender—men whose diploma does not belong to them by any right of knowledge, or culture, or any sort of ability.

Well, what has been the result of the change at Harvard? "A greater prosperity," Mr. Scudder informs us, than under the old system. But it is not necessary to go to Mr. Scudder for the information. It is becoming notorious that a Harvard diploma in Medicine is the most valuable diploma procurable in this country. The consequence is that the better class of students will seek it, until the other schools adopt the same plan, and do away forever with the present cheap and inefficient one. A Harvard Medical Diploma means something; the ordinary diploma means very little, even to those who get it. A Harvard diploma means work achievement, scholarship, honor, success; and the best material in preparation for the profession will try for it at any sacrifice. The medical schools of New York and Philadelphia must wheel into line with Boston, or be left behind, where they ought to be left. Nothing will be gained to the profession or the world by any other course, or, in the long run, to the schools themselves.

These matters of health and sickness, life and death, are very serious ones, and there are few things more sad—more horrible, indeed—than to see a sick or an injured man in hands utterly incompetent to treat him. The truth is that a physician should be always a first class man—first class in his moralities, his character, his acquirements his skill. No course of education can be too thorough for him, no preparation for the stupendou work of his life too exacting. Medical students ar not apt to think of this. By becoming familiar with disease and death, they are far too apt to grow thoughtless, and to forget the preciousness of that possession which they are to be called upon to protect. They certainly will not think of it if thei instructors make it easy for them to acquire thei profession. The commission of a single unworthy man to practice the profession of medicine is a direct means of demoralization, of which no faculty can afford to be guilty. Let us manufacture no more doctors: let us educate them.

The Social Evil.

THERE are some topics which an editor does not like to write upon—which the people do not like to read about; but when they relate to a great social danger they are forced on the public attention, and must be discussed with such inoffensiveness of language as may be possible in a frank and forcible treatment of them. The late Grand Jury, which found it in the line of its apprehended duty to recommend the establishment of regulated prostitution, has forced the topic upon the press, and it must be met and disposed of.

It is noteworthy that at a time when a most determined effort is making, not only in England but all over the Continent, for the doing away of the laws which in England exist under the name of the "Contagious Diseases Act," and, in other countries, under equally insignificant and innocent titles, there should be widely scattered but determined efforts to give those laws an asylum in America. There have been as many as three or four attempts to establish regulative laws in Washington, three in New York, one in Cincinnati, one in St. Louis—successful, but now repealed—one in Pennsylvania, and one in California. These attempts have been initiated and made in various ways. Boards of Health have had something to do with the matter. Committees on Crime, and Prison Reports have recommended such laws; and the advocates of the change have sought to accomplish their purposes through legislative enactments and city charters. The presentation of the Grand Jury in this city is the latest attempt in this direction; and now, on behalf of common decency and public morality, and on behalf of all right-thinking men, and absolutely all women, we beg leave to enter our most emphatic protest.

We do not question the motives of the Grand Jury. There is a class of good men who, apprehending the immensity of the social evil, and absolutely hopeless of its cure, have come to the conclusion that the best way is to regulate that which they cannot suppress—to recognize in law, and regulate by law, a bestial crime which no penalties have been sufficient to exterminate. These men mean well. They embrace in their number many physicians and scientific men. They support their position by a thousand ingenious arguments; but the great crowd that stand behind these men—silent, watchful and hopeful—ready with votes, ready with money—is made up of very different materials, and actuated by very different motives. They are men who desire to commit crime with impunity,—to visit a brothel without danger of apprehension and without danger of infection. They are the cold-blooded, scoffing foes of social purity. There is not one of them who does not desire to have prostitution "regulated" on behalf of his own beastly carcass.

The effect of these regulative laws on all European society has been precisely that which, in the nature of the case, might have been anticipated. During the existence of Christian society, all commerce of the sexes outside of the obligations and liberties of Christian marriage, has been regarded and treated as a crime. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" has been transcribed from the tables of stone upon every statute-book of every Christian State. Now, the very first effect of an instituted attempt, on the part of the State, to regulate by law a well defined crime, not only against the civil but the moral law, is to lower the standard of the public morality. To legalize vice, even to the extent of regulating it as an evil, is to make it in a degree respectable. To regulate a vicious calling—carried on only to the everlasting ruin of all who are engaged in it—is to recognize it as a calling, and legitimize it. We say that the evil effects of this legislation on European society might have been anticipated by any but the blind. It was in the nature of the case that the tone of the public morality would be lowered by it. When, added to this terrible result, the people found themselves released from the fear of infection, through the medical supervision of the wretched women whose legitimized calling provided for their bestialities, they were ready to accept their new privileges. The morality of Paris, of Brussels, of Berlin, of Vienna—of all the great Continental centers—has been absolutely honeycombed with sexual corruption. Morality lowered, increased immunity from danger effected, and the beast in man was let loose to have its own way. The translation of a vice into an evil is the transformation of a thing to be blamed into a thing to be pitied and deplored. Recognizing that evil as a necessity, we have only to take one more step to make it an ordination of heaven.

"Well, what would you do?" inquire the advocates of regulation. "Here is a great evil. We suppress it in one quarter, and it springs to life in another. It has as many heads as Hydra. The diseases which it engenders are poisoning the children who are innocent. They are reducing the physical tone of the nation, and thus diminishing the average years of life." Yes, we know all this; but how do you expect to treat effectually a two-sided crime with one-sided laws? Who spreads disease among the children, or transmits it to them? The women? Not at all. It is the class for which you have no law—the class which, nine cases in ten, brought the women down to dissolute habits—the class which, with bribes in its hands, makes prostitution as a calling possible. The men go free. You propose to let them go free. For them you have no registration, no medical inspection, no surveillance, no restraints, and no penalties of any sort. The bald injustice of the thing is a temptation to profanity. There is not a woman in the land, bad or good, who does not feel it to be such. To undertake by law to regulate what we call the social evil, is to undertake to provide facility and safety for the overbearing passions of the young, and the incorrigible lecher grown old in his vice. It is practically to discourage marriage by debasing the moralities and the respect for woman in which only true marriage is possible. It is to transform American society, socially the most pure of any on the earth, into the semblance and substance of that which prevails in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. It is indefinitely and immeasurably to increase the moral side of the evil, which you and all good people deplore, by legitimizing it, and by diminishing its physical dangers. The laws you propose would be brush heaped upon a bonfire.

If we are to have laws, let us have just laws. In the first place, let us not talk about a voluntary crime as a necessary and incurable evil. That is demoralization at the start. In the second place, let us have for all two-sided crimes two-sided laws. Prostitution is a two-sided crime. It is not possible without a confederate or a companion. Make the same law for one that you make for the other, and see how long prostitution would last. Do this, and prostitution would be reduced seventy-five per cent. in twenty-four hours. Station a policeman at every brothel. Compel every man who enters to register his name and residence, and report himself to the medical authorities every three days for a month. Provide the same penalties, the same restrictions, the same disgraces and painful humiliations for one party that you do for the other, and then see what would come of it. There is something curative in this proposition, because it is indubitably just; and the reason why prostitution has grown to its alarming dimensions is simply and only because the laws relating to it are unjust. No legislation which takes into consideration only one of the guilty parties can possibly thrive. It never ought to thrive. It is an outrage upon the criminal who is discriminated against. It is an outrage upon the common sense of justice.

When our Grand Juries, and our Boards of Health, and our medical conventions, and our legislators are ready for regulative laws which embrace both parties in the social crime, we shall be with them—for such laws will not be simply regulative—they will be curative. Until then, we call upon all good people to oppose as they would oppose fire, or plague, or invasion, every attempt to give us the regulative laws that have debased all Europe, and from which many of the best Europeans are trying to release themselves.

The Dead-Beat Nuisance.

We hear a great deal of the "tramp nuisance," but this is very largely confined to the country. Men out of work, with no families to tie them to any particular spot, and men demoralized by army experiences, who would not work if they could, added to the great pauperized mass that is afloat at all times, tramp from town to town, and beg or steal—according to their depth of degradation—to eke out their miserable and meaningless lives. But there is another nuisance, confined mainly to the cities, of which the country knows but little, that grows larger and larger with each passing month of business distress. The dead-beat is a product of the town, and harder to handle and cure than the tramp.

The processes by which the dead-beat is made are various. A young man of bad habits goes on to worse, until, as business becomes slack, he is discharged. From that day forth his clothes grow shabby. He begins to borrow from those who knew him in better days, with the promise and, at first, with the purpose, of paying; but at last he wears out his friends, and begins to prey upon society at large. He has no resource but borrowing—borrowing on the basis of any story that he can invent. He wants money to bury his wife, his child, to feed a starving family, to get to some place where he has friends. Many pretend to belong in the South, and are only anxious to get back. Many in New York have just come from the South, their trunks pawned for passage-money, and they want to get to Boston. Some are just from a hospital, where they have for a long time been ill. They have been dismissed without money, and want to reach their friends. The ingenious lies that are peddled about New York, in any single day, by men and women fairly well dressed, for the purpose of extorting from sympathetic and benevolent people, sums varying from one dollar to twenty-five dollars, would make a series of narratives quite sufficient to set up a modern novelist. So earnestly and consistently are these stories told that it is next to impossible to realize that they are not true; yet we suppose that the experience of the general public, like all the private experience with which we are acquainted, proves that ninety-nine times in a hundred they are pure, or most impure, inventions.

The genteel female dead-beat is, perhaps, the hardest to get along with. She puts on airs and dignities. She talks of her former fortune, and of her expectations. She has sources of income a present shut up, but sure to be opened in time. O she has a small income, terribly inadequate, at best but not yet due. She wants something to bridge over the gulf that yawns between the last dollar and the next. Sometimes she lubricates her speech with tears, but dignity, and great self-respectfulness and a beautiful show of faith in God and man, are her principal instruments; and it takes a purse that shuts like a steel trap to withstand her appeals Some of these women selfishly stay at home, or in some nice boarding-house, and push out their children, and even their young and well-educated daughters, to do their borrowing for them. One whom we know,—confessedly a non-attendant at any church,—rails at the church for not supporting her "Pretty followers of Jesus Christ!" she thinks th church members are.

The moment a man begins to lie for the purpos of getting money, or for the purpose of excusin himself for the non-payment of a debt, that momen he changes from a man to a dead-beat. We thu have dead-beats in business, as well as out of business—men who "shin" from day to day, and neve know in the morning how they are to get through They live constantly by expedients. Of course, cannot take long to reduce them to dead-beats of the most disgraceful stamp.

We have already, in a previous number, chronicled the statement made by one of our most truthful public men, that there is in this city a house that harbors the professional dead-beat, and furnishes him with romances to be used in the practical extortion of money. In this house there is a book kept, in which are recorded the names of benevolent men and women, with all their histories, traits, weak points, etc. These romances and this knowledge are imparted in consideration of a certain percentage of the money collected through their use. Whether we call this organized beggary or organized robbery, it matters little. The fact itself is enough to put every man upon his guard, and to make him decline (as a fixed rule, never to be deviated from, except in instances where his own personal knowledge warrants him in doing so) to give anything to anybody who comes to him with a story and an outstretched palm. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the story is a lie, and the teller it a professional dead-beat, who deserves to be kicked from the door. Personally, we have never known a case in New York City of this sort of begging or borrowing that was not a fraud. The money loaned never comes back, or the beggar by some forgetfulness comes round again.

The only safe way to manage these importunate and adroit scamps is either to turn them over to the investigation of some society, or to call a policeman. Fortunately, there is in a large number of houses the District telegraph, by the means of which a policeman can be summoned in a minute or two, without the visitor's knowledge. In many instances, the policeman will know his man at first sight. Every dollar given to these leeches upon the social body is a direct encouragement to the increase of the pauper population; and, if the matter is still regarded carelessly, we shall, in twenty years, be as badly off as Great Britain in this particular. What we give goes for rum, as a rule, and we not only foster idleness, but we nourish vice and crime. We need to make a dead set against tramps in the country and dead-beats in the city, if we wish to save our children from a reign of pauperism, only less destructive of the prosperity and the best interests of the country than the reign of war.

THE OLD CABINET.

A Song of the Early Summer.

Not yet the orchard lifted
  Its cloudy bloom to the sky,
Nor through the dim twilight drifted
  The willow-whistle's cry;

The gray rock had not made
  Of the vine its glistening kirtle,
Nor shook 'neath the locust's shade
  The purple bells of the myrtle;

Ere, awake in the darkling night,
  You heard in the chimney-hollow
The booming whir of the swallow,
  And the twitter that follows the flight;

Before the foamy whitening
  Of the water below the mill;
Ere yet the summer lightning
  Shone red at the edge of the hill,—

I know without something human
  A song like this is vain;
For earth without man or woman
  Is Hamlet without the Dane:

But in fact I have no story;
  You must wait till another time:
But Summer is in its glory,
  And I cannot keep from rhyme.

There is a good deal to be said in corroboration of the statement that style is more than matter. Truth is something which exists always and everywhere. But it is of no immediate value to us unless it is made presently and vividly apparent. The mere formal statement or restatement of the truth is of no account; but the statement of it in such a way that it is, as the phrase goes, brought home to us,—that is of great moment. This is what style does. This is what Hawthorne's romances, and George Eliot's novels do. The ethical force of their books is owing to their art, to their style. People who write homilies think it outrageous that their own pages should be called dull. Is not this *truth?* they cry out; how, they insist, can you call such vital and important matters stupid! They forget that nothing is so common as truth, for there is nowhere that it is not, and there is no person who has not had experience of it. So when your homily man says that people who expect to gain happiness and freedom by selfish indulgence, end by finding themselves unhappy and in bondage; or when he says, be true, be true, be true or you will suffer; or when he says that you should not marry for money; he makes remarks that every one will assent to and forget. But when the same statement is typified in "Romola," and "The Scarlet Letter," and "Daniel Deronda," the world hears, heeds and remembers.

Almost every one who reads "The Flood of Years," will find himself familiar with most of its thought and imagery. It is its style that gives this latest poem of the old poet its impression and its value. It has a sound like an organ,—a motion like that of a majestic river flowing toward the unknown, eternal sea.

Song.

I.

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

II.

Thou who wouldst be wise!
Open well thine eyes:
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower.

My dear Miss ——: I do not like the title of the little essay about which you have thought it worth while to ask my opinion: "A Woman's Thoughts on Scandinavian Literature." I do not say that there might not be an occasion when such a title would be appropriate. And a woman should certainly *be* a woman. But by such a title you put yourself in a false position; that is, you become conscious of your womanhood. Suppose Matthew Arnold should write "A Man's Thoughts about the Moon;" he would become conscious of his manhood and write, in a certain degree, affectedly. His writing would not be so natural, and spontaneous, and *manly* as it would be if he just wrote about the moon! Your thoughts cannot avoid being a woman's thoughts, but they will probably be more valuable if you don't think about yourself and your point of view at all. No living woman can dispute the womanliness of George Eliot; and no living man can dispute her intellectual strength. No one can say how much of her intellectual power comes from her womanliness: how much she may owe to her own feminine point of view. But in her literature she ignores her sex; just as a man should not think of his. Her pen name is, in fact, the name of a man, not that she wishes to unsex herself, but to forget herself.

If you had asked advice with relation to the stage instead of with relation to literature, I should have said, what an American prima donna now says to all who come to her seeking knowledge on the subject of training for public singing, "Read 'Daniel Deronda,' third book, twenty-third chapter." But that chapter does apply to your case, nevertheless, with exceptions which are apparent. "Whenever an artist has been able to say 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." Yours, &c.

We are always surprised when little men are chosen for great offices; as if this were not the rule in all organizations, and any contrary instance the exception. Busybodies, conceited, or selfish, or talky-talky persons, naturally push their ways into committees, secretaryships and the like; and when it comes to popular suffrage the contemporaneous people are as unsympathetic with an original mind as with an original work of art. The contemporaneous people, we say, for time and the grave bring the great man and the great art, on the one side, and humanity on the other—each to its own.

A Midsummer Song.

Oh, father's gone to market town; he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will—
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound,—
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo—
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a hundred flowers bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now, and wonders what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?

Sacred and profane politics have many points in common; the principal point being that they are both politics. Dr. M'Clintock was acknowledged to be the foremost scholar of American Methodism, and this is what he wrote to a friend in the last years of his noble and generous life—a life of which his friend Dr. Crooks has recently made a fitting and valuable record:

"There must always be men, in every ecclesiastical and political body, who shall work for the best good of the body, without holding the form of power in it. I am content to be one of these men in our

Church. All that I have of intellect, of culture, and of position in the world, I give to Methodism, because I believe Methodism to be the best form of American Christianity. But if Methodism does not want me in any of what are called the posts of power, I am not only content, but thankful and happy. It makes me shudder to see men eager for these posts, with all their responsibilities. I know that I am unfit for nearly all of them, and my Master knows it better than I do. It is He, doubtless, who has directed all my goings, for my own good, as well as for that of the Church."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Midsummer Holidays.

SHORT EXCURSIONS FROM NEW YORK.

AT an expenditure of a dollar, or less, the resident of or visitor in New York can reach the sea-side, and plunge into the exhilarating surf of the Atlantic itself; or pass a lazy afternoon fishing on the "Banks;" or ascend the Hudson River and visit the Highlands at West Point; or cool himself in the breezes that sweep the Orange Mountains at Orange or Montclair; or, at greater expense, breaking away from steamboats and steam-cars, he may ride on the box of an old-fashioned stage-coach through the most picturesque parts of Westchester County. The man of business, with leave of absence for a week or two, usually undertakes a tedious and expensive journey to some uncomfortable fashionable resort, while at his very doors there are dozens of places unfamiliar to him, at which he might find both recreation and health with less outlay than the price of a railway ticket to Saratoga or Cape May. We have suburbs as lovely as Richmond-on-the-Thames, and the character of the scenery around New York is far more varied than that around London. But we have no such hotels as the Star and Garter; indeed, at some of the most attractive places the only house of entertainment is a beer-saloon; the only refreshments to be obtained are hard-boiled eggs, ice-cream, and peanuts, and, at the best, the more pretentious hotels serve an exasperating and debilitating dinner, which detracts from, rather than adds to, the pleasure of the journey. A well-stocked lunch-basket is therefore a desirable part of the little trips we propose to suggest.

The sea-side is the strongest attraction to people from the interior, and our first trip shall be down the Bay, in one of the Staten Island (South Shore) ferry-boats, which leave the Battery, near the foot of Broadway, every hour, fare ten cents,—down by the fortifications on Governor's Island, and among the fleets of vessels on the wing and at anchor, toward the gently swelling ridge, eight miles below, which gradually closes in with the opposite shore of Long Island until it reaches the Narrows, the harbor-gate to the Ocean. The third and last landing made by the boat is Vanderbilt's, where we disembark, and either walk or ride in the street-car about a mile up a shady avenue to Fort Richmond, which occupies, with Fort Wadsworth, a high bluff in the very narrows of the Narrows, and commands both the Upper and the Lower Bays. The fortifications and armaments are of the most extensive kind. Battery after battery, trench after trench, wall after wall of solid granite, are discovered in our walk down the winding paths; and, when we are tired of this warlike exhibition, we can retire to a position on one of the grassy knolls that sweep upward from the water and view the varied expanse of land and sea, while a cool salt breeze plays about us.

Another pleasant walk or ride is from the first (Tompkinsville) landing of the South Shore boats to New Brighton or Port Richmond, on the Kill von Kull, a picturesque strait leading from Newark Bay to New York Bay, from which villages other lines of boats will convey you to the city. About a mile from New Brighton is Sailors' Snug Harbor, a beneficent charity, in which a large number of "old salts" are provided with a liberal home. The Seaman's Hospital and other interesting institutions are also within easy distance of the South-side landings, and a short railway ride across the island (fare, including ferriage from New York, twenty-five cents) will bring you to the ancient settlement of Perth Amboy, which aspired to be a rival of the metropolis, but has faded into a sleepy little village, with more powerful attractions for the bather or fisherman than for the merchant. From Whitehall and Pier 19 boats run directly to the North Shore. From the old town of Port Richmond pleasant excursions can be made inland, to the Brewery and Todt Hill.

The Long Branch boats start from Pier 8, North River, and one day, at least, may be spent at that fashionable resort, which can also be reached by the New Jersey Central Railway from Liberty street. The route by steamer is the more desirable in fine weather. After a delightful sail of about an hour and a half, affording an excellent idea of the extent and beauty of the harbor, you are landed at Sandy Hook, and thence conveyed by the steam-cars of the New Jersey Southern Railroad to the Branch, the character of which, as a showy, expensive resort, is too familiar to need comment here. The Highlands is an intermediate station, named after a popular watering-place on the magnificent headland confronting the Atlantic, which is marked for the aid of the mariner by the two finest light-houses on the coast. Some prefer the Highlands to the Branch, on account of the shady woods among which the hotels and boarding-houses are situated, and, to the writer's mind, nothing can exceed the pleasure of reposing on a summer afternoon under these thick canopies of leaf, with the ocean breaking on the yellow beach just below and reaching out to the rosy horizon. A narrow strip of sand forms a natural breakwater, between which and the embankment the Shrewsbury River flows placidly, and gives opportunity to the fisherman, and to the bather who does not care for the boisterous surf of the outer beach. A steamboat runs direct between the Highlands and the city, but the hours of sailing (advertised in the newspapers) are irregular.

Coney Island and Rockaway are watering-places of the extremely popular order, and can be reached in an hour or two by steam-cars from Brooklyn, or by boat from the city. Far Rockaway is more select, with boating, fishing, surf, and still-water bathing as attractions. Excursions to the Fishing Banks off Long Branch, in steamers especially chartered, form another diversion, involving a round trip of about sixty miles on the ocean, and costing about two dollars.

The Long Island Sound is bordered with numerous other watering-places, including Whitestone, which can be reached by boat or by the North Shore Railway from Hunter's Point in an hour or so, and which has excellent bathing, fishing, and boating facilities. A clam-bake, Indian fashion, a chowder, or a dish of mackerel, not very daintily served, but savory enough, may usually be obtained at these sea-side villages. A dip in the pure ocean water, an hour's cruise in a yacht (such as you may hire for two dollars); a well-selected lunch; repose on the warm yellow sand and a dreamy survey of the white sails that speckle the horizon,—these are pleasures to be had any summer day by the sojourner in New York.

Before September 1st, an instructive and interesting trip may be made by the Harlem boats from Peck Slip, East River, to the great excavations at Hell Gate, which were described in the number of this magazine for November, 1871, and which are intended to remove the barrier rocks obstructing the gate-way to the Sound. The route of the Harlem steamers, which leave the city almost hourly, comprehends a view of the East River through its whole length, with about three miles of shipping; the Brooklyn Navy Yard and ferries, the oil docks, Blackwell's Island and its prisons, work-houses, and asylums; the green Long Island shore dotted with many pretty villas; Ward's and Randall's Islands with their magnificent charities, and the floating boat-club houses on the Harlem. Steamers also run the entire length of the East River, past Fort Schuyler to City Island and New Rochelle, on the Sound.

If you take the Harlem boat you are deposited at Harlem Bridge, whence, after a pull on that river in a row-boat, or an easier ride in another steamer, to High Bridge, the crossing of the Croton Aqueduct, you can return to the city by steam or horse-cars. The Harlem is particularly interesting between three and nine o'clock on Saturdays, when it is crowded with swift sculls and picturesquely dressed oarsmen.

The Hudson River day-boats leave the foot of Vestry street, North River, at 8:30 A. M., and excursion tickets to West Point or Newburg and back, are sold for a dollar, the return boats reaching the city at about 6 P. M. Probably no other excursion possible in the world presents the same variety and grandeur of scenery in the same space as this does.

The steamer arrives at West Point soon after midday, and the tourist can either land here or proceed to Newburg, nine miles farther up. We advise him to land. The scenery around the Point is the grandest of all, and, besides this, the Military Academy has many points of interest. He will also have an hour's more time ashore than if he goes to Newburg. As for lunch, he may obtain it at the hotel, or in the restaurant on board before landing. The down-boat is due at about three o'clock, and after three hours spent in rambling among the groves, ravines, and slopes, the traveler may retrace the route of the morning to the city. The interest and beauty of the river do not end at West Point, however, and, if he has time, he will be repaid by continuing with the boat to Albany, where it will arrive at about 6 P. M. He may then return to the city by the famous night-boats "St. John" or "Drew," arriving in the city early on the next morning, or by the trains of the Hudson River road. The Hudson River trip may be made also in the afternoon boats: the "Mary Powell," the "Cornell" or "Baldwin," etc.

A delightful half day may be spent in the region of Tarrytown. The Hudson River cars land the visitor at Irvington, twenty-two miles from the city, and a ten minutes' walk to the north along the river brings him to "Sunnyside," Irving's rambling, pebble-dashed little mansion, with Dutch gables, almost concealed in the foliage. A few minutes' walk to the eastward is the Broadway Boulevard, which for many miles north and south of this point is lined with imposing dwellings. Proceeding north for two miles, the visitor comes to the suburbs of Tarrytown. The old village is below, on the shore of the Hudson, while the hills are crowded with fine residences. Near at hand is the monument to the captors of André, erected on the spot of his capture. The old Dutch cemetery, one mile north of the town, has many quaint tombstones, and contains the grave of Irving and an interesting chapel built by Frederick Phillipse in the seventeenth century. One crosses the noted Sleepy Hollow Bridge on the way to the cemetery.

The Orange Mountains of New Jersey are within twelve miles of the city, and have many beautiful walks and drives. The best way of reaching them is by the Morris and Essex road, from the foot of Barclay street, North River, to Montclair or Orange. But they may also be reached at any hour of the day by the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the New Jersey Central, *via* Newark, whence street-cars run at frequent intervals to within a short distance of the base of the mountains. Follow any road or trail you choose, and in a little while you will be in the breezy uplands, with ten to twenty-five miles of country open to your vision, and a thick roof of leaves swaying over you. A large tract of land on the slope near Orange has been inclosed under the name of Llewellyn Park, and cultivated with great taste and care. It contains many pretty houses and bowery retreats. The view from Eagle Rock on the ridge of the mountain is especially fine.

By following the Passaic River above Newark, either on the banks or in a row-boat, you will soon enter an exceedingly picturesque neighborhood. The banks are wooded and undulating, and from their highest points a wide expanse of lovely scenery is revealed. Three miles above Newark is Belleville, a pretty village with a Chinese laundry, which is well worth a visit; and Newark itself contains many industries in jewelry, leather, etc., that will also repay inspection.

An old-fashioned English coach pulled by four swift horses, and conducted by a "guard" with a horn, leaves the Hotel Brunswick, at Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, every morning for Pelham Bridge in Westchester County. The ride itself is one of the prettiest that can be imagined, and the adjuncts, —the high rate of speed, the crack of the driver's long whip, the brassy notes of the horn and the clatter of the hoofs,—make it altogether delightful. The coach arrives in the city on its return journey early in the evening.

Of course, there are many other resorts accessible to New Yorkers besides those that we have mentioned, but we selected only those that are adapted to an afternoon or a day's excursion.

N.B.—The visitor to New York City will find much practical information about points of interest in the metropolis, in a sketch, entitled "How to see New York," SCRIBNER for June (pp. 272–4). Since the issue of that number, various New York citizens have generously contributed from their private galleries to a "Centennial Loan Exhibition" of pictures, open at the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum, from July till November. This is perhaps the finest collection of the kind ever on exhibition in this country, and will alone repay a visit to the city. It contains many excellent examples of American and modern Continental Art; and in connection with the Centennial exhibition (especially the English paintings) will afford visitors an opportunity to see and study the best schools and methods of modern art.

The Rules of Croquet.

BY UNCLE CHARLEY.

EVERY one who plays croquet, knows the disagreeable results of the diversity in rules and method of play among different players. The books which have been written on the subject are also at variance, and as there is nothing but the author's or publisher's name to give authority to either book, the partisan of either side of any disputed question can readily find printed support for his views. What is needed, is a set of rules which shall have some positive authority, or shall represent the combined wisdom of some considerable body of experts in the game, and not merely the opinions of any one person. A reasonably complete and sensible code having such sanction ought to be generally adopted, for the sake of harmony.

The English croquet clubs held a conference in January, 1870, at which a code of laws was adopted which are characterized by simplicity, good sense, and straightforwardness. These rules have since been revised by the votes of the clubs represented in the conference, and seem worthy of universal adoption. We have been guided by them for three seasons, and like them better and better. The principal points are as follows:

1. NO "BOOBY."—Rule 4.—"The striker's ball, when placed on the starting-spot and struck, is at once in play and can roquet another or be roqueted whether it has made the first hoop or not."

2. THE TURN.—"A player, when his turn comes, may roquet each ball once and may do this again after each point made."

3. NO TIGHT CROQUET.—"In taking croquet, the striker is not allowed to place his foot on the ball." There has been a gradual abandonment of the "tight" or "foot" croquet, and a growing opinion that the "loose" or "roquet-croquet" is fairer and more scientific. At first, the foot was *obliged* to be on the ball. Then, in the treatises of Mayne Reid and the Newport Club, the loose croquet was allowed to the rover only. Afterward (Bradley's rules), the method was optional. Now, we have the scientific stroke as the only one admissible. All the rules about the flinch and the rover are now unnecessary.

4. CROQUET IMPERATIVE AFTER ROQUET.—"A player who roquets a ball must take croquet, and, in so doing, must move both balls." This sets at rest all questions about "declining."

5. BALL IN HAND AFTER ROQUET.—When a ball strikes another it instantly becomes "in hand," and must be taken up and placed beside the roqueted ball in order to take croquet. "No point or roquet can be made by a ball in hand." For example, if the red ball, in commencing its turn, hits the blue and rolls on through a wicket, the wicket is not made, because the ball was in hand from the moment it struck the blue. Again, if the red should by the same blow hit first the blue and then the yellow, he could croquet only the blue, but would have the privilege of striking at the yellow afterward and croqueting it if hit. You may therefore stop a ball which has roqueted another without the risk of its owner saying: "If you had not stopped my ball, it would have made the wicket."

6. WRONG PLAYING.—When a ball is played out of turn, or the wrong ball used, or a foul stroke made, the general principle is that the points so made are lost, and the remainder of the turn is forfeited and the adversary may elect whether the balls shall be replaced or remain where they lie. But, if the adversary plays on without claiming the penalty, the false play holds good. Specific rules are given for the various cases under this rule.

OTHER RULES.—There are a number of little special rules in the game as usually played, which destroy the symmetry of the game. It is a mistaken idea that complication of rules makes it "more interesting." This is shown by the fate of all such contrivances as the crossed hoops in the center, little bells on the wickets, etc. No croquet player who understands the game thoroughly and can play the "split-shot," the "follow," and the "hold-back," needs any such aids to give interest to the game. The following are some of the usages referred to which are omitted from the English code. (1.) Taking "two shots" or a "mallet's length" as a reward for running two wickets at the same blow. The two wickets are, like virtue, their own reward. (2.) "Spotting" a ball which has struck the turning-stake. It should play from where it lies like any other ball. (3.) The idea that a ball must move six inches to constitute a stroke. Who can measure the distance traversed by a rolling ball? If it is moved at all, it is a stroke.

Finally, if you play by these rules or by any other, remember to be strict in matters of law; but always defer to the observation of others in matters of fact.

Paris Fashions.

THIS year the races have not brought us any very great sensational novelty. Four years ago, they brought us the *Rabagas* bonnet, which is still worn (with variations) by all ladies who study their good looks. Three years ago, it was the *Cuirasse* bodice, which made its appearance, to make "Joans of Arc" of us all. Two years ago, it was the Abbess-plait—last year, it was the "Baby" dress or Bonnet. This year, it is, if anything, the long, plain scarf, which is being re-introduced into fashion. It is called the "*Clarissa Harlowe.*" By that, you will know exactly how to make it. It must be of the same color and material as the dress itself. In fact, everything must match the dress, if you would be considered to have good taste. Shoes, gloves, parasol, fan, everything must match. For that reason, the palest and most subdued tints are chosen, otherwise, the effect of so much sameness of color would be vulgar. Very pale blue and whitish gray are the colors (if colors they may be called) most in fashion.

Very old-fashioned striped gauzes, also, are exceedingly well worn for tunics. You might think that they had been found at the bottom of an old trunk, long since forgotten in the lumber-room.

All tunics are made of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece, from neck to hem of skirt. And they are made so tight, that they look like long cuirasses, nothing more. Some are fastened up the back; but most are still buttoned up the front, or are fastened by bows of ribbon.

Long pockets, reaching nearly to the bottom of the tunic, are added to every toilet. They are necessary—what, otherwise, should we do with our purses and handkerchiefs? As it is, we have quite enough to do to hold our parasol and our fan, and to hold up our trains in the bargain, for dress skirts are becoming longer and longer, as they are becoming tighter and tighter.

To be well dressed, now, you must have your skirts tied closely together at the back, just under the bend of the knee, in order that you may not walk in steps more than a few inches in length; then, your bodice must be as tight as you can possibly bear it without actually fainting, and the sleeves must cling to the arm in like proportion. To think of putting on a hat, or bonnet, or veil, when once dressed, is out of the question. You must have a maid or a friend to perform the smallest of these services for you.

Very few ladies now walk out-of-doors without a jacket or a mantle thrown over their shoulders. Mantles and scarfs are most worn. The mantles are capes at the back with long scarf ends in front. They are made of cashmere, or crêpe de Chine, to match the color of the dress. They may be plain or embroidered. In almost every case, they are edged with lace or rich fringe. Chenille fringe is returning much into favor. Ball fringe is also much worn. The ends of the mantle are generally tied loosely together in front, and the cape is slightly tied into the waist at the back.

The scarf, however, already alluded to, is newer and younger looking. I recommend it to all young ladies, in preference to the mantle or jacket.

As for bonnets, it is impossible to tell what *is* the fashion. Every shape, every color, and every material is worn; and one shape may play many parts, during its short life. It may be worn in front, at the back, or on one side. Some bonnets are all crown without brim,—these are the "baby" bonnets. A wreath of feathers or flowers encircles the crown, and a tuft of feathers is added at the back, and that is all. Other bonnets are all brim, and are minus crown. These are composed of a band foundation of velvet or straw. The inside of the brim is filled in with a wreath of flowers, and the exterior with a wreath of foliage, which falls low down the back; the crown part is empty and shows the hair. This bonnet is more like a ball wreath than a bonnet, and is chiefly worn by elderly ladies.

Coarse straw bonnets, sailor-brim in front, with pointed Tyrol crown at the back, are the newest shapes as yet. The front is lined with black velvet. The crown is covered with feathers of the color of the straw. Sometimes, long ribbons, *à la* Brigand, encircle the crown and fall down the back.

Leghorn straw is much in favor with the aristocracy. The interior of these is filled in with a lace cap, forming strings in front, and white feathers cover the crown.

Flowers, feathers, and ribbons are worn in greater abundance than ever.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Common Flowers.

"COMMON" flowers, forsooth; madam! the nasturtium "common," with its shield-shaped leaves and beautiful blossoms like burnished helmets!—the trophy-plant of the ancients that waved from the triumphal arches of victors hundreds of years ago!—aye, almost too "common" to be mentioned to ears polite, it is banished to the kitchen-garden, degraded into a mere esculent, a garnisher of salad-bowls.

There is the larkspur, too,—despised of all,—

haply you may discover it among the weeds, in the vicinity of some deserted and decaying old house, and in other waste-places, or by the road-side, peering through the palings at its old home, from which it has been banished, like another Eve, though from no fault of its own. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that the old-fashioned, single larkspur attracts the humming-bird. Not a humming-bird visited my garden last summer, until the larkspurs were in bloom; then they came frequently, and invariably darted directly to the larkspur-bed; sometimes, before leaving, they would call on a sweet-pea, or a nasturtium, but they seldom lingered; usually, as soon as they had made the round of their favorite flowers, they were off like a flash, without deigning so much as a glance in the direction of the more modish denizens of the flower-world.

The sweet-pea is another common flower, exceedingly common; you may purchase the seed at the rate of ten cents an ounce, and sow it in March, if the ground is not frozen too hard, and then in June you may luxuriate to your heart's content in color and fragrance,—unless, indeed, you happen to be "novelty"-bitten, and incapable of enjoying simple beauty and sweetness.

How redolent of the past are "common" flowers! What memories lie concealed in every folded leaf! A waft of perfume, a flash of bright petals, and lo, the years recede and leave you a child in the heart of the homestead garden. And what modern garden can for a moment be compared with that paradise of your childhood, its high fence overgrown with sweet-brier and hop-vines, typical of the union of the useful and the beautiful which was to be found inside those fragrant walls, where homely vegetables and gay posies grew side by side? The bees, that lived in the funny little houses with the straw roofs, never needed to go outside in search of sweets; for, there flowers and savory herbs bloomed all the summer through. How lovely it was there, every minute, from the time the pear, and cherry, and plum-trees burst into bloom, until they were white again with the snows of winter!

And how the "common" flowers start up all along Shakspere's pages.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;
Or Cytherea's breath."

"The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

"Daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

What a nosegay for the "novelty"-hunter! every flower in it as "common" as sunshine!

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bryant's "Popular History of the United States."*

POPULAR history, like popular science, sometimes belies the traditional use of the term, and it would be unjust to Bryant's History not to explain at the outset that its popularity is derived from the appeal which the book makes to a wide class of readers, rather than from any attempt to supply the indolent reader with an easy substitute for exact history. On the contrary, we suspect the first and perhaps most enduring impression made upon those who read this first volume, will be the extreme painstaking of the authors to reach just conclusions upon the various subjects of antiquarian research which lie along the path of the student, in the period of discovery and settlement. Mr. Bryant, in his vigorous Preface, speaks of the nation as the only great nation, "the beginnings of which are fully recorded in contemporary writings, and for which we are not compelled, as in other cases, to grope in the darkness of tradition;" yet, while this is true of those facts which are most nearly related to the historic forces, there are doubtful points enough in the early history to afford opportunity for critical acumen, and the judgment shown by the authors of this history in presenting and determining these subjects is to us clear and eminently free from crotchets. These judgments, while called for necessarily in the pages of the history, are more quickly discovered in the abundant and lucid notes which contain the reasoning and authorities on the positions taken. Such notes as those on the Cortereal voyages, Vespucci, the date of Forefathers' Day, with others less elaborate, but no less carefully considered, indicate the nicety of the studies made for the history, while the examination of Captain John Smith's History, and the entire chapter on the Maryland Colony show with how great thoroughness and labor the authors have sifted the historical evidence before them. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that a fear of making their work look pedantic has sometimes led them, especially in the Virginia portion, to incorporate in the text discussions as to the credibility of authorities which belonged more properly at the foot of the page.

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*A Popular History of the United States, from the first Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the first century of the Union of the States. Preceded by a sketch of the Prehistoric period and the age of the Mound Builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Volume I. Fully Illustrated. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company.

This punctilious regard for accuracy in minor details may seem to the hasty reader unnecessary in a popular history, and there is no doubt that many, if not most readers of this first volume will find their interest retarded by the carefulness with which the ground is covered in the part of our history which is most remote from popular concern, but we accept the spirit in which the task has been wrought, as a most important indication that the more dangerous work of the subsequent volumes will be performed in the same conscientious, impartial manner. The zeal for truth which has led the authors to expend great care on a portion of their work which will be less critically read by a majority of their readers, is a pledge that they may be trusted when they come to write of events within the memory of living men.

A second noticeable feature of the book is the freshness of much of the material. The main questions of our early history have been argued pretty thoroughly in previous histories, but there has also been a great deal of labor expended in less conspicuous ways by students in special departments; the proceedings of various historical societies, the monograph published by book societies, the special town histories, all these have enriched the body of our historical literature, while, to the general reader, they have been as Coleridge said of other books, "as good as manuscript." These resources have here been judiciously used, and the result is that the History is singularly unhackneyed. If the strong interest taken by the authors in their work has led them to expend labor upon what will bring them scanty thanks, we may be sure that their enthusiasm and industry have left no historical sources untouched, and we are freed from the discouraging feeling of having read it all before. The very interesting summary of the scattered investigations among the Mound Builders and ancient Pueblos which precedes the history, gives an air of novelty and freshness to the work, and it is certainly a more interesting way of approaching the history of the United States than the familiar one of an inquiry into the manners and customs of the Indian tribes whom our forefathers found here, whose beliefs and habits have left so faint an impression upon history.

The engravings which have been so liberally interspersed are, in the main, harmonious with the text; they supply also a certain imaginative element which may, perhaps, be more safely introduced in this form. Certainly, the authors of the work have confined themselves carefully to the task of recording history, and it is much to say that they have spared the reader those high-sounding phrases and philosophic generalities which are so seductive to one dealing in large movements of men and people. The reserve of the writers and the low key in which their narrative is pitched, will stand them in good stead when they come in later volumes to treat of events and men nearer our own time, and more stimulative to partisan feeling. The present volume rests at no sharply drawn division, but leaves the oldest and most germinal colonies at the period when they had become fairly established.

Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England." *

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S "Transcendentalism in New England"—is called on the title-page "a history." So far as it is history, it is a much needed and important contribution to the personal and literary record of one of the most noticeable movements of the present century. It is full time that this story was written. Of those who were prominent actors in this movement, two or three only survive,—Emerson, Ripley and Alcott,—and no one of these would care to tell the story of his own share in that silent but pervasive revolution of thought and feeling, which has made itself felt in almost every hamlet, if not in every house in this country.

Mr. Frothingham, for many reasons, was eminently fitted to write this narrative. When a youth, he was animated by the fiery ardor of its beginnings. His own home was moved by the hesitating yet real sympathy of his accomplished father. The university in which he was educated, the church in which he was trained, the social atmosphere in which he breathed, the Boston, which was then, if not now, the only universe which he cared for—all these were convulsed by its agitations. He is himself one of its ripest and most genial products—accepting its philosophy in thought and phrase; following one of the lines of its application to theology, in logical coherence, to its utmost extreme, and distinguished for his mastery of one of its forms of eloquent speech; and, above all, animated by glowing and unfaltering faith in its principles, its men, and its destiny. He has produced a work which many will read with enthusiastic admiration, and not a few will accept with implicit confidence. By the Radical Club in Boston and all its outlying coteries, it will, as a matter of necessity, be admired. By all the preachers of the extreme left who believe that man's intuitions of God and duty suffice to render him independent of any supernatural manifestation of God, or of any authoritative teaching by God; by all extreme reformers, whether the old campaigners, in whose ashes live their wonted fires, or the new prophets whose ardors have not yet been tamed, this will be hailed as an almost inspired record of the new Evangel, that was first proclaimed in Boston and finally perfected at Concord. Many, if not the majority of these classes of readers, will have few, if any criticisms, except upon points of minor importance—*e. g.*, as to whether Mr. Emerson, or Margaret Fuller, or Mr. Alcott, or Mr. Parker receives a just share of praise or blame, or whether too great or too little notice is given to this or that literary or personal event in this new era.

Others will notice that while Mr. Frothingham gives a not inaccurate nor an unjust estimate of the philosophical beginnings and growth of Transcendentalism in Germany, France, and England, he fails to give such a statement or analysis as a simple philosopher would require, for the reason that Mr. Frothingham shows no special enthusiasm for the questions whether and why the old philosophy was defective, and the new philosophy came in to supply its defects. They will observe that it is not these philosophical principles, as such, that characterize Transcendentalism in New England, but their revolutionary influence when applied to certain theological tenets and ethical and social reforms, or to a certain type of literary imaginative activity. The candid and sympathizing critic will own that all which Mr. Frothingham says is true, but he will marvel that he had nothing more to say of the effects of this new philosophy, upon scores and hundreds of preachers who were not of the Unitarian faith and thinking, who did not venture upon certain extreme social reforms, or adopt a special dialect of imaginative writing, or of Orphic speech.

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* Transcendentalism in New England. A History, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is true enough that what is popularly styled Transcendentalism in New England was specially limited to these prominent leaders and their admirers, whom Mr. Frothingham styles "the Seer, the Mystic, the Critic, the Preacher, the Man of Letters," and the half score of others whom he calls "the Minor Prophets." But the movement itself, whether it be regarded as a philosophical, a theological, a religious, a social, or a literary movement, has had a far wider range and a profounder significance than he seems to know of. What is more important is, that it is by no means so negative in its results to faith, nor so revolutionary in its practical influence as he would leave us to infer, by his silence and his omissions, if not by his assertions. One thing we are very glad to see, that Mr. Frothingham is not so catholic as to withhold an emphatic protest against the materialistic and Atheistic direction, which has suddenly become almost as fashionable among many so-called circles, as the attenuated and Orphic spiritualism which had the popular ear some thirty years ago. It is refreshing to observe that however vague Mr. Frothingham is in his own positive teachings upon God and human destiny, he is clear enough in his rejection of the brutish and low-lived ethics and metaphysics which threaten to animalize man and to turn his schools of science into mocking sepulchers of his decaying faiths and buried hopes.

Life of George Ticknor.*

Mr. George Ticknor was a Boston gentleman, whose name, to most people, is known only from its association with a scholarly "History of Spanish Literature," and with the Life of W. H. Prescott. Mr. Ticknor's History, published in 1849, passed through its third edition, corrected and enlarged by the author in 1863, and entered a fourth edition, under Mr. G. S. Hillard's care in 1872, a year after Mr. Ticknor's death. It is by all means to be counted thus a living book, yet it is easily referred, in our minds, to a period of American authorship quite distinct from the present, and connected with a certain phase of social and political life fast receding into historical completeness. Mr. Ticknor's Life of his friend Prescott holds this period with some literary firmness; but the two volumes containing his own life are by far the most complete record which we have yet had of that miniature reflection of English life which was caught in Boston, during the period extending roughly from the second war with England to the late war for the Union.

The Life is substantially autobiographical in treatment. Mr. Ticknor's own reminiscences serve as the basis for an account of his early days, and from his early maturity till his death there is an almost unbroken succession of letters and journals, admirably selected and edited, displaying his life, tastes, principles and judgments. There is no mention of a line of ancestry to account for inherited worth, but enough is said and shown of his parents, especially of his father, to disclose the admirable surrounding of his daily life. From the first, his associates were the young men of generous minds who laid the foundations of that society in Boston which has busied itself for three generations with the best interests of an American city, and has left the results of its labor in Harvard University, Boston Athenæum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Boston Society of Natural History, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Boston Public Library, the schools, and those less celebrated yet locally known associations for benevolence and charity which have always been managed by the most educated and leisurely people of the community. He made a journey of three months in the winter of 1814—15 to Virginia, when he was twenty-three years old, and was a traveler after Bacon's sort, keeping a diary, seeing and visiting "Eminent Persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the Life agreeth with the Fame." Upon his return, he completed the plans which he had formed and went to Europe for travel and study in Göttingen. He carried with him a few letters of introduction from Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams and others, and from that time began the association with the best society in Europe, which continued till the day of his death, renewed by successive visits and maintained by correspondence. It is hardly exaggeration to say that Mr. Ticknor knew everybody in Europe who was worth knowing, for solid learning and social brilliancy. He knew them, too, with something more than a traveler's superficial knowledge. Mere letters of introduction might have given him the entrée into society, but they never could have kept him there, or caused that his circle of friends should always enlarge. One is impressed, in reading these volumes, with a sense of the perfection to which Mr. Ticknor's education was carried in a direction rarely pursued by his countrymen; he could *converse*, and although a patient student of high literature and history, his opinions were largely formed through the knowledge acquired in solid talk with the men and women whose thoughts govern. Society, in its highest form, has rarely had so fine a setting forth as in this book; one who reads it intelligently is filled with shame at the meanness and frivolity of much that he is acquainted with under that name. Our notice, incomplete on this side, would be unjust however, if we did not recognize another side of Mr. Ticknor's life, that readiness to serve, which made his own library public to every young scholar who sought it, and made him give time, money, enthusiasm and strength to the establishment of the Boston Public Library.

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* Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Kindergarten at Home.

THE Kindergarten has suffered from its first introduction into this country, not from opposition, but from too much favor. Americans are, for the most part, child-lovers, and the beautiful principles and ingenious plans of Froebel have pleased the fancy, and fallen in with the educational zeal of the people, even while they were hardly understood. It is so much easier to admire than to understand! A whole race of smatterers and speculators has sprung up in this country—all sorts of so-called "Kindergartens" abound, and the earnest Kindergartener is passed by, while the advertising money-maker, whose self-puffing is in all the daily papers, fills her purse out of the popularity of the name. One, unrecognized by the Kindergarten fraternity, has found her way into the Centennial grounds, planted there a "training class for teachers," with "a new set of material," "purely American," and advertised herself in all the papers. But we began to write this notice to commend to our readers "Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations for the Family." (New York, E. Steiger.) There is, first, a box of material for the occupation of stick-laying, in which there are a large number of sticks of assorted sizes, with many printed patterns to guide the child in his first efforts. But an ingenious child will soon devise new patterns for himself. There is a box of material for paper-weaving with patterns, a box for the charming art of perforating, and lastly, a box for net-drawing, containing little checkered slates, pencils and designs. Many a busy mother, whose little child wants "something to do," will find these boxes a great source of delight, and they cannot fail to be a means of discipline and instruction. They are sold at a very moderate price; and though they cannot claim to be "purely American," they are strictly according to the principles and patterns of the great Master of Infancy, Frederick Froebel.

French and German Books.

Olivier, Poème par Fr. Coppée. Paris: Alph. Lemerre. New York: Christern.

ONE requires a good stock of words to describe adequately the merits of this exquisite little novel in verse. The plot of it does not present anything new. George Sand—not to speak of a hundred others—has used the same more than once. But the conscience has seldom had as truthful, and still less seldom as beautiful, a poet as Coppée in "Olivier," for he shows in modern realistic scenes, from which the lovely and poetic are not once absent, the fatal results of self-abandonment even on the part of the young and thoughtless. Treating of the wickedness of Paris, the poem moves on a high plane of beauty and purity, saddened a little by the skepticism which wickedness brings. The close presents tragedy in a modern realistic dress—not death, but life, warped and soured by mistakes. The impatient reader will close the book, saying, Why did he not go back and marry Susanne

> . —— éclairée
> Par la sombre clarté de ses yeux de pervenches?

Coppée might answer: Perhaps he will. Meanwhile, take notice of his miserable state. The poem is remarkable for the number of every-day figures used as similes, and the apostrophe to the locomotive which carried the young poet away from his ideal has a dignity which Walt Whitman is striving to give to his machines. Would that our poet had a hand as cunning!

Komats et Sakitsi. Par Riutei Tanefiko. Translated with Japanese text, by F. Turrettini. New York: Christern.

Tanefiko is a Japanese novel writer of some notoriety, and the present work was first published in Japan in 1821. In his preface, he takes a stand against the writers of sensational and blood-curdling romances. Hence, "the encounter of two noble hearts" has a moral tendency. It is said to be written on six leaves of a screen, and really appeared on six pages which could be opened and closed like that useful and ornamental piece of furniture. The text is adorned with several tinted engravings reproducing hero and heroine, and the scene of recognition between the two. It will do something to explain in a very general way those odd and picturesque novelties we get from Japan, but we doubt if any European will read the story with absorbing interest. Very possibly, a longer acquaintance with things Japanese would admit a Western barbarian into the precincts of good taste and refined art which are pretty sure to exist in whatever of their own prompting the Japanese undertake. On moral questions, they are so far removed from our stand-points, that we are not sufficiently moved by a heroine who sacrifices her honor in order to support her parents. Nevertheless, we can perceive the dignity with which she carries out her first resolve.

Durchs Deutsche Land.—Malerische Stätten aus Deutschland und Oesterreich. B. Mannfeld. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

Duncker is publishing a series of etchings by B. Mannfeld, to show the world what picturesque views are to be found in Germany. The third installment proves fully equal in workmanship to the first. They are large in folio, and each contains five full-page etchings of a high order of merit, supported by agreeable text from the pen of Aemil Fendler; each installment is to be had at a cost of one dollar and seventy cents. The many lovers of Germany which America contains will find these tasteful pictures a pleasant contrast to the stiff collection of "views" which travelers are apt unwarily to purchase in foreign lands.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Floating and Depositing Dock.

A FLOATING dock, designed to lift vessels of every size and shape from the water, and to deposit them upon stagings erected on the shore-line, has been erected, that for peculiar construction and great size and power deserves attention. Seen from one end, the dock forms the outline of the letter L, the upright part representing the main structure, containing the pumping machinery, engines, etc., and the horizontal part making the dock on which the vessel rests. The upright structure is of iron, and is 13 meters, 51 centimeters (44½ feet) high, 366 centimeters (12 feet) broad, and 88 meters (about 288 feet) long. To this, along one side at the bottom, are fixed the long horizontal fingers or pontoons, making the base of the L, and forming an immense iron comb. These pontoons are of square section, and are formed by joining iron girders together side by side and covering with plate iron, thus making long water-tight boxes, each 823 centimeters (27 feet) long, 551 centimeters (18 feet) deep, and 461 centimeters (15 feet) wide. These extend the entire length of the dock, and are so arranged as to leave a clear space of over 4 meters between each. It is easy to see that a dock of such a shape would immediately tip over if placed in the water, as the weight of the upright portion, containing all the machinery, is placed along one side. To prevent this, and to maintain the dock in a perfectly level position at all times, another pontoon, or series of square pontoons, of almost equal area, is placed alongside of the dock, to serve as a steadying counterpoise or outrigger. This outrigger floats, with a heavy load of ballast, nearly submerged and close to the upright part of the dock, and opposite to the comb-like pontoons. Upon the outrigger are erected a series of upright columns heavily braced, and below is an inverted row of the same length. From the top of the columns above the outrigger, and from the ends of those that extend into the water below it, project strong wooden booms, that are fastened to the dock in the form of parallel bars. As these are hinged at both ends, their action is like that of a parallel ruler. They thus serve to keep the dock upright, whatever the relative position of the outrigger. If the dock is submerged, the outrigger floats near the top and the parallel bars point downward. If the dock is raised in the water, the floating outrigger merely changes its relative position, the booms are turned the other way, both below and above the water, and the dock and its load are maintained in a level position. The iron pontoons forming the horizontal part of the dock are provided with air chambers, each connected by pipes with the pumping-engines in the main structure. This part is also provided with air spaces, but they are not connected with the pumps, but are designed to balance the general weight of the structure, and the water flows freely in or out of them, as the dock sinks or rises in the water. When ready to lift a vessel, the dock is submerged, by allowing the air to run out of the pontoons, and the entire construction sinks, till the top of the dock comes within two meters of the water. The vessel is then floated over the pontoons alongside of the upright part of the dock, and, when in the right position air is pumped into all the pontoons at once. Here the utmost care must be exercised, as the comb-like series of floats must all rise together; the dock will be strained, and perhaps injured, if one pontoon presses up against the vessel's keel before another. To assist the engineer in this work, a number of automatic guides are placed in the engine-room, and, by watching these, the distribution of the air and pressure is reported and governed. The moment the pontoons, or the series of blocks placed upon them to fit the keel of the vessel, begin to press upward upon her, chains are drawn, and loose blocks on the pontoons are drawn inward toward the vessel from both sides, till the hull is safely blocked up in every direction. The pumping is then continued, and the vessel is lifted bodily out of the water and stands secure upon the pontoons a few centimeters above the surface. In this position the dock and the outrigger and the load may be towed to any desired position; the vessel, standing entirely clear of the water, may be examined in every part, and, if desired, the hull may be repaired or painted just as it stands. When repairs are finished the process is simply reversed. The air is allowed to escape from the pontoons, and they sink till the vessel floats again, when the vessel may be moved, or the dock may be withdrawn from beneath her.

Another interesting feature is the method employed in landing vessels from the dock to the shore. To do this, piles are driven in rows extending outward from the shore, and securely fastened together lengthwise, but with clear spaces between the rows. In the case of this dock, the space between the rows of piles is a trifle over 5 meters, or something more than the width of a single pontoon. This system of piles corresponds to the comb-like projections of the dock, and must be as deep as they are long. The rear end of such a piece of piling may touch the shore, but the water in which they stand must be deep enough to float (at high tide) the pontoons, and the top of the piles must be a trifle lower than their decks. The dock, supporting a vessel, may be brought opposite the pile staging and pushed into it, each pontoon entering between a row of piles till the vessel is over the stage. Blocks are then placed on the piles under the vessel, and, by submerging the dock, or letting it sink with the tide, the vessel is transferred to the pile staging, and left high and dry in a safe and accessible position next the shore. If there is room, another vessel may be taken on the dock, and, by simply repeating the process, may be placed alongside the first. To return a ship to the water, the submerged dock is thrust into the staging till the pontoons come under the vessel, and they are then raised till the vessel is lifted clear of the stage. The dock is then drawn out into deep water, and sunk till the vessel floats off in safety.

By using one such floating dock, it is evident that a great variety of this kind of marine work may be performed. With a pair of them, nearly everything in the way of handling ships can be done with ease and safety. With a single dock, vessels may be laid up on shore, or new ships may be placed in the water. Vessels to be cut in two and lengthened can be placed ashore, and the several parts be readily moved as soon as separated. With two docks placed opposite to each other, very wide ships (like the circular iron-clads) can be handled, put ashore or launched, and by ranging two docks side by side, extra long steamers can be raised, or, if required, one such dock might lift and land another for repairs or storage.

Large Pumping-Engine.

A PUMPING-ENGINE of unusual proportions, and presenting some features of interest, both on account of its peculiar construction and great capacity, is about to be erected in this country. It is an upright, direct-action, compound engine, and resembles, in general aspect, a first-class marine engine. There are two steam cylinders and two pumps, one pair placed over the other, the piston-rod of one steam cylinder answering for the rod of one pump. The smaller, or high-pressure cylinder, is 117 centimeters (46 inches), and the larger, or low-pressure, is 203 centimeters (80 inches) in diameter, while each has a stroke of 183 centimeters (72 inches). The steam cylinders are placed side by side, and so arranged that the exhaust of the high-pressure cylinder is discharged into an annular space surrounding the low-pressure cylinder. This cylinder takes its steam direct from this reservoir, and gives its exhaust steam to the condenser. The two pumps are double-acting plunger pumps, each 77 centimeters in diameter, and are designed to lift over 700,000 hectoliters (20,000,000 gallons) of water to a height of 41 meters (135 feet) every twenty-four hours. The most interesting feature of this engine is the peculiar device employed to balance the stroke of the two pistons, and to give an even and steady motion to the engine. A heavy fly-wheel is mounted on the base of the frame-work, and made to turn on a crank shaft. The two cranks on each side of the wheel are set at different angles, and connected by rods with two rocking-bars overhead, while each bar is secured to one of the pistons. By this arrangement one crank is at full power, while the other is at a dead point, and the two pistons are thus locked together and balanced in their motions through the fly-wheel, so that the entire engine moves smoothly and steadily at all times. The engine and pumps occupy an area of about 6x8 meters, and the entire height, from floor to top of cylinder is 11 meters or about 36 feet.

Pneumatic Cartage.

THE removal of sewage in iron tanks has already been extensively adopted in both this and other countries. In detail, the process employs strong iron casks or tanks mounted on wheels, a set of air-pumps, and suitable hose and piping. The tanks are mounted on wheels and drawn by horses, and when about to be used, are connected with the air-pumps and by steam or manual power are exhausted of the air they contain. On reaching the place where the sewage water to be removed is stored, a hose is connected with the tank and led to the water. On opening the valves, the pressure of the atmosphere on the water causes it to rush into the tank and it is quickly filled. The valves are then closed and the hose is removed, when the tank is driven to the place of deposit and there discharged by opening the valves, and air-cocks, and allowing the water to run out. In New York, these tanks resemble short tubular boilers mounted on four wheels; in Philadelphia, a tank of slightly different form is used, and, in parts of Scotland, a short iron cask having a single pair of wheels (one horse) is employed. In some cities the tanks are exhausted by steam power before leaving the stables or yards where they are kept; in other places air-pumps are taken in another cart, and each tank is exhausted by hand labor as it is wanted. In Glasgow, a device is used that saves both time and labor, and so reduces the cost that it would seem as if the system of pneumatic cartage might be readily applied to the transport of all kinds of liquids in bulk, drinking-water, beers, syrups and salted waters used in sprinkling streets. The axle of the wheels used to support the tank is made in the form of a crank shaft, with the crank set at one end and next to the wheel. On the shaft beside the tank is placed a pair of air-pumps, and between them is a standard supporting a rocker-bar. The piston-rods of the pumps are secured to this, and by means of rods and suitable connections, the bar is joined to the crank and moves with it. This device thus employs the motion of the team to work the pumps and the tank is exhausted, as it proceeds on its journey, by a little extra labor from the horse.

Habits of Fish.

THE effect of sea temperature upon the movements of herring has been submitted to careful examination, and the following results are officially reported by the British Fishery Board, and the same facts doubtless hold good on all coasts: The largest catches of fish are always made when the temperature of the water is lowest. The "schools" of fish commonly travel in cold zones or streams of water, and the best catches are usually made within such cold areas. The fish also seem to prefer the coldest horizontal layers of water, without regard to their vertical position. After heavy thunder or wind storms the herring invariably seek deep water, and it may be presumed they simply avoid the surface water raised in temperature by rain or wind. From these data it is advised to make hourly observations of the sea temperature, both horizontally and vertically, during the fishing season, and to conduct the catch with reference to the belts and areas of cold water that may be found.

Further Applications of Salicylic Acid.

THE manufacture of salicylic acid upon a commercial acid, and the discovery of its antiseptic properties by Kolbe, of Leipsic, were announced at the time in this department. It has since come widely into use, and a number of new applications are now reported. The acid was first employed in preserving, by sprinkling the dry powder over fresh meat. It is now recommended to make a saturated solution of the acid in water, and to cover the meat with it in closed vessels. Lean meat, free from bones, preserved in such a solution, remains unchanged, except in color, for fourteen months. Another method is to merely dissolve the dry acid in the brine in which salt meats are preserved. Mixed with butter, in the proportion of 2 parts in 1,000, the butter will keep five times as long as without it. A more simple method is merely to cover the butter with a weak aqueous solution of the acid. A small proportion of the dry acid, mixed with preserved fruit and vegetables, also serves a good purpose. In beers, and in making canned soups, the use of salicylic acid has already been noticed, and it has now come into use in the manufacture of glues, catgut, and parchment. In tanning, it gives a fine red color, assists in preserving the leather, and, to a certain extent, aids the action of the tanning materials. In textile manufactures, it is employed to preserve the sizing, and in book-binders' paste, it is used to arrest decomposition and to keep the paste sweet after it is laid on the paper. In dyeing works, it is reported to give an excellent violet color, and in perfumery and pharmacy, it has proved of great value in making essences, liniments, and ointments. The value of the acid in medicine was here suggested at the time of its introduction, and its very extensive use in practice seems to have justified the suggestion. The following formulæ may show the general proportions of the acid used in pharmacy: a simple ointment, 1 deciliter of acid in 7 of ointment; a liniment, 2 deciliters of acid in 8 deciliters of olive oil; an application for severe burns, a mixture of equal parts of powdered starch and dry salicylic acid.

Memoranda.

GLASS oil-bottles, resembling the tin oil-cans used to hold machine-oil, have been introduced. To replace the elastic bottom used in such cans, a small cylinder is attached to a metallic nozzle, and in it is placed a piston that may be moved by a rod projecting through the end of the cylinder, and, to keep it in place, a spring is set inside the cylinder behind the piston. This combined nozzle and cylinder is designed to be set into the glass bottle, and by moving the rod the oil may be discharged in drops or forced out in a jet, as in the ordinary spring-bottom can. Another style employs a glass bottomless can designed to be fitted with a metallic bottom as in the common cans.

Menier suggests the flouring of all kinds of fertilizers before applying them to the land. All vegetable life takes its food by absorption, and only when manures are reduced to a soluble condition can they be accepted by plant life. He therefore recommends reducing the manure to powder, because in that condition it is so much more readily dissolved, that the same weight of manure has three times the value of that in a rough or lumpy condition.

In working zinc, an improved process is offered for producing a hard zinc, that will submit to the lathe and file with advantage and give a good substitute for bronze. The process consists in pouring into melted zinc sal ammonia in proportions varying from 108½ to 211 grams to one kilogram (2.2 pounds) of melted zinc, according to the degree of hardness required.

Steel telegraph wires covered with copper are now prepared by tinning steel, and then covering it with copper tinned on one side. The united metals are then drawn into wire, and in the heat developed in passing the wire through the draw-bench, the tin is fused and quickly solders the copper covering to the steel core. The finished wire resists rust, weighs one-third less than common telegraph wire, and is said to be a better conductor, while it has greater tensile strength. In this wire the steel merely serves for strength, and the copper for protection and conduction.

The employment of wafer capsules in putting up medicines is becoming more general, and, to facilitate the loading and sealing of the paste capsules, ingenious and inexpensive apparatus has been brought out, that will undoubtedly prove of value to the dispensing chemist.

It is proposed to replace the present system of ventilating mines, by sucking or forcing the vitiated air through the "upcast" shaft, and allowing the pure air to find its own way through the "downcast" shaft, with a system of pipes passing down one or both shafts, and extending to the farthest limits of the various levels. Through these pipes pure air, under heavy pressure, is to be delivered at the bottom of the pit, when, by its release and expansion, it will force the foul air upward through all the shafts. This reversal of the usual system of mine ventilation would not interfere with it, except to transform the "downcast" shafts into "upcasts." Other advantages might follow in an improved temperature at the bottom of the pit, and in an opportunity to light the galleries with fixed lamps fed with air (by means of valves like those described in article "Areophores," p. 442, July No.) from the compressed air pipes. The only question is one of cost; but, in view of the great importance of mine ventilation, this need not be a serious matter.

Professor Böttgen offers some simple directions for imparting a crystalline surface to wall-papers and wood. He mixes a cold concentrated solution of salt with dextrine, and applies a light coating of the mixture with a soft brush. In place of the salt he also recommends sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda and sulphate of tin. In applying this glazing to wall-papers the surface must be first treated with sizing.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

YOUTH (in search of information): "Did you ever meet with a sea-serpent?"

OLD SALT (with great candor): "A sea-sarpint is it? Why, Lor' bless yer, when we wuz becalmed off the Bahamers in Forty-sevin, the Cap'n says to me, says he 'I say, Jack, what p'int o' land is that forrard the lee bow?' So I just clapped my weather eye in that direction, an' as near as I could make out tole him I wuz blowed if I knowed, when all at wonst it begun to move an,' raisin' itself high outer the water, sheered off a little to the sou'west and commenced for to sink. It wuz shaped like a large heel with a 'ed like a halligator. His eyes wuz like two balls o' fire, and every time he wunk sparks o' fire come from his nostruls at interwals; an' it wuz three days arter he began to sink that he wuz entirely out o' sight an' if you don't call that a sea-sarpint I'd like to know wut is—that's all."

Major Stubbs.

HIS SOLUTION OF THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

I HUNG my "shingle" out in Bangtown lately—
I have an office on the lower floor—
And t'other day while sitting quite sedately,
Intent (like Poe) upon some ancient lore,
A new acquaintance bustled in the door.
'Twas Stubbs—his friends are pleased to call him Major—
A dashing chap whose air suggests "the dimes,"
But whether he's a banker or a gauger,
I never knew. * * * I asked him, "How's the times?"

"Oh, fine!" he said, "I bask in Fortune's smile
And luck attends my footsteps all the while.
I can't conceive what makes the people cry
'Hard Times'—now that's entirely in your eye;
I'll take my own experience and prove
That business runs in its accustomed groove,
And that the fogies who are down with blues
And moping 'round with patches on their shoes,
Are monomaniacs, and should be dosed
With forty lashes at the whipping-post.
Now, look at me! I live in tip-top style—
Keep lots of servants 'round me all the while,
Am still unmarried, wholly out of debt,
And run the old ancestral mansion yet;
Pshaw! if our merchants here were worth a cop,
They'd rise and make our business fairly hop.
They lack in spirit!—Meet one on the street,
He'll seize your arm and lead you to a seat,
And then in melancholy tones begin
To speak of money that he 'can't get in.'
One man can't run a village *all* the while—
I've led the business and I've led the style,
But some fine day I'll sell the old town out
And travel for my health, and look about.
Most all these merchants owe me more or less,
And, though I'm wealthy, still, I must confess ——"

The Major paused—then leaping o'er the railing,
He vanished through the office like a flash,
Just as a man, with influenza ailing,
Who lived by buying up bad debts for cash,
Peeped sadly in and sneezed politely—"a-a-s-h!"
He ran his eyes around the office slowly—
Sad, weakly eyes, suggestive of a tear—
Then turning back, he said in accents lowly;
"I r'-a-a-l-y thought I seen Jack Stubbs in here!"

A Legend of Leap-Year.

[A NOTE TO THE EDITOR.—The indebtedness of Shakspere to history and legend is well known. The dignified drama has, in all the later ages, found its frame-work in recorded and unrecorded story. Milton's great poem is a child of the Bible. Tennyson has constructed the great work of his life from the Arthurian Legends, and in his "Queen Mary" has followed not only Shakspere's method, but imitated his style. Longfellow in the "Golden Legend" and other poems; Lowell in "Sir Launfal"; Morris in pretty much everything, and Swinburne in all his more important works, have built from old materials. Saxe has half filled a big book with versified stories that he has picked up here and there after faithful hunting. Indeed, it is considered quite the thing, nowadays, to leave invention out of poetry, and to heat over some other man's broth.

Now, notwithstanding all this high example and the respectable practice that has grown out of it, and notwithstanding Mr. Stedman says that no poet should undertake to invent his own romance, I cannot help regarding it as a cheap business. I don't profess to be a poet; but give me the romances (thank Heaven they are pretty well used up now!) and I can write this kind of thing by the yard. I know, because I have been trying it. *Voici!*]

"One, two,
Buckle my Shoe."

Two little shoes with silver buckles dight,
Lay in the room where she had passed the night.
She raised them in her fingers, pink and white,
And put them on her feet, and strapped them tight.

"Three, four,
Open the door."

Then slowly rising from her cushioned chair,
She gave a last deft crinkle to her hair,
And oped the door and hurried down the stair—
Her petticoats soft rustling through the air!

"Five, six,
Pick up sticks."

Straight to the yard she skipped on queenly toes,
To where in serried ranks the wood-pile rose,
Then piled her arm with hickory to her nose,
And bore it to the house through air that froze.

"Seven, eight,
Lay 'em straight."

At length the wood was blazing on the fire,
Though still unequal to her fierce desire;
And so she punched and punched the cheerful pyre,
And heaped with sticks the household altar higher.

"Nine, ten,
Good fat hen."

And then the eager hunger-fiend was foiled,
And she was glad, indeed, that she had toiled;
For when her hands were washed, so sadly soiled,
She sat down to a last year's chicken—BROILED!

"Eleven, twelve,
Toil and delve."

Then to her waist her pink of pinafores
She fastened, and did up her little chores,
Made soap, made bread, baked beans, and swept her floors,
And worried through a hundred household bores.

"Thirteen, fourteen,
Girls are courtin'."

Next morn before her door the grocer's van
Drove up. 'Twas leap-year, and she laid her plan.
So when he asked for orders, she began
To blush, and said she'd take a market-man!

"Fifteen, sixteen,
Girls are fixin'."

She overhauled her linen-chest with pride,
Bought hose, bought gloves, bought sheetings two yards wide,
Bought blankets and a hundred things beside
That woman buys when she becomes a bride.

"Seventeen, eighteen,
Girls are waitin'."

And then she waited—waited day by day,
Till weeks had flown, and months had passed away,
But still her order lingered in delay,
Although she longed to have it filled—and pay.

"Nineteen, twenty,
Girls are plenty."

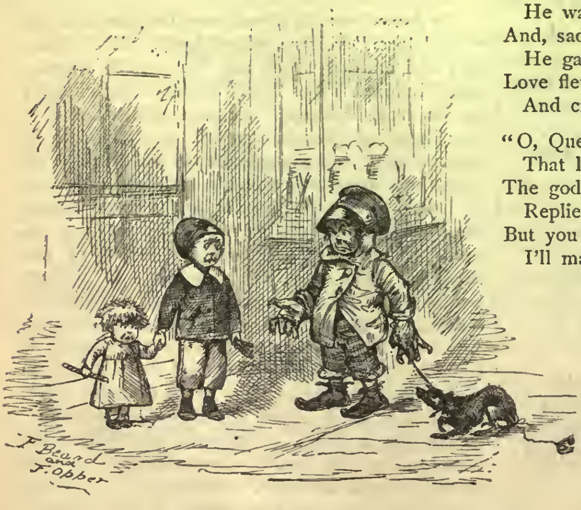
At length she knew. *Embarras de richesses*
Had thrown the fellow into wild distress,
And he had gone to drinking to excess,
Crushed by the weight of offered loveliness.

She called and saw him, selling by the pound
Within his stall. "Fact is," said he, "I found
That gals this year so wonderful abound,
No single market-man won't go around!"

GILBERTUS.

An Interview with Franklin.—The pleasant little "Sans Souci" volume, edited by Mr. H. E. Scudder, and entitled "Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago," contains the following stories from Elkanah Watson. Watson had a wax head of Franklin which was modeled by Mrs. Wright, and which, with the aid of a suit of Franklin's own clothes he made up into a dummy. In London, after the peace of '83, he gulled a number of people with the figure. "The morning papers," he writes, "announced the arrival of Dr. Franklin, at an American merchant's in Belleter Square; and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, three Boston gentlemen, who were in the city, expressed a wish to pay their respects to the doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they had informed me they bore, expecting to see him at Paris. I concerted measures with a friend to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent on this occasion. Before entering, I apprized them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers, and I begged that they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus prepared, I conducted them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity, with his atlas, and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced him by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to his atlas. I then retired, and seated them at the farther side of the room. They spoke to me in whispers. 'What a venerable figure!' exclaimed one. 'Why don't he speak?' says another. 'He is doubtless in a revery,' I remarked, 'and has forgotten the presence of his company: his great age must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him.' When near the table, I said, 'Mr. B——, sir, from Boston.' The head was raised. 'A letter,' says B——, 'from Dr. Cooper.' I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B—— held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming, 'Why don't you receive the letter like a gentleman?' They were all petrified with astonishment; but B—— never forgave me the joke."

Gen. Washington Sees the Joke.—Mrs. Wright, the celebrated wax-head modeler, had a son who was an artist. "Wright came to Mount Vernon,"—General Washington told Watson,—"with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster-of-Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and, placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and, seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made."


T. Beard and F. Opper

COERCION.

Determined Freebooter: "D'yer see this yer dorg? If yer don't gimme that candy, I'll set 'im onter yer."

Love and Mischief.

BY ZAVARR WILMSHURST.

ONE sunny day Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden:
Love tumbling in, began to shout
For Mischief's aid, lest he should smother:

"You little demon, let me out,
Or I'll report you to my mother."
Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain,
One-half to joy and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, sad to tell! it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.
Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his story:

"O, Queen of Beauty, never let
That little imp wear half my glory."
The goddess with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you shall conquer still, my boy,
I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

"*Theophilus and Others,*" by Mary Mapes Dodge, has the following admirable

"PREFACE.

"These tales and talks, most of which have appeared in various periodicals, are now, at the urgent solicitation of friends, &c., &c., &c.

"Their preparation has enlivened hours of, &c., &c., &c.

"If this little volume shall, &c., &c.

"In conclusion, the author begs, &c., &c., &c. M. M. D."

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PRINCESS ILSE.

A TALE OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

ILSE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

AT the Deluge, when all the waters of the earth met together, and their wild waves climbed up the mountains and overflowed the highest peaks, there was great confusion among the different streams, and when the Lord at last took compassion upon the poor earth, pierced the dark cloud-curtains with the clear light of Heaven, and bade the waters separate and seek their way homeward to the valleys, neither brook nor stream would ever have found its old bed again, if a troop of kind angels had not descended upon the earth and guided them carefully in the right paths.

So when the outlines of the mountains emerged from the Flood, the angels came and went down from all sides into the valleys, driving the waters slowly before them.

As they came down farther and farther, they arranged the course of the streams and brooks, fixed the limits of the ocean, and shut in the lakes with sharp chains of rocks, or with green meadows and forests. Making use of both wind and sunbeams, they bustled about on the wet earth, brushing the mud from the grass, and drying the heavy foliage of the trees; and they were so active about it that the many water-mists, which they stirred up, hung like thick veils above the cliffs in the mountains. The work had lasted already several days, when a tired angel sat resting on one of the highest peaks of the Alps. From thence he had an extensive view toward the north, south, east and west, and thoughtfully he looked down upon the green earth which had come out of the great bath of expiation so pure and fresh. How lovely it is, thought he, how dazzling in its purity!—but will it keep itself thus pure? Will all the misery of sin and all the soil of sin which have just been washed away with so much water, never spring up again? Will sin never again touch the blooming face of the purified earth with its black fingers?

A gentle foreboding sigh heaved the breast of the good angel, and he turned his eyes upward toward the morning sun, which, burning, blood red, stood high up in the horizon. He looked long toward the side whence the German streams started. He saw them gliding in the distance,—the large main streams, the smaller ones flowing into them, and a whole army of satellites, tiny rivers and brooks. hastening joyfully along. He was pleased to see that all confusion was lost on the way, and that every little stream, no matter how small or insignificant, was accompanied by an angel to lead it back to the right path if it strayed aside, and to guard it carefully, lest awkwardly or heedlessly it should fall over the cliff.

He watched the clear Rhine, a vine garland on his head, hastening restlessly along, and thought he could hear in the distance the jubilee with which he greeted his beloved, the Mosel, as, her locks also entwined with vines, she blushingly stepped forward to meet him. Further and further the waters receded, the splashing and murmuring died away in the distance, and the solitary angel on the Alpine peak found his ear suddenly assailed by another sound.

It was a low, sorrowful cry, close at hand, and rising, he stepped behind the rock from whence the noise came. There, wrapped in a white veil, he found a little stream lying upon the ground and weeping bitterly. He stooped over it compassionately, and lifted it up and, pushing aside the veil, he recognized the little Ilse, for whom a green bed stood prepared down in the Hartz valley.

"Poor child," said the kind angel, "hast thou been obliged to stay here all alone on this bleak mountain? have all the others gone, and has no one thought to take thee with him?"

The little Ilse tossed up her head, and answered pertly,

"Forgotten? Indeed I'm not! The old Weser waited long enough, and beckoned and called me to come with him, and Ecker and Ocker wanted to take me; but I was by no means obliged to go if I chose to linger here. Why should I descend into the valley, and, like a common brook, run through the plain, and give drink to cows and sheep, and wash their clumsy feet,—I, the Princess Ilse? Only see if I am not of noble birth. The ray of light is my father, and the soft breeze my mother; my brother is the diamond, and the dew-drops in the little rose-leaf beds are my dear little sisters. The waves of the Flood have carried me up high. I have ventured to run round the snow-clad top of the Argebrige, and the first sunbeam that pierced the clouds has covered my dress with spangles. I am a princess of the purest water, and certainly shall not go down into the valley. I had much rather hide myself and pretend to be asleep, and the old Weser, with the stupid streams that know no better than to run into his arms, has at last been obliged to go scolding away."

The angel sadly shook his head at the long speech of little Ilse, and as he gazed earnestly and searchingly at the smiling face, into the open, childish blue eyes, he perceived, behind the angry sparks which beamed from them then, dark spots in their clear depth, and knew that a naughty spirit had entered Ilse's head.

The imp Pride had forced himself in there, and had driven out all the good thoughts, and looked out nodding to the kind angel from the eyes of poor Ilse. But the little imp Pride has filled the head of many a silly child besides this little princess of the purest water, and the sorrowful angel, who knew the danger of the poor stream, wished to save her at any price.

In his far-seeing eyes, the Princess Ilse was nothing more than a naughty child, and therefore he did not say to her, "Your Highness," or "Your Grace." He began quite differently,—"Dear Ilse."

"Dear Ilse," said the angel, "if thou remainest here from thine own choice, and holdest it beneath thy dignity to run with the other waters through the plain, thou shouldst be quite contented up here, and I do not understand why thou weepest and lamentest so."

"Ah!" said the Ilse child, "when the water had gone away, dear angel, then came the Wind to dry up the mountain, and when he found me here he became quite furious; he scolded and raged at me, fought and pushed me, and wanted to throw me down from the crag into a deep, black abyss, where never a ray of daylight enters. I begged and wept, and held on trembling to the rock, till at last I succeeded in escaping from his powerful arms, and concealed myself in this hollow."

"And thou wouldst not always succeed," said the angel, "for the Wind has great power up here; so thou art convinced, dear Ilse, that it was foolish in thee to have stayed here alone, and will gladly follow the good old Weser and thy young companions if I call them back."

"Not on any account," cried Ilse. "I wish to remain up here. I am the princess."

"Ilse," said the angel, with his sweet, mild voice, "dear little Ilse, I am kind to thee, and thou must love me a little too, and be a good child. Dost thou see that white morning cloud sailing overhead in the blue sky? I will bid it land here, and then we will both get upon it, thou shalt lie on its white cushions and I will sit beside thee, and the cloud will carry us swiftly to the valley where the other brooks are. Then I will put thee in thy green bed, and I will stay with thee and send thee bright dreams, and tell thee stories."

But Princess Ilse was more obstinate than before; she cried out with more determination and vehemence: "No, no, I will not go away! I shall not go away!" and when the angel came nearer and tried to take her in his arms, she jumped aside and splashed water in his face.

The angel seated himself sadly on the ground and the headstrong princess returned to the hollow, and rejoiced that she had shown so much character, and had given such short saucy answers to the angel who tried to induce her to go away with him.

The good angel saw that, in spite of his love for her, he had lost all power over Ilse, and the little imp of Pride had taken possession of all her thoughts; and, sighing for the wayward child, he went away to seek his companions who were busily hurrying about below.

When Princess Ilse was alone again, it pleased her Highness to become very merry. She came out of the hollow, seated herself on the overhanging cliff, and spread out her glistening dress in wide folds around her, and then waited to see if the mountains would not bow down before her, and the clouds come to kiss her dress.

Nothing could outdo the solemn mien her little Highness assumed; but at last, wearied with sitting still so long, she began to feel most painfully tired. and sighed lightly, as she spake thus: "I could have put up with a little weariness, for that is quite in keeping with my rank, but so very much of it is not necessary even for a princess to bear."

When evening approached, and the sun had gone down, and the rustling of the returning wind was heard in the distance, the poor little spring wept afresh hot tears of anguish, but she still obstinately rejoiced that she had not followed the angel, though her sweet self-satisfaction could not have long held its place before the overwhelming Wind.

It became darker and darker; heavy weakening vapors arose from the dismal abyss; a hollow thunder rumbled in the distance, and little Ilse thought she was going to die of fright, for the hot atmosphere that suddenly blew against her took away her breath.

All at once, a pale ray of light struggled through the dark night, and as the frightened little stream looked up, there stood before her a tall dark man wrapped in a loose red cloak, who, bowing before her, addressed her as "Most gracious Princess." Such a greeting was sweet music in the ears of little Ilse, so she subdued her fright before the stranger, and listened to the seducing words which he spake to her.

The dark man told her that he had been a long time in the neighborhood, had heard her conversation with the angel, and was glad she had repulsed him so scornfully. He did not understand how any one could wish to carry such a wonderfully beautiful princess down into the plain and hide her in the dark valley. He told her of the bright future that awaited her if she would allow him to save her; described to her his beautiful country-seat on one of the highest and most noble mountains of Germany, to which he would lead her, and surround her with a brilliant court, and all the splendor and opulence to which her high birth entitled her. She should be enthroned with all festivity and rejoicing, and should rule over all the waters, large and small, upon the earth.

"THERE STOOD BEFORE HER A TALL DARK MAN WRAPPED IN A LOOSE RED CLOAK."

The heart of the little princess beat high in joyful anticipation of these bright promises. And when the man opened his cloak and brought out a golden shell skillfully set with glistening stones, and placing it on the ground, invited the lovely Ilse to step into it, and let him take her to the Brockenberg, where innumerable servants were already preparing a delicious feast, and where every wish and every desire of her Highness should be obeyed, in joyful haste she put both feet into the little bark, splashing the water into the air, a few drops of which fell upon the hand of the dark man, and produced such a hissing sound that a shudder of terror ran through little Ilse.

In fright, the poor child caught hold

of the edge of the shell and wanted to jump out, and she looked up timidly into the man's face. But he laughed at her, steadied the shell with his strong hand, and that Ilse need not be so frightened, called to the Storm-wind to overtake them, and it hastened through the air. And the little princess, because the pain passed away so soon, became composed and let him carry her away. She had no presentiment that she had yielded herself to the Evil One, when she stepped into the frail skiff that he offered her. Perhaps she was a little anxious as she swept along in the gloomy night, and when the shell came out into the violent motion of the waves; then Ilse looked with longing eyes at the blooming shores, but she wound her garments closely round her, and took care that not a drop of water should get lost, for she knew now what terror that caused.

The night had cleared off, and the moon was rising slowly, when they at last arrived at the Brocken. A wild jubilee, joyful shouting and fifes were heard from thence, and a crowd of strange forms glided past one another. But the Lord of the Brocken commanded silence, placed the shell with Ilse in it upon a great flat stone, like a throne, and called to his merry-making vassals to draw a circle around it, and to do homage to the little Water Princess.

That was a wonderful moment for Ilse, when she at last felt herself in her right place. Proudly she held herself, and with grace and dignity ascended in the golden shell, bowed and smiled sweetly on all sides, and hung her little head half shyly, as a loud "Ah!" of admiration sounded through the whole circle. It was not, however, a time for humility for the Ilse child with the strong little imp in her head. A sweet entrancing music sounded, and the delighted princess moved back and forth, dancing and smiling in the shining shell, her curly head rising and falling.

The kind full Moon, who never takes anything very seriously, and shines upon all that comes before him, either good or evil, could not leave the vain child again; he placed a neat little crown of bright silver stars upon her, and his wide mouth became wider than ever with heartfelt pleasure, as the sweet little one nodded her laughing thanks to him.

Not every eye at the court of the Evil One rested with admiration on the dancing Ilse; there was many a vain young witch in the company, who considered herself the most beautiful and charming of princesses and saw only with bitter envy and dislike another so called.

Two such inquisitive young witches stepped up to the golden shell and mocked Ilse.

"She dances and twists herself and makes herself beautiful," said one, "and is withal so slender and delicate that one can almost see through her. I would only like to know how this pale beauty would conduct herself if she should dance with the Storm-wind, and let him swing her around as we are accustomed to do."

"Miserably," said the other, and shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, "and the art of riding on a broom-stick she would not learn in a whole life-time. But do you hear how the kettle-drums and cymbals over yonder are beginning to strike already? Then we will dance and stamp on the ground, and make a deep ditch in which the fine Ilse shall live. Then royalty will be over for her, and she must become our obedient servant, the Princess Cooking-water."

Little Ilse lost all pleasure in dancing after the cruel speeches of the witches. As she sat still in the bottom of the shell, she saw the wild forms on the other side of the mountain moving about and preparing to dance, and she thought over the spiteful words of the naughty witches. The sarcasm about the wind was bad enough, but she thought most of the ditch and the "Princess Cooking-water."

No one had ever called her Princess Cooking-water before, and was it not impossible that she who reigned here should serve the witches? She made up her mind to ask the Lord of the Brocken about it, but before she had arranged her thoughts, he stood before her and put his finger in the middle of the shell so that Ilse trembled with pain. But the Evil One laughed and said,

"The night is chilly. Gracious Princess, you are cold, no doubt, and might indeed freeze here on this flat stone. I have had a swinging bed prepared for you over there by the fire, where you can rest and warm yourself. If you will turn your head toward that side, you will see how my head court-cook is busily poking the fire, and placing pretty toys in the bed that the time may not seem long to you."

Ilse looked on the other side and saw that they had hung a large brazen kettle over a raging fire that blazed up from the ground. The old woman stood beside it, but looked so hideous and horrible, and the playthings she threw into the kettle, so strange, that Ilse became suspicious and would not let herself be carried down there; so she replied that she would rather watch the dance over yonder a little longer,—the cold suited her very well, and, seated in the shell, she was as comfortable as if she were on a balcony and so high that nothing from the ground could disturb her, and she could besides see everything, and it amused her very much.

"GREAT FEAR OF THE WICKED COMPANY SHE HAD FALLEN INTO, CAME OVER LITTLE ILSE."

The Evil One pretended that he did not want to interrupt her pleasure and would come back for her in an hour, and he went off to rejoin the dance.

But all pleasure forsook the little princess, as she sat there alone, looking from the wild groups of the dancers to the fire and the kettle, into which, as she could distinctly see, the old hag was throwing loathsome creatures: spiders, toads, snakes and lizards and bats that she caught in the air, breaking their wings before she put them into the kettle.

Great fear of the wicked company she had fallen into, came over little Ilse, and when she thought that the kettle over yonder was for her to warm herself in, it became clear to her what the naughty witches meant when they mockingly called her Princess Cooking-water. In anguish, she pressed her little hands together, and gathered up her veil to stifle the sobs that burst forth from the heavy-laden breast. "Oh!" sighed she with tearful eyes, "would that I had followed the angel who meant to be so kind to me!"

And looking distrustfully around her, she saw that she was all alone on that side of the mountain, and that the witches and evil spirits were all either dancing or standing around the fire, and suddenly the thought came to her to run away. "Away, away," whispered she, "this moment, far away;" and she sat already on the edge of the shell, and let her little feet and light dress hang over it, and holding on with both hands, she looked anxiously back for fear any one should see her.

But no one noticed the little princess; only the kind full Moon stood overhead and smiled upon her. She looked up at him with tearful eyes, and begged him so childishly, putting her little finger on her lips, that he could not have found it in his heart to betray her if any one should him ask where little Ilse had gone.

When she saw that she was not watched, Ilse tried to slide gently to the ground, but the shell was very high, and the flat stone on which it stood still higher, and though the little princess tried very hard, it was not without some noise that she reached the ground, and in great alarm for fear some one should see her, she crept between a couple of rocks. She had left her starry crown in the shell. Sovereignty had not brought her any happiness; and now her escape did not depend on being a princess, but only on coming down quietly and unnoticed.

The trembling little stream nestled herself against the stones, and begged that they would shelter her; and the old stones, who had never felt a young palpitating life on their hard breasts before, found themselves wonderfully pleased, and moved closer together, so that not even the eye of the kind old Moon could spy her out. And they showed her a hole in the ground, and making herself small, she slipped into it, finding in the soft earth-cushion that covered the stony skeleton of the mountain on that side, a long passage which at one time might have been made by a field-mouse.

Ilse groped her way in the darkness, and felt that the path led gradually down-hill. She had gone some distance when the passage widened and became uneven, several stones loosened themselves under her light step and rolled on before her. She did not walk altogether in dark night, however, for piercing through the stones above, a bright ray of light met her now and then, and when the path became steeper or seemed lost suddenly, the rocks parted overhead and she saw the clear night-heaven, and a few stars let their flickering light fall, and showed her a confused mass of great and small stones through which the path could no longer be traced.

At that moment, the wild music,—the kettle-drums and fifes of the dancing witches on the Brocken,—sounded in her ear, and Ilse, who had paused for a moment and did not know where to bend her steps, startled by these sounds, hastened on in terror, springing in careless haste over the stones. She did not mind it when bounding against the hard rocky edges, she knocked her little head or tore her dress. "Away, away!" she whispered, "far away from here, where the Brocken Prince and his wild companions can never find me."

The faintly glimmering morning light made her very uneasy. "The night is still, and does not betray me," thought she, "but the inquisitive day will soon find out where I have run;" and she stooped down and crept under the stones, and only came out now and then to drink in a little of the fresh morning air.

A dark green hollow gradually sloping into the valley was sunk between high forest-clad mountain ridges, and thither it was that Ilse was unconsciously running. Many rocks had rolled down from the mountains and lay there, one upon another, in the bottom of the ravine, overgrown with moss and surrounded with pine roots.

They looked very venerable and did not think of getting out of Ilse's way as she came hastily and carelessly jumping along. The dear Lord took pity on the poor child, and let the Forest open its green doors and take her under its protection. The Forest is a holy refuge for erring children who have thought or done wrong in this world. None of the evil spirits that sometimes take possession of young minds can come into the friendly peace of the Forest with them, especially the imp Pride; for how would it behave itself before the solemn dignity of the Forest King, the Fir-tree? for it cannot conceive of the strength and majesty which God has given to him, who stands firm and immovable in the place the Lord appointed for him, stretching his sublime head toward Heaven while the storm is raging around him.

The Ilse child, of course, did not understand this yet; she thought the fir-roots made ugly faces at her and, hurrying over them, she fled deeper and deeper into the forest. That the imp Pride had left her when she ran away from the Devil and his witches; that it swam away in the tears of sorrow and fright that she wept, Ilse knew just as little as she in her frivolity was conscious that the imp had taken possession; but she felt more free and happy in the green shade of the forest, behind the golden lattice which the sunbeams, falling obliquely, cast on the turf. The further she went from the Brocken, the safer and more at home she felt; she thought the fir-trees no longer looked so darkly and reprovingly at her as they had done at first; stately oaks spread their branches protectingly over her, and light friendly beeches pressed themselves between her and the dark firs, and nodded encouragingly to her, as with outstretched branches they caught the sunbeams and tossed them to each other. The little Ilse, who, child-like, had soon forgotten her troubles, ran joyously and playfully between them; and if in the midst of the game a sunbeam chanced to fall to the

"STATELY OAKS SPREAD THEIR BRANCHES PROTECTINGLY OVER HER."

ground, she picked it up and held it exultingly, or else catching it in her veil, she made a long spring, and then threw it with a nod to the flowers and grasses, which stood by the way looking on with curiosity.

She was a happy, mischievous child again, and the green forest had its pleasure with the little fugitive it had sheltered. As for the large and small stones that, wrapped in their soft, mossy coverings, lay dreaming on the ground, all thoughts of repose were of course at an end when Ilse came dancing and skipping over them; they were, however, good friends with her. If the clumsiest and most unwieldy of them stood immovable in her way, and would not let her pass, then she patted the rough cheeks of the old stones with her soft hands and murmured sweet requests in their ears; and if all that was of no avail, she became naughty, stamped impatiently with her feet, and even kicked so violently against them that the old fellows came to terms; and a little space was opened before her, and thus Ilse pressed forward with all her might, urging the lazy stones to separate, or hastening impetuously over them.

Where the ravine descended abruptly, then it was charming to see how the little princess skipped gracefully from rock to rock. She had put on a cap of soft, white foam, and if it got torn on a sharp edge of the rock, she had another at hand by the time she reached the next one, crisp and white as the Alpine snow.

On some of the sunny cliffs of the mountain, where the grass and moss grew very soft, and the large trees stood apart to make room for their little ones, who grew there together in large numbers and learned to become trees,—there on the ground sat the young fir-children, their striped green coats spread out around them on the turf, moving their pointed heads back and forth thoughtfully, and wondering that Ilse was not very tired of running and jumping. But the very young streams who had scarcely learned to run, were not yet so full of wisdom as the fir-children. When Ilse sang her sweet songs they came out of the cracks in the mountain walls to listen, and crept softly through the moss ever nearer and nearer to her.

Ilse saw them coming, and beckoned to them to hasten. And when the little streams looked down, and saw the princess jumping over the stones, and remained anxiously standing, afraid to trust themselves to spring, and could not find any other path, then Ilse called to them with her clear voice and encouraged them, and pointed out the strong stony footholds thickly cushioned with moss, over which they could jump down to her. And the little streams took heart, and sprang quite boldly from one green bank to another. But if anything unexpected stood in their way, Ilse took them by the hand and said: "Come now, you shall run with me; spring always when I spring. I will hold you so that you cannot fall." And the little streams did as she told them, and holding Ilse's hand, jumped over the largest stones, did themselves no harm, and were not frightened, and learned to jump and run so well that if they too had had on white foam-caps they would not have been distinguishable from Ilse.

"COME NOW, YOU SHALL RUN WITH ME."

The Evil One on the Brockenberg was very angry at the escape of the pure little princess. He knew very well that such an innocent spring was indeed no fit booty for him; and the imp Pride, the easiest tool with which to take possession of young minds, was already driven out. How could he entrap the joyous child again? The Storm-wind occurred to him, before which the princess was so frightened, and he called the North-wind to him, and bade him hasten through the valley after the fleet Ilse. “That,” thought he, “will compel her to return to the Brocken.”

The North-wind gave himself a great deal of trouble to fulfill the orders of the Evil One. He did his best with whistling and blowing, rustled through the trees until they trembled at the roots, and cast their broken branches on the ground right at Ilse's feet. One young fir-tree, which had not a very firm footing in the rocky soil, he hurled right across her path, and he seized Ilse's veil and wanted to drag her away with him. But the princess tore herself away, and cared not how much of her veil remained in the hands of the North-wind. She did not think or fear for herself now; her heart was oppressed only by the distress of her dear trees, and she would have so willingly helped them to struggle against the storm, if she were only able. She went up to the overturned fir-tree, threw herself upon it, overwhelmed it with her tears, and washed sorrowfully its wounds. She cradled tenderly in her soft arms the branches of the beech and oak-trees which the North-wind threw into her lap, kissed their withered leaves and carried them a little way with her, and at last put them to bed on the soft, mossy bank.

“THE NORTH-WIND GAVE HIMSELF A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.”

The Evil One stood still on the Brockenberg, and angrily gnashed his teeth when he saw how the North-wind was exerting himself in vain, and could do nothing with little Ilse.

“I will send Winter then,” he muttered to himself; “he shall bind her in chains.

“The ugly, gray Winter, with hunger and cold, with long, dark nights, in which temptation is awake, and sins crawl on their secret way. He has already led many a poor soul to me, and will now make quick work with the obstinate Water Princess. Thou North-wind, do not leave off there below, shake the leaves from the trees and prepare the way for Winter. Thou knowest that he will not come until he can rustle through the dead foliage with heavy steps.”

And the North-wind, like an obedient servant, whistled suddenly, wild and icily through the valley. The beeches stood trembling and shivering, and in fright let their yellow leaves fall to the ground; the oaks got little red tips in the cold, and at last their branches were stripped of their leafy dress, and they watched anxiously, with naked boughs, the approach of Winter.

Only the fir-tree stood peacefully, and wore unchanged his royal cloak of dark green. Little Ilse at his feet could not understand this state of affairs, and complained bitterly to the trees. “But what is the matter with you, you stupid trees?—why do you throw all your withered leaves in my face? Do you no longer love Ilse, and wish to scratch her eyes out with brown acorns and hard beech-nuts?” The little one jumped up quite angrily, and shook the leaves out of her lap, and the shining folds of her dress.

“WINTER SPREAD HIS COLD, WHITE COVERING.”

In the meantime, Winter arrived on the Brocken, and was dressed by the hands of his wicked majesty himself with an impenetrable cloak of fog. After which he moved slowly over the mountains, and rolled heavily into the valley. At first he was not quite so bad; he had velvet paws, and wishing to ingratiate himself, he drew shining white coats of frost over the trees and bushes, so that Ilse was quite dazzled with all the splendor, and knew not where to look. Then came the snow-flakes, tumbling and whirling through the air, and at first the little princess thought they were the clouds come to visit her in the valley, and to renew the acquaintance made on the Alpine heights.

But as Winter spread his cold, white covering ever thicker and thicker over the whole ravine; as all things became buried under it—the stones, roots, mosses and herbs, and even the trembling blades of grass—Ilse grew sad at heart, for she thought her turn would come next. She was so sorry for all her dear green things which she could no longer see, and worked industriously to wash the snow from all the stones in her reach, and to set the delicate mosses free again. Then she felt with anxiety sharp icy points press into her tender limbs, and saw how Winter encircled all the stones and roots that she passed over, with hard, shining chains, and their weak young limbs lay powerless in his grasp.

The grim Winter now seized with sharper and more icy clutches the breast of the poor child, cold shivers ran through Ilse, and she clung in trembling to the knotty roots of the fir-tree, and looked up imploringly to the Forest King. She saw that he was also enveloped in the white covering of Winter, but on his branches there shone forth, under the snow, a deep, everlasting green, and the mild, spring-brightness laid itself warm and trustingly in her breast, and gave her new life and strength.

"Oh, Fir-tree," cried Ilse, "how didst thou learn to brave Winter and to keep green and full of life in his icy arms? Can I not learn, too?"

"Because I am founded on a rock," answered the Fir-tree, "and raise my head toward heaven; therefore the Lord has given me the power to remain green through all time; and thou, too, Ilse, art a rocky spring, and reflectest in thy pure flood the light of Heaven, as clear and undisturbed as it is poured forth upon thee; if the true life is in thee,—the heart impulse that the Lord gives,—thou wilt not be without the power to overcome Winter. Only trust in God, Ilse, and hasten onward and weary not."

"Thou dear Fir-tree," said Ilse, "I will become strong and brave like thee. Winter shall not harm me," and with a strong effort she tore herself from the icy arms which had surrounded her, and beat against the rough hands that tried to hold her dress fast between the stones, and rushed wildly into the valley, breaking asunder all chains and fetters. With a young stream like this old Winter could not keep step, and he sat grumbling in the snow, and had to confess his weakness, and the impossibility of entrapping the brisk Ilse.

The other day, as the princess sprang along in triumph, driving before her the restless ice-splinters that she had broken off from the stones, the mosses called out,

"Ah, Ilse, dear Ilse, stay with us, the snow presses so heavily on our weak little heads, we cannot any longer stand upright on the soil; help us, dear Ilse, the winter is so cruel."

Ilse bent in pity over them, lifted a corner of the heavy snow covering, put her sweet face underneath and whispered to the mosses the wisdom she had learned from the fir.

"Because you are planted on a rock, little mosses, and the dear Lord lets you remain green under the snow, you must not forget that a godly life is in you; try once more to be brave and stand up and grow under the white winter covering. The dear God will help you if you ask him."

"IN PEACEFUL INTERCOURSE WITH GRASSES AND FERNS, THE BLUE-BELLS LIVED A HAPPY FAIRY LIFE.

And the mosses began immediately to bestir themselves and became quite warm from their work, and after a little while they called out joyfully,

"Ilse! we succeed, we stand up straight already, and really begin to grow; the snow gives way where we touch it with our little green hands."

So Ilse taught her playmates,—the mosses and grasses,—her power, and made use of it to defy the winter.

She gave the grasses to drink of her fresh running water, and urged them to grow and stretch themselves, and to call out the first greeting to Spring who, when at last she came into the valley, drove the snow covering from the strawberries, and sent Winter back to the Brocken, where the warm sun would not long tolerate him.

The Fir-tree also had thrown off his white cloak and put bright green lights on all the points of his dark branches for the Spring celebration. The oaks and beeches drew on again their green dresses, and the little Ilse lived joyous and happy in the still and lordly forest for many, many hundred years.

Winter came back every year, to be sure, and carried on the same cruel game with the trees and plants, and placed his glittering snares for Ilse. But the wise and nimble child would not let herself be caught again; agile and slippery as a lizard, she escaped out of his rough, icy hands. The trees became green every year again, and never looked more beautiful than in the Spring, as if the hard struggle with Winter strengthened and invigorated them; so was also little Ilse most fair and blooming when the snow had melted on the mountains, and she rushed through the forest foaming and murmuring. The snow is the sweet milk of life for little mountain streams—the more thirstily they drink of it the more noble they become.

The green Forest was proud of his dear foster-child, the little Ilse, and because she no longer thought of herself, but only of her dear plants and trees, and what she could do for them, and had quite forgotten that she was a princess, the others remembered it,—the trees and the flowers, the stones, the tender grasses and mosses,—and looked up to her and paid homage to her, in their quiet fervent way.

Where the Princess Ilse ran through the valley, the herbs and flowers pressed around her feet, kissed the border of her dress and her flowing veil, and the slender blades of grass stood whispering by the way and bowed their little feathery heads to greet her.

The thoughtful Blue-bells, the favorites among the Flower children of the Forest, loved Ilse more than all the rest, and wished to be very near her, so they came close up to her, and bowed down over her face, and gazed at her with earnest, thoughtful eyes like holy thoughts. Yes, they stepped even on the wet, smooth stones which the princess held encircled in her arms, and the little stream kissed them tenderly, and spread out a soft moss carpet so that their fibrous legs could have a firm footing on the slippery ground.

In peaceful intercourse with grasses and ferns, the Blue-bells lived a happy fairy life, as if upon an enchanted island, the whole Summer long, on the wet stones that Princess Ilse held in her arms.

The Ferns, too, wherever a little place still remained on the moist stones, sprung up and wafted the breeze with their fans to Ilse, and frolicked with the sunbeams, and would not permit them to kiss their dear princess. But the sunbeams loved her too, and came as often as the gray clouds, overhead on the mountains, would allow them, into the valley and played with her under the trees. The gray clouds were of old given charge of the sunbeams, and because they were so thick and clumsy themselves, would scarcely ever come out of one place if the Storm-wind did not, in the meantime, push in his broom and start them; so they could not endure the joyous dancing and shimmering of their light-footed wards with little Ilse below on the grass, and sat often all day long, like a wall on the mountain, and would not let the smallest sunbeam pass, though it had made itself ever so little. Then they splashed rain into the valley, and saw with inmost satisfaction the little Ilse move onward sad and troubled.

Such behavior made the sunbeams quite wild and impatient. Behind the backs of the old ladies they pressed ill-humoredly through each other, mocked and taunted the gray clouds, and made them so warm with their pointed remarks, that the insulted ones could not stand it any longer, and quietly withdrew from the chosen place. Then the way was free again, and the sunbeams slipped off into the valley, swung themselves in the rain-drops that hung on the trees, and often chased with Ilse all day in the grasses.

They were close by once when a tiny white strawberry-flower, whose very numerous family spread over all the valleys of the Hartz Mountains, crept forth silently, and its little round face was reflected in the bright dress of the princess. But Ilse saw her and shook her finger at her and cried: "Thou little strawberry-blossom! thou art proud of the golden buttons on thy head, and wishest to shine here and be admired." The frightened strawberry-flower let her white leaves fall, and crept back quickly under the foliage. But the sunbeams sprang toward her laughing and looked for her under the broad leaves, and the poor blossom was ashamed. As often as the sunbeams looked at her she blushed deeper and deeper and stood at last as if dyed in crimson under the green leaf shade, and let her little head hang bashfully to the ground.

She has not even, in these days, forgotten that her vanity has been found out, and blushes still before the sunbeams.

The kind full Moon, the old friend of little Ilse, came often to see her; he did not hesitate at the troublesome road over the mountains and stood above the Ilsenstone, the most beautiful rock of the whole peak, which the people of the valley had named after the Princess, and looking down in a friendly manner, saw his little favorite rippling along in the shadow of the mountain and keeping up a charming game with the little silver stars that he threw down to her.

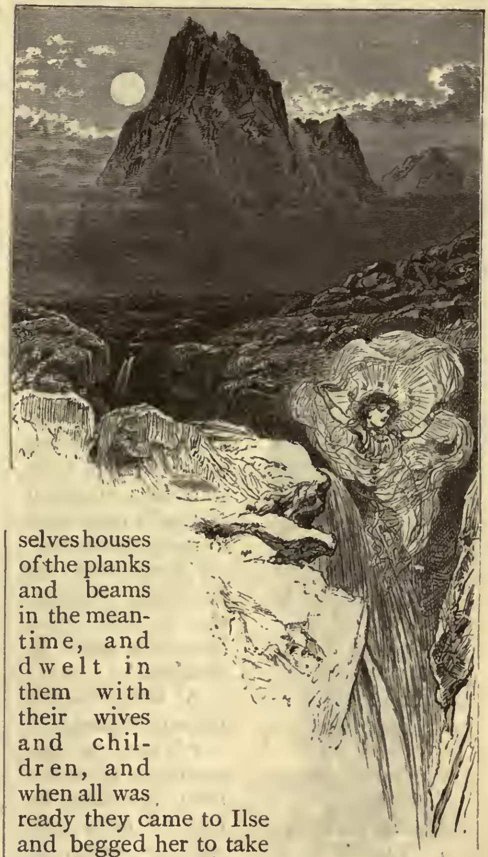
There had been men in the valley where Ilse dwelt for some time already, and at first she had treated them quite coldly, though the Fir-tree, before he brought the child in, was obliged to reprove her and teach her that she should be friendly with them and dwell in their company.

The first men that came into the Forest were two charcoal-burners who built a hut for themselves, felled trees, erected a kiln, and set it on fire. Then did Ilse weep many, many tears over her dear trees which had fallen and lay dying on the ground, and the grasses and flowers lamented that men had worn down a path through the wilderness and pressed down their little heads, and it cut Ilse to the heart. The flames which arose from the kiln, and the smoke that came forth from it, reminded her of the horrible night on the Brocken and made her shudder.

But the Fir-tree had told her that man was the lord of creation, that God had made him after his own image, and that all other creatures were commanded to serve him; that also every tree must serve the time God had appointed for it and then should be felled to the earth by the hand of man, by the lightning of Heaven, or by dryness and decay which destroyed its pith. Nor should she be afraid of the fire, for that is a holy power, and works much good upon the earth. It is only necessary to be careful, and Ilse must learn to have judgment and approach nearer to the fire in future, and reach out her hand and work willingly in his company.

Princess Ilse did not rejoice very much at the time when she should come nearer to the fire, and work in partnership with him; but she had great respect for the opinion of the Fir-tree and placed entire confidence in his word.

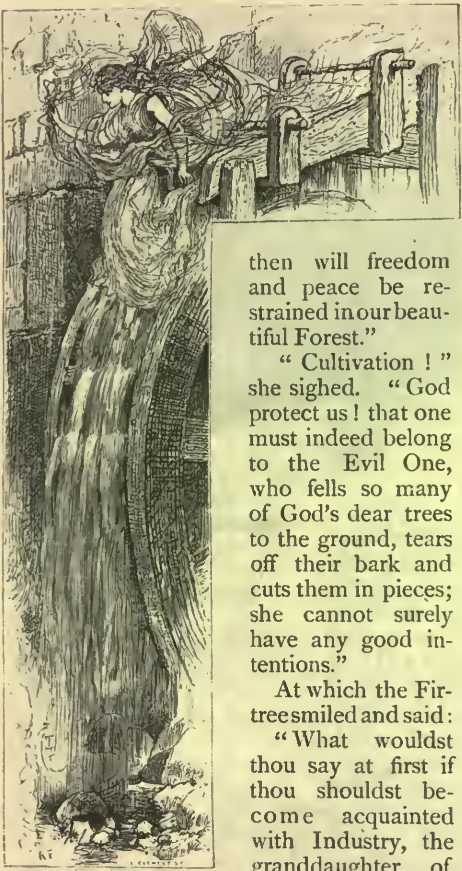
Again, after a long time, there came many men together into the valley with axes and spades, and they brought cattle and goats which they drove into the green pastures of the mountains. A little way below the Ilsenstone, the valley widens, and there they settled, felled many trees in the neighborhood, cut them into planks and beams, and dug out on one side a large hall for the little princess, protecting its walls with stones and grass, and making on the side toward the valley a large door, which was well guarded with wood. They built for themselves houses of the planks and beams in the meantime, and dwelt in them with their wives and children, and when all was ready they came to Ilse and begged her to take possession of the room and make herself comfortable. But Ilse thanked them, and wanted to skip past as she did past all things, whether they appeared safe or unsafe to her; the men, however, blocked up her way with stones and earth, and pushed aside a great piece of rock that had protected little Ilse's path. And then at full speed she could not stop herself, and pressed through the opening with her whole strength into the hall, which men call a pond, and spread herself over the shallow extent, and beat angrily with foamy little waves against the bank.



"THE KIND FULL MOON, THE OLD FRIEND OF LITTLE ILSE, CAME OFTEN TO SEE HER * * *. AND STOOD ABOVE THE ILSENSTONE."

It was some time before she composed

herself in this strange imprisonment and collected her waters and her thoughts and looked up inquiringly at the Fir-tree, which stood undisturbed near the gable of the new house. The Fir-tree said with a sad smile:



"THEN THE PRINCESS WAS NOT QUITE SO COY."

"Now comes Cultivation, little Ilse, then will freedom and peace be restrained in our beautiful Forest."

"Cultivation!" she sighed. "God protect us! that one must indeed belong to the Evil One, who fells so many of God's dear trees to the ground, tears off their bark and cuts them in pieces; she cannot surely have any good intentions."

At which the Fir-tree smiled and said: "What wouldst thou say at first if thou shouldst become acquainted with Industry, the granddaughter of Cultivation, who is a digger after hidden treasures, and roots out thoroughly, and spares not even the last trees if they stand in her way. She extirpates the forests, builds great beet-red stone houses, with sky-reaching factory chimneys. Where she enters, there poesy comes to an end."

Ilse clasped her little hands and looked forth so very uneasily that the Fir-tree continued: "Set thy mind at rest on that point, dear child, it will be long before she can come near us. She does not confide willingly in mountains, is better suited to the flat country, and we will beseech the dear God that he will protect our quiet valley from her. But Cultivation is a faithful servant of the Lord, and brings blessing, prosperity and the word of God with her. The Emperor gave the castle at the entrance of the valley to a worthy bishop, who lets pious monks settle there, and they turned it into a cloister, and in their service have these people come too and settled here."

The little Ilse understood all this and soon gained more confidence in men. She pushed against the door of exit and lay dropping through the plank door of the low house. There she saw close beneath her a powerful mill-wheel of new timber, and the miller's curly-haired boy stood on the bridge and called out, laughing: "Yes, peep forth only, Princess Isle, the doors will soon be opened, then will the dance begin and thou shalt swing right merrily round the wheel." "Shall I then be broken on the wheel," thought Ilse, and she looked with a beating heart at the gigantic wheel, which, however, began to creak and crackle in all its spokes and to whisper to her: "Dost thou not know us, Ilse? We are the timber of thy dear trees,—dost thou no longer know us? There is no need to fear; we will not do thee any harm."

And when the miller came out and sent some one to draw up the gate and called joyously, "Now come forth, little Ilse, thou hast remained long enough in the pond; come and help us to work," then the princess was not quite so coy, but ran quickly to the wheel, held up her dress and trod with the tender little feet, nimbly and carefully, first on one spoke and then on another, and, as the wheel began to turn under her light footsteps, she skipped on boldly from rung to rung, let her veil float in the wind, put on her foam-cap and rushed at last gurgling and murmuring along the trench, while the wheel moved on with powerful oscillations, the mill clapped time to it and the clear string of pearls which Princess Ilse lost out of her damp curls dropped down from all the spokes of the mill-wheel.

The little Ilse had now become a worker in the service of men, a water of life, a blessing to the valley and its inhabitants. She worked with men in the mill and in the iron-works, where she made the dreaded acquaintance of the fire, and came soon to know that the reluctance was mutual, that the fire had quite as much respect for her as she for him, and, therefore, they did not come any nearer than was necessary to go on with the work, but went immediately back again, and much preferred to esteem each other at a distance.

As for the wives and daughters, Princess Ilse ran in the shining buckets into their dwellings and helped them in the household duties in the kitchen, and in the washing and scouring-tubs. She washed and bathed the children, watered the flowers and vegetables in the garden, was not ashamed of any humble service, and had no need to be ashamed, for of her innate majesty Princess Ilse lost nothing by a useful work of love among the children of men.

Several hundred years had now passed since Ilse first placed her foot on the mill-wheel.

When the doctrines of Luther spread into the valley, the monks had left the old abbey at the foot of the mountain, and a noble line of counts settled there had for a long, long time flourished and ruled over the Ilsenburg, and the little Ilse served them and their retainers as she had served the monks and their tenants. When the castle began to fall in ruins and the Counts Stolberg chose another stronger castle for their dwelling, they took care that Ilse and her dear valley should not suffer any harm through the change. They allowed men, ever more and more industrious, to settle in Ilse's neighborhood and to work in her company, to bring to light the noble wealth of the mountain, the powerful iron, to temper it and give it a proper form which should make it suitable for the purposes of human industry.

There one might see little Ilse busy at work from early till late without growing tired of, or feeling any dislike to the hard work. But whoever happened to meet her, as, radiant in glittering purity, she stepped out of the forest, must have at once recognized in her, the princess of the purest water; the daughter of light, and paid homage to her in the depth of his heart

However, Ilse had not yet become perfect, and, if the dear Lord let a thunder storm break now and then over her, her water bubbled up even in the deepest part and brought to light her hidden faults and trespasses, from which no earth-dweller even of the highest birth is entirely free. Ilse grieved deeply when her little waves were thrown up muddy and stained. She let the tempest serve as the storms of life should serve every one, for self-examination and improvement, and when all the impurity in her had been separated and cleared off, then she collected herself in stateliness and strength, and let the reflected light of heaven beam forth in renewed power and purity.

A deep heart-sorrow Ilse had still to endure, for in the train of the ever wider-grasping cultivation of modern times, the valley became a broad highway crossed by innumerable cart-wheels, the green forest ground was destroyed with spades and stone-cutters, and again a multitude felled the stately trees to the earth, and with sharp weapons gained the way which they only through violence could have obtained.

"That I cannot bear! That I will not let happen to me," cried Ilse, in deep distress; "shall the pleasure-loving people with the long French names, year in and year out, sneak in here with their easy slow pace and play the governess, and find fault with me, and call out thus to me, 'Not so fast, Ilse! come not so near to the flowers, do not spring so, Ilse! look how respectably I go along! The noble forest bridge is quite another companion, as, leaning on the edges of the rocks, he nods and beckons to thee.'"

And in wild anger the little princess beat against the rocks that bordered the highway, and would have liked to overturn them and let the hated French people fall.

"Ilse, Ilse!" warned the Fir-tree from the rocky soil, "what sort of a mad boy's trick is this! Hast thou not yet understood that we most bear all things that tend to be useful and profitable to men? If we trees make the best of the highway, thou canst bear it, too. We do not rejoice either, when we see the dust-colored track wander through the valley. For shame, Ilse! see how the witches on the edge of the mountain are laughing at thee."

The haunt of the Evil One on the Brocken has, so to speak, come to an end, since pious Christian people built their dwellings there; and the scattered witches and imps wander now in many dresses through the country, and take the most lovely and enticing forms, in order to delude poor souls and gain them for their dark kingdom.

But a band of young witches, who had had a spite against Ilse ever since she had eclipsed them all in majesty and grace on the Brocken, came down into the valley to watch Ilse and take away her joy at least, if they could not play her any tricks. In the dresses of splendid red thimble-flowers stood the witches in coquettish groups on the slopes of the mountain in the bright sunshine, and beckoned to the ferns and called to the modest blue-bells, to come and settle among them, so that blue-bells and thimble-flowers might become kinsmen. But the blue-bells saw the deadly poison-drops in the bottom of the showy calix and shaking lightly their little heads, went closer to Ilse and begged the ferns to stand before them and spread out their fans so that they need no longer see the artful witches. Princess Ilse looked up timidly and murmured silent prayers as she passed by them.

The faithful blue-bells and ferns were praised and caressed by her, and if she found that the wet stones, in her course, looked with too bright faces toward the witch flowers, she threw, unperceived, her silvery veil over them and blinded them with bright beams of light which she caught up and sprinkled in their faces.

"IN THE DRESSES OF SPLENDID RED THIMBLE-FLOWERS STOOD THE WITCHES."

But, if Ilse could not stop the progress of the highway through the valley, she wished to have as little as possible to do with it. On her way through the deep shades of the forest, she tried by serpentine turns to lose sight of it, and when she then sprung in proud haste over the cliffs and believed to have quite escaped from her dusty companion, she ran suddenly against it, and the highroad threw a bridge over her and Princess Ilse, bowed under the yoke, must glide on and keep her animosity to herself, in order to emerge again soon in freedom.

But the anger of the little Ilse did not last long; deeper in the valley, she became more contented with the highroad, and now kisses submissively the foot of the Ilsenstone, on which point the holy sign of the cross stands erected—for Princess Ilse is not dead, but lives there yet and goes every day to her appointed task in the mill and the iron-works of the valley. When, on Sunday, the mill is closed and the industrious inhabitants of the Ilse valley in their holiday dresses, go down to the old chapel in the castle to pray and hear the word of God preached loudly and clearly with all strength and purity, then the silvery voice of the little Ilse is heard gently rippling with the bells and organ tones which come from the old castle walls and float over the valley.

For many hundred years a source of blessing flowing through the valley, Ilse has not yet lost any of her freshness and loveliness. She has drunk from the inexhaustible fountain of eternal youth in the purity and power with which it springs from the rock,—the rock placed by God, which is attainable to every thirsty one who seeks for it in the right way, in earnest, useful work, and in that purity and innocence which casts out from itself all blemishes and lets itself be pierced by the clear light of heaven.

Thus, Princess Ilse now shows the world what a deluded erring child can become if Pride is once driven out. And those people who, from the ugly desert or the cold heights of every-day life come thirsting for summer into the Ilse valley, she breathes upon with the fresh feelings of childhood, lets them be once more harmless, trusting children, so long as they remain in her dear forest shades, where the green is greener, and the air fresher and healthier than anywhere else in the world.

Ilse has taught the Evil One and the witches to be afraid when she glides along in the shades of the Ilsenstone. She even ventures to play the Princess Cooking-water, and when the summer guests of the valley wish to make coffee on the moss-bank under the Ilsenstone, she runs into the swinging kettle without fear, lets the coffee-maker carry away all the honor, claims in return no praise for herself, and wishes only as a reward, that when with great delight the coffee with the Ilsen water is prepared, the people should settle a pension of sugar biscuit on the little field-mouse.

The field-mouse dwells in a stony crevice of the moss-bank, and is descended in direct line from the very same field-mouse that dug the passage from the Brocken, through which, in gray antiquity, Princess Ilse fled into the valley.

Not every coffee party, to be sure, will have the honor of seeing the little pointed head and bright eyes of the shy animal peep out from the mossy crack, for the field-mouse is particular about his company, and bashful, like his relations. But, whoever chances to see him is obliged to feed him with sugar biscuit, or whatever else good people like to eat with coffee and little field-mice like to nibble.

A contract of this kind was made on a beautiful August day in the year of our Lord 1851, and lies drawn up and sealed under the Ilsenstone, and, in the recollections of the Hartz Valley of the coffee party who on that day fed the field-mouse.

It is not worth while to follow Ilse into the flat country, where she meets Ecker and Ocker, and later, the Aller, who led her, after all, to the old Weser.

The old Weser now draws Aller, Ocker, and Ecker, and Ilse, and all the waters, large and small, that flow into him, to the sea.

A FANTASY.

If I awoke some morn,
And down the stair descending, all forlorn
Of wonted faces found the world below,—
No mother's smile, no kiss, no baby's crow,
No sister taking up the thread, half spun,
Of last night's talk (some talks are never done);

Outside the door
If then I wended, seeking soft Lenore,
Or welcome, stately-sweet, of Lady Clare,
Or stayed my step at gracious Anna's stair,
Or sought gay Lili for a tilt of words,
Keen and inspiriting as tourney swords;

And here and there,
For whisper of the wise, smile of the fair,
For all gay courtesies, lightsome pleasantries,
For the dark splendor of some gorgeous eyes,
For even thee, soul-comrade, if a bare,
Blank, very vacancy should on me stare;

If then should speak
Some right-authentic angel, "They you seek
All like a dream have vanished; but a dream
In truth they ever were; they did but seem;
Phantasmas were they, figments, fantasies,
Projections of thy own thought, only these,"

Ah me! alas!
If all this gramarye should come to pass,
I think I should believe him,—should believe;
Nor would his disenchantment deeply grieve,
Nor greatly startle, nor bewilder me,
Soul-comrade, save 'twere also told of thee!

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

"THEN IT WAS THAT ANICE TURNED AROUND AND SAW HER."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the Reverend Paul entered the parlor at the Rectory, he found that his friend had arrived before him. Mr. Barholm, his wife and Anice, with their guest, formed a group around the fire, and Grace saw at a glance that Derrick had unconsciously fallen into the place of the center figure. He was talking and the rest listening—Mr. Barholm in his usual restless fashion, Mrs. Barholm with evident interest, Anice leaning forward on her ottoman, listening eagerly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Barholm, when the servant announced the visitor, "this is fortunate. Here is Grace. Glad to see you, Grace. Take a seat. We are talking about an uncommonly interesting case. I dare say you know the young woman."

Anice looked up.

"We are talking about Joan Lowrie," she said. "Mr. Derrick is telling us about her."

"Most interesting affair—from beginning to end," commented the Rector, briskly "Something must be done for the young woman. We must go and see her,—I wil go and see her myself."

He had caught fire at once, in his usual inconsequent, self-secure style. Ecclesiastica patronage would certainly set this young woman right at once. There was no doub of that. And who was so well qualified t bestow it as himself?

"Yes, yes! I will go myself," he said. "That kind of people is easily managed, when once one understands them. There really is some good in them, after all. You see, Grace, it is as I have told you—only understand them, and make them understand you, and the rest is easy."

Derrick glanced from father to daughter. The clear eyes of the girl rested on the man with a curious expression.

"Do you think," she said quickly, "that they like us to go and see them in that sort of way, papa? Do you think it is wise to remind them that we know more than they do, and that if they want to learn they must learn from us, just because we have been more fortunate? It really seems to me that the rebellious ones would ask themselves what right we had to be more fortunate."

"My dear," returned the Rector, somewhat testily—he was not partial to the interposition of obstacles even in suggestion—"My dear, if you had been brought into contact with these people as closely as I have, or even as Grace has, you would learn that they are not prone to regard things from a metaphysical stand-point. Metaphysics are not in their line. They are more apt to look upon life as a matter of bread and bacon than as a problem."

A shadow fell upon Anice's face, and before the visit ended, Derrick had observed its presence more than once. It was always her father who summoned it, he noticed. And yet it was evident enough that she was fond of the man, and in no ordinary degree, and that the affection was mutual. As he was contented with himself, so Barholm was contented with his domestic relations. He was fond of his wife, and fond of his daughter, as much, perhaps, through his appreciation of his own good taste in wedding such a wife, and becoming the father of such a daughter, as through his appreciation of their peculiar charms. He was proud of them and indulgent to them. They reflected a credit on him of which he felt himself wholly deserving.

"They are very fond of him," remarked Grace afterward to his friend; "which shows that there must be a great deal of virtue in the man. Indeed there *is* a great deal of virtue in him. You yourself, Derrick, must have observed a certain kindliness and—and open generosity," with a wistful sound in his voice.

There was always this wistful appeal in the young man's tone when he spoke of his clerical master—a certain anxiety to make the best of him, and refrain from any suspicion of condemnation. Derrick was always reminded by it of the shadow on Anice Barholm's face.

"I want to tell you something," Miss Barholm said this evening to Grace at parting. "I do not think I am afraid of Riggan at all. I think I shall like it all the better because it is so new. Everything is so earnest and energetic, that it is a little bracing—like the atmosphere. Perhaps—when the time comes—I could do something to help you with that girl. I shall try very hard." She held out her hand to him with a smile, and the Reverend Paul went home feeling not a little comforted and encouraged.

The Rector stood with his back to the fire, his portly person expressing intense satisfaction.

"You will remind me about that young woman in the morning, Anice," he said. "I should like to attend to the matter myself. Singular that Grace should not have mentioned her before. It really seems to me, you know, that now and then Grace is a little deficient in interest, or energy."

"Surely not interest, my dear," put in Mrs. Barholm, with gentle suggestiveness.

"Well, well," conceded the Rector, "perhaps not interest, but energy or—or appreciation. I should have seen such a fine creature's superiority, and mentioned it at once. She must be a fine creature. A young woman of that kind should be encouraged. I will go and see her in the morning—if it were not so late I would go now. Really, she ought to be told that she has exhibited a very excellent spirit, and that people approve of it. I wonder what sort of a household servant she would make if she were properly trained?"

"That would not do at all," put in Anice decisively. "From the pit's mouth to the kitchen would not be a natural transition."

"Well, well," as usual; "perhaps you are right. There is plenty of time to think of it, however. We can judge better when we have seen her."

He did not need reminding in the morning. He was as full of vague plans for Joan Lowrie when he arose as he had been when he went to bed. He came down to the charming breakfast-room in the most sanguine of moods. But then his moods usually were sanguine. It was scarcely to be wondered at. Fortune had treated him with great suavity from his earliest years.

Well-born, comfortably trained, healthy and easy-natured, the world had always turned its pleasant side to him. As a young man, he had been a strong, handsome fellow, whose convenient patrimony had placed him beyond the possibility of entire dependence upon his profession. When a curate he had been well enough paid and without private responsibilities; when he married he was lucky enough to win a woman who added to his comfort; in fact, life had gone smoothly with him for so long that he had no reason to suspect Fate of any intention to treat him ill-naturedly. It was far more likely that she would reserve her scurvy tricks for some one else.

Even Riggan had not disturbed him at all. Its difficulties were not such as would be likely to disturb him greatly. One found ignorance, and vice, and discomfort among the lower classes always; there was the same thing to contend with in the agricultural as in the mining districts. And the Rectory was substantial and comfortable, even picturesque. The house was roomy, the garden large and capable of improvement; there were trees in abundance, ivy on the walls, and Anice would do the rest. The breakfast-room looked specially encouraging this morning. Anice, in a pretty pale blue gown, and with a few crocuses at her throat, awaited his coming, behind the handsomest of silver and porcelain, reading his favorite newspaper the while. Her little pot of emigrant violets exhaled a faint, spring-like odor from their sunny place at the window; there was a vase of crocuses, snow-drops and ivy leaves in the center of the table; there was sunshine outside and comfort in. The Rector had a good appetite and an unimpaired digestion. Anice rose when he entered, and touched the bell.

"Mamma's headache will keep her up-stairs for a while," she said. "She told me we were not to wait for her." And then she brought him his newspaper and kissed him dutifully.

"Very glad to see you home again, I am sure, my dear," remarked the Rector. "I have really missed you very much. What excellent coffee this is!—another cup, if you please." And, after a pause,

"I think really, you know," he proceeded, "that you will not find the place unpleasant, after all. For my part, I think it is well enough—for such a place; one cannot expect Belgravian polish in Lancashire miners, and certainly one does not meet with it; but it is well to make the best of things. I get along myself reasonably well with the people. I do not encounter the difficulties Grace complains of."

"Does he complain?" asked Anice; "I did not think he exactly complained."

"Grace is too easily discouraged," answered the Rector in off-handed explanation. "And he is apt to make over-sensitive blunders. He speaks of, and to, these people as if they were of the same fiber as himself, He does not take hold of things. He is deficient in courage. He means well, but he is not good at reading character. That other young fellow now—Derrick, the engineer—would do twice as well in his place. What do you think of that young fellow, by the way, my dear?"

"I like him," said Anice. "He will help Mr. Grace often."

"Grace needs a support of some kind," returned Mr. Barholm, frowning slightly, "and he does not seem to rely very much upon me—not so much as I would wish. I don't quite understand him at times; the fact is, it has struck me once or twice, that he preferred to take his own path, instead of following mine."

"Papa," commented Anice, "I scarcely think he is to blame for that. I am sure it is always best, that conscientious, thinking people—and Mr. Grace is a thinking man—should have paths of their own."

Mr. Barholm pushed his hair from his forehead. His own obstinacy confronted him sometimes through Anice, in a finer, more baffling form.

"Grace is a young man, my dear," he said, "and—and not a very strong-minded one."

"I cannot believe that is true," said Anice. "I do not think we can blame his mind. It is his body that is not strong. Mr. Grace himself has more power than you and mamma and myself all put together."

One of Anice's peculiarities was a certain pretty sententiousness, which, but for its innate refinement, and its earnestness, might have impressed people as being a fault. When she pushed her opposition in that steady, innocent way, Mr. Barholm always took refuge behind an inner consciousness which "knew better," and was fully satisfied on the point of its own knowledge.

When breakfast was over, he rose from the table with the air of a man who had business on hand. Anice rose too, and followed him to the hearth.

"You are going out, I suppose," she said.

"I am going to see Joan Lowrie," he said complacently. "And I have several calls to make besides. Shall I tell the young woman that you will call on her?"

Anice looked down at the foot she had placed on the shining rim of the steel fender.

"Joan Lowrie?" she said reflectively.

"Certainly, my dear. I should think it would please the girl to feel that we are interested in her."

"I should scarcely think—from what Mr. Grace and his friend say—that she is the kind of a girl to be reached in that way," said Anice.

The Rector shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear," he answered, "if we are always to depend upon what Grace says, we shall often find ourselves in a difficulty. If you are going to wait until these collier young women call on you after the manner of polite society, I am afraid you will have time to lose interest in them and their affairs."

He had no scruples of his own on the subject of his errand. He felt very comfortable as usual, as he wended his way through the village toward Lowrie's cottage, on the Knoll Road. He did not ask himself what he should say to the collier young woman, and her unhappy charge. Orthodox phrases with various distinct flavors—the flavor of encouragement, the flavor of reproof, the flavor of consolation,—were always ready with the man; he never found it necessary to prepare them before hand. The flavor of approval was to be Joan's portion this morning; the flavor of rebuke her companion's. He passed down the street with ecclesiastical dignity, bestowing a curt, but not unamiable word of recognition here and there. Unkempt, dirty-faced children, playing hop-scotch or marbles on the flag pavement, looked up at him with a species of awe, not unmingled with secret resentment; women lounging on door-steps, holding babies on their hips, stared in critical sullenness as he went by.

"Theer's th' owd parson," commented one sharp-tongued matron. "Hoo's goin' to teach some one summat I warrant. What th' owd lad dunnot know is na worth knowin'. Eh! hoo's a graidely foo', that hoo is. Our Tommy, if tha dost na let Jane Ann be, tha'lt be gettin' a hidin'."

Unprepossessing as most of the colliers' homes were, Lowrie's cottage was a trifle less inviting than the majority. It stood upon the road-side, an ugly little bare place, with a stubborn desolateness in its appearance, its only redeeming feature a certain rough cleanliness. The same cleanliness reigned inside, Barholm observed when he entered; and yet on the whole there was a stamp upon it which made it a place scarcely to be approved of. Before the low fire sat a girl with a child on her knee, and this girl, hearing the visitor's footsteps, got up hurriedly, and met him with a half abashed, half frightened look on her pale face.

"Lowrie is na here, an' neyther is Joan," she said, without waiting for him to speak. "Both on 'em's at th' pit. Theer's no one here but me," and she held the baby over her shoulder, as if she would like to have hidden it.

Mr. Barholm walked in serenely, sure that he ought to be welcome, if he was not.

"At the pit, are they?" he answered. "Dear me! I might have remembered that they would be at this time. Well, well; I will take a seat, my girl, and talk to you a little. I suppose you know me, the minister at the church—Mr. Barholm."

Liz, a slender slip of a creature, large-eyed, and woe-begone, stood up before him staring at him in irresolute wretchedness, as he seated himself.

"I—I dunnot know nobody much now," she stammered. "I—I've been away fro' Riggan sin' afore yo' comn—if yo're th' new parson," and then she colored nervously and became fearfully conscious of her miserable little burden. "I've heerd Joan speak o' th' young parson," she faltered.

Her visitor looked at her gravely. What a helpless, childish creature she was, with her pretty face and her baby, and her characterless, frightened way. She was only one of many—poor Liz. Ignorant, emotional, weak, easily led, ready to err, unable to bear the consequences of error, not strong enough to be resolutely wicked, not strong enough to be anything in particular, but that which her surroundings made her. If she had been well-born and well brought up, she would have been a pretty, insipid girl who needed to be taken care of; as it was, she had 'gone wrong.' The excellent Rector of St. Michael's felt that she must be awakened.

"You are the girl Elizabeth?" he said.

"I'm 'Lizabeth Barnes," she answered, pulling at the hem of her child's small gown, "but folks nivver calls me nowt but Liz."

Her visitor pointed to a chair considerately. "Sit down," he said, "I want to talk to you."

Liz obeyed him; but her pretty, weak face told its own story of distaste and hysterical shrinking. She let the baby lie upon her lap; her fingers were busy plaiting up folds of the poor little gown.

"I dunnot want to be talked to,'' she whimpered. "I dunnot know as talk can do folk as is in trouble any good—an' th' trouble's bad enow wi'out talk."

"We must remember whence the trouble comes," answered the minister, "and if the root lies in ourselves, and springs from our own sin, we must bear our cross meekly, and carry our sorrows and iniquities to the fountain head. We must ask for grace, and—and sanctification of spirit."

"I dunnot know nowt about th' fountain head," sobbed Liz, aggrieved. "I'm not religious an' I canna see as such loike helps foak. No Methody nivver did nowt for me when I war i' trouble an' want. Joan Lowrie is na a Methody."

"If you mean that the young woman is in an unawakened condition, I am sorry to hear it," with increased gravity of demeanor. "Without the redeeming blood how are we to find peace? If you had clung to the Cross you would have been spared all this sin and shame. You must know, my girl, that this," with a motion toward the frail creature on her knee, "is a very terrible thing."

Liz burst into piteous sobs—crying like a hardly treated child:

"I know it's hard enow," she cried; "I canna get work neyther at th' pit nor at th' factories, as long as I mun drag it about, an' I ha' not got a place to lay my head, on'y this. If it wur not for Joan, I might starve and th' choild too. But I'm noan so bad as yo'd mak' out. I—I wur very fond o' *him*—I wur, an' I thowt he wur fond o' me, an' he wur a gentleman too. He were no laboring-man, an' he wur kind to me, until he got tired. Them soart allus gets tired o' yo' i' time, Joan says. I wish I'd ha' towd Joan at first, an' axed her what to do."

Barholm passed his hand through his hair uneasily. This shallow, inconsequent creature baffled him. Her shame, her grief, her misery were all mere straws eddying in the pool of her discomfort. It was not her sin that crushed her, it was the consequence of it; hers was not a sorrow, it was a petulant unhappiness. If her lot had been prosperous outwardly, she would have felt no inward pang.

It became more evident to him than ever that something must be done, and he applied himself to his task of reform to the best of his ability. But he exhausted his repertoire of sonorous phrases in vain. His grave exhortations only called forth fresh tears, and a new element of resentment; and, to crown all, his visit terminated with a discouragement of which his philosophy had never dreamed.

In the midst of his most eloquent reproof, a shadow darkened the threshold, and as Liz looked up with the explanation "Joan!" a young woman, in pit girl guise, came in, her hat pushed off her forehead, her throat bare, her fustian jacket hanging over her arm. She glanced from one to the other questioningly, knitting her brows slightly at the sight of Liz's tears. In answer to her glance Liz spoke querulously.

"It's th' parson, Joan," she said. "He comn to talk like th' rest on 'em an' he maks me out too ill to burn."

Just at that moment the child set up a fretful cry and Joan crossed the room and took it up in her arms.

"Yo've feart the choild betwixt yo'," she said, "if yo've managed to do nowt else."

"I felt it my duty as the Rector of the parish," explained Barholm somewhat curtly, "I felt it my duty as Rector of the parish, to endeavor to bring your friend to a proper sense of her position."

Joan turned toward him.

"Has tha done it?" she asked.

The Reverend Harold felt his enthusiasm concerning the young woman dying out.

"I—I—" he stammered.

Joan interrupted him,

"Dost tha see as tha has done her any good?" she demanded. "I dunnot mysen."

"I have endeavored to the best of my ability to improve her mental condition," the minister replied.

"I thowt as much," said Joan; "I mak' no doubt tha'st done thy best, neyther. Happen tha'st gi'en her what comfort tha had to spare, but if yo'd been wiser than yo' are, yo'd ha' let her alone. I'll warrant there is na a parson 'twixt here an' Lunnon, that could na ha' towd her that she's a sinner an' has shame to bear; but happen there is na a parson betwixt here an' Lunnun as she could na ha' towd that much to, hersen. Howivver, as tha has said thy say, happen it'll do yo' fur this toime, an' yo' can let her be for a while."

Mr. Barholm was unusually silent during dinner that evening, and as he sat over his wine, his dissatisfaction rose to the surface, as it invariably did.

"I am rather disturbed this evening, Anice," he said.

Anice looked up questioningly.

"Why?" she asked.

"I went to see Joan Lowrie this morning," he answered hesitatingly, "and I am very much disappointed in her. I scarcely think, after all, that I would advise you to take her in hand. She is not an amiable young woman, and seems very stubborn. There is a positive touch of the vixen about her."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BARHOLM had fallen into the habit of turning to Anice for it, when he required information concerning people and things. In her desultory pilgrimages, Anice saw all that he missed, and heard much that he was deaf to. The rough, hard-faced men and boisterous girls who passed to and from their work at the mine, drew her to the window whenever they made their appearance. She longed to know something definite of them—to get a little nearer to their unprepossessing life. Sometimes the men and women, passing, caught glimpses of her, and, asking each other who she was, decided upon her relationship to the family.

"Hoo's th' owd parson's lass," somebody said. "Hoo's noan so bad lookin' neyther, if hoo was na sich a bit o' a thing."

The people who had regarded Mr. Barholm with a spice of disfavor, still could not look with ill-nature upon this pretty girl. The slatternly women nudged each other as she passed, and the playing children stared after their usual fashion; but even the hardest-natured matron could find nothing more condemnatory to say than, "Hoo's noan Lancashire, that's plain as th' nose on a body's face;" or, "theer is na much on her, at ony rate. Hoo's a bit of a weakly like lass wi'out much blood i' her."

Now and then Anice caught the sound of their words, but she was used to being commented upon. She had learned that people whose lives have a great deal of hard, common discomfort and struggle, acquire a tendency to depreciation almost as a second nature. It is easier to bear one's own misfortunes, than to bear the good-fortune of better-used people. That is the insult added by Fate to injury.

Riggan was a crooked, rambling, cross-grained little place, and to a casual observer, unaccustomed to its inhabitants as a species, by no means prepossessing. From the one wide street with its jumble of old, tumble-down shops, and glaring new ones, branched out narrow, up-hill or down-hill thoroughfares, edged by colliers' houses, with an occasional tiny provision shop, where bread and bacon were ranged alongside of potatoes and flabby cabbages; ornithological specimens made of pale sweet-cake, and adorned with startling black currant eyes, rested unsteadily against the window-pane, a sore temptation to the juvenile populace.

It was in one of these side streets that Anice met with her first adventure. Turning the corner, she heard the sharp yelp of a dog among a group of children, followed almost immediately by a ringing of loud, angry, boyish voices, a sound of blows and cries, and a violent scuffle. Anice paused for a few seconds, looking over the heads of the excited little crowd, and then made her way to it, and in a minute was in the heart of it. The two boys who were the principal figures, were fighting frantically, scuffling, kicking, biting, and laying on vigorous blows, with not unscientific fists. Now and then a fierce, red, boyish face was to be seen, and then the rough head ducked and the fight waxed fiercer and hotter, while the dog—a small, shrewd, sharp-nosed terrier—barked at the combatants' heels, snapping at one pair, but not at the other, and plainly enjoying the excitement.

"Boys!" cried Anice. "What's the matter?"

"They're feighten," remarked a philosophical young by-stander, with placid, unabated interest,—"an' Jud Bates 'll win."

It was so astonishing a thing that any outsider should think of interfering, and there was something so decided in the girlish voice addressing them, that almost at the moment, the combatants fell back, panting heavily, breathing vengeance in true boy fashion, and evidently resenting the unexpected intrusion.

"What is it all about?" demanded the girl. "Tell me."

The crowd gathered close around her to stare, the terrier sat down breathless, his red tongue hanging out, his tail beating the ground. One of the boys was his master, it was plain at a glance, and, as a natural consequence, he had felt it his duty to assist to the full extent of his powers. The boy who was his master—a sturdy, ragged, ten-year-old—was the first to speak.

"Why could na he let me a be then?" he asked irately. "I was na doin' owt t' him."

"Yea, tha was," retorted the opponent.

"Nay, I was na."

"Yea, ha was."

"Well," said Anice, "what *was* he doing?"

"Aye," cried the first youngster, "tha tell her if tha con. Who hit th' first punse?" excitedly doubling his fist again. "I didna."

"Nay, tha didna, but tha did summat else. Tha punsed at Nib wi' thy clog, an' hit him aside o' th' yed, an' then I punsed thee, an' I'd do it aga'n fur—"

"Wait a minute," cried Anice, holding up her little gloved hand. "Who is Nib?"

"Nib's my dog," surlily. "An' them as punses him, has gotten to punse me."

Anice bent down and patted the small animal.

"He seems a very nice dog," she said. "What did you kick him for?"

Nib's master was somewhat mollified. A person who could appreciate the virtues of "th' best tarrier i' Riggan," could not be regarded wholly with contempt, or even indifference.

"He kicked him fur nowt," he answered. "He's allus at uther him or me. He bust my kite, an' he cribbed my marvels, didn't he?" appealing to the by-standers.

"Aye, he did. I seed him crib th' marvels mysen'. He wur mad case Jud wur winnen, an' then he kicked Nib."

Jud bent down to pat Nib himself, not without a touch of pride in his manifold injuries, and the readiness with which they were attested to.

"Aye," he said, "an' I did na set on him at first neyther. I nivver set on him till he punsed Nib. He may bust my kite, an' steal my marvels, an' he may ca' me ill names, but he shanna kick Nib. So theer!"

It was evident that Nib's enemy was the transgressor. He was grievously in the minority. Nobody seemed to side with him, and everybody seemed ready—when once the tongues were loosed—to say a word for Jud and "th' best tarrier i' Riggan." For a few minutes Anice could scarcely make herself heard.

"You are a good boy to take care of your dog," she said to Jud—"and though fighting is not a good thing, perhaps if I had been a boy," gravely deciding against moral suasion in one rapid glance at the enemy—"perhaps, if I had been a boy, I would have fought myself. *You* are a coward," she added, with incisive scorn to the other lad, who slinked sulkily out of sight.

"Owd Sammy Craddock," lounging at his window, clay pipe in hand, watched Anice as she walked away, and gave vent to his feelings in a shrewd chuckle.

"Eh! eh!" he commented; "so that's th' owd parson's lass, is it? Wall, hoo may be o' th' same mate, but hoo is na o' th' same grain, I'll warrant. Hoo's a rare un, hoo is, fur a wench."

"Owd Sammy's" amused chuckles, and exclamations of "Eh! hoo's a rare un—that hoo is—fur a wench," at last drew his wife's attention. The good woman pounced upon him sharply.

"Tha'rt an owd yommer head," she said. "What art tha ramblin' about now? Who is it as is siccan a rare un?"

Owd Sammy burst into a fresh chuckle, rubbing his knees with both hands.

"Why," said he, "I'll warrant tha could na guess i' tha tried, but I'll gi'e thee a try. Who dost tha think wur out i' th' street just now a' th' thick of a foight among th' lads? I know thou'st nivver guess."

"Nay, happen I canna, an' I dunnot know as I care so much, neyther," testily.

"Why," slapping his knee, "th' owd parson's lass. A little wench not much higher nor thy waist, an' wi' a bit o' a face loike skim-milk, but steady and full o' pluck as an owd un."

"Nay now, tha dost na say so? What wor she doin' an' how did she come theer? Tha mun ha' been dreamin'!"

"Nowt o' th' soart. I seed her as plain as I see thee, an' heard ivvery word she said. Tha shouldst ha' seen her! Hoo med as if hoo'd lived wi' lads aw her days. Jud Bates an' that young marplot o' Thorme's wur feightin about Nib—at it tooth and nail—an' th' lass sees 'em, an' marches into th' thick, an' sets 'em to reets. Yo' should ha' seen her! An' hoo tells Jud as he's a good lad to tak' care o' his dog, an' hoo does na know but what hoo'd a fowt hersen i' his place, an' hoo ca's Jack Thorme a coward, an' turns her back on him, an' ends up wi' tellin' Jud to bring th' tarrier to th' Rectory to see her."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Craddock, "did yo' ivver hear th' loike!"

"I wish th' owd parson had seed her," chuckled his spouse irreverently. "That soart is na i' his loine. He'd a waved his stick as if he'd been king and council i' one, an' rated 'em fro' th' top round o' th' ladder. He canna get down fro' his perch. The owd lad'll stick theer till he gets a bit too heavy, an' then he'll coom down wi' a crash, ladder an' aw'—but th' lass is a different mak'."

It was in this manner that Miss Barholm introduced herself to the village of Riggan, and her father's parishioners. Having attracted the attention of Sammy Craddock, she was now fairly before the public. Sammy being an oracle among his associates, new-comers usually passed through his hands, and were condemned, or approved, by him. His pipe, and his criticisms upon society in general, provided him with occupation. Too old to fight and work, he was too shrewd to be ignored. Where he could not make himself felt, he could make himself heard. Accordingly, when he condescended to inform a select and confidential audience that the "owd parson's lass was a rare un, lass as she was"—(the masculine opinion of Riggan on the subject of the weaker sex was a rather disparaging one)—the chances of the Rector's daughter began, so to speak, to "look up." If Sammy Craddock found virtue in the new-comer, it was possible such virtue might exist, at least in a negative form,—and open enmity was rendered unnecessary, and even impolitic. A faint interest began to be awakened. When Anice passed through the streets, the slatternly, baby-laden women looked at her curiously, and in a manner not absolutely unfriendly. She might not be so bad after all, if she did have "Lunnon ways," and was smiled upon by Fortune. At any rate, she differed from the parson himself, which was in her favor.

CHAPTER V.

Deeply as Anice was interested in Joan, she left her to herself. She did not go to see her, and still more wisely, she managed to hush in her father any awakening tendency toward parochial visits. But from Grace and Fergus Derrick she heard much of her, and through Grace she contrived to convey work and help to Liz, and encouragement to her protectress. From what source the assistance came, Joan did not know, and she was not prone to ask questions.

"If she asks, tell her it is from a girl like herself," Anice had said, and Joan had accepted the explanation.

In a very short time from the date of their first acquaintance, Fergus Derrick's position in the Barholm household had become established. He was the man to make friends and keep them. Mrs. Barholm grew fond of him; the Rector regarded him as an acquisition to their circle, and Anice was his firm friend. So, being free to come and go, he came and went, and found his unceremonious visits pleasant enough. On his arrival at Riggan, he had not anticipated meeting with any such opportunities of enjoyment. He had come to do hard work, and had expected a hard life, softened by few social graces. The work of opening the new mines was a heavy one, and was rendered additionally heavy and dangerous by unforeseen circumstances. A load of responsibility rested upon his shoulders, to which at times he felt himself barely equal, and which men of less tough fiber would have been glad to shift upon others. Naturally, his daily cares made his hours of relaxation all the more pleasant. Mrs. Barholm's influence upon him was a gentle and soothing one, and in Anice he found a subtle inspiration. She seemed to understand his trials by instinct, and even the minutiæ of his work made themselves curiously clear to her. As to the people who were under his control, she was never tired of hearing of them, and of studying their quaint, rough ways. To please her he stored up many a characteristic incident, and it was through him that she heard most frequently of Joan. She did not even see Joan for fully two months after her arrival in Riggan, and then it was Joan who came to her.

As the weather became more spring-like she was oftener out in the garden. She found a great deal to do among the flower-beds and shrubbery, and as this had always been considered her department, she took the management of affairs wholly into her own hands. The old place, which had been rather neglected in the time of the previous inhabitant, began to bloom out into fragrant luxuriance, and passing Rigganites regarded it with admiring eyes. The colliers who had noticed her at the window in the colder weather, seeing her so frequently from a nearer point of view, felt themselves on more familiar terms. Some of them even took a sort of liking to her, and gave her an uncouth greeting as they went by; and, more than once, one or another of them had paused to ask for a flower or two, and had received them with a curious bashful awe, when they had been passed over the holly hedge.

Having gone out one evening after dinner to gather flowers for the house, Anice, standing before a high lilac bush, and pulling its pale purple tassels, became suddenly conscious that some one was watching her—some one standing upon the road-side behind the holly hedge. She did not know that as she stopped here and there to fill her basket, she had been singing to herself in a low tone. Her voice had attracted the passer-by.

This passer-by—a tall pit girl with a handsome, resolute face—stood behind the dark green hedge, and watched her. Perhaps to this girl, weary with her day's labor, grimed with coal-dust, it was not unlike standing outside paradise. Early in the year as it was, there were flowers enough in the beds, and among the shrubs, to make the spring air fresh with a faint sweet odor. But here too was Anice in her soft white merino dress, with her basket of flowers, with the blue bells at her belt, and her half audible song. She struck Joan Lowrie with a new sense of beauty and purity. As she watched her she grew discontented—restless—sore at heart. She could not have told why; but she felt a certain anger against herself. She had had a hard day. Things had gone wrong at the pit's mouth; things had gone wrong at home. It was hard for her strong nature to bear with Liz's weakness. Her path was never smooth, but to-day it had been at its roughest. The little song fell upon her ear with strong pathos.

"She's inside o' th' hedge," she said to herself in a dull voice. "I'm outside—theer's th' difference. It a'most looks loike the hedge went aw' around an' she'd been born among th' flowers, and theer's no way out for her—no more than theer's a way in fur me."

Then it was that Anice turned round and saw her. Their eyes met, and, singularly enough, Anice's first thought was that this was Joan. Derrick's description made her sure. There were not two such women in Riggan. She made her decision in a moment. She stepped across the grass to the hedge with a ready smile.

"You were looking at my flowers," she said. "Will you have some?"

Joan hesitated.

"I often give them to people," said Anice, taking a handful from the basket and offering them to her across the holly. "When the men come home from the mines they often ask me for two or three, and I think they like them even better than I do—though that is saying a great deal."

Joan held out her hand, and took the flowers, holding them awkwardly, but with tenderness.

"Oh, thank yo'," she said. "It's kind o' yo' to gi' 'em away."

"It's a pleasure to me," said Anice, picking out a delicate pink hyacinth. "Here's a hyacinth." Then as Joan took it their eyes met. "Are you Joan Lowrie?" asked the girl.

Joan lifted her head.

"Aye," she answered, "I'm Joan Lowrie."

"Ah," said Anice, "then I am very glad."

They stood on the same level from that moment. Something as indescribable as all else in her manner, had done for Anice just what she had simply and seriously desired to do. Proud and stubborn as her nature was, Joan was subdued. The girl's air and speech were like her song. She stood inside the hedge still, in her white dress, among the flowers, looking just as much as if she had been born there as ever, but some fine part of her had crossed the boundary.

"Ah! then I am glad of that," she said.

"Yo' are very good to say as much," she answered; "but I dunnot know as I quite understand—"

Anice drew a little nearer.

"Mr. Grace has told me about you," she said. "And Mr. Derrick."

Joan's brown throat raised itself a trifle, and Anice thought color showed itself on her cheek.

"Both on 'em's been good to me," she said, "but I did na think as—"

Anice stopped her with a little gesture.

"It was you who were so kind to Liz when she had no friend," she began.

Joan interrupted her with sudden eagerness.

"It wur yo' as sent th' work an' th' things fur th' choild," she said.

"Yes, it was I," answered Anice. "But I hardly knew what to send. I hope I sent the right things. Did I?"

"Yes, miss; thank yo'." And then in a lower voice, "They wur a power o' help to Liz an' me. Liz wur hard beset then, an' she's only a young thing as canna bear sore trouble. Seemed loike that th' thowt as some un had helped her wur a comfort to her."

Anice took courage.

"Perhaps if I might come and see her," she said. "May I come? I should like to see the baby. I am very fond of little children."

There was a moment's pause, and then Joan spoke awkwardly.

"Do yo' know—happen yo' dunnot—what Liz's trouble is? Bein' as yo're so young yorsen, happen they did na tell yo' all. Most o' toimes folk is na apt to be fond o' such loike as this little un o' hers."

"I heard all the story."

"Then come if yo' loike,"—blunt and proud even in saying this,—"an' if they'll let yo', some ud think there wur harm i' th' choild's touch. I'm glad yo' dunna."

She did not linger much longer. Anice watched her till she was out of sight. An imposing figure she was—moving down the road, in her rough masculine garb—the massive perfection of her form clearly outlined against the light. It seemed impossible that such a flower as this could blossom, and decay, and die out in such a life, without any higher fruition.

(To be continued.)

ON A MINIATURE.

Thine old-world eyes—each one a violet
  Big as the baby rose that is thy mouth—
Set me a dreaming. Have our eyes not met
  In childhood—in a garden of the South?

Thy lips are trembling with a song of France,
  My cousin, and thine eyes are dimly sweet;
'Wildered with reading in an old romance
  All afternoon upon the garden seat.

The summer wind read with thee, and the bees
  That on the sunny pages loved to crawl:
A skipping reader was the impatient breeze
  And turned the leaves, but the slow bees read all.

And now thy foot descends the terrace stair:
  I hear the rustle of thy silk attire;
I breathe the musky odors of thy hair
  And airs that from thy painted fan respire.

Idly thou pausest in the shady walk,
  Thine ear attentive to the fountain's fall:
Thou mark'st the flower-de-luce sway on her stalk,
  The speckled vergalieus ripening on the wall.

Thou hast the feature of my mother's race,
  The gilded comb she wore, her smile, her eye:
The blood that flushes softly in thy face
  Crawls through my veins beneath this northern sky.

As one disherited, though next of kin,
  Who lingers at the barred ancestral gate,
And sadly sees the happy heir within
  Stroll careless through his forfeited estate;

Even so I watch thy southern eyes, Lisette,
  Lady of my lost paradise and heir
Of summer days that were my birthright. Yet
  Thy beauty makes the usurpation fair.

INSANITY AND ITS TREATMENT.

THERE is probably no subject, closely connected with our every-day affairs and prominently presented for our consideration, so little understood as that of insanity. Hospitals for the treatment of bodily diseases, institutions for the education of our youth, and places for training young men and women in mechanical and agricultural pursuits exist in great numbers throughout the land, and we are familiar with their every detail, and take a constant and close interest in their success and perpetuation. But, though the statistics tell us that there is, at least, one insane person to each two thousand of our population, and although we are all taxed to support an already large and fast increasing number of insane hospitals, built and maintained at great cost, and occupying beautiful and prominent sites along the great thoroughfares of the country, very few, comparatively, even of our most intelligent people, have ever been inside of them, or know about the more modern methods of dealing with this sad human infirmity. It is a singular fact that to-day, hundreds of thousands of people, who are otherwise highly instructed, and who are acquainted with the conditions of trade, literature, manufactures, politics, and most of the current topics of the times, know almost nothing of the modern means of dealing with this enemy of the intellect. We devote our time, money, and endeavor to find out and put to naught the storms which assail our commerce, the insidious destroyers of our crops, the climatic and other influences which sap our physical health, and the thousand other obstacles to human enterprise, but, in the treatment of insanity, we trust to a few experts who have dropped to one side of the beaten path and made the care of the human mind a life work. It is surprising, when we come to know of the great mass of intelligent people at this day who have only a general idea that our insane hospitals are merely repetitions of those dungeons of a thousand years ago, with their grim array of dark and filthy cells, their dreadful apparatus of machinery, and their theories, not of curing their inmates and sending them forth again to their friends, "clothed and in their right mind," but of fulfilling the narrow mission which only looks to the removing of these unfortunate people from the view of the world, and is content with a result of mental death, so far as this world is concerned.

It is, then, to give a general view, in a popular way, of this subject of insanity and its treatment, past and present, avoiding the use of technical language, that we are led to a brief article on this specialty.

Insanity means all unhealthiness of mind. This much is all that can be said to be agreed upon. It consists, according to one opinion, in such disorganization or degeneration of the nervous structure as to render the exercise of reason impossible; according to another, it consists in disorder of the reason itself; and, according to a third, in perversion or destruction of the soul, or the moral part of our nature. The prevailing view of scientists is, that insanity is a symptom or expression, manifested through the functions of the nervous system, of physical disease. We shall not enter on the discussion of these theories, but shall, at one point, in this article, speak of some exceedingly interesting studies and experiments now being made on the brains of insane persons, deceased, which are novel in the history of insanity, and promise to lead us nearer into the mysteries of the subject than anything before devised. The great divisions of insanity, into mania, melancholia and imbecility, remain popularly very much as they were two thousand years ago—a fact which has, unfortunately, tended to render the treatment, or rather the maltreatment, of the insane as stationary as the view of the diseases under which they labor—up to within, comparatively, a very recent time, when the education of experts in this specialty, and the growth of popular intelligence and liberality, have immensely widened out its study and bettered the condition of its unhappy victims.

The early history of insanity is so dim as to give little satisfaction in its study. The history of the treatment of physical diseases reaches far back among the ancients, and is only sufficiently precise to give a faint idea of medical practice in those times. But mental diseases were so confounded with superstition, that little attempt seems to have been made to cope with it by those means which were sought out for the management of physical troubles. The ancients regarded insanity as the result of some supernatural power, a visitation from some offended god, at whose shrine the person affected had refused to worship, or as a punishment for irreverence or crime. The feigned madness of Ulysses, immediately prior to the Trojan war, is, perhaps, the earliest reference in antiquity to the existence of mental disease—otherwise, the madness of Saul claims priority. Ajax was seized with madness after the arms of Achilles had been awarded to his rival Ulysses. Orestes is also described as a madman by his sister Electra. The "heaven inspired" Cassandra was regarded by the Trojans as insane. Plato alludes to the connection of divination and insanity—the prophetess at Delphi and the priestess at Dodona both being considered insane. The Sibyl and others being classed in the same category, they were said to possess the mad art. Euripides makes many allusions to madness, and the power of Bacchus to produce it—and even in these modern times, Bacchus is, perhaps, properly chargeable with, at least, a large share of it. Lycurgus, king of the Edones in Thrace, refused to worship Bacchus, in consequence of which the god visited him with madness. The daughters of Prœtus, Lysippe and Iphinoë, are fabled to have become insane in consequence of neglecting the worship of Bacchus. They ran about the fields, believing themselves to be cows. Prœtus is represented to have applied to Melampus to cure his daughter of insanity, but refused to employ him when he demanded a third part of his kingdom as a fee, reminding us of the enormous sums received by Willis for his attendance on George III. and the Queen of Portugal. This refusal of Prœtus was punished, and the consequence was a contagious madness among the Argive women. Athamas, king of Orchomenus, and Ino, his second wife, were both said to be insane. Medea, the niece of Circe, Cambyses, Cleomenes, king of Sparta, and many others might be mentioned. Hippocrates makes many allusions in his writings to mania, melancholia and epilepsy. He says that men ought to know that from nothing else but thence (the brain), come joys, despondency and lamentations. By the same organ, we become mad and delirious; and fears and terrors assail us, some by night and some by day. Diocles (B. C. 300) and Asclepiades also discuss this subject in their writings, and the Roman poets frequently allude to it. Perdius and Juvenal speak of hellebore as a remedy for madness.

The Old and New Testaments abound in allusions to madness and the possession of devils—though not with sufficient detail to enable us to determine whether an actual disease of the brain, or an early development of the delusion which in these modern days is classed under the name of "Spiritualism," or an affliction of those days which was referable to the Evil One, was the true cause. In Deut. xxviii, 28, it is said, "The Lord shall smite thee with madness," which is supposed to be applicable to the Chaldeans, in their siege of Jerusalem. There was also the case of David, I Samuel, xxi, 13, who feigned himself mad and mimicked the actions of lunatics, "and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard." This was 1062 years before Christ. Also, in the New Testament, Matthew, xvii, 15, a "certain man" implored our Savior to heal his son, who was "a lunatic"—a form of madness supposed to be induced by certain seasons of the moon; also, xv, 22, the daughter of a woman of Canaan was "grievously vexed with a devil;" also, Matthew, viii, 32, the devils were exorcised from the two Gergesenes, and departed into a herd of swine, etc. These instances, however, are referred to with a due reservation, there being so wide a diversity of belief as to what is meant, in sacred records, by the "possession of devils."

The first retreats for the insane of which history or tradition makes mention were the sacred temples of Egypt. There, the insane were under the care of the magi and priests—the possession, or affection, being regarded as supernatural, and the people believing it could thus be most appropriately dealt with. In these, it is said, the disease was mitigated by agreeable impressions received through the senses, and by a system resembling and rivaling the highest development of moral treatment now practiced.

Through the Middle Ages, the records are singularly bare of reference to insanity, and we hear but little of it until about the period of the Reformation. It is true that an asylum is said to have existed in Jerusalem about the fifth century, but little is known of its character, history, or the modes of treatment employed. Again, at a period assigned to tradition, about eleven centuries ago, the tragic death of the Irish girl, the Princess Dymphna, who was slain by the hand of her own father, led to the establishment of a church and altar at Gheel, in Belgium, where those afflicted with "minds diseased" were carried to intercede with the patron saint for relief; and a large number of these unfortunates have been kept there ever since, till now, it has grown into one of the most remarkable institutions for the insane in existence—the old superstitions giving way, as time progressed, to intelligent and humane formulas. There is now there an insane population of one thousand three hundred, distributed among eleven thousand people, whose main occupation is the care and surveillance of the lunatics. The patients are distributed among the inhabitants according to their wealth and station—wealthy patients being sent into the better families, and poorer ones to the poorer. The cures are said to average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families are generally desirous of having one or more lunatics on their hands.

The next asylum established, so far as we are able to ascertain, was that of Reinier Van Arkle, at Bois-le-Duc, in Holland. It was established in 1442, for the care of six unfortunate persons who had lost their reason. It has existed and grown through all these years, until now, it has a capacity for six hundred patients. The original building still exists, and retains many evidences of the age in which it was built, showing by contrast the wonderful and beneficent improvements that have been made in the character of the buildings for the treatment of the insane. Small, dark cells, with high, narrow windows, and cribs in which to *cage* the excited patients, may still be seen.

In England, but little intelligence or humanity was displayed in the care of the insane until, in the course of the eighteenth century, Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons that the whole history of the world, until the era of the Reformation, did not afford an instance of a single receptacle assigned to the protection and care of this unhappy class, whose malady was looked upon as hardly within the reach or hope of medical aid. If dangerous, they were incarcerated in the common prisons; if of a certain rank in society, they were shut up in their houses under the care of appropriate guardians. Chains, whips, darkness and solitude were the approved and only remedies. The kind of treatment pursued by the highest medical men is pretty clearly indicated by what is handed down to us relative to King Henry VI, in whom mental disease was hereditary. Thus we are informed that five physicians and surgeons were appointed to attend the royal patient, and administered "electuaries, potions, confections, syrups and laxative medicines in any form that might be thought best; baths, fomentations, embrocations, unctions, plasters, shavings of the head and scarifications." Dr. W. A. F. Browne, in his essay on "What Asylums were, are, and ought to be," describes the treatment in those days: "Let us pass a few minutes," he says, "in an asylum as formerly regulated, and from the impressions made by so brief a visit let us judge of the effects which years or a lifetime spent amid such gloomy scenes were calculated to produce. The building is gloomy, placed in a low, confined situation, without windows at the front, every chink barred and grated—a perfect gaol. As you enter, a creak of bolts and clank of chains are scarcely distinguished amid the wild chorus of shrieks and sobs which issue from every apartment. The passages are narrow, dark, damp, and exhale a noxious effluvia. Your conductor has the head and vîsage of a Carib; carries (fit accompaniment) a whip and a bunch of keys, and speaks in harsh monosyllables. The first common room you examine—measuring twelve feet by seven, with a window which does not open—is perhaps for females. Ten of them, with no other clothing than a rag around the waist, are chained to the wall, loathsome and hideous, but when addressed evidently retaining some of the intelligence and much of the feeling which in other days ennobled their nature. In shame or sorrow, one of them perhaps utters a cry; a blow, which brings the blood to the temple, the tear from the eye—an additional chain, a gag, an indecent or contemptuous expression, compel silence. And if you ask where these creatures sleep, you are led to a kennel eight feet square with an unglazed air-hole eight inches in diameter. In this, you are told, five men sleep. The floor is covered, the walls bedaubed with filth and excrement; no bedding but wet, decayed straw is allowed, and the stench is so insupportable that you turn away and hasten from the scene."

The original Bedlam, in London, was founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of the city. It has come down through history amid many mutations until now, having been rebuilt on several sites. It covers an area of fourteen acres, and is spoken of as lacking nothing to insure the comfort or promote the recovery of patients. In former times its management was deplorable. The patients were exhibited to the public, like wild beasts in cages, at so much per head, and were treated and made sport of by visitors, as if they had been animals in a menagerie. The funds of the hospital not being sufficient to meet the expenditures, partially convalescent patients, with badges affixed to their arms, such as "Tom-o'-Bedlams," or "Bedlam Beggars," were turned out to wander and beg in the streets. Edgar, in Shakspere's "Lear," assumes the character of one of these. This practice, however, seems to have been stopped before 1675, when an advertisement appears in the "London Gazette" from the Governors of Bedlam, cautioning the public against giving alms to vagrants representing themselves as from the hospital, no permission to beg being at that time given to patients.

In the course of evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, as late as 1815, developments were made which render it not difficult to form an estimate of the condition of the English asylums generally, even at that late day. A miserable and empirical routine marked the treatment. To the question, "Has there not been a rule in the Hospital (Bethlem) for a certain number of years, that in certain months of the year, particular classes of the patients should be physicked, bled, bathed and vomited?" The reply was in the affirmative. "After they have been bled," said the physician in evidence, "they take vomits once a week for a certain number of weeks; after that we purge the patients. That has been the practice invariably for years, long before my time." In regard to the means of coercion employed, it was stated that "the patients were generally chained to the walls with manacles." "Was it not the practice in old Bethlem for eight, ten or more patients to be fastened to the tables almost in a state of perfect nakedness?" The keeper replied, "Yes, they used to think they tore their clothes all to pieces; some of them would do that." "In point of fact, were they not fastened to the tables, sitting in a state of perfect nudity?" The answer was, "They used to be so at the table; they were chained all around."

In France, Esquirol says of the insane: "I have seen them naked, or covered with rags; with nothing but a layer of straw to protect them from the cold dampness of the ground on which they lay. They were kept on food of the coarsest kind; they were deprived of fresh air to breathe, and of water to quench their thirst, and even of the most necessary things of life. I have seen them given up to the brutal supervision of jailors. I have seen them in their narrow cells, filthy and unwholesome, without air or light, chained in such dens as one might dislike to confine ferocious beasts in." Similar to these were the abodes of the insane throughout Europe.

The accommodations in the asylum at Limerick (see Browne's Lectures, Edinburgh, 1837,) appear to be such as we would not appropriate for our dog-kennels. "One victim was confined in one of the oblong troughs, chained down. He had evidently not been in open air for a considerable time, for when I made them bring him out, he could not endure the light. Upon asking him how often he had been allowed to get out of the trough, he said, 'Perhaps once a week, and sometimes not for a fortnight.' He was not in the least violent; he was perfectly calm."

An idea of the condition of the German asylums at the commencement of the present century may be derived from the language of one of their native authors, Riel, who wrote in 1803. "They are madhouses, not merely by reason of their inmates, but more especially because they are the very opposite of what they are intended to be. They are neither curative institutions, nor such asylums for the incurable as humanity can tolerate. They are for the most part veritable dens. Has man so little respect for the jewel which makes him man, or so little love for his neighbor who has lost that treasure, that he cannot extend to him the hand of assistance and aid in regaining it? Some of these receptacles are attached to hospitals, others to prisons and houses of correction; but all are deficient in ventilation, in the facilities for recreation; in short, they are wanting in all the physical and moral means necessary to the cure of their patients."

Monasteries appear to have been the representatives of such retreats in the mediæval Christian times; but restraint and rigid asceticism characterized the management. Out of conventual establishments grew the Bethlems, or Bedlams, the asylums of history. But apart from such receptacles, the great majority of the insane were neglected; in some countries reverenced, as specially God-stricken; in others, tolerated or tormented, or laughed at as simpletons or buffoons; in others, imprisoned as social pests, even executed as criminals. The methods adopted by the priests of Besançon to cast out the demons which were supposed to have taken up residence within the bodies of madmen, and who were brought thither during the celebration of the feast of St. Suaire, bear analogy to those of the Egyptians; but being calculated to excite sudden terror and produce commotion in the system rather than to divert the mind, as did the priests of Saturn, their attempts did more harm than good.

It is related of the priests of Besançon that they called together an immense number of spectators, who were seated in an amphitheater; the pretended demoniacs were then brought forth, guarded by soldiers, and agitated by all the movements and distortions characteristic of raving madness. "The priests, in their official habiliments, proceeded with great gravity to these exorcisms. From a distant part of the building, and concealed from view, were heard melodious notes of martial music; upon a certain signal, a flag, stained with blood, with the name of St. Suaire inscribed upon it, was brought out three different times and hoisted amidst the acclamations of the astonished multitude and the roaring of cannon from the citadel. Upon the minds of the credulous spectators a solemn impression was produced, and they cried out with the utmost excess of enthusiasm, '*Miracle! miracle!*' This performance was exhibited once a year by the priests to show their power over demonomania."

Until a very recent date, the insane in all countries, for upward of two thousand years, have been treated barbarously. Harmless lunatics were permitted to wander about the country, the sport and butt of men and boys. If they became at all troublesome, they were tied up and whipped "out of their madness," and were then thrown into loathsome dungeons, secluded and neglected. Indeed, it has been said by a writer who made the subject his lifelong study (Conolly), that there was not a town or village in all the fairest countries of Europe in which such enormities were unknown. The earlier institutions prepared for the care of insane were gloomy prisons of the worst description. In France, we are told that attendants were selected from among the notorious criminals and malefactors, and to the tender mercies of these unhung wretches were committed the sick and infirm insane. These attendants, nearly always armed with heavy whips, and sometimes accompanied by savage dogs, had unlimited sway over the poor creatures committed to their care. They were free to impose whatever punishment they chose, and as a consequence chains, manacles, stripes, uncleanness, starvation, and even the garotte were characteristic of these establishments in Europe.

An elaborate report upon the condition of the insane in France was published some years ago, in which there is a history of the condition of the insane prior to the time of Pinel.* It would appear from this and other reports that some of the insane in the large hospitals Bicêtre and Saltpêtrière were confined in cells attached to high terraces, or else below the surrounding earth, both being damp and unwholesome. These cells were six feet square; air and light were admitted only by the door, and food was introduced through a small wicket. The only furniture was a narrow plank fastened into the wall and sometimes covered with straw. At the Saltpêtrière many of the cells were below the drains, and large rats made their way into them, and often attacked and severely injured the insane, and sometimes were the occasion of their death.

Dr. Pariset describes the condition of the insane in the Bicêtre as even worse. He found the vicious, the criminals, the wild and noisy, all mingled together and treated alike. He describes them as wretched beings, covered with dirt, kept in cold, damp, narrow cells, with scarcely a ray of light to cheer them, and with neither table, chair nor bench to sit upon. The patients were loaded with chains, and were defenseless against the brutality of their keepers. The building resounded day and night with cries and yells and the clanking of chains and fetters. No efforts were made to entertain or amuse them—no authority overlooked this dreadful place. There were no flowers, no trees, not even a blade of grass, that could be seen; the unfortunates were as in a tomb.

Such was the condition of the insane in France, when Pinel, moved by the unhappy state in which he found human beings, began a reform which will render his name immortal. Having first obtained consent of the Government, he entered upon his errand of mercy; his first act is described as follows: There were about fifty whom he considered might without danger be unchained, and he began by releasing them, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of waistcoats with long sleeves, that could be tied behind if necessary. The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains *forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of frenzy killed one of them on the spot with a blow of his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off and give you liberty to walk in the court if you will promise me to behave well and injure no one." "Yes, I promise," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me." "I have six men," answered Pinel, "ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word; I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat." He submitted to this willingly without a word. His chains were removed, and his keepers retired, leaving the door of the cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again upon it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his limbs. In a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening, he returned of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed had been prepared for him. During the two succeeding years that he spent at the Bicêtre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, and even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

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* *Rapport du Directeur de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique à Monsieur le Prefet de la Seine, sur le Service des Aliénés du Département.*

But this magnificent reform was slow in making its way. Nearly forty years after Pinel began his work in the Bicêtre, the asylums in other parts of France still continued their brutal and inhuman treatment. Esquirol, who succeeded Pinel, visited nearly every asylum in France, and labored indefatigably to better the condition of the inmates.

Writing in 1818, he says that he found the insane in many places naked, and protected only by straw from damp, cold, stone pavements, without fresh air, without light, without water, and chained in "caves" to which wild beasts would not have been consigned. Some were fastened to the wall by chains a foot and a half long, and this method was said to be peculiarly calming! There was no medical treatment, and the attendants employed coercion and flogging at will.

In England, as late as in 1800, things were no better. Lunatics were believed to be under the influence of the moon, at particular phases of which they were bound, chained and whipped, to prevent paroxysms of violence. At some of the asylums, patients were led unsuspectingly across a treacherous floor, which gave way, and the patient fell into a "bath of surprise," and was there half drowned and half frightened to death. The celebrated Dr. Cullen said, the first principle in the treatment of lunatics was to produce fear; and the best means of producing fear was by punishment; and the best mode of punishment was by stripes.

Some of the German physicians wanted machinery by which a patient, arriving at the Asylum, should be suddenly drawn with fearful clangor across a metal bridge and over a moat, then suddenly raised to the top of a tower, and as suddenly lowered into a subterranean cavern; and they also promulgated the view that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes, lizards and other hideous reptiles, it would be so much the better!

In some places the patient was chained fast to the wall, and water was admitted to the cell, slowly rising about the poor creature until it seemed certain that he would be drowned. This seems to have been on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*—presuming that the poor crazy wretch could be cured by means still crazier. Another device, which was known as a "safe and effectual remedy," and about which there was some dispute as to who was entitled to the credit of being the inventor, was a contrivance which might be called a cross between a chair and a couch, in which a maniac or a melancholic was bound fast; it was then rotated at various speeds up to one hundred times in a minute, until the poor wretch, fainting, with bloodshot eyes and suffused face, was dragged from this torture to recover as best he could. It was recommended that, in special cases it should be used in the dark, with unusual noises and disgusting smells.

Inquiry into the condition of the asylum at York, in 1813, discovered the most atrocious enormities. Abuse reigned uncontrolled; patients were starved; cleanliness was entirely disregarded; patients were huddled together without discrimination; some slept three in a bed; patients *disappeared*, and were never accounted for; they were chained and systematically whipped, and often subjected to other barbarous practices. Pending an inquiry into these cruelties, an effort was made to destroy the whole building by fire—patients, books, papers and all. The building was nearly all consumed, with many of the patients—how many, was never known. In this place it is related that cells were found in a condition of filth indescribable.

At Bethlem, the committee found galleries containing ten women, each chained by arm or leg to the wall. Each had a blanket dress, but nothing to fasten it upon the body—no shoes nor stockings, and all were lost in imbecility, dirt and offensiveness. Many women were locked in their cells, chained to the wall, without clothing, and with only one blanket for covering. In the men's wing, some patients were chained up to the wall, side by side, without clothing of any kind—"the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel."

In one room they found a patient who has been described by Esquirol in his work on Mental Diseases. This man, Norris, was powerful, and had been violent. He was fastened by a long chain passed through the wall into the keeper's room, so that he could be suddenly dragged up to the wall whenever the keeper's fancy led him to do so. To prevent this, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw. Then a new torture was invented. "A stout ring was riveted around his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide up or down on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body, a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to and inclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The patient could indeed raise himself up, but he could not stir nor walk one step, and could not lie down except upon his back, and when found, he had been in this condition for *twelve years*. And this state of things existed in England thirty years after Pinel's reform in France!

Up to this time, the asylums in England have been described as menageries for wild beasts, where straw was raked out, and food was thrown in through the bars; and where, in some cases at least, the wretched inmates were exhibited for money. There was no ventilation, no medical treatment, no kindness, no effort to relieve or beguile the disordered imagination, no effort to foster a single kindly expression; every emotion and passion was witnessed by a dozen or more patients in all conditions of mental perturbation, and even the death moan was mingled with the frantic laugh of surviving patients.

The frightful condition of these poor unfortunates is to be ascribed in part to the fact that insane persons were believed to be under the displeasure of the Almighty—that the disorder being mental was therefore properly a subject for priests or metaphysicians to cope with. The priests and magi, not succeeding well in their undertakings, gradually allowed them to pass over to the metaphysicians, who, while ably discussing the essentials necessary to constitute the *ego*, and launching tomes at each other upon the important matter as to whether a man existed or not, allowed afflicted humanity to sink lower and lower until not only his bodily wants were wholly neglected and he was most shamefully abused, but even the existence of his soul was ignored and he came to be regarded as of less moment than the brute.

These are but brief glances at the condition of the treatment of the insane almost down to the present day. While all other sciences and pursuits had, hundreds of years before, started on the highway of advancement, with most brilliant results, that of the management of insanity remained in the darkness of superstition and empiricism until after the dawn of the nineteenth century. Now, the United States, England, France, Germany and Italy are radiant with elegant buildings, fitted up with modern appliances for the relief of these suffering people, from which the demons of superstition have been exorcised, and in their places have been called in the angels who come down and trouble the health-giving waters.

In the German confederation alone there are ninety-two public and forty-nine private institutions devoted to the care and maintenance of this hitherto neglected class of human beings. And, although most of them do not come up to our ideas of first-class asylums, as viewed from an American standpoint, nevertheless some of them are well built, conveniently arranged and well conducted, and would be a credit to any country. Indeed, it may be said, that nearly all of those established within the last twenty years are of this class.

It is a curious fact that insanity exists in a very limited degree among ignorant, savage or semi-barbarous people. It is true we have no statistical data upon which to rest this assertion, as no census has been taken among such nations. But we know with considerable certainty that the American Indians are nearly or quite free from it. Mr. Cushing, formerly U.S. Minister to China, states that after a somewhat protracted residence there, he concluded there were but few lunatics to be seen or heard of. Mr. Williams, an American missionary, says that, after a residence of twelve years, he saw only two who were "upside down," as the Chinese term it. Insanity scarcely exists in Nubia, and is extremely rare in Egypt. Capt. Wilkes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, says, "During the whole of my intercourse with the natives of the South Sea, I met no deranged person." Other reports are similar as to Syria, Bengal, and the African shores of the Mediterranean. Schweinfurth, in his "Heart of Africa," though minute as to every condition of the natives, mentions insanity in only a brief paragraph. He says, "The insane *(bindakho)* are shackled hand and foot; and avowedly with the design of cooling and soothing their passions, are thrown into the river, where they are immersed by practical swimmers. If this remedy should prove of no effect, the patient is put into confinement and dieted by relatives."

This theory of the infrequence of insanity among savage and ignorant peoples, therefore, if sound, would seem to show that the march of intelligence brings with it the dangers of the wreck of mind; and we must remember also that "civilization" has its untoward compensations, not usual in primitive life, such as apoplexy, epilepsy, excessive study, undue ambitions, the pursuit of wealth, religious fervors, etc., all of which are fruitful causes of insanity.

INSANE ASYLUM, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

The intelligent care of the insane, with a view to the restoration to health and society, is so recent that it may be dated, in the United States, in the present century. The time is even within the recollection of many now living, when faith in the curability of the disease became general, even among medical men. Upon the dawning of the belief that insanity was susceptible of cure, hospitals began to be built, for the two-fold purposes of custody and treatment; for besides the difficulty of taking care of lunatics at home, it was found that comparatively few recovered. From this period hospitals began to be regarded as not only the best, but to most persons the only places for the insane. Hence an increasing demand for their accommodation: and though their numbers

NEW YORK STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, UTICA.

have multiplied largely, and have greatly increased in size, they are still inadequate to entertain all who knock at their doors and with piteous appeals seek admission. In this connection may be noted a curious result of the establishment of new hospital facilities. The newer States, in estimating the hospital capacity necessary for their insane, have naturally consulted the census statistics to find what number to provide for; but it is invariably found that when a hospital is opened for the accommodation of a given district, the applications for admission far exceed its capacity, largely outnumbering the statistics collected by the census-taker. The country seems suddenly thronged with insane people, and we are apt to be impressed with the belief that this dread disease is largely on the increase. But the probable fact is that no such increase really exists. It is not unnatural that, mainly out of family pride, the questions of the census-takers are often evaded, and the relatives of the unfortunate patient, seeing no benefit to come from revealing this "skeleton in the closet," keep it from observation. But, promptly when an asylum is opened within their reach, free to all without pay, the curtain is drawn and they come forward with their afflicted.

That insanity does not increase, *pro rata*, at least in the United States, is proven by the census returns for the past twenty years. In 1850, this country had a population of 23,191,876, and a total number of insane and idiots of 31,397, or 1 in 378. In 1860, with a population of 31,443,322, there were 42,864 insane and idiots, or 1 in 733. And in 1870, with a population of 38,555,983, there were 61,909 of that class, or 1 in 623. In England, during the same period, there was an average of about 1 in 450; in Scotland, 1 in 460; in Ireland, 1 in 400; in France, 1 in 600; and in Australia, 1 in 524. These reports, if accurate, show a favorable condition in this country as compared with that of others.

In the United States, in 1800, four hospitals or asylums for the care of the insane were in existence. Two others were established between 1800 and 1820; five, between 1820 and 1830; five, between 1830 and 1840; twelve, between 1840 and 1850; twenty-one, between 1850 and 1860; and sixteen between 1860 and 1870. Since 1870, there have been erected, or are in course of erection, from fifteen to twenty—making an aggregate number in the United States

VIEW OF NORRIS IN HIS CELL, SHOWING MANNER IN WHICH HE WAS KEPT IRONED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

of from eighty-five to ninety. These are accommodating from 18,000 to 20,000 patients. Some of them, in architectural elegance, completeness of design, convenience of arrangement, adaptation to the purposes for which they are intended, and beauty of location, are unsurpassed, if, indeed, they are equaled, by any other institutions in the world. It is impracticable, within the range of this paper, to illustrate the perfection of interior detail in the more modern of these hospitals, but we give some general views of the outer architecture of a few of the newer ones, by which it may be judged that buildings so complete and elegant outwardly, cannot be deficient in inward adaptation to their benevolent mission. Generally, the more modern hospitals embrace in their interior economy the most approved devices for ample water supply, heating, ventilation, lighting, cookery, etc. States, however careful and hesitating in other outlays, have generally been munificent in their care of their unfortunates, whether insane, blind, or deaf and dumb. Not confining these salutary and pleasant appliances to the interiors, a wide range is being given to open-air arrangements, and most of our modern hospitals are set in the midst of large and beautiful domains, where lawns, groves, shaded seats, pleasant walks, water views, and apparatus for out-door sports lead the patients to look forward with eager anticipation to the every-day release from the confinement within the building. Most of them, also, have spacious amusement-rooms, where, for one or more evenings in the week, there are dancing parties where the sexes are brought together, lectures, concerts, theaters, magic-lantern or stereopticon exhibitions, etc. It has, indeed, come to be a part of the necessary acquirements of a superintendent, or some one of his staff of assistant physicians, that he shall have a fair ability as a lecturer on general subjects, and as a director in a variety of amusements. In short, besides being responsible for the business as well as medical conduct of his institution, he must know a little of almost everything else, and constitute himself over his little colony of patients, a general "guide, philosopher, and friend."

NORTH WISCONSIN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

With the large array of insane hospitals throughout the country, their doors thrown wide open to the admission of all inquirers who come with other objects than merely the satisfying an idle curiosity, it is surprising that so many intelligent people still have the idea that these asylums are of the same general character with those we read of in the middle ages. It is a popular notion to-day, that sane persons may be immured in them by impatient husbands or wives, by heirs seeking to come into estates, and by others who for any cause want to get rid of unwelcome friends; that these institutions are still equipped with dreary dungeons and instruments of torture, and that the food, the discipline, and the everyday life are on a par with the most primitive dungeons. There are, doubtless, insane hospitals now in existence not yet up to the advanced standard which has been reached by others; but the poorest of them lack, not in humane treatment, but only in the modern appliances which have been attained in others.

It is probably an impossibility to procure the reception, in a modern hospital, of a sane person as a patient; or, if by accident or duplicity, that has occurred, it needs but a day or two for the medical officer in charge to discover the wrong and promptly discharge him. Before a patient is offered for admission, he must be examined by two respectable physicians, accredited as such by a local magistrate or judicial officer, who are to certify as to the fact of insanity, and the formal application in writing, for the admission, must state at length the answers to a long series of questions as to the life, civil condition, and history of the candidate for admission. We read of these safeguards being evaded; but the State has upon its statutes a further safeguard providing for a sufficient inquiry into the facts, and in case of fraud, for a prompt release of the alleged patient and a proper punishment of the guilty ones.

ALCOVE IN NORTHERN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

HALL IN NORTHERN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. (BEDROOMS AT EITHER SIDE.)

As showing something of the recent advancement in the care of insanity, we present views of a few of the model hospitals of the United States. These are given not as, perhaps, superior institutions over others, but as instances of what the people of all the States are doing in this great work of beneficence. They show the New Jersey State Asylum at Morristown; the New York State Asylum, at Utica; the Female Department of the Philadelphia Hospital; and the New Northern Hospital, near Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Their outer proportions and elegance indicate the comforts and adaptedness that may be found inside. It is more difficult to show interiors, as photographs require intense light; but, as giving a glimpse of home comforts offered to these unfortunates, we give views of some interiors in the new Northern Wisconsin Hospital: an alcove in one of the wards; and a view of a hall or ward.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the technical medical treatment of insanity. Indeed, the writer, were

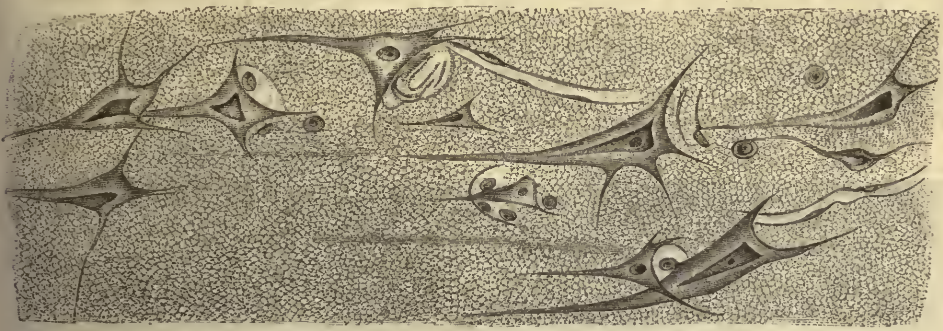


PLATE I. SECTION OF A HEALTHY HUMAN BRAIN, SHOWING NERVE-CELLS AND BLOOD-VESSELS.

he desirous of doing so, has no preparation for the task. He is not a medical expert, but has become interested in the subject from having been, for a series of years, one of the managers of a hospital on behalf of one of our States, and presents some of the information which he has obtained thereby in the belief that it will open a field hitherto unexplored, but interesting to the general reader. Before closing this paper, however, it will be appropriate to touch briefly upon an investigation now going on, which promises, for the first time in the world's history, to take the physician into the real presence of the cause of insanity, to show him what it is, face to face, and, probably, to point out the path to its intelligent treatment. It is the examination of the brain and spinal column for evidences of disease which affect these organs. The lungs, the heart, the liver, the tissues, etc., of the human system have for ages been the subjects of the dissecting-table; but up to this time the brain itself—the very engine which drives this mortal machinery—has, singularly enough, been comparatively unexplored. Probably, the principal reason for the omission has existed in the difficulty in defining any change going on in its obscure subdivisions, its nerve-channels and centers, and its structures so exceedingly delicate as to be invisible to the unaided eye. But a distinguished scientist in this field has brought photography and the microscope to his aid; and through the process of magnifying, a section of the brain not larger than a pea is given broadly to the view in diameters of a foot or more, showing the ravages of mental upheaval, not unlike the photographs we see of the moon, with its craters, hills and valleys. For a number of years past, constant efforts have been made to determine what the diseased conditions are which are found in cases of insanity. That there is a depart-

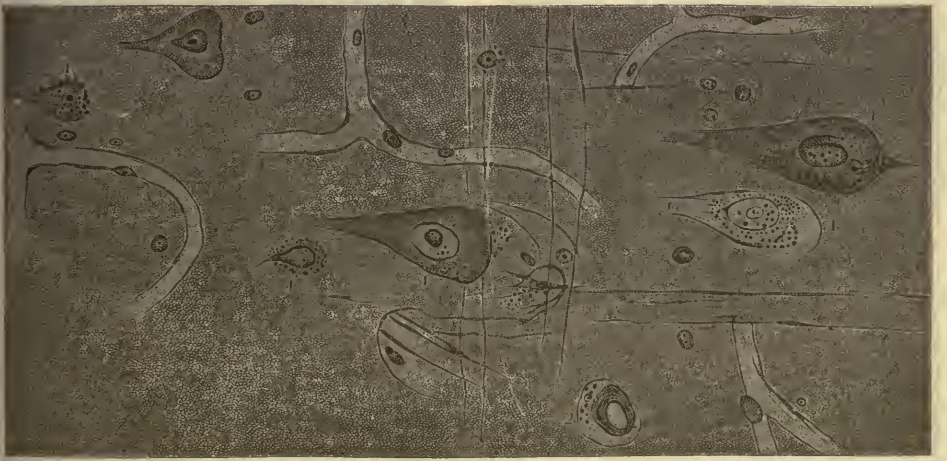


PLATE 2. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF DISEASE IN NERVE-CELLS AND BLOOD-VESSELS.
1.—Nerve-cells in earlier stages of disease. 2.—Blood-vessel cut across, showing commencement of disease.

ure from a healthy state, has been fully demonstrated, in a large number of cases, by the use of the microscope and other scientific aids to diagnosis. If a thin section of healthy brain be placed under a microscope, it will be found to be made up of numberless peculiarly formed bodies called cells, and also innumerable little fibers in close relation to these cells, and ramifying throughout the brain, bringing each cell or group of cells into intimate relations with others. (See Plate 1, showing section of a healthy brain, magnified several hundred times.) In insanity, these cells are sometimes found to be altered in size and characteristics; the little fibers are sometimes changed, and new formations are found in the brain-substance entirely unlike anything existing there in a condition of health. (See Plates 2 to 6, showing progress of disease in brain and spinal marrow, from the beginning to chronicity.)

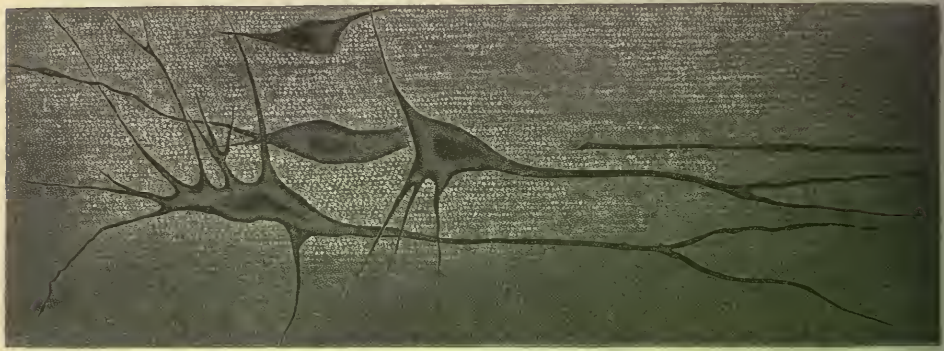


PLATE 3. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN NERVE-CELLS ENLARGED BY DISEASE.

There can be no question as to the diseased conditions of the brain in cases of insanity. It is so well marked that it cannot be mistaken by any observer. This important question was first brought to the attention of the medical profession in this country in 1871, in a series of photographs of the diseased conditions of the brain, taken through the microscope by Dr. Walter Kempster, at that time assistant physician of the Utica, N. Y., Asylum, and now Superintendent of the Northern Insane Hospital in Wisconsin. His investigations have been continued since that time, and have enabled him to accumulate additional evidence in this new and promising field. They were commenced with a determination to arrive at something definite concerning the condition of the brain in persons who died while insane, and he entered upon a systematic course of study in this untrodden and difficult field. While examining a piece of brain-tissue with a microscope, something unusual attracted his attention. It was so unlike anything previously observed, that he was led to make a more minute examination with the microscope, and to enter upon a series of micro-chemical experiments, which resulted in confirming the opinion that he had fallen upon a peculiarity or change in the condition of the tissue which had not hitherto been described in any standard work on the subject. Continuing in this line of investigation, he became convinced that there were changes in the tissues of the brain, entirely different from a healthy condition, and recurring with peculiar regularity in certain forms of insanity, so that at last he was

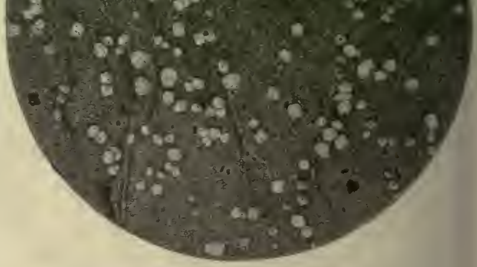


PLATE 4. SECTION THROUGH UPPER PART OF SPINAL MARROW (MEDULLA OBLONGATA) FROM A CASE OF ACUTE MANIA. (THE WHITE SPOTS ARE DISEASED MASSES.)

enabled to group together certain changes observed as characteristic of certain forms of insanity. The changes are found, he says, in the minute brain-cells themselves, in the prolongations which are given off by the cells, and by means of which the cells communicate with one another, or with the nerves. Changed conditions are also found in the mass of brain-tissue; that is, the whole mass becomes in certain places transformed so as not to present a single feature characteristic of health. The minute blood-vessels are altered, obliterated or transformed, and the tissue which holds the brain together, which the Germans call the "binding web," also becomes changed. All the above enumerated changes are microscopic, and cannot be seen without the aid of a powerful instrument.

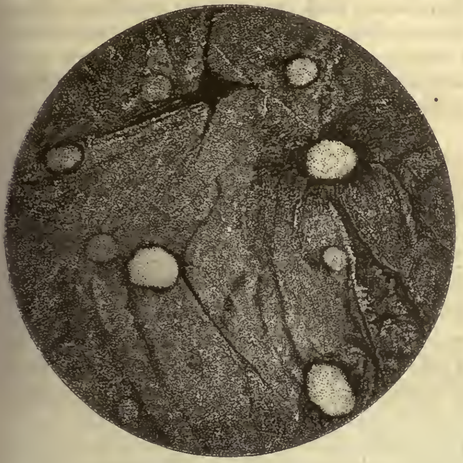


PLATE 5. SAME, FURTHER ADVANCED.

While in Dr. Kempster's laboratory, we were invited to look through the instrument and observe some of the specimens he has prepared, and which were explained to us. He says that in certain forms of insanity, the brain-cells are increased in size, or swollen, and in other forms they are shrunken or shriveled. Sometimes, as in a specimen we saw, the cells appeared to be covered with minute specks, like grains of sand. Sometimes the cell loses its shape, and becomes to an unpracticed eye indistinguishable, and operates as an irritant to the tissue surrounding it, which in time also becomes abnormal, and results in a comparatively large mass of disease. Sometimes the change in the brain-tissue begins very early in the attack of insanity, for in one case coming under observation, the person died within two weeks from the commencement of disease, and in this brain the changed tissue was abundant, though the specks were not so large. In long-continued cases of insanity he has found the specks to be much larger, so large that when properly arranged they can be observed by the unaided eye.

Although only upon the threshold of this highly important subject, Dr. Kempster feels sanguine that he is on the right road, and that this subject, if pursued diligently, will eventually yield most important results not only in leading to a better knowledge of the causes of insanity, but also to a more satisfactory treatment.

These investigations, involving time and expensive apparatus, it is proper to say here, are being efficiently seconded by the State of Wisconsin with appropriations of funds to carry them out. That State, though among the younger ones of the Union, has already manifested a generous spirit in providing for her insane people by the establishment of two superb hospitals for the treatment of those believed to be curable, and is now contemplating making equally good provision for the incurables. It has also, in encouraging these labors toward a better knowledge of the disease, and the methods of coping with it, and in fostering scientific investigation, furnished an example which we hope to see emulated by its older and wealthier sister States.

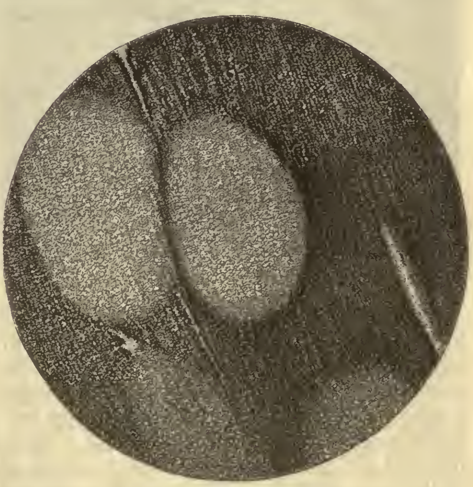


PLATE 6. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN, FRONTAL PART, FROM A CASE OF INSANITY OF LONG STANDING, SHOWING LARGE MASSES OF DISEASE.

The history of insanity shows how closely allied it was, for centuries, to mysticism, demoniacal possession, witchcraft and divination; and while thus so allied, its treatment, in a great measure, passed from the hands of thinking, feeling men into those of mercenary brutes whose sole object appeared to be to devise new means of torture. At last it would seem to have found its true place; and that such is the case is evinced by the provision made for the care and treatment of these greatly afflicted beings, in hospitals provided with all the appurtenances known to relieve or ameliorate their sad condition. America now leads the world in her finely appointed institutions for the care of the insane. No country can boast of better hospitals, better treatment, or more skillful physicians in this specialty than our own Republic; and one of the gratifying features in this age, which has been branded as corrupt, is the prevailing tendency to seek out more improved plans for hospital accommodation.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

WESTFIELD FALLS, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Wesleyan University is located in Middletown, Conn. It may be counted no small advantage to the Institution, that the surrounding region is remarkable alike for the beauty of its scenery, and for the variety and interest of its geological phenomena. Middletown is situated near the eastern boundary of the area of Triassic sandstone deposited by the waters of that broad estuary which in Mesozoic times was the representative of the Connecticut River. The modern river, however, bending sharply to the east just below the town, leaves the sandstone basin, and breaks through the hills of metamorphic rock which formed the shore of the estuary. The visitor arriving on the steamer from New York obtains, as the boat enters "the straits," a view of Middletown through the picturesque gorge which the river has here carved. Eastward from the town, the metamorphic hills rise in a succession of billowy ridges. Westward, huge trap dikes breaking through the sandstone rise in long ranges, their buttressed walls of columnar rock slowly crumbling beneath the power of frost and storm, to add to the accumulating piles of débris at their base. A brook which takes its rise in the high range of trap which separates Middletown from the adjoining town of Meriden, crosses one of the lower ranges, and plunges over its precipitous front in the beautiful Westfield Falls, forming one of the gems of Middletown scenery. A walk or drive in any direction can hardly fail to afford a succession of delightful prospects.

Much of the sandstone of the Connecticut basin is an excellent building stone, and the most important quarries in the whole valley are located at Portland, directly opposite Middletown. Most of the College buildings are of stone from that locality. It appears from the town records of Middletown that the sandstone at Portland was quarried as early as 1665, and for the last hundred years the work has been prosecuted systematically and energetically. These quarries present to the student of physical geology interesting illustrations of the jointed structure, and have afforded many examples of the "footsteps on the sands of time" which the Triassic reptiles left behind them. The metamorphic rocks in Middletown and its vicinity have also great interest, both economic and scientific. The great veins of coarse granite which abound in this region have been largely quarried to obtain feldspar for the manufacture of porcelain. The lead and silver mine in Middletown, and the nickel and cobalt mine in the neighboring town of Chatham, have been worked at intervals from colonial times down to the present generation. Mining operations in both these localities were undertaken, for the last time, about a quarter of a century ago, but were soon abandoned. Whether, under honest and efficient management, they could have been financially successful, we do not pretend to say. The Middletown mine yielded crystalline minerals of extraordinary interest, many specimens of which are preserved in the College Museum. The working of the mine may be considered, therefore, a gain to science, though a loss to the stockholders. Not every mining enterprise succeeds as well as that. In the number of mineral species reported as found within its limits, Middletown is surpassed by only five towns in New England, and one of these is the adjoining town of Haddam.

In point of beauty, Middletown is worthy of its location. As is so commonly the case with the river towns of New England, it lies partly on the low ground immediately bordering the river, partly on the terrace above. The College is situated on the terrace, somewhat more than one hundred and fifty feet above the river, commanding a fine view of the lower part of the town, the river, and the hills which bound the Connecticut basin on the east. Most of the streets are well provided with trees, and beneath their grateful shade the town seems wrapped in an atmosphere of tranquil contentment. High Street, with its triple arch of foliage, will compare favorably with the justly famous Temple Street of New Haven.

GENERAL VIEW OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Middletown is somewhat ancient for an American town. The first settlement was made in 1650, and the town organization was effected in the following year, though the name of Middletown was not assumed till 1653. In 1784 the central district of the town was incorporated as a city. Hartford and New Haven were incorporated the same year; Boston not till thirty-eight years later. For so old a town, the annals of Middletown are exceptionally barren; yet its citizens have been honorably associated with every period of our country's history. Among others of the revolutionary time may be mentioned the names of Samuel Holden Parsons and Return Jonathan Meigs; Thomas McDonough will be forever remembered as the hero of Lake Champlain; and to our nation's last struggle were given the service and the life of Joseph K. F. Mansfield.

Before the Revolutionary War, Middletown was the seat of a flourishing trade with the West Indies. The revival of commerce after the war was but partial and temporary, and now for many years the energy of the people has directed itself chiefly toward manufactures. Forty years ago, a great opportunity of progress was lost by the supineness which allowed the Hartford and New Haven Railroad to pass by Middletown, instead of through it. The present generation have endeavored, somewhat too late, to retrieve the error of their ancestors by taxing themselves and their posterity most lavishly in aid of the New York and Boston Air Line. The present population of Middletown is about eleven thousand.

While Middletown is in the older class of American towns, Wesleyan University is in the younger class of American colleges. Its history belongs almost exclusively to the present generation. Of the four professors named in its first annual catalogue, only one, indeed, is now living; but, of the five named in the fifth catalogue, four are still living, though only one is now connected with the College. The main facts in the history of the College have been recorded by Prof. C. T. Winchester in the last edition of the Alumni Record published in 1873. His historical sketch is so well suited to the purpose of the present article, that, with only trifling changes, it is here incorporated.

It was not until about the close of the first quarter of the present century that the Methodist Episcopal Church began to give any very earnest and hearty patronage to the cause of higher education. Between the years 1824 and 1826, the flourishing seminaries at Wilbraham, Kent's Hill, and Cazenovia were opened under the auspices of the denomination, and immediately secured a large attendance. While the seminaries served to foster and encourage the newly awakened interest in education, the leading minds of the Church became convinced of the need of some institution of collegiate rank, located in New England or New York, which should provide facilities for the highest intellectual culture.

At this juncture, a seeming accident turned their attention to Middletown, and secured the immediate establishment of the projected institution at this place. In 1825 Capt. Alden Partridge, formerly Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, opened in Middletown the "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy." Through the liberality of the citizens of Middletown, two substantial stone buildings were erected for the school; and it was for a short time very prosperous, drawing cadets from almost every State in the Union. Its prosperity, however, soon waned; and, failing to obtain a charter from the Legislature, it was removed, early in 1829, to Norwich, Vt., leaving vacant the buildings it had oc-

HIGH STREET, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

REV. WILBUR FISK, FIRST PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

cupied. Rev. Laban Clark, D. D., then Presiding Elder of the New Haven District, happened shortly after to be in Middletown; and, being informed that one of the trustees of these buildings had sportively suggested selling them to the Methodists, for the sum of five thousand dollars, he at once notified them that he would accept the offer and be responsible for the money. This led to the serious consideration of the matter; and at the ensuing session of the New York Conference in May, 1829, Dr. Clark presented from the Trustees proposals for the transfer of the property in due form, and urged their acceptance upon the Conference. A committee, consisting of John Emory, Samuel Lucky, and Heman Bangs, was appointed to consider these proposals. The New England Conference, being invited to unite in the project, appointed Timothy Merritt, Stephen Martindale, and Wilbur Fisk to act in conjunction with the New York Committee.

The first act of this joint committee was to issue proposals inviting the several towns within a specified region to compete for the location of the college by the offer of subscriptions. Liberal offers came from Troy, N. Y., Bridgeport, Conn., and Wilbraham, Mass.; but those from Middletown were now so modified that the committee had no hesitation in preferring them. The Trustees of the Academy, with the consent of the stockholders, offered the entire property, valued at about thirty thousand dollars, to the Conferences, on the two conditions, that it should be perpetually used for a college or university, and that a fund of forty thousand dollars should first be raised for the endowment of the college. About eighteen thousand dollars of this fund was promptly subscribed by citizens of Middletown. The report of the committee recommending the acceptance of this offer was adopted at the session of Conference in May, 1830. The forty thousand dollars was soon raised, trustees were at once chosen, and the college organized under the name, "The Wesleyan University."

At the first meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, Aug. 24, 1830, Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., then Principal of Wesleyan Academy, was elected first President of Wesleyan University. In October of the same year, a preparatory school was opened in the buildings, under the superintendence of Rev. William C. Larrabee. This school was intended merely for a temporary purpose, and was continued only a single year. In May, 1831, a charter was granted the University; and on the 21st of the following September its halls were opened to students. The Faculty consisted of President Fisk, Professors Augustus William Smith, John Mott Smith, and Jacob Frederick Huber, and Tutor William Magoun. In its early days of poverty and struggle, the institution had many faithful and earnest friends, among whom Dr. Laban Clark and Rev.

REV. STEPHEN OLIN, SECOND PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Heman Bangs are worthy of special mention; but to no one was it so deeply indebted as to its President, Wilbur Fisk. His pure and lofty piety and his gentle and winning manner endeared him to all who knew him; while his tact and prudence, his high administrative ability, his thorough culture and extensive reputation, and his untiring efforts in behalf of the University, soon assured its success, and secured for it general recognition.

INTERIOR OF LIBRARY, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

At the death of Dr. Fisk, in 1839, Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., then in Europe, was elected President. On his return from Europe, the following year, Dr. Olin found himself too feeble to assume the duties of the Presidency, and consequently resigned it early in 1841. In February of that year, Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D., was elected to the vacant post. Dr. Bangs, then in the midst of a long and honorable career, felt that the sphere of his greatest usefulness lay elsewhere: he accepted the position with reluctance, and in July, 1842, willingly resigned it to Dr. Olin, whose health had now so improved as to justify his acceptance.

Dr. Olin's fame as a pulpit orator, and his previous success in a similar situation, caused him to be greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. His health was so feeble as never to allow him to devote himself as he wished to the work of instruction. He was, however, successful in improving the financial condition of the University, and especially in extending its reputation; and his noble and commanding character was itself an inspiration to all the students under his charge. He received very efficient aid in the general administration of the College from Prof. Augustus W. Smith, LL. D., who for several years filled the office of Vice-President.

Dr. Olin died in 1851. After an interval of a year, Dr. Smith, who had been connected with the University from its foundation, and had won high reputation as Professor of Mathematics, was elected President. During the administration of President Smith, the permanent existence and prosperity of the institution were insured by the raising of an endowment fund, which, for the first time, placed the University upon a solid financial basis. About one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed to this fund; and, although, as is usual in such cases, the full amount subscribed was never realized, yet by the persevering labors of President Smith, ably aided by Professor H. B. Lane, more than eighty thousand dollars was at this time invested for the endowment of professorships. Isaac Rich of Boston, the fame of whose benevolence now fills the Church, was the chief donor to this fund, making at this time the first of his princely gifts to the University.

Upon the resignation of President Smith, in 1857, Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., LL. D., President of Genesee College, a graduate of the University in the Class of 1840, was elected to the office, which he filled until 1875.

PRESENT USE OF THE OLD OBSERVATORY DOME.

Dr. Cummings has been very successful

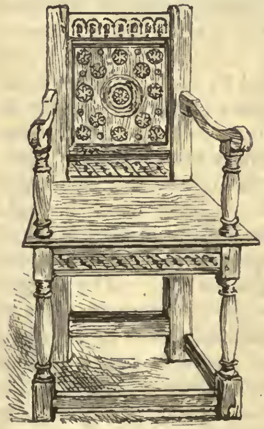
as an instructor, his work in the recitation-room being eminently adapted to excite in the students a spirit of independent thought. Since his resignation of the Presidency, the College has retained his services as Professor of Mental Philosophy and Political Economy.

REV. CYRUS FOSS, D. D., NOW PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

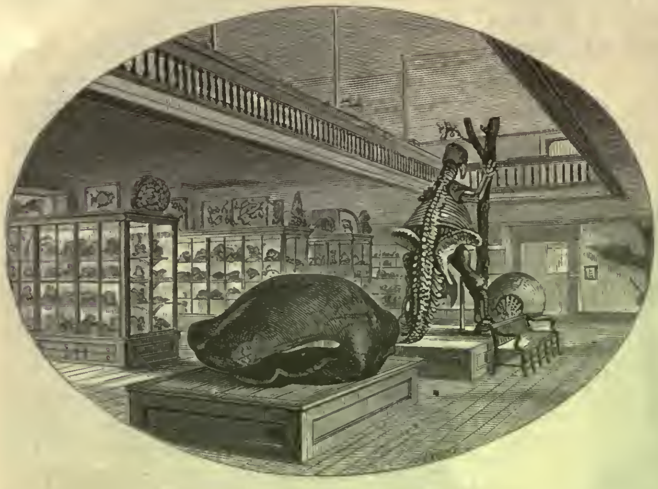
The administration of the late President was, however, chiefly distinguished by the great advance in the material resources of the institution. Three elegant and substantial buildings of Portland sandstone, the glory of the campus, are a part of the enduring memorial of his official work. A gymnasium was built in 1863. In 1868 was completed and dedicated the Library building, the gift of Isaac Rich, the first of the beautiful trio. In the same year the old "Boarding Hall" was transformed into "Observatory Hall" by the addition of a substantial tower, in which was placed one of Alvan Clark's finest refracting telescopes. The little canvas dome from which the artillery of science had been wont to assault the skies, no longer required for that high service, underwent *fowl* desecration. The commencement season of 1871 was rendered memorable by the dedication of two noble buildings. The one, the Memorial Chapel, was erected in memory of those alumni and students who fell in the war for the Union. The funds for the erection of this Chapel were mostly raised by general subscription during the year 1866, the Centennial of American Methodism. The other building was the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science,—greatest of the three architectural graces of the campus,—gift of Orange Judd of the Class of 1847.

On the resignation of the Presidency by Dr. Cummings in 1875, Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., of the Class of 1854, was unanimously elected, the Institution again finding its President in the ranks of its own alumni. Dr. Foss had acquired in the pastorate a high reputation, which gained for him a cordial welcome on his return to his Alma Mater. In the first year of his administration, he has secured the confidence, respect, and affection alike of faculty and students. The friends of the Institution cherish the most sanguine expectations of its prosperity and progress.

From this brief historical survey we pass to notice the present status of the College and some of its special characteristics. The present estimated value of the property of the University (deducting indebtedness) is about seven hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount, the greater part is in real estate, library, museum, and apparatus. The endowment is therefore altogether inadequate for the demands of such an institution. A vigorous effort is at present on foot to raise an additional endowment of half a million dollars. Despite the hard times, the Trustees and other friends of the Institution have entered upon the project with hopeful enthusiasm. The Alumni are proposing to raise among themselves one-fifth of the whole amount. More than a quarter of the proposed half-million has already been pledged, and the progress thus far made justifies confident expectations of the success of the project.


GOV. WINTHROP'S CHAIR.

With buildings and other material facilities, the College is quite well provided. All but one of the main buildings are arranged with imposing effect in a single line, parallel with High Street. At the extreme north stands North College, the principal dormitory; next,



VIEW IN THE MUSEUM, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

South College, occupied chiefly by recitation-rooms. These two venerable buildings, rough and homely, yet possessed of a certain attractiveness in their aspect of solid strength, are the legacy which the University received from Captain Partridge's "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy." Then comes the Memorial Chapel. Its lower story contains, besides two recitation-rooms, the smaller chapel in which daily prayers are held. Above is the greater chapel occupied on Sundays and state occasions. Next, Rich Hall—its floor and galleries affording space for a library of one hundred thousand volumes. The Library numbers at present about twenty-seven thousand volumes; and a special fund raised by the subscriptions of the alumni a few years ago, provides for its constant, though not very rapid, increase. The Library contains a few objects of antiquarian interest—among them a venerable looking chair said to have been brought over from England for the inauguration of Governor Winthrop. At the extreme south of the line stands Judd Hall. The Chemical Department, with its elegant lecture-room and well-furnished laboratories, occupies the lower floor. The next story is divided between Physics and Natural History, the former department having its recitation-room and apparatus-rooms on the south side, while the Natural History recitation-room, laboratory, and professor's study occupy the north side. The two upper stories are devoted to the Museum of Natural History and Ethnology. The upper story is in a sort of intermediate state between an independent floor and a gallery—the result of an effort to combine, so far as practicable, the economy of space gained by independent floors with the architectural effect of a hall of some considerable height. Of course such an attempt could be only partially successful, yet the result is on the whole quite satisfactory. The lower hall contains the collections in the departments of mineralogy and geology, including paleontology. The botanical, zoölogical, and ethnological departments are arranged in the upper hall. The Museum already takes rank among the few respectable educational museums of our country. The mineralogical department is especially rich in the minerals of the remarkable region in which Middletown is situated. Much of the value of this collection is due to the diligence of the senior Professor, John Johnston, LL. D. The paleontological collection—the weakest department of the Museum—is well supplemented for educational purposes by a suite of Ward's casts. The gigantic skeleton of the Megatherium is an imposing figure in the center of the hall. The zoölogical collection occupies most of the upper hall. This department has been greatly enriched, within the last few years, by the purchase of the collection of the late Simeon Shurtleff, M. D., by liberal

A CORNER IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

gifts from the Smithsonian Institution, and by collections made by the curators through the facilities afforded by the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The fauna of North America, and especially of New England, both vertebrate and invertebrate, is very well represented. Excepting the Mollusca, of which there is a large general collection, the fauna of the old world is but scantily represented. A feature in the arrangement of the zoölogical department (or, rather, in the proposed arrangement, as the curators have not as yet been able thoroughly to carry out their plans) is believed to be of some value in an educational Museum. Distinct from the general collection is a collection of types of orders, sub-orders, and in some cases families, intended to give the student a sort of conspectus of the classification of the animal kingdom, unincumbered by the multiplicity of specimens of some particular groups which would be found in the necessarily somewhat unsymmetrical general collection. In the rear of Judd Hall is Observatory Hall, mostly occupied by students' rooms. The tower, which gives the name to the building, contains a telescope with twelve-inch aperture and focal length of fifteen and one-half feet.

The personnel of the Institution for the year 1875–6 consisted of the President, nine professors, one instructor, one curator, two tutors, two assistants, four graduate students, and one hundred and seventy-two undergraduates. Although the aggregate number on the rolls has been larger in two or three previous years, the year just past is happily distinguished as the one in which the largest number of new students were admitted. The whole number of accessions in the fall of 1875, including graduate students, was seventy—a pleasing omen for the future.

As implied in the historical sketch which we have given, Wesleyan University is, like the majority of American colleges, distinctively connected with a religious denomination. Its relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church is involved in its fundamental law. By its first charter, the custody of the property was vested in a Board of Trustees, whose members held office during life or good behavior, and whose vacancies were filled by the board itself; but the election of members of the Faculty, the ordering of the course of study, and the general government of the College, were committed to a joint Board consisting of the Trustees and Visitors—the latter class being the official representatives of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England and the north-eastern part of the Middle States. By a new charter granted in 1870, the cumbersome machinery of two boards was abolished, the powers of both being conferred upon a single Board of Trustees, part of whose members are elected by the Board, part by thirteen Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church named in the Charter as "Patronizing Conferences," part by the Association of the Alumni of the College. The admission of the Alumni to a share in the government of the College is an excellent feature of the new Charter.

PRACTICAL STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

As would naturally be supposed, a large majority of officers and students have always been of Methodist predilections. There has been, however, nothing sectarian in the discipline of the College. During most of its history, the daily prayers have been the only religious service held in the College at which attendance has been required. The students have been required in addition to attend on Sundays some one of the churches in town. At present, there is preaching in the Chapel on Sunday afternoons, and attendance is required, except in the case of those who, on account of denominational preferences or other sufficient reason, are permitted to substitute attendance at some one of the churches in town. While free from sectarianism, the spirit of the College has always been thoroughly Christian.

THE OSBORNE CUP OF THE W. U. BOAT CLUB.

With very few exceptions, the officers of instruction have been men of personal piety and decided religious influence. Generally, if not always, the majority of the students have been professors of religion. At present the number is a little over two-thirds.

The name of the Institution is perhaps unfortunate. The younger alumni almost unanimously, and not a few of the older ones, feel that an adjective of distinctively denominational signification is somewhat inappropriate as the name of a school of literature and science. For a different reason, the second word in the name is perhaps as objectionable as the first. If there is any distinction traceable in the American use of the words "college" and "university," it is that the former denotes an institution in which instruction is given in literature and science, with reference to general culture, and not to special preparation for professional work; while in a university are added a greater or less number of separate schools or departments for professional training, theological, legal, medical, and technological. In accordance with these definitions, Wesleyan University is only a college. For many years no facilities for instruction of a professional character have been provided or contemplated. It was, however, the original intention of the founders of the Institution, that it should be a University in the strict sense of the word. In accordance with this intention, we find mentioned in some of the early Catalogues professorships of Biblical Literature, Ecclesiastical History, Law, Civil Engineering, and Normal Instruction; though the first of these professorships appears never to have been filled, and the others were of short duration. Various circumstances concurred to lead to the entire abandonment of the project of a university, and the concentration of attention upon the college proper.

The object of the Institution is a broad and liberal culture, not special training for a professional career. But such culture is to be gained not from one or two departments of study alone, but from every department. Nor do we believe that any one invariable curriculum can be framed, which will be the best for every type of mind. Something should be left to individual taste—possibly even to individual caprice. A college course ought to bring a student into appreciative contact with all the great movements of thought in the learned world. It ought to give him some notion of the methods and results of investigation in widely different departments. This breadth of knowledge and this variety of discipline are essential ele-

WINDOW IN MEMORIAL HALL

ments of the highest culture. A certain minimum of work in all the great departments of literature and science should therefore be required of every college student. But the college course, short as it is in comparison with the boundless extent of knowledge, is long enough to permit more than this minimum of work to be accomplished. Learning a little of everything, the student may learn considerably more of something. Subjected to the discipline of modes of thought and investigation so varied as to leave no class of faculties untrained, he may also prosecute certain modes of thought and investigation to a higher degree of proficiency. The choice of the subjects of more special study may rightly be left within reasonable limits to the student himself. The course of study in Wesleyan University is shaped in accordance with these principles. The manner in which these principles have been applied may be illustrated by the following statistical outline of the course of study for the degree of Bachelor of Arts,—the so-called "Classical Course." Representing the whole work of the course (exclusive of compositions and declamations) by 384, the amount of required work is 294. This amount is apportioned as follows :—

Ancient Languages	80
Modern Languages	15
Rhetoric and English Literature	14
Logic, Psychology, and Ethics	38
Political and Social Science, including History,	35
Mathematics	46
Physics and Astronomy	30
Chemistry	12
Natural History	24

Exercises in composition and declamation on alternate weeks are required of the three lower classes. Forensics, and essays or orations, are required of the Seniors. These exercises have not been included in the above tabular statement, as it would be impossible, otherwise than arbitrarily, to make a numerical estimate of the work which they involve in comparison with the regular recitations.

The various elective courses may be summarized as follows :

Ancient Languages	90
Modern Languages	45
Rhetoric and English Literature	37
Logic, Psychology, and Ethics	45
Political and Social Science, including History	30
Mathematics	15
Physics and Astronomy	30
Chemistry	40
Natural History	45

From these courses each student is required to select, with the approval of the Faculty, an amount not less than ninety. The required work forms about three-quarters of the course, including substantially the whole work of the first two years, and half that of the last two.

It will be observed that this course of study is a mean between the two extremes of the invariable curriculum and the almost unlimited freedom of election—extremes, each of which is being nobly illustrated by some of the American colleges. In the great variety of educational experiments which are now being tried, much wisdom ought to be acquired for the guidance of future generations. To say that the mean exhibited in the curriculum of Wesleyan University is precisely a golden mean, would certainly be presumptuous. Yet, it may be said, the Faculty of the Institution are very well satisfied with the result of their experiment. In this, they are substantially unanimous. A larger number of instructors will allow the work to be apportioned a little more symmetrically among the different departments, and some additional elective courses to be proposed; but, so far as we are informed, there is no disposition on the part of any member of the Faculty to change materially the ratio between the required and the elective work.

Besides the Classical course which has been sketched in outline, two other courses are provided, each four years in extent. One of these, the "Latin-Scientific," includes Latin, but not Greek or Hebrew; the other, the "Scientific," omits the ancient languages altogether. These courses conduct respectively to the degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Science. The candidates for these degrees recite in the same classes with the candidates for the classical degree. Of course, some studies which are elective in the classical course are required in the other courses.

Within the last few years, the University has given encouragement to its own graduates and those of other institutions to pursue post-graduate courses of study. This part of its work is as yet in an incipient condition. No classes for post-graduate students have yet been organized, nor have any courses of lectures or other exercises been provided specially for them. The students of this grade have employed themselves partly in attendance upon elective studies of the regular curriculum additional to those which they pursued during their undergraduate course, partly in private study under the direction of the professors. It is not intended to give to these post-graduate courses anything of a technical or professional character. Like the undergraduate course, they are to be purely literary and scientific—courses for advanced culture.

From the survey of the present courses of study, it may be interesting to turn and glance for a moment at the history of the college curriculum. At first, in accordance with the peculiar views of President Fisk, which were similar to those of President Wayland, of Brown, there was no division of students into the four classes generally recognized in the colleges. The studies were divided into departments, and the students in each department were divided into sections with reference solely to their advancement in that department. Partial courses were encouraged, a student regularly dismissed at any time being entitled to receive a diploma according to his attainments. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was given on examination to any one who had completed the course, without regard to the time he may have been in the university. This anticipation of the "new education" was certainly premature; and a scheme so very loose appears quite unsuitable for the permanent administration of a college, however well it may have served as a temporary measure in its inception. Accordingly, the institution gradually subsided into the routine of American colleges. As early as 1836, we find the students catalogued as Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen; and in 1841 we find the course of study distributed definitely to the four classes. The plan of elective studies does not appear in the catalogue in any definite form until 1850, when we find the provision that French, German, and Hebrew may be substituted for certain studies of the regular course. For some years, previously, these languages were taught to those who desired to take them in addition to the regular course. A few years later, German was made a required study. The curriculum was not, however, essentially changed until 1869, when the elective courses were considerably extended. The present curriculum was adopted in 1873.

It is an interesting fact that, in the very beginning of the college, a scientific course was provided for the benefit of those who desired a thorough general education, but whose circumstances or tastes prevented them from bestowing upon the study of the ancient languages so much time as would be required in the ordinary collegiate course. Thus early, under the guidance of President Fisk, the College recognized the truth that, great as is the educational value of the classics, they constitute only one among many instruments of a generous culture. Until 1873, however, the Scientific course differed from the Classical only by subtraction, being only three years in extent. At that time, it was extended to four years.

One incidental advantage of the new curriculum is worthy of mention. The whole number of elective courses being about four times as great as can be taken by any individual, the classes in many of the elective studies are quite small. The intimate social feeling that springs up between a small class and the professor whose department they have elected, is a powerful antidote to that traditional feeling of antagonism between professor and student which has been the bane of American colleges.

An important feature of the work of the college is that, in various departments of physical and natural science, instruction is given not only by recitations and lectures, but opportunity is afforded for practice in the observatory, the laboratory, the museum, and the field. In astronomy, there is a Senior elective course, in which the students are taught practically the use of the various instruments, making observations for themselves, and computing the results. It is safe to say that there are not many colleges in which undergraduates are trained in the handling of instruments like the splendid equatorial of Wesleyan University. Field-work in surveying forms a part of the required course in the Sophomore year. Every student in the Junior year is required to do a certain amount of practical work in the chemical laboratory. That peculiar form of mental discipline which is gained only by the actual observation of natural phenomena now forms, therefore, a part of the training of every graduate. The elective courses in chemistry consist almost entirely of laboratory work. In the department of natural history, the study of geology, which is required, is illustrated by excursions to the various interesting localities in the vicinity. In the elective courses in natural history, the students are trained in the identification of species, in the comparison of allied forms and the recognition of homologies, in dissection, and in writing descriptions of phenomena observed.

It is interesting to notice an analogous departure from the routine of text-books and lecture courses, in a very different department—that of English literature. The elective course in this department consists in part of the critical study of a few masterpieces of authors representative of different periods of English literature. The meaning of the text of the works or passages selected is thoroughly mastered, by the help (so far as may be required) of glossaries, historical grammars, and other aids of that sort; points of the higher æsthetic criticism are discussed at length in the class; special lectures illustrative of the selections read are given by the professor; and critical essays are written by the students.

It is curious to observe the change which has taken place in the discipline of the College. In the early days, discipline was tremendously paternal. The members of the Faculty made periodical tours of observation, and marked demerits for all students absent from their rooms in study-hours. The authorities of the College to-day are by no means prepared to exchange the *in loco parentis* theory, for the modern notion that a professor is only a public lecturer with no responsibility for the moral character of those who may listen to him. But judicious persons nowadays, even if they are *parentes*, do not treat men as boys. "Study-hours" still lingers as a *tenuis aura*, the only meaning of that once awful phrase being that a student must not make so much noise as to prevent others from studying. A marking-system—that necessary evil—is retained; but in such a form that its usual attendant evils are so far as possible diminished, without interfering with its necessary uses. The competitive feature of the marking-system is well-nigh eliminated. Two grades of honors in general scholarship are determined by absolute standards. Special honors are conferred, after examination, for extra courses of reading or investigation in particular departments. Both classes of honors are published on the Commencement programme, and indicated by notes appended to the diplomas. Appointments to speak at Commencement and at Junior Exhibition are awarded for excellence in writing and speaking. A large number of prizes stimulate interest in particular departments of work. Thus, some appropriate recognition is bestowed upon every kind of excellence. The greater the variety of avenues to honorable distinction, the less the narrowness of aim and the bitterness of emulation, and the more fit is the little world of college to prepare a man for the great world of life.

College students have been classified into two species, between which, however, there are many connecting links—those who *go* to college, and those who are *sent*. The thoroughly typical example of the former species is a man considerably advanced in years, the son of poor but honest parents, and more or less dependent upon his own efforts for support. With the inspiration of a solemn conviction of duty, he is determined to get an education, cost what it may. He teaches in the winter, and works on a farm in the summer, to keep himself in college during the spring and fall. He wears poor clothes and boards himself. By the help of a strong physical constitution, he surmounts every obstacle, and graduates with some degree of honor. The thoroughly typical example of the latter species is a beardless boy, whose parents are rich and indulgent. He has never worked at home, and he does not work in college. He hopes to graduate, but is more likely to end his course in some other way. He thinks college would be a very good institution, if literary and religious exercises were only omitted.

The very decided predominance of the former type gives character to the college community at Middletown. The average age at graduation of the last three classes reported in the Alumni Record is a trifle over twenty-five years. Poverty is considered the normal condition of a student; and, though it may involve somewhat of discomfort, it involves nothing of disgrace. Hazing and other forms of college rowdyism seldom break out in any malignant type. The secret societies are of a literary, rather than convivial character, and are believed to have in the main a salutary influence upon the morals of the college. Wesleyan is emphatically a working college.

Considerable attention is given to athletic sports and other useful recreations, the opportunities for manly physical culture afforded by the river, the ball-ground, the gymnasium, the skating-pond, and the hills being all, in their respective seasons, well improved. We trust, indeed, that the time may never come when the merits of a college shall be measured by the speed of its oars, rather than by its educational facilities; yet, to all the friends of Wesleyan, the fact is a very pleasing one that, in the three regattas in which the University Crew has participated, its average time is less than that of any other college. As possibly, in part, accounting for this superiority, and as illustrating a characteristic of the students to which we have already called attention, it may be noticed that, in those three regattas, the average age of the Wesleyan crews is greater than that of the crews of any other college.

In 1871, the following resolution was introduced in the Alumni Association: "Resolved that, as there is nothing in the Charter of the University to exclude ladies from the privileges of the Institution, we heartily hope that they may avail themselves of the opportunities open to them." The resolution received a formally unanimous vote, its opponents being so few that they did not think it worth while to be counted. The same year, the matter was considered by the Trustees. The question being referred by them with power to the Executive Committee and the Faculty, both of these boards voted, with substantial unanimity, in favor of the admission of women. The reckless radicalism of Alumni, Trustees, and Faculty, has been from time to time rebuked with dignified and paternal kindness, by the venerable conservatism of the undergraduates, through their organ, "The College Argus." In 1872 four ladies entered the institution, who have just been graduated with high honor. They have been worthy to be the pioneers in the new departure. They have won golden opinions from all. However objectionable women in the abstract might be to the undergraduate mind, concrete women, such as these, could by gentlemen be regarded only with respect, and treated only with courtesy. Of course the time has been too short to permit us to speak of the results of the experiment. The views of the officers of the College are substantially the same as five years ago. We do not believe that the intellectual or moral tone of the Institution will be in any respect lowered by the admission of women. From the stand-point of an instructor, we would say, the more the better of such women as the few who have thus far entered. On the other hand, we have no sympathy with the fantastic hopes of those who look upon co-education and other forms of female enfranchisement as a short road to the millennium. But we do believe that there are some women who want and who can utilize precisely such an education as is given by the curriculum, the apparatus, the associations, and the intellectual atmosphere of a genuine college; and we see no sufficient reason why the opportunity should not be afforded.

The Alumni Record, published in 1873, contains the names of 1028 alumni, of whom 868 were then living. One hundred and ten have since been graduated, and a few have died. Of course, we cannot point to as many men of national or more than national reputation in this list, as appear upon the rolls of those colleges whose history has been longer, or whose classes have been larger. Such men are rare exceptions among the alumni of any college. But, in regard to the average character of the work of the alumni, Wesleyan shrinks not from comparison with any college in the land. The Alumni Record is a record of noble, faithful work. The blots on that record are few indeed. Very few are the alumni who have not done something worth doing for themselves and for mankind.

Most marked has been the influence of Wesleyan University upon other educational institutions, and upon the cause of education in general. Especially is this true in regard to the educational movements of the religious denomination with which the College is associated. The other colleges and the schools of lower grade sustained by the Methodist Church have felt most powerfully, in their boards of trust and of instruction, the influence of Wesleyan University. This has been, indeed, the fountain whence have flowed the currents of scholarly thought and feeling through the channels of other institutions. From the ranks of the alumni of Wesleyan have come 120 presidents and professors of colleges and professional schools; while the whole number reported in the Alumni Record as having been engaged permanently or temporarily in teaching is 566. The aggregate of educational work which these numbers represent cannot be estimated.

One hundred and thirty-three of the alumni served in the Federal Army during the last war; and the Memorial Window in the chapel bears, beneath the emblems of patriotism and self-sacrifice, the names of eighteen graduates and undergraduates, whose lives were a part of that priceless offering by which our country was redeemed. While we honor the soldiers of the Union, we need have now no thought or word but of kindness for the thirteen alumni who fought perhaps as nobly on the other side.

As the last lines of this sketch are being drawn, there comes to the mind, with a strong sense of dissatisfaction, the thought how little such an outline can show of the real life of the College. It is easy to collect and arrange statistical information, but the intense life which thrills all through the history of a college cannot find thus its embodiment. The sacrifices of pious founders; the heroic struggles of the friends of the College through the long crisis of its early years, till at last it gained a secure position; the patient toil of teachers, now sad and half-discouraged, now cheered as they see knowledge and power and virtue growing beneath their influence; student life, with all its joys and sorrows—the wild frolic, and the earnest, persistent toil,—the precious intimacy of college friendships,—the resolutions formed and the vows uttered in college rooms, whose issues have been in grand careers of usefulness and honor; the temptations, and alas! sometimes the fall, the blighted hopes for which the tears of affection may flow in vain: the lights so bright, and the shadows so dark, the meager outline cannot copy.

Utterly must this sketch fail to set the College before the minds of others as it stands before the mind of the writer. To him the College is invested with the sacredness of home, for it has been his home almost uninterruptedly since he first entered its halls a boy of sixteen. Its work, its associations, and its surroundings seem to him almost an essential part of his own life. The beautiful campus; the dismal, prison-like entries and pleasant rooms of North College, and the luxuriant trumpet-creeper which curtains its southern windows with tapestry of scarlet and green; the old recitation-rooms in South College, where he learned sometimes in part how little he knew, and the new recitation-rooms in Judd Hall, where he has perhaps helped to teach to others a like useful lesson, and certainly learned it more fully himself; the streets of the old town, so dreamy and restful beneath the dense canopies of maples and the feathery arches of elms; the grand hills over which he has loved to wander alone or with his classes, and upon which, as he looks out from his study-window, he sees the purple glory of the sunset light resting so lovingly—all these have left on his mind an impression which he might in vain try to convey to others.

Yet perhaps the sketch, feeble and colorless as it is, may serve to recall to some of her sons the fondly remembered features of Alma Mater, and may show to strangers who may see it, that she holds not unworthily her place in the sisterhood of American Colleges.

A FOX HUNT AT PAU.

My friend Ethel had hired a big landau and a coachman in livery for the winter at Pau. The amiable proprietor of both had politely suggested that "a boy in buttons" was a very useful item, and was at her service "for a few francs extra;" but she had declined this additional grandeur, as her deep mourning precluded her visiting, and the pleasure we promised ourselves—for I was to share her drives—in penetrating through all the sublime passes of the Pyrenees would borrow no enchantment from the added presence of a boy in livery.

The little half-French, half-Spanish town of Pau is exquisitely situated on a bluff, beneath which the river Gave runs away, laughing, singing, and brawling. Beyond are the beautiful foot-hills, and rising from them the magnificent range of the Pyrenees Mountains.

Fox-hunting is a popular dissipation, and going to "the meet" is the correct thing to do. Ethel and I were to drive thither in the landau, but my little girl, looking lovely in her mauve silk and hat trimmed with daisies, was to grace one of the pretty basket-carriages drawn by ponies, whose scarlet trappings were full of little silver bells. Her cavalier was a tall young American, a capital whip, and otherwise well known to me. The regulation groom, in green livery and white top-boots, sat in the rumble, his arms severely folded, his face arranged in an expression of unconquerable gravity.

We find the broad rue de Bordeaux alive with carriages, horsemen, and horsewomen, hurrying to the meet. Many of those in carriages are Americans and old acquaintances. A well-known resident of Boston bows to us. He is resplendent in "pink" and "white tops," and his "mount" is a superb animal of the Morgan breed, which he has imported from Vermont, expressly for hunting.

A beautiful American woman dashes past, driving herself in a low phaeton. She has won for herself the pseudonym of "La belle Toiletta," because of the rare taste and beauty of her costumes. Behind her, in a big landau, with the addition of a boy in buttons, sits a large fair Englishwoman, with a little dapper husband half hidden under her wing. She was a widow when the little man married her, and the irreverent and disrespectful among us know him as "the widow's mite."

Two nieces of the Duke of N. go by us on fast-trotting horses. Pride of ancestry is stamped upon their handsome, haughty faces, for are they not the nieces of the Duke of N., the rampant tail of whose heraldic lion used to stand so fiercely out—like Ajax defying the lightning—on the top of his Grace's now demolished mansion in the Strand in London?

Three German princesses, cousins of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, follow, drawn by sedate horses, evidently impressed with the dignity of their calling. Their Highnesses are badly dressed in blue hats and green parasols, but they have good, sensible, pleasant faces.

Here come a Russian countess and her beautiful young daughter, with whose lotus eyes, and mouth like a pomegranate blossom, Captain H., one of our rebels, is madly in love. Captain H. belonged to the famous Black Horse Cavalry of General Stuart's brigade, and was grievously wounded in the war.

Now there goes dashing impetuously ahead on a mettlesome charger, an Irish gentleman in "pink," the brother of our big-hearted and well-beloved physician. Dr. John—for he also is a "medical man"—is the strangest mixture of learning, accomplishments, and mad-cap boyishness I ever encountered. He married an heiress, who, dying, left him so rich, that he has relinquished the practice of medicine, and now confines himself to the practice of jokes. Two evenings before, at the theater, when the rising of the curtain was delayed, Dr. John jumped upon the stage, and entertained the audience with the tricks of a ridiculous little bandy-legged terrier, his inseparable companion. The intense surprise of the actors when the curtain rose and they discovered the cause of our laughter; the solemn stepping down and out of Dr. John; the terrified leap of the terrier upon the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, made a sight worth double the price of admission. A few weeks before, Dr. John had traveled from Paris to Pau, a distance, I think, of six hundred miles, on a velocipede, dressed in English knickerbockers. He was followed for miles out of every village by the inhabitants, cheering him and laughing; he made, in fact, quite a triumphal progress. What a strange man! I never saw him without repeating to myself the lines:

> "A man so various, that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Who in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was statesman, poet, fiddler, and buffoon."

We are soon at the rendezvous, which is only five kilometers (about three miles) from Pau. The winter sun rests warm and caressingly upon the plain. The hedges are full of roses, the *coup d'œil* most picturesque. In the midst of a crowd of keepers and huntsmen are forty or fifty hounds, coupled together and held fast in leashes. Impatient for the fray, they are in a perpetual fizzle and give tongue continually, making a most musical sound. One would hardly believe that a dog's whine could be so pathetically sweet.

On a spirited horse sits Mr. Livingston, the distinguished-looking master of the hunt for that season. He is riding here and there, welcoming the members and their friends. The plain is dotted all over with horsemen in "pink," which, perhaps to the uninitiated I ought to say, means a scarlet coat, white cords and tops (trowsers and boots). Six or eight healthy, handsome English girls are holding in their horses and laughing and chatting. They are habited in dark colors, with black stove-pipe hats; but their flashing eyes and teeth, brilliant complexions, and the crisp gay knots of ribbons in the breasts of their riding-habits, make delicious "bits of color" in the landscape.

I see stretching away in every direction the admirable French roads, with tall, slim poplars stationed on either side, like sentinels on guard. In the field the trees present an abnormal *embonpoint*—they become short and "stocky," because they are never cut down—only cut off at the top and trimmed for fuel, which is sold by the pound. Surrounding the plain is the long brilliant array of carriages, and in the distance the grand range of the mountains, making a frame to the picture, which we thought was alone well worth coming over the ocean to see.

At last everything is ready. The huntsman sounds his horn and the play is about to begin. "But where is the fox?" I ask Ethel. She raises her eyebrows dubiously, but we learn soon enough the humiliating fact that he is there all the time, tied up in a bag!

The strings of the bag are untied; the fox leaps forth, and flies like a tawny streak across the plain. A great bell-toned musical cry arises from the hounds, whose evolutions, revolutions, inflexions and ascensions are something wonderful to see. In vain they whine and dance, and struggle and leap; they are fast held in leash, until the fox is a few minutes in advance. With his eyes upon his watch, Mr. Livingston gives the signal. The canine can-can comes to an end, and, like a flash, the dogs are away on the scent. The huntsmen give chase with a wild rush, the English girls are to the fore, leaping hedges and ditches—"taking headers," without fear or favor, with the best and bravest, and every American woman present looks after them in open-mouthed and horrified amazement.

All the carriages follow at full speed by the roads, hoping to see the fox cross somewhere. He does, and Ethel and I scream: "Here he is!" and stand up in the carriage and stretch our necks, as dogs, hunters, and one superb girl dash after. The little bells on the basket carriages ring out merrily right and left of us, and everybody is exultant—except the fox.

Quickly we drove on to another possible turn of the hunt. Yes; we have come to the right spot. We see it all—we are "in at the death." There is a sudden rush of huntsmen from all points, jumping hedges, leaping little brooks, and among them is the one English girl who has kept up with the hunt to the end. A struggling, howling, trampling crowd of dogs, a woful, despairing cry, a sudden momentous stillness, and the "brush" is held up amid cheers and congratulations.

SONG.

Rolls the long breaker in splendor, and glances
    Leaping in light!
Laughing and singing the swift ripple dances,
    Sparkling and bright;
Up through the heaven the curlew is flying,
    Soaring so high!
Sweetly his wild notes are ringing, and dying
    Lost in the sky.
Glitter the sails to the south-wind careening,
    White-winged and brave;
Bowing to breeze and to hollow, and leaning
    Low o'er the wave.
Beautiful wind, with the touch of a lover
    Leading the hours,
Helping the winter-worn world to recover
    All its lost flowers.
Gladly I hear thy warm whisper of rapture.
    Sorrow is o'er!
Earth all her music and bloom shall recapture,
    Happy once more!

THE GHOSTLY RENTAL.

I WAS in my twenty-second year, and I had just left college. I was at liberty to choose my career, and I chose it with much promptness. I afterward renounced it, in truth, with equal ardor, but I have never regretted those two youthful years of perplexed and excited, but also of agreeable and fruitful experiment. I had a taste for theology, and during my college term I had been an admiring reader of Dr. Channing. This was theology of a grateful and succulent savor; it seemed to offer one the rose of faith delightfully stripped of its thorns. And then (for I rather think this had something to do with it), I had taken a fancy to the old Divinity School. I have always had an eye to the back scene in the human drama, and it seemed to me that I might play my part with a fair chance of applause (from myself at least), in that detached and tranquil home of mild casuistry, with its respectable avenue on one side, and its prospect of green fields and contact with acres of woodland on the other. Cambridge, for the lovers of woods and fields, has changed for the worse since those days, and the precinct in question has forfeited much of its mingled pastoral and scholastic quietude. It was then a College-hall in the woods—a charming mixture. What it is now has nothing to do with my story; and I have no doubt that there are still doctrine-haunted young seniors who, as they stroll near it in the summer dusk, promise themselves, later, to taste of its fine leisurely quality. For myself, I was not disappointed. I established myself in a great square, low-browed room, with deep window-benches; I hung prints from Overbeck and Ary Scheffer on the walls; I arranged my books, with great refinement of classification, in the alcoves beside the high chimney-shelf, and I began to read Plotinus and St. Augustine. Among my companions were two or three men of ability and of good fellowship, with whom I occasionally brewed a fireside bowl; and with adventurous reading, deep discourse, potations conscientiously shallow, and long country walks, my initiation into the clerical mystery progressed agreeably enough.

With one of my comrades I formed an especial friendship, and we passed a great deal of time together. Unfortunately he had a chronic weakness of one of his knees, which compelled him to lead a very sedentary life, and as I was a methodical pedestrian, this made some difference in our habits. I used often to stretch away for my daily ramble, with no companion but the stick in my hand or the book in my pocket. But in the use of my legs and the sense of unstinted open air, I have always found company enough. I should, perhaps, add that in the enjoyment of a very sharp pair of eyes, I found something of a social pleasure. My eyes and I were on excellent terms; they were indefatigable observers of all wayside incidents, and so long as they were amused I was contented. It is, indeed, owing to their inquisitive habits that I came into possession of this remarkable story. Much of the country about the old College town is pretty now, but it was prettier thirty years ago. That multitudinous eruption of domiciliary pasteboard which now graces the landscape, in the direction of the low, blue Waltham Hills, had not yet taken place; there were no genteel cottages to put the shabby meadows and scrubby orchards to shame—a juxtaposition by which, in later years, neither element of the contrast has gained. Certain crooked cross-roads, then, as I remember them, were more deeply and naturally rural, and the solitary dwellings on the long grassy slopes beside them, under the tall, customary elm that curved its foliage in mid-air like the outward dropping ears of a girdled wheat-sheaf, sat with their shingled hoods well pulled down on their ears, and no prescience whatever of the fashion of French roofs—weather-wrinkled old peasant women, as you might call them, quietly wearing the native coif, and never dreaming of mounting bonnets, and indecently exposing their venerable brows. That winter was what is called an "open" one; there was much cold, but little snow; the roads were firm and free, and I was rarely compelled by the weather to forego my exercise. One gray December afternoon I had sought it in the direction of the adjacent town of Medford, and I was retracing my steps at an even pace, and watching the pale, cold tints—the transparent amber and faded rose-color—which curtained, in wintry fashion, the western sky, and reminded me of a sceptical smile on the lips of a beautiful woman. I came, as dusk was falling, to a narrow road which I had never traversed and which I imagined offered me a short cut homeward. I was about three miles away; I was late, and would have been thankful to make them two. I diverged, walked some ten minutes, and then perceived that the road had a very unfrequented air. The wheel-ruts looked old; the stillness seemed peculiarly sensible. And yet down the road stood a house, so that it must in some degree have been a thoroughfare. On one side was a high, natural embankment, on the top of which was perched an apple-orchard, whose tangled boughs made a stretch of coarse black lace-work, hung across the coldly rosy west. In a short time I came to the house, and I immediately found myself interested in it. I stopped in front of it gazing hard, I hardly knew why, but with a vague mixture of curiosity and timidity. It was a house like most of the houses thereabouts, except that it was decidedly a handsome specimen of its class. It stood on a grassy slope, it had its tall, impartially drooping elm beside it, and its old black well-cover at its shoulder. But it was of very large proportions, and it had a striking look of solidity and stoutness of timber. It had lived to a good old age, too, for the wood-work on its door-way and under its eaves, carefully and abundantly carved, referred it to the middle, at the latest, of the last century. All this had once been painted white, but the broad back of time, leaning against the door-posts for a hundred years, had laid bare the grain of the wood. Behind the house stretched an orchard of apple-trees, more gnarled and fantastic than usual, and wearing, in the deepening dusk, a blighted and exhausted aspect. All the windows of the house had rusty shutters, without slats, and these were closely drawn. There was no sign of life about it; it looked blank, bare and vacant, and yet, as I lingered near it, it seemed to have a familiar meaning—an audible eloquence. I have always thought of the impression made upon me at first sight, by that gray colonial dwelling, as a proof that induction may sometimes be near akin to divination; for after all, there was nothing on the face of the matter to warrant the very serious induction that I made. I fell back and crossed the road. The last red light of the sunset disengaged itself, as it was about to vanish, and rested faintly for a moment on the time-silvered front of the old house. It touched, with perfect regularity, the series of small panes in the fan-shaped window above the door, and twinkled there fantastically. Then it died away, and left the place more intensely somber. At this moment, I said to myself with the accent of profound conviction—"The house is simply haunted!"

Somehow, immediately, I believed it, and so long as I was not shut up inside, the idea gave me pleasure. It was implied in the aspect of the house, and it explained it. Half an hour before, if I had been asked, I would have said, as befitted a young man who was explicitly cultivating cheerful views of the supernatural, that there were no such things as haunted houses. But the dwelling before me gave a vivid meaning to the empty words; it had been spiritually blighted.

The longer I looked at it, the intenser seemed the secret that it held. I walked all round it, I tried to peep here and there, through a crevice in the shutters, and I took a puerile satisfaction in laying my hand on the door-knob and gently turning it. If the door had yielded, would I have gone in?—would I have penetrated the dusky stillness? My audacity, fortunately, was not put to the test. The portal was admirably solid, and I was unable even to shake it. At last I turned away, casting many looks behind me. I pursued my way, and, after a longer walk than I had bargained for, reached the high-road. At a certain distance below the point at which the long lane I have mentioned entered it, stood a comfortable, tidy dwelling, which might have offered itself as the model of the house which is in no sense haunted—which has no sinister secrets, and knows nothing but blooming prosperity. Its clean white paint stared placidly through the dusk, and its vine-covered porch had been dressed in straw for the winter. An old, one-horse chaise, freighted with two departing visitors, was leaving the door, and through the undraped windows, I saw the lamp-lit sitting-room, and the table spread with the early "tea," which had been improvised for the comfort of the guests. The mistress of the house had come to the gate with her friends; she lingered there after the chaise had wheeled creakingly away, half to watch them down the road, and half to give me, as I passed in the twilight, a questioning look. She was a comely, quick young woman, with a sharp, dark eye, and I ventured to stop and speak to her.

"That house down that side-road," I

said, "about a mile from here—the only one—can you tell me whom it belongs to?"

She stared at me a moment, and, I thought, colored a little. "Our folks never go down that road," she said, briefly.

"But it's a short way to Medford," I answered.

She gave a little toss of her head. "Perhaps it would turn out a long way. At any rate, we don't use it."

This was interesting. A thrifty Yankee household must have good reasons for this scorn of time-saving processes. "But you know the house, at least?" I said.

"Well, I have seen it."

"And to whom does it belong?"

She gave a little laugh and looked away, as if she were aware that, to a stranger, her words might seem to savor of agricultural superstition. "I guess it belongs to them that are in it."

"But is there any one in it? It is completely closed."

"That makes no difference. They never come out, and no one ever goes in." And she turned away.

But I laid my hand on her arm, respectfully. "You mean," I said, "that the house is haunted?"

She drew herself away, colored, raised her finger to her lips, and hurried into the house, where, in a moment, the curtains were dropped over the windows.

For several days, I thought repeatedly of this little adventure, but I took some satisfaction in keeping it to myself. If the house was not haunted, it was useless to expose my imaginative whims, and if it was, it was agreeable to drain the cup of horror without assistance. I determined, of course, to pass that way again; and a week later—it was the last day of the year—I retraced my steps. I approached the house from the opposite direction, and found myself before it at about the same hour as before. The light was failing, the sky low and gray; the wind wailed along the hard, bare ground, and made slow eddies of the frost-blackened leaves. The melancholy mansion stood there, seeming to gather the winter twilight around it, and mask itself in it, inscrutably. I hardly knew on what errand I had come, but I had a vague feeling that if this time the door-knob were to turn and the door to open, I should take my heart in my hands, and let them close behind me. Who were the mysterious tenants to whom the good woman at the corner had alluded? What had been seen or heard—what was related? The door was as stubborn as before, and my impertinent fumblings with the latch caused no upper window to be thrown open, nor any strange, pale face to be thrust out. I ventured even to raise the rusty knocker and give it half-a-dozen raps, but they made a flat, dead sound, and aroused no echo. Familiarity breeds contempt; I don't know what I should have done next, if, in the distance, up the road (the same one I had followed), I had not seen a solitary figure advancing. I was unwilling to be observed hanging about this ill-famed dwelling, and I sought refuge among the dense shadows of a grove of pines near by, where I might peep forth, and yet remain invisible. Presently, the new-comer drew near, and I perceived that he was making straight for the house. He was a little, old man, the most striking feature of whose appearance was a voluminous cloak, of a sort of military cut. He carried a walking-stick, and advanced in a slow, painful, somewhat hobbling fashion, but with an air of extreme resolution. He turned off from the road, and followed the vague wheel-track, and within a few yards of the house he paused. He looked up at it, fixedly and searchingly, as if he were counting the windows, or noting certain familiar marks. Then he took off his hat, and bent over slowly and solemnly, as if he were performing an obeisance. As he stood uncovered, I had a good look at him. He was, as I have said, a diminutive old man, but it would have been hard to decide whether he belonged to this world or to the other. His head reminded me, vaguely, of the portraits of Andrew Jackson. He had a crop of grizzled hair, as stiff as a brush, a lean, pale, smooth-shaven face, and an eye of intense brilliancy, surmounted with thick brows, which had remained perfectly black. His face, as well as his cloak, seemed to belong to an old soldier; he looked like a retired military man of a modest rank; but he struck me as exceeding the classic privilege of even such a personage to be eccentric and grotesque. When he had finished his salute, he advanced to the door, fumbled in the folds of his cloak, which hung down much further in front than behind, and produced a key. This he slowly and carefully inserted into the lock, and then, apparently, he turned it. But the door did not immediately open; first he bent his head, turned his ear, and stood listening, and then he looked up and down the road. Satisfied or re-assured, he applied his aged shoulder to one of the deep-set panels, and pressed a moment. The door yielded—opening into perfect darkness. He stopped again on the threshold, and again removed his hat and made his bow. Then he went in, and carefully closed the door behind him.

Who in the world was he, and what was his errand? He might have been a figure out of one of Hoffman's tales. Was he vision or a reality—an inmate of the house, or a familiar, friendly visitor? What had been the meaning, in either case, of his mystic genuflexions, and how did he propose to proceed, in that inner darkness? I emerged from my retirement, and observed narrowly, several of the windows. In each of them, at an interval, a ray of light became visible in the chink between the two leaves of the shutters. Evidently, he was lighting up; was he going to give a party—a ghostly revel? My curiosity grew intense, but I was quite at a loss how to satisfy it. For a moment I thought of rapping peremptorily at the door; but I dismissed this idea as unmannerly, and calculated to break the spell, if spell there was. I walked round the house and tried, without violence, to open one of the lower windows. It resisted, but I had better fortune, in a moment, with another. There was a risk, certainly, in the trick I was playing—a risk of being seen from within, or (worse) seeing, myself, something that I should repent of seeing. But curiosity, as I say, had become an inspiration, and the risk was highly agreeable. Through the parting of the shutters I looked into a lighted room—a room lighted by two candles in old brass flambeaux, placed upon the mantel-shelf. It was apparently a sort of back parlor, and it had retained all its furniture. This was of a homely, old-fashioned pattern, and consisted of hair-cloth chairs and sofas, spare mahogany tables, and framed samplers hung upon the walls. But although the room was furnished, it had a strangely uninhabited look; the tables and chairs were in rigid positions, and no small, familiar objects were visible. I could not see everything, and I could only guess at the existence, on my right, of a large folding-door. It was apparently open, and the light of the neighboring room passed through it. I waited for some time, but the room remained empty. At last I became conscious that a large shadow was projected upon the wall opposite the folding-door—the shadow, evidently, of a figure in the adjoining room. It was tall and grotesque, and seemed to represent a person sitting perfectly motionless, in profile. I thought I recognized the perpendicular bristles and far-arching nose of my little old man. There was a strange fixedness in his posture; he appeared to be seated, and looking intently at something. I watched the shadow a long time, but it never stirred. At last, however, just as my patience began to ebb, it moved slowly, rose to the ceiling, and became indistinct. I don't know what I should have seen next, but by an irresistible impulse, I closed the shutter. Was it delicacy?—was it pusillanimity? I can hardly say. I lingered, nevertheless, near the house, hoping that my friend would re-appear. I was not disappointed; for he at last emerged, looking just as when he had gone in, and taking his leave in the same ceremonious fashion. (The lights, I had already observed, had disappeared from the crevice of each of the windows.) He faced about before the door, took off his hat, and made an obsequious bow. As he turned away I had a hundred minds to speak to him, but I let him depart in peace. This, I may say, was pure delicacy;—you will answer, perhaps, that it came too late. It seemed to me that he had a right to resent my observation; though my own right to exercise it (if ghosts were in the question) struck me as equally positive. I continued to watch him as he hobbled softly down the bank, and along the lonely road. Then I musingly retreated in the opposite direction. I was tempted to follow him, at a distance, to see what became of him; but this, too, seemed indelicate; and I confess, moreover, that I felt the inclination to coquet a little, as it were, with my discovery—to pull apart the petals of the flower one by one.

I continued to smell the flower, from time to time, for its oddity of perfume had fascinated me. I passed by the house on the cross-road again, but never encountered the old man in the cloak, or any other wayfarer. It seemed to keep observers at a distance, and I was careful not to gossip about it: one inquirer, I said to myself, may edge his way into the secret, but there is no room for two. At the same time, of course, I would have been thankful for any chance side-light that might fall across the matter—though I could not well see whence it was to come. I hoped to meet the old man in the cloak elsewhere, but as the days passed by without his re-appearing, I ceased to expect it. And yet I reflected that he probably lived in that neighborhood, inasmuch as he had made his pilgrimage to the vacant house on foot. If he had come from a distance, he would have been sure to arrive in some old deep-hooded gig with yellow wheels—a vehicle as venerably grotesque as himself. One day I took a stroll in Mount Auburn cemetery—an institution at that period in its infancy, and full of a sylvan charm which it has now completely forfeited. It contained more maple and birch than willow and cypress, and the sleepers had ample elbow room. It was not a city of the dead, but at the most a village, and a meditative pedestrian might stroll there without too importunate reminder of the grotesque side of our claims to posthumous consideration. I had come out to enjoy the first foretaste of Spring—one of those mild days of late winter, when the torpid earth seems to draw the first long breath that marks the rupture of the spell of sleep. The sun was veiled in haze, and yet warm, and the frost was oozing from its deepest lurking-places. I had been treading for half an hour the winding ways of the cemetery, when suddenly I perceived a familiar figure seated on a bench against a southward-facing evergreen hedge. I call the figure familiar, because I had seen it often in memory and in fancy; in fact, I had beheld it but once. Its back was turned to me, but it wore a voluminous cloak, which there was no mistaking. Here, at last, was my fellow-visitor at the haunted house, and here was my chance, if I wished to approach him! I made a circuit, and came toward him from in front. He saw me, at the end of the alley, and sat motionless, with his hands on the head of his stick, watching me from under his black eyebrows as I drew near. At a distance these black eyebrows looked formidable; they were the only thing I saw in his face. But on a closer view I was re-assured, simply because I immediately felt that no man could really be as fantastically fierce as this poor old gentleman looked. His face was a kind of caricature of martial truculence. I stopped in front of him, and respectfully asked leave to sit and rest upon his bench. He granted it with a silent gesture, of much dignity, and I placed myself beside him. In this position I was able, covertly, to observe him. He was quite as much an oddity in the morning sunshine, as he had been in the dubious twilight. The lines in his face were as rigid as if they had been hacked out of a block by a clumsy woodcarver. His eyes were flamboyant, his nose terrific, his mouth implacable. And yet, after awhile, when he slowly turned and looked at me, fixedly, I perceived that in spite of this portentous mask, he was a very mild old man. I was sure he even would have been glad to smile, but, evidently, his facial muscles were too stiff—they had taken a different fold, once for all. I wondered whether he was demented, but I dismissed the idea; the fixed glitter in his eye was not that of insanity. What his face really expressed was deep and simple sadness; his heart perhaps was broken, but his brain was intact. His dress was shabby but neat, and his old blue cloak had known half a century's brushing.

I hastened to make some observation upon the exceptional softness of the day, and he answered me in a gentle, mellow voice, which it was almost startling to hear proceed from such bellicose lips.

"This is a very comfortable place," he presently added.

"I am fond of walking in graveyards," I rejoined deliberately; flattering myself that I had struck a vein that might lead to something.

I was encouraged; he turned and fixed me with his duskily glowing eyes. Then very gravely,—"Walking, yes. Take all your exercise now. Some day you will have to settle down in a graveyard in a fixed position."

"Very true," said I. "But you know there are some people who are said to take exercise even after that day."

He had been looking at me still; at this he looked away.

"You don't understand?" I said, gently.

He continued to gaze straight before him.

"Some people, you know, walk about after death," I went on.

At last he turned, and looked at me more portentously than ever. "You don't believe that," he said simply.

"How do you know I don't?"

"Because you are young and foolish." This was said without acerbity—even kindly; but in the tone of an old man whose consciousness of his own heavy experience made everything else seem light.

"I am certainly young," I answered; "but I don't think that, on the whole, I am foolish. But say I don't believe in ghosts—most people would be on my side."

"Most people are fools!" said the old man.

I let the question rest, and talked of other things. My companion seemed on his guard, he eyed me defiantly, and made brief answers to my remarks; but I nevertheless gathered an impression that our meeting was an agreeable thing to him, and even a social incident of some importance. He was evidently a lonely creature, and his opportunities for gossip were rare. He had had troubles, and they had detached him from the world, and driven him back upon himself; but the social chord in his antiquated soul was not entirely broken, and I was sure he was gratified to find that it could still feebly resound. At last, he began to ask questions himself; he inquired whether I was a student.

"I am a student of divinity," I answered.

"Of divinity?"

"Of theology. I am studying for the ministry."

At this he eyed me with peculiar intensity—after which his gaze wandered away again. "There are certain things you ought to know, then," he said at last.

"I have a great desire for knowledge," I answered. "What things do you mean?"

He looked at me again awhile, but without heeding my question.

"I like your appearance," he said. "You seem to me a sober lad."

"Oh, I am perfectly sober!" I exclaimed—yet departing for a moment from my soberness.

"I think you are fair-minded," he went on.

"I don't any longer strike you as foolish, then?" I asked.

"I stick to what I said about people who deny the power of departed spirits to return. They *are* fools!" And he rapped fiercely with his staff on the earth.

I hesitated a moment, and then, abruptly, "You have seen a ghost!" I said.

He appeared not at all startled.

"You are right, sir!" he answered with great dignity. "With me it's not a matter of cold theory—I have not had to pry into old books to learn what to believe. *I know!* With these eyes I have beheld the departed spirit standing before me as near as you are!" And his eyes, as he spoke, certainly looked as if they had rested upon strange things.

I was irresistibly impressed—I was touched with credulity.

"And was it very terrible?" I asked.

"I am an old soldier—I am not afraid!"

"When was it?—where was it?" I asked.

He looked at me mistrustfully, and I saw that I was going too fast.

"Excuse me from going into particulars," he said. "I am not at liberty to speak more fully. I have told you so much, because I cannot bear to hear this subject spoken of lightly. Remember in future, that you have seen a very honest old man who told you—on his honor—that he had seen a ghost!" And he got up, as if he thought he had said enough. Reserve, shyness, pride, the fear of being laughed at, the memory, possibly, of former strokes of sarcasm—all this, on one side, had its weight with him; but I suspected that on the other, his tongue was loosened by the garrulity of old age, the sense of solitude, and the need of sympathy—and perhaps, also, by the friendliness which he had been so good as to express toward myself. Evidently it would be unwise to press him, but I hoped to see him again.

"To give greater weight to my words," he added, "let me mention my name—Captain Diamond, sir. I have seen service."

"I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you again," I said.

"The same to you, sir!" And brandishing his stick portentously—though with the friendliest intentions—he marched stiffly away.

I asked two or three persons—selected with discretion—whether they knew anything about Captain Diamond, but they were quite unable to enlighten me. At last, suddenly, I smote my forehead, and, dubbing myself a dolt, remembered that I was neglecting a source of information to which I had never applied in vain. The excellent person at whose table I habitually dined, and who dispensed hospitality to students at so much a week, had a sister as good as herself, and of conversational powers more varied. This sister, who was known as Miss Deborah, was an old maid in all the force of the term. She was deformed, and she never went out of the house; she sat all day at the window, between a bird-cage and a flower-pot, stitching small linen articles—mysterious bands and frills. She wielded, I was assured, an exquisite needle, and her work was highly prized. In spite of her deformity and her confinement, she had a little, fresh, round face, and an imperturbable serenity of spirit. She had also a very quick little wit of her own, she was extremely observant, and she had a high relish for a friendly chat. Nothing pleased her so much as to have you—especially, I think, if you were a young divinity student—move your chair near her sunny window, and settle yourself for twenty minutes' "talk." "Well, sir," she used always to say, "what is the latest monstrosity in Biblical criticism?"—for she used to pretend to be horrified at the rationalistic tendency of the age. But she was an inexorable little philosopher, and I am convinced that she was a keener rationalist than any of us, and that, if she had chosen, she could have propounded questions that would have made the boldest of us wince. Her window commanded the whole town—or rather, the whole country. Knowledge came to her as she sat singing, with her little, cracked voice, in her low rocking-chair. She was the first to learn everything, and the last to forget it. She had the town gossip at her fingers' ends, and she knew everything about people she had never seen. When I asked her how she had acquired her learning, she said simply—"Oh, I observe!" "Observe closely enough," she once said, "and it doesn't matter where you are. You may be in a pitch-dark closet. All you want is something to start with; one thing leads to another, and all things are mixed up. Shut me up in a dark closet and I will observe after a while, that some places in it are darker than others. After that (give me time), and I will tell you what the President of the United States is going to have for dinner." Once I paid her a compliment. "Your observation," I said, "is as fine as your needle, and your statements are as true as your stitches."

Of course Miss Deborah had heard of Captain Diamond. He had been much talked about many years before, but he had survived the scandal that attached to his name.

"What was the scandal?" I asked.

"He killed his daughter."

"Killed her?" I cried; "how so?"

"Oh, not with a pistol, or a dagger, or a dose of arsenic! With his tongue. Talk of women's tongues! He cursed her—with some horrible oath—and she died!"

"What had she done?"

"She had received a visit from a young man who loved her, and whom he had forbidden the house."

"The house," I said—"ah yes! The house is out in the country, two or three miles from here, on a lonely cross-road."

Miss Deborah looked sharply at me, as she bit her thread.

"Ah, you know about the house?" she said.

"A little," I answered; "I have seen it. But I want you to tell me more."

But here Miss Deborah betrayed an incommunicativeness which was most unusual.

"You wouldn't call me superstitious, would you?" she asked.

"You?—you are the quintessence of pure reason."

"Well, every thread has its rotten place, and every needle its grain of rust. I would rather not talk about that house."

"You have no idea how you excite my curiosity!" I said.

"I can feel for you. But it would make me very nervous."

"What harm can come to you?" I asked.

"Some harm came to a friend of mine." And Miss Deborah gave a very positive nod.

"What had your friend done?"

"She had told me Captain Diamond's secret, which he had told her with a mighty mystery. She had been an old flame of his, and he took her into his confidence. He bade her tell no one, and assured her that if she did, something dreadful would happen to her."

"And what happened to her?"

"She died."

"Oh, we are all mortal!" I said. Had she given him a promise?"

"She had not taken it seriously, she had not believed him. She repeated the story to me, and three days afterward, she was taken with inflammation of the lungs. A month afterward, here where I sit now, I was stitching her grave-clothes. Since then, I have never mentioned what she told me."

"Was it very strange?"

"It was strange, but it was ridiculous too. It is a thing to make you shudder and to make you laugh, both. But you can't worry it out of me. I am sure that if I were to tell you, I should immediately break a needle in my finger, and die the next week of lock-jaw."

"I retired, and urged Miss Deborah no further; but every two or three days, after dinner, I came and sat down by her rocking-chair. I made no further allusion to Captain Diamond; I sat silent, clipping tape with her scissors. At last, one day, she told me I was looking poorly. I was pale.

"I am dying of curiosity," I said. "I havs lost my appetite. I have eaten no dinner."

"Remember Bluebeard's wife!" said Miss Deborah.

"One may as well perish by the sword as by famine!" I answered.

Still she said nothing, and at last I rose with a melo-dramatic sigh and departed. As I reached the door she called me and pointed to the chair I had vacated. "I never was hard-hearted," she said. "Sit down, and if we are to perish, may we at least perish together." And then, in very few words, she communicated what she knew of Captain Diamond's secret. "He was a very high-tempered old man, and though he was very fond of his daughter, his will was law. He had picked out a husband for her, and given her due notice. Her mother was dead, and they lived alone together. The house had been Mrs. Diamond's own marriage portion; the Captain, I believe, hadn't a penny. After his marriage they had come to live there, and he had begun to work the farm. The poor girl's lover was a young man with whiskers from Boston. The Captain came in one evening and found them together; he collared the young man, and hurled a terrible curse at the poor girl. The young man cried that she was his wife, and he asked her if it was true. She said, No! Thereupon Captain Diamond, his fury growing fiercer, repeated his imprecation, ordered her out of the house, and disowned her forever. She swooned away, but her father went raging off and left her. Several hours later, he came back and found the house empty. On the table was a note from the young man telling him that he had killed his daughter, repeating the assurance that she was his own wife, and declaring that he himself claimed the sole right to commit her remains to earth. He had carried the body away in a gig! Captain Diamond wrote him a dreadful note in answer, saying that he didn't believe his daughter was dead, but that, whether or no, she was dead to him. A week later, in the middle of the night, he saw her ghost. Then, I suppose, he was convinced. The ghost re-appeared several times, and finally began regularly to haunt the house. It made the old man very uncomfortable, for little by little his passion had passed away, and he was given up to grief. He determined at last to leave the place, and tried to sell it or rent it; but meanwhile the story had gone abroad, the ghost had been seen by other persons, the house had a bad name, and it was impossible to dispose of it. With the farm, it was the old man's only property, and his only means of subsistence; if he could neither live in it nor rent it he was beggared. But the ghost had no mercy, as he had had none. He struggled for six months, and at last he broke down. He put on his old blue cloak and took up his staff, and prepared to wander away and beg his bread. Then the ghost relented, and proposed a compromise. 'Leave the house to me!' it said; 'I have marked it for my own. Go off and live elsewhere. But to enable you to live, I will be your tenant, since you can find no other. I will hire the house of you and pay you a certain rent.' And the ghost named a sum. The old man consented, and he goes every quarter to collect his rent!"

I laughed at this recital, but I confess I shuddered too, for my own observation had exactly confirmed it. Had I not been witness of one of the Captain's quarterly visits, had I not all but seen him sit watching his spectral tenant count out the rent-money, and when he trudged away in the dark, had he not a little bag of strangely gotten coin hidden in the folds of his old blue cloak? I imparted none of these reflections to Miss Deborah, for I was determined that my observations should have a sequel, and I promised myself the pleasure of treating her to my story in its full maturity. "Captain Diamond," I asked, "has no other known means of subsistence?"

"None whatever. He toils not, neither does he spin—his ghost supports him. A haunted house is valuable property!"

"And in what coin does the ghost pay?"

"In good American gold and silver. It has only this peculiarity—that the pieces are all dated before the young girl's death. It's a strange mixture of matter and spirit!"

"And does the ghost do things handsomely; is the rent large?"

"The old man, I believe, lives decently, and has his pipe and his glass. He took a little house down by the river; the door is sidewise to the street, and there is a little garden before it. There he spends his days, and has an old colored woman to do for him. Some years ago, he used to wander about a good deal, he was a familiar figure in the town, and most people knew his legend. But of late he has drawn back into his shell; he sits over his fire, and curiosity has forgotten him. I suppose he is falling into his dotage. But I am sure, I trust," said Miss Deborah in conclusion, "that he won't outlive his faculties or his powers of locomotion, for, if I remember rightly, it was part of the bargain that he should come in person to collect his rent."

We neither of us seemed likely to suffer any especial penalty for Miss Deborah's indiscretion; I found her, day after day, singing over her work, neither more nor less active than usual. For myself, I boldly pursued my observations. I went again, more than once, to the great graveyard, but I was disappointed in my hope of finding Captain Diamond there. I had a prospect, however, which afforded me compensation. I shrewdly inferred that the old man's quarterly pilgrimages were made upon the last day of the old quarter. My first sight of him had been on the 31st of December, and it was probable that he would return to his haunted home on the last day of March. This was near at hand; at last it arrived. I betook myself late in the afternoon to the old house on the cross-road, supposing that the hour of twilight was the appointed season. I was not wrong. I had been hovering about for a short time, feeling very much like a restless ghost myself, when he appeared in the same manner as before, and wearing the same costume. I again concealed myself, and saw him enter the house with the ceremonial which he had used on the former occasion. A light appeared successively in the crevice of each pair of shutters, and I opened the window which had yielded to my importunity before. Again I saw the great shadow on the wall, motionless and solemn. But I saw nothing else. The old man re-appeared at last, made his fantastic salaam before the house, and crept away into the dusk.

One day, more than a month after this, I met him again at Mount Auburn. The air was full of the voice of Spring; the birds had come back and were twittering over their Winter's travels, and a mild west wind was making a thin murmur in the raw verdure. He was seated on a bench in the sun, still muffled in his enormous mantle, and he recognized me as soon as I approached him. He nodded at me as if he were an old Bashaw giving the signal for my decapitation, but it was apparent that he was pleased to see me.

"I have looked for you here more than once," I said. "You don't come often."

"What did you want of me?" he asked.

"I wanted to enjoy your conversation. I did so greatly when I met you here before."

"You found me amusing?"

"Interesting!" I said.

"You didn't think me cracked?"

"Cracked?—My dear sir—!" I protested.

"I'm the sanest man in the country. I know that is what insane people always say; but generally they can't prove it. I can!"

"I believe it," I said. "But I am curious to know how such a thing can be proved."

He was silent awhile.

I will tell you. I once committed, unintentionally, a great crime. Now I pay the penalty. I give up my life to it. I don't shirk it; I face it squarely, knowing perfectly what it is. I haven't tried to bluff it off; I haven't begged off from it; I haven't run away from it. The penalty is terrible, but I have accepted it. I have been a philosopher!"

"If I were a Catholic, I might have turned monk, and spent the rest of my life in fasting and praying. That is no penalty; that is an evasion. I might have blown my brains out—I might have gone mad. I wouldn't do either. I would simply face the music, take the consequences. As I say, they are awful! I take them on certain days, four times a year. So it has been these twenty years; so it will be as long as I last. It's my business; it's my avocation. That's the way I feel about it. I call that reasonable!"

"Admirably so!" I said. "But you fill me with curiosity and with compassion."

"Especially with curiosity," he said, cunningly.

"Why," I answered, "if I know exactly what you suffer I can pity you more."

"I'm much obliged. I don't want your pity; it won't help me. I'll tell you something, but it's not for myself; it's for your own sake." He paused a long time and looked all round him, as if for chance eavesdroppers. I anxiously awaited his revelation, but he disappointed me. "Are you still studying theology?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, perhaps with a shade of irritation. "It's a thing one can't learn in six months."

"I should think not, so long as you have nothing but your books. Do you know the proverb, 'A grain of experience is worth a pound of precept?' I'm a great theologian."

"Ah, you have had experience," I murmured sympathetically.

"You have read about the immortality of the soul; you have seen Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Hopkins chopping logic over it, and deciding, by chapter and verse, that it is true. But I have seen it with these eyes; I have touched it with these hands!" And the old man held up his rugged old fists and shook them portentously. "That's better!" he went on; "but I have bought it dearly. You had better take it from the books—evidently you always will. You are a very good young man; you will never have a crime on your conscience."

I answered with some juvenile fatuity, that I certainly hoped I had my share of human passions, good young man and prospective Doctor of Divinity as I was.

"Ah, but you have a nice, quiet little temper," he said. "So have I—now! But once I was very brutal—very brutal. You ought to know that such things are. I killed my own child."

"Your own child?"

"I struck her down to the earth and left her to die. They could not hang me, for it was not with my hand I struck her. It was with foul and damnable words. That makes a difference; it's a grand law we live under! Well, sir, I can answer for it that *her* soul is immortal. We have an appointment to meet four times a year, and then I catch it!"

"She has never forgiven you?"

"She has forgiven me as the angels forgive! That's what I can't stand—the soft, quiet way she looks at me. I'd rather she twisted a knife about in my heart—O Lord, Lord, Lord!" and Captain Diamond bowed his head over his stick, and leaned his forehead on his crossed hands.

I was impressed and moved, and his attitude seemed for the moment a check to further questions. Before I ventured to ask him anything more, he slowly rose and pulled his old cloak around him. He was unused to talking about his troubles, and his memories overwhelmed him. "I must go my way," he said; "I must be creeping along."

"I shall perhaps meet you here again," I said.

"Oh, I'm a stiff-jointed old fellow," he answered, "and this is rather far for me to come. I have to reserve myself. I have sat sometimes a month at a time smoking my pipe in my chair. But I should like to see you again." And he stopped and looked at me, terribly and kindly. "Some day, perhaps, I shall be glad to be able to lay my hand on a young, unperverted soul. If a man can make a friend, it is always something gained. What is your name?"

I had in my pocket a small volume of Pascal's "Thoughts," on the fly-leaf of which were written my name and address. I took it out and offered it to my old friend. "Pray keep this little book," I said. "It is one I am very fond of, and it will tell you something about me."

He took it and turned it over slowly, then looking up at me with a scowl of gratitude, "I'm not much of a reader," he said; "but I won't refuse the first present I shall have received since—my troubles; and the last. Thank you, sir!" And with the little book in his hand he took his departure.

I was left to imagine him for some weeks after that sitting solitary in his arm-chair with his pipe. I had not another glimpse of him. But I was awaiting my chance, and on the last day of June, another quarter having elapsed, I deemed that it had come. The evening dusk in June falls late, and I was impatient for its coming. At last, toward the end of a lovely summer's day, I revisited Captain Diamond's property. Everything now was green around it save the blighted orchard in its rear, but its own immitigable grayness and sadness were as striking as when I had first beheld it beneath a December sky. As I drew near it, I saw that I was late for my purpose, for my purpose had simply been to step forward on Captain Diamond's arrival, and bravely ask him to let me go in with him. He had preceded me, and there were lights already in the windows. I was unwilling, of course, to disturb him during his ghostly interview, and I waited till he came forth. The lights disappeared in the course of time; then the door opened and Captain Diamond stole out. That evening he made no bow to the haunted house, for the first object he beheld was his fair-minded young friend planted, modestly but firmly, near the door-step. He stopped short, looking at me, and this time his terrible scowl was in keeping with the situation.

"I knew you were here," I said. "I came on purpose."

He seemed dismayed, and looked round at the house uneasily.

"I beg your pardon if I have ventured too far," I added, "but you know you have encouraged me."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I reasoned it out. You told me half your story, and I guessed the other half. I am a great observer, and I had noticed this house in passing. It seemed to me to have a mystery. When you kindly confided to me that you saw spirits, I was sure that it could only be here that you saw them."

"You are mighty clever," cried the old man. "And what brought you here this evening?"

I was obliged to evade this question.

"Oh, I often come; I like to look at the house—it fascinates me."

He turned and looked up at it himself. "It's nothing to look at outside." He was evidently quite unaware of its peculiar outward appearance, and this odd fact, communicated to me thus in the twilight, and under the very brow of the sinister dwelling, seemed to make his vision of the strange things within more real.

"I have been hoping," I said, "for a chance to see the inside. I thought I might find you here, and that you would let me go in with you. I should like to see what you see."

He seemed confounded by my boldness, but not altogether displeased. He laid his hand on my arm. "Do you know what I see?" he asked.

"How can I know, except as you said the other day, by experience? I want to have the experience. Pray, open the door and take me in."

Captain Diamond's brilliant eyes expanded beneath their dusky brows, and after holding his breath a moment, he indulged in the first and last apology for a laugh by which I was to see his solemn visage contorted. It was profoundly grotesque, but it was perfectly noiseless. "Take you in?" he softly growled. "I wouldn't go in again before my time's up for a thousand times that sum." And he thrust out his hand from the folds of his cloak and exhibited a small agglommeration of coin, knotted into the corner of an old silk pocket-handkerchief. "I stick to my bargain no less, but no more!"

"But you told me the first time I had the pleasure of talking with you that it was not so terrible."

"I don't say it's terrible—now. But it's damned disagreeable!"

This adjective was uttered with a force that made me hesitate and reflect. While I did so, I thought I heard a slight movement of one of the window-shutters above us. I looked up, but everything seemed motionless. Captain Diamond, too, had been thinking; suddenly he turned toward the house. "If you will go in alone," he said, "you are welcome."

"Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, you will not stop long."

"But the house is pitch dark. When you go you have lights."

He thrust his hand into the depths of his cloak and produced some matches. "Take these," he said. "You will find two candlesticks with candles on the table in the hall. Light them, take one in each hand and go ahead."

"Where shall I go?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. You can trust the ghost to find you."

I will not pretend to deny that by this time my heart was beating. And yet I imagine I motioned the old man with a sufficiently dignified gesture to open the door. I had made up my mind that there was in fact a ghost. I had conceded the premise. Only I had assured myself that once the mind was prepared, and the thing was not a surprise, it was possible to keep cool. Captain Diamond turned the lock, flung open the door, and bowed low to me as I passed in. I stood in the darkness, and heard the door close behind me. For some moments, I stirred neither finger nor toe; I stared bravely into the impenetrable dusk. But I saw nothing and heard nothing, and at last I struck a match. On the table were two old brass candlesticks rusty from disuse. I lighted the candles and began my tour of exploration.

A wide staircase rose in front of me, guarded by an antique balustrade of that rigidly delicate carving which is found so often in old New England houses. I postponed ascending it, and turned into the room on my right. This was an old-fashioned parlor, meagerly furnished, and musty with the absence of human life. I raised my two lights aloft and saw nothing but its empty chairs and its blank walls. Behind it was the room into which I had peeped from without, and which, in fact, communicated with it, as I had supposed, by folding doors. Here, too, I found myself confronted by no menacing specter. I crossed the hall again, and visited the rooms on the other side; a dining-room in front, where I might have written my name with my finger in the deep dust of the great square table; a kitchen behind with its pots and pans eternally cold. All this was hard and grim, but it was not formidable. I came back into the hall, and walked to the foot of the staircase, holding up my candles; to ascend required a fresh effort, and I was scanning the gloom above. Suddenly, with an inexpressible sensation, I became aware that this gloom was animated; it seemed to move and gather itself together. Slowly —I say slowly, for to my tense expectancy the instants appeared ages—it took the shape of a large, definite figure, and this figure advanced and stood at the top of the stairs. I frankly confess that by this time I was conscious of a feeling to which I am in duty bound to apply the vulgar name of fear. I may poetize it and call it Dread, with a capital letter; it was at any rate the feeling that makes a man yield ground. I measured it as it grew, and it seemed perfectly irresistible; for it did not appear to come from within but from without, and to be embodied in the dark image at the head of the staircase. After a fashion I reasoned—I remember reasoning. I said to myself, "I had always thought ghosts were white and transparent; this is a thing of thick shadows, densely opaque." I reminded myself that the occasion was momentous, and that if fear were to overcome me I should gather all possible impressions while my wits remained. I stepped back, foot behind foot, with my eyes still on the figure and placed my candles on the table. I was perfectly conscious that the proper thing was to ascend the stairs resolutely, face to face with the image, but the soles of my shoes seemed suddenly to have been transformed into leaden weights. I had got what I wanted; I was seeing the ghost. I tried to look at the figure distinctly so that I could remember it, and fairly claim, afterward, not to have lost my self-possession. I even asked myself how long it was expected I should stand looking, and how soon I could honorably retire. All this, of course, passed through my mind with extreme rapidity, and it was checked by a further movement on the part of the figure. Two white hands appeared in the dark perpendicular mass, and were slowly raised to what seemed to be the level of the head. Here they were pressed together, over the region of the face, and then they were removed, and the face was disclosed. It was dim, white, strange, in every way ghostly. It looked down at me for an instant, after which one of the hands was raised again, slowly, and waved to and fro before it. There was something very singular in this gesture; it seemed to denote resentment and dismissal, and yet it had a sort of trivial, familiar motion. Familiarity on the part of the haunting Presence had not entered into my calculations, and did not strike me pleasantly. I agreed with Captain Diamond that it was "damned disagreeable." I was pervaded by an intense desire to make an orderly, and, if possible, a graceful retreat. I wished to do it gallantly, and it seemed to me that it would be gallant to blow out my candles. I turned and did so, punctiliously, and then I made my way to the door, groped a moment and opened it. The outer light, almost extinct as it was, entered for a moment, played over the dusty depths of the house and showed me the solid shadow.

Standing on the grass, bent over his stick, under the early glimmering stars, I found Captain Diamond. He looked up at me fixedly for a moment, but asked no questions, and then he went and locked the door. This duty performed, he discharged the other—made his obeisance like the priest before the altar—and then without heeding me further, took his departure.

A few days later, I suspended my studies and went off for the summer's vacation. I was absent for several weeks, during which I had plenty of leisure to analyze my impressions of the supernatural. I took some satisfaction in the reflection that I had not been ignobly terrified; I had not bolted nor swooned—I had proceeded with dignity. Nevertheless, I was certainly more comfortable when I had put thirty miles between me and the scene of my exploit, and I continued for many days to prefer the daylight to the dark. My nerves had been powerfully excited; of this I was particularly conscious when, under the influence of the drowsy air of the sea-side, my excitement began slowly to ebb. As it disappeared, I attempted to take a sternly rational view of my experience. Certainly I had seen *something*—that was not fancy; but what had I seen? I regretted extremely now that I had not been bolder, that I had not gone nearer and inspected the apparition more minutely. But it was very well to talk; I had done as much as any man in the circumstances would have dared; it was indeed a physical impossibility that I should have advanced. Was not this paralyzation of my powers in itself a supernatural influence? Not necessarily, perhaps, for a sham ghost that one accepted might do as much execution as a real ghost. But why had I so easily accepted the sable phantom that waved its hand? Why had it so impressed itself? Unquestionably, true or false, it was a very clever phantom. I greatly preferred that it should have been true—in the first place because I did not care to have shivered and shaken for nothing, and in the second place because to have seen a well-authenticated goblin is, as things go, a feather in a quiet man's cap. I tried, therefore, to let my vision rest and to stop turning it over. But an impulse stronger than my will recurred at intervals and set a mocking question on my lips. Granted that the apparition was Captain Diamond's daughter; if it was she it certainly was her spirit. But was it not her spirit and something more?

The middle of September saw me again established among the theologic shades, but I made no haste to revisit the haunted house.

The last of the month approached—the term of another quarter with poor Captain Diamond—and found me indisposed to disturb his pilgrimage on this occasion; though I confess that I thought with a good deal of compassion of the feeble old man trudging away, lonely, in the autumn dusk, on his extraordinary errand. On the thirtieth of September, at noonday, I was drowsing over a heavy octavo, when I heard a feeble rap at my door. I replied with an invitation to enter, but as this produced no effect I repaired to the door and opened it. Before me stood an elderly negress with her head bound in a scarlet turban, and a white handkerchief folded across her bosom. She looked at me intently and in silence; she had that air of supreme gravity and decency which aged persons of her race so often wear. I stood interrogative, and at last, drawing her hand from her ample pocket, she held up a little book. It was the copy of Pascal's "Thoughts" that I had given to Captain Diamond.

"Please, sir," she said, very mildly, "do you know this book?"

"Perfectly," said I, "my name is on the fly-leaf."

"It is your name—no other?"

"I will write my name if you like, and you can compare them," I answered.

She was silent a moment and then, with dignity—"It would be useless, sir," she said, "I can't read. If you will give me your word that is enough. I come," she went on, "from the gentleman to whom you gave the book. He told me to carry it as a token—a token—that is what he called it. He is right down sick, and he wants to see you."

"Captain Diamond—sick?" I cried. "Is his illness serious?"

"He is very bad—he is all gone."

I expressed my regret and sympathy, and offered to go to him immediately, if his sable messenger would show me the way. She assented deferentially, and in a few moments I was following her along the sunny streets, feeling very much like a personage in the Arabian Nights, led to a postern gate by an Ethiopian slave. My own conductress directed her steps toward the river and stopped at a decent little yellow house in one of the streets that descend to it. She quickly opened the door and led me in, and I very soon found myself in the presence of my old friend. He was in bed, in a darkened room, and evidently in a very feeble state. He lay back on his pillow staring before him, with his bristling hair more erect than ever, and his intensely dark and bright old eyes touched with the glitter of fever. His apartment was humble and scrupulously neat, and I could see that my dusky guide was a faithful servant. Captain Diamond, lying there rigid and pale on his white sheets, resembled some ruggedly carven figure on the lid of a Gothic tomb. He looked at me silently, and my companion withdrew and left us alone.

"Yes, it's you," he said, at last, "it's you, that good young man. There is no mistake, is there?"

"I hope not; I believe I'm a good young man. But I am very sorry you are ill. What can I do for you?"

"I am very bad, very bad; my poor old bones ache so!" and, groaning portentously, he tried to turn toward me.

I questioned him about the nature of his malady and the length of time he had been in bed, but he barely heeded me; he seemed impatient to speak of something else. He grasped my sleeve, pulled me toward him, and whispered quickly:

"You know my time's up!"

"Oh, I trust not," I said, mistaking his meaning. "I shall certainly see you on your legs again."

"God knows!" he cried. "But I don't mean I'm dying; not yet a bit. What I mean is, I'm due at the house. This is rent-day."

"Oh, exactly! But you can't go."

"I can't go. It's awful. I shall lose my money. If I am dying, I want it all the same. I want to pay the doctor. I want to be buried like a respectable man."

"It is this evening?" I asked.

"This evening at sunset, sharp."

He lay staring at me, and, as I looked at him in return, I suddenly understood his motive in sending for me. Morally, as it came into my thought, I winced. But, I suppose I looked unperturbed, for he continued in the same tone. "I can't lose my money. Some one else must go. I asked Belinda; but she won't hear of it."

"You believe the money will be paid to another person?"

"We can try, at least. I have never failed before and I don't know. But, if you say I'm as sick as a dog, that my old bones ache, that I'm dying, perhaps she'll trust you. She don't want me to starve!"

"You would like me to go in your place, then?"

"You have been there once; you know what it is. Are you afraid?"

I hesitated.

"Give me three minutes to reflect," I said, "and I will tell you." My glance wandered over the room and rested on the various objects that spoke of the threadbare, decent poverty of its occupant. There seemed to be a mute appeal to my pity and my resolution in their cracked and faded sparseness, Meanwhile Captain Diamond continued, feebly:

"I think she'd trust you, as I have trusted you; she'll like your face; she'll see there is no harm in you. It's a hundred and thirty-three dollars, exactly. Be sure you put them into a safe place."

"Yes," I said at last, "I will go, and, so far as it depends upon me, you shall have the money by nine o'clock to-night."

He seemed greatly relieved; he took my hand and faintly pressed it, and soon afterward I withdrew. I tried for the rest of the day not to think of my evening's work, but, of course, I thought of nothing else. I will not deny that I was nervous; I was, in fact, greatly excited, and I spent my time in alternately hoping that the mystery should prove less deep than it appeared, and yet fearing that it might prove too shallow. The hours passed very slowly, but, as the afternoon began to wane, I started on my mission. On the way, I stopped at Captain Diamond's modest dwelling, to ask how he was doing, and to receive such last instructions as he might desire to lay upon me. The old negress, gravely and inscrutably placid, admitted me, and, in answer to my inquiries, said that the Captain was very low; he had sunk since the morning.

"You must be right smart," she said, "if you want to get back before he drops off."

A glance assured me that she knew of my projected expedition, though, in her own opaque black pupil, there was not a gleam of self-betrayal.

"But why should Captain Diamond drop off?" I asked. "He certainly seems very weak; but I cannot make out that he has any definite disease."

"His disease is old age," she said, sententiously.

"But he is not so old as that; sixty-seven or sixty-eight, at most."

She was silent a moment.

"He's worn out; he's used up; he can't stand it any longer."

"Can I see him a moment?" I asked; upon which she led me again to his room.

He was lying in the same way as when I had left him, except that his eyes were closed. But he seemed very "low," as she had said, and he had very little pulse. Nevertheless, I further learned the doctor had been there in the afternoon and professed himself satisfied. "He don't know what's been going on," said Belinda, curtly.

The old man stirred a little, opened his eyes, and after some time recognized me.

"I'm going, you know," I said. "I'm going for your money. Have you anything more to say?" He raised himself slowly, and with a painful effort, against his pillows; but he seemed hardly to understand me. "The house, you know," I said. "Your daughter."

He rubbed his forehead, slowly, awhile, and at last, his comprehension awoke. "Ah, yes," he murmured, "I trust you. A hundred and thirty-three dollars. In old pieces—all in old pieces." Then he added more vigorously, and with a brightening eye: "Be very respectful—be very polite. If not—if not ——" and his voice failed again.

"Oh, I certainly shall be," I said, with a rather forced smile. "But, if not?"

"If not, I shall know it!" he said, very gravely. And with this, his eyes closed and he sunk down again.

I took my departure and pursued my journey with a sufficiently resolute step. When I reached the house, I made a propitiatory bow in front of it, in emulation of Captain Diamond. I had timed my walk so as to be able to enter without delay; night had already fallen. I turned the key, opened the door and shut it behind me. Then I struck a light, and found the two candlesticks I had used before, standing on the tables in the entry. I applied a match to both of them, took them up and went into the parlor. It was empty, and though I waited awhile, it remained empty. I passed then into the other rooms on the same floor, and no dark image rose before me to check my steps. At last, I came out into the hall again, and stood weighing the question of going upstairs. The staircase had been the scene of my discomfiture before, and I approached it with profound mistrust. At the foot, I paused, looking up, with my hand on the balustrade. I was acutely expectant, and my expectation was justified. Slowly, in the darkness above, the black figure that I had seen before took shape. It was not an illusion; it was a figure, and the same. I gave it time to define itself, and watched it stand and look down at me with its hidden face. Then, deliberately, I lifted up my voice and spoke.

"I have come in place of Captain Diamond, at his request," I said. "He is very ill; he is unable to leave his bed. He earnestly begs that you will pay the money to me; I will immediately carry it to him." The figure stood motionless, giving no sign. "Captain Diamond would have come if he were able to move," I added, in a moment, appealingly; "but, he is utterly unable."

At this the figure slowly unveiled its face and showed me a dim, white mask; then it began slowly to descend the stairs. Instinctively I fell back before it, retreating to the door of the front sitting-room. With my eyes still fixed on it, I moved backward across the threshold; then I stopped in the middle of the room and set down my lights. The figure advanced; it seemed to be that of a tall woman, dressed in vaporous black crape. As it drew near, I saw that it had a perfectly human face, though it looked extremely pale and sad. We stood gazing at each other; my agitation had completely vanished; I was only deeply interested.

"Is my father dangerously ill?" said the apparition.

At the sound of its voice—gentle, tremulous, and perfectly human—I started forward; I felt a rebound of excitement. I drew a long breath, I gave a sort of cry, for what I saw before me was not a disembodied spirit, but a beautiful woman, an audacious actress. Instinctively, irresistibly, by the force of reaction against my credulity, I stretched out my hand and seized the long veil that muffled her head. I gave it a violent jerk, dragged it nearly off, and stood staring at a large fair person, of about five-and-thirty. I comprehended her at a glance; her long black dress, her pale, sorrow-worn face, painted to look paler, her very fine eyes,—the color of her father's,—and her sense of outrage at my movement.

"My father, I suppose," she cried, "did not send you here to insult me!" and she turned away rapidly, took up one of the candles and moved toward the door. Here she paused, looked at me again, hesitated, and then drew a purse from her pocket and flung it down on the floor. "There is your money!" she said, majestically.

I stood there, wavering between amazement and shame, and saw her pass out into the hall. Then I picked up the purse. The next moment, I heard a loud shriek and a crash of something dropping, and she came staggering back into the room without her light.

"My father—my father!" she cried; and with parted lips and dilated eyes, she rushed toward me.

"Your father—where?" I demanded.

"In the hall, at the foot of the stairs."

I stepped forward to go out, but she seized my arm.

"He is in white," she cried, "in his shirt. It's not he!"

"Why, your father is in his house, in his bed, extremely ill," I answered.

She looked at me fixedly, with searching eyes.

"Dying?"

"I hope not," I stuttered.

She gave a long moan and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, heavens, I have seen his ghost!" she cried.

She still held my arm; she seemed too terrified to release it. "His ghost!" I echoed, wondering.

"It's the punishment of my long folly!" she went on.

"Ah," said I, "it's the punishment of my indiscretion—of my violence!"

"Take me away, take me away!" she cried, still clinging to my arm. "Not there"—as I was turning toward the hall and the front door—"not there, for pity's sake! By this door—the back entrance." And snatching the other candles from the table, she led me through the neighboring room into the back part of the house. Here was a door opening from a sort of scullery into the orchard. I turned the rusty lock and we passed out and stood in the cool air, beneath the stars. Here my companion gathered her black drapery about her, and stood for a moment, hesitating. I had been infinitely flurried, but my curiosity touching her was uppermost. Agitated, pale, picturesque, she looked, in the early evening light, very beautiful.

"You have been playing all these years a most extraordinary game," I said.

She looked at me somberly, and seemed disinclined to reply. "I came in perfect good faith," I went on. "The last time—

three months ago—you remember?—you greatly frightened me."

"Of course it was an extraordinary game," she answered at last. "But it was the only way."

"Had he not forgiven you?"

"So long as he thought me dead, yes. There have been things in my life he could not forgive."

I hesitated and then—"And where is your husband?" I asked.

"I have no husband—I have never had a husband."

She made a gesture which checked further questions, and moved rapidly away. I walked with her round the house to the road, and she kept murmuring—"It was he—it was he!" When we reached the road she stopped, and asked me which way I was going. I pointed to the road by which I had come, and she said—"I take the other. You are going to my father's?" she added.

"Directly," I said.

"Will you let me know to-morrow what you have found?"

"With pleasure. But how shall I communicate with you?"

She seemed at a loss, and looked about her. "Write a few words," she said, "and put them under that stone." And she pointed to one of the lava slabs that bordered the old well. I gave her my promise to comply, and she turned away. "I know my road," she said. Everything is arranged. It's an old story."

She left me with a rapid step, and as she receded into the darkness, resumed, with the dark flowing lines of her drapery, the phantasmal appearance with which she had at first appeared to me. I watched her till she became invisible, and then I took my own leave of the place. I returned to town at a swinging pace, and marched straight to the little yellow house near the river. I took the liberty of entering without a knock, and, encountering no interruption, made my way to Captain Diamond's room. Outside the door, on a low bench, with folded arms, sat the sable Belinda.

"How is he?" I asked.

"He's gone to glory."

"Dead?" I cried.

She rose with a sort of tragic chuckle.

"He's as big a ghost as any of them now!"

I passed into the room and found the old man lying there irredeemably rigid and still. I wrote that evening a few lines which I proposed on the morrow to place beneath the stone, near the well; but my promise was not destined to be executed. I slept that night very ill—it was natural—and in my restlessness left my bed to walk about the room. As I did so I caught sight, in passing my window, of a red glow in the north-western sky. A house was on fire in the country, and evidently burning fast. It lay in the same direction as the scene of my evening's adventures, and as I stood watching the crimson horizon I was startled by a sharp memory. I had blown out the candle which lighted me, with my companion, to the door through which we escaped, but I had not accounted for the other light, which she had carried into the hall and dropped—heaven knew where—in her consternation. The next day I walked out with my folded letter and turned into the familiar cross-road. The haunted house was a mass of charred beams and smoldering ashes; the well-cover had been pulled off, in quest of water, by the few neighbors who had had the audacity to contest what they must have regarded as a demon-kindled blaze, the loose stones were completely displaced, and the earth had been trampled into puddles.

SHADOWS.

A ZEPHYR moves the maple-trees,
And straightway o'er the grass
The shadows of their branches shift—
Shift, Love, but do not pass.

So, though with time a change may come,
Within my steadfast heart
The shadow of thy form may stir,
But cannot, Love, depart.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "AMERICA."

It seems as wild as Constaunce, as eerie as Undine, as far as Morte d' Arthur, as big as Robinson Crusoe, as hard as Jonah.

I sit upon the jutting lava rocks of Eastern Point, and say it seems impossible.

Lazily upon the rich and tortured hues which the beating water and the bursting fire opened for my pleasure ages ago, falls the liquid August sunlight, as only Gloucester sunlight falls, I think the wide world over. Through it, the harbor widens, gladdens to the sea. The tide beats at my feet, a mighty pulse, slow, even, healthy and serene. Scant weeds of umber shades and green, with now and then a dash of carmine, are sucked in by the olive-green barnacles, or wash idly past me through the lava gorge. The near waves curve and break in quiet colors; across the harbor's width they deepen and purple, if one can place the eyes, beneath the blaze of the climbing sun, upon them. A shred or two of foam, curling lightly against the cliffs of the western shore, whispers that far across the broad arm of the Point, the sleeping east wind has reared his head to look the harbor over. Beneath the bright shade of many-hued sun-umbrellas the dories of the pleasure-people tilt daintily. At the distance nearly of two miles—the harbor's width—I can see the glitter of the cunners caught sharply from the purple water; as well as the lithe, light drawing of a lady's hand over the boat's side against the idle tide. All along the lee shore from the little reef, Black Bess, to the busy town, the buoys of the mackerel nets bob sleepily; in and out among them, with the look of men who have toiled all night and taken nothing, glide the mackerel fishers, peaceful and poor. The channel, where the wind has freshened now, is full. The lumber-schooner is there from Machias, the coal-bark bound for Boston, the fishing-sloop headed to the Banks. The water-boat trips up and down on a supply tour. A revenue cutter steams in and out importantly. The Government lighter struts by. A flock of little pleasure sails fly past the New York school-ship, peering up at her like curious canaries at a solemn watch-dog. A somber old pilot-boat, indifferent to all the world, puts in to get her dinner after her morning's work, and the heavily weighted salt-sloops tack to clear the Boston steamer turning Norman's Woe.

And Norman's Woe, the fair, the cruel,—the Woe of song and history,—can it ever have been a terror? Now it is a trance. Behind it the blended greens of the rich inhabited shore close up softly; upon it the full light falls; the jagged teeth of the bared rock round smoothly in the pleasant air; the colors known to artists as orange chrome, and yellow ocher, and burnt Sienna, caress each other to make the reef a warm and gentle thing.

Beyond it, stirs the busy sea. The day falls so fair that half the commerce of the Massachusetts coast seems to be alive upon its happy heart. The sails swarm like silver bees. The black hulls start sharply from the water-line, and look round and full like embossed designs against the delicate sky. It is one of the *silver days,* dear to the hearts of dwellers by the shore, when every detail in the distance is magnified and sharp. I can see the thin fine line of departing mastheads, far, far, far, till they dip and utterly melt. Half-way Rock—half-way to Boston from my lava gorge—rises clear-cut and vivid to the unaided eye, as if brought within arm's-length by a powerful glass. And there the curved arm of the Salem shore stretches out, and Marblehead turns her fair neck toward us: in the faint, violet tinge of the outlines I can see pale specks where houses cluster thickly.

Beyond them all, across the flutter of uncounted sails, which fly, which glide, which creep, which pass and repass, wind and interwind, which dare me to number them and defy me to escape them—dim as a dream and fair as a fancy—I can distinctly see the long, low, gray outline of Cape Cod.

Cape Cod? I will take the "Sandpiper" and row over there after dinner. Nothing were easier.

I say as much to the Ancient Mariner who sits below me in the lava gorge, bracing his foot against the death of half a hundred green and golden snails, engaged, as Mr. Coleridge, you remember, tells us, in the honorable, if prosaic, occupation of cleaning cod. The Ancient Mariner is of a literal turn of mind, and, to my innocent metaphysical attempt to "conceive the inconceivable," superciliously and succinctly makes answer:

"Think so!"

And indeed, after some moments of reflection, the bold idea seems so to work upon his feelings that he turns slowly around, as far as he ever allows himself to turn around when honoring me with his society, for he considers it a point of gallantry that he keep his busy shoulder broad across the range of vision which interposes between the cod and me; and for that knightly instinct, may all the cod in Gloucester harbor take it as a pleasure-trip to come into his net and be cleaned! He turns slowly, half-way round, and articulates distinctly:

"Think so! Cape Cod! The Sand-peep!"

No language can express the immense atmospheric pressure of scorn to the square inch of accent, contained in this irreverent remark. I catch my breath with horror. The "Sandpiper"—the dignified, the delicate, the dear; the "Sandpiper" that skims the glowing bay, now to the measure of Celia Thaxter's poem, now to the beat of swift and tiny wings above my head—now to the throb of the rower's own unspoken and unspeakable fancies—my boat—the "*Sand-peep*"!

It may be that my breathless silence penetrates the superb superiority below me with a dim sense of desire to make amends for an uncomprehended but palpable injury; for, after a certain pause, in the serene slow voice peculiar, I believe, to an old salt about to spin an intricate sea-yarn, there float to me the words:

"Did ye ever hear about the schooner 'America'?"

In an instant I forgive him. He might have called it, as the reporter did, the "Sand-*scrap*er"—I could have forgiven that, yea, unto seventy times seven. I clamber into the softest corner of the lava gorge; I court the tenderest embrace of my Himalaya shawl; I fix my eyes upon the violet horizon and the silver sea. The Ancient Mariner, sitting still, impervious, between his honorable occupation and my own, gestureless, unimpassioned, half-hidden, tells the tale with the serenity and insistence of an old Greek chorus; and between the pauses of his unvaried voice, the rising tide beats restlessly.

"Wal, I'll tell you about that if you'd like to hear. Times I've sat in the chimbly-corner and heerd my grandfather tell it, aint skerce. You see my *grand*father was one of 'em. We used to consider it a great honor in our days, folks did, to be one of that there crew. True? It's true as Bible. And I'm an old-fashioned man that believes in Bible. Mebbe because I was brought up to, and it's handy coming by your religion in the course of natur', as it is by your eyebrows or your way of walking. Then, mebbe it's the way a man's made up. Some folks take to religion, and some folks take to shoes, and it may be fishing, or, perhaps, it's rum. My grandfather was a pious man.

"It was nigh a hundred years ago; in Anne Dominoes 1779, as my grandfather used to say, that the schooner 'America' weighed from this port bound for the West Indies on a trading voyage.

"There was five in the crew, and my grandfather he was one. They were Gloucester boys, as I remember, grow'd up around here. And Cap'n Elwell, everybody knew *him*; he was postmaster. They sailed the last of July, 1779.

"'We sailed the last of July,' says my grandfather, 'seventeen hundred and seventy-nine,' says he, and if I've heerd him say it once I've heerd it fifty times. I was a little shaver. I used to sit on stormy nights and hear him talk. The only thing I ever had against my grandfather was the time he took to steer through family prayers. I whittled out a dory rudder once before he got through praying. But when it come to yarns, you couldn't find his beat. And that's what perplexes me. Why, if a man can tell a good yarn to folks, can't he tell a good one to the Lord? For that a prayer's no more nor less than that, to my mind—a mighty yarn—so big you believe it when you're telling it because you can't help yourself, and other folks believe it when they listen because they can't help theirselves. Eh? Well, I don't know; that's the way it seems to me.

"There was one chap among the boys booked for that voyage in the 'America' that I must mention. The boys they called him Bub. He was a youngish fellow—the youngest of the lot. And I've heerd tell he was palish in his make, and slight, sort o' like a girl; and how he had a pretty face and that his hair curled. Light hair, grandfather said, and blue eyes. I can remember once his sitting up against the kitchen boiler and saying how that fellow's eyes remembered him of a little sister that I had about that time. But her name was Dorothy, and she died of scarlet fever.

"Now, you see, this young chap that they called Bub, he'd just got married. Barely nineteen, says grandfather, was that boy, and married to a little girl mebbe a year the less. And the cutting thing about it was these poor young things hadn't been married not more than six weeks when the 'America' set sail.

"I don't know if folks took things a hundred years ago as they might take 'em now. Suppose so. Don't you? Seems somehow as if they was made of different dough. Now, I've seen women, and women, and the way wives take on, you know, when their men set sail from Gloucester harbor. Fishing folks are used to that. Them that go down to the sea in ships get used to bitter things. It aint so much taking your life in your hands, as other matters that are wuth more than life to you to think on and remember of. If you've married a good woman and set anything by her, and she set anything by you, a man takes her eyes along with him as they looked with tears in 'em; and her hands along, as they felt when they got around his neck; and her voice, the sound it had, when it choked in trying to say good-bye that morning; and the look of the baby in her arms as she stood agin the door.

"Women-folks are plenty, but they're skerce in their ways. One don't do things like another. You'll never find two fish jump on the hook in the same manner, not if you fish to the next Centennial. I've seen a little measly cunner make fuss enough as it hed been the sea-sarpent; and I've seen a three pound mackerel slip int' the dory polite and easy, as if he'd only come to dun you for a little bill.

"Some women they take on like to make you deef. Screech. Have highsterics. Some they follow him to the wharf and stand sobbin', sort of quiet. There's others that stay to home, and what they says and what they suffers no man knows but him that they belong to. That's the way my wife always done. Never a messmate of *mine* saw that woman cry. Once I saw a woman at the laundry over there, doing clothes among a lot of folks, and a man steps up and says to her before them all—and if I'd been nigh enough seems I should have knocked him down—and says he: 'Your husband's drowned; and your son Tom.' Like that! Wal, she just put her apron over her head, that woman did, threw it across without a word, and she dropped her irons, and she put and run. She run right through us all, and up the streets, and straight for home. And in she went and shut the door, and let no one behind her.

"Nigh as I can make out, this young fellow's wife I'm talkin' of, was some like that. Folks say she was a pretty creetur, with that look some women have when they're just married: as happy as an angel, and as scarey as a little bird—I've seen 'em; shy of everybody but him; and think themselves too well off to care if ever they speak to other folks again. I like to see a woman have that look. It wears off quick enough. So doos the shine on a fancy bait; but all the same you want your bait to *shine;* you don't go trading for a dull one, if only of respect to the feelings of the fish.

"Now, of all the p'ints that have been forgotten in that affair, it's never been disputed to my knowledge, what the name was of that poor young woman. Cur'ous, aint it? Her name was Annie. I've seen men sit and wrangle over bigger matters in the story, as how the wind was on a certain day, or who it was that picked them up, and so on; but I never heerd one yet deny that the young woman's name was Annie.

"You see they was mostly older and settled down; used to their wives by that time. And then it turned out so with Bub. The chap was musical too. I've heerd tell, and folks had it, that he called her Annie Laurie. I suppose you've heerd a song called 'Annie Laurie'? Eh? Didn't sing 'Annie Laurie' those days as they sing it these'n? I don't know. All I know is what folks said.

"It was a blazing hot July, I've heerd, the July the 'America' set sail. Night before they was to sail, it was dead-still, and hot like to weaken you to rags. My grandfather he was out a little late, to get a sou'-wester that he had mending up in a little old shop that used to stand over there beyond Davis's Fish Dinners—tore down long ago. His house, you see, was there—about there, acrost Front street; and them two young things, they lived in a little alley, long since made away with, and he had to pass their house in going home. And because they was so young, and because of what come after, I suppose, he said, says he, 'I shall never forget to the day I die,' says he, 'the sight I saw in walking by poor Bub's,' says he.

"It was so hot, he says, that the curtain was rolled up, and they'd set the light off in an inner room, thinking, mebbe, that no one would see. Or mebbe, in their love and misery, they didn't think at all. But the light shone through acrost, and there they sat, he says, half indistinct, like shadows, in one another's arms.

"He thought she must have had some

wrapping-gown on, he said, of a light color and thin, because it was so hot; but not considering it quite proper to reflect upon, and half ashamed to have looked in, although not meaning to, he couldn't say. But the poor young woman she sat in her husband's lap, and Bub, poor fellow! was brushing of her hair. She had long yellow hair, folks say, most to her feet. So there sits poor Bub, brushing of it for her, and just as grandfather went by, she put up her little hand—the way a woman has, you know—against her husband's cheek.

"To the day he died, my grandfather never mentioned that outside the family. It seemed a wickedness, he said. He jammed his hat acrost his eyes, and hurried home to his own folks. It was an old story to him and grandmother, he said.

"'But,' says he, 'I felt as I'd have taken a five year voyage,' says he, 'if them two young things, just six weeks married, could have been let alone a little longer. They was living,' says my grandfather very solemn, 'what never comes but once to no one. They'd ought to have been let be. That kind of thing 's too skerce in this world to be easy spoiled. God pity us!' says grandfather.

"Wal, so the next morning down the crew come, when the tide made, to the old wharf—rotted away, that wharf did, fifty year ago—where the 'America' lay at anchor. And the young man that they called Bub was among 'em—pale as one twelve hours dead, folks said; and about as still. But he spoke no word to nobody.

"The boys said she seemed to have said good-bye within the door; and when she'd let him go, repented of it or found it more than she could bear. And how she follered after him a step or two—but he, never knowing, didn't turn. And when she saw the boys, and folks about, she stood a minute looking scared and undecided; and then they say she turned and ran—and never spoke; and that he never knew, for no one had the heart to tell him. And as she ran, she flung her hands above her head, and that long hair she had fell down and floated out, I've heerd. But she never spoke nor cried. And Bub walked on; and the boys they looked the other way.

"They had a likely voyage, I've always understood, and made their port in safety; although in war times, and feeling, I suppose a little nervous all the while. I forget the place. It was somewhere in the West Indies. They took in a cargo of cocoa and rum. 1779, you know, was in the Revolutionary War. I had a great-uncle that was killed in Stony Point that year.

"Wal, the 'America' she saïled for home on the 25th of November. Cap'n Elwell, he calculated to be home, some folks said by New Year's, some by Christmas; but that seems to me onreliable, though the facts come nigh enough to it. They sailed in particular good spirits. Sailors are like horses headed for home. Seems as if they'd take the A'mighty's wind and weather like bits between their teeth, to get there.

"In particular, I've heerd tell, it was so with the young chap that they called Bub. On the out voyage he'd moped like a molting chicken; said nothing to nobody; never complained nor fretted; just moped. He hung round grandfather a good deal, who was civil to him, I guess, being sorry for the lad. Once he drew him on to talk about her, of a quiet evening, when they were on watch together; and he told him how he'd find when he got back, the comfort that she'd taken in counting of the days, and how women he had known grew quiet after a while, and contented like, and how the first voyage was the worst, and what grandmother said to *him* when *he* come back, and things like that. I guess he cheered the creetur up.

"From the hour they weighed for home, folks say, you never saw another like him. It seemed as if the 'America' wasn't big enough to hold him. He said nothing to nobody, even then—only he began to sing. They say he had a beautiful voice. Of nights, the boys set out on deck to hear him.

"About half seas home, the 'America' she entered on a run of foul weather. There was fogs, and there was head-winds, and there was some rain and sleet. And there come a spell, turned cold as a woman when her fancy's set agin you—a chilling, crawlin', creepin', offish sort of cold, that of all things is most onpleasant when on sea or land.

"Howsomever, they made good fight against it, though discouraged, till they got a'most to Cape Ann. Then come up an awful storm.

"There's a hymn I've heerd my boys sing to Sunday-school. They sing it this way:

"'Safe, safe at home!
No more to roam;
Safe, safe at home!'

I tell you, now, it *takes* a sailor to sing the sense into them words. There's no other callin' that I know of where the nigher you come to home the bigger your danger. Most folks when they're going anywhere feel safer nigher that they come to it. At sea it's different. The very rocks you played acrost when you was a baby, the old reefs and beaches and cliffs you know by inches, and love like brothers,—they'll turn on you and gore you to death of a dark night, as if they'd been bounding bulls gone mad. And the waves you've learned to swim in, and plashed about and paddled in, and coaxed your father's heavy dory through when your hands wasn't big enough to hold an oar—those waves will turn agin you, as if you'd been their deadly foe, and toss you up as if you was a splinter, and grind you to pieces on the cliff, five rods mebbe from your own front door, with your children's shadows on the window-curtain before your eyes.

"There's an old proverb we used to have round Gloucester: 'A sailor's never got home till he's had his dinner,' meaning, I take it, that same idea.

"Wal, you see, when the 'America' was hove just off Cape Ann, then come up this storm I speak of. They was within a few hours' sail of home. They'd had east by sou'-east winds, and a fine, drivin' snow-storm, squally and ill-tempered. That was about the first of January, most folks say. My grandfather he said it was the 27th of December, two days after Christmas, by his reckoning. That was off over the P'int—in that direction. He was up the main-fo'sail. Grandfather was trying to tie a reef-point, with his fingers nigh frozen to't, and the bitter wind a-blinding him. All at once there comes a dead shift. The wind she veered to the nor'ard at one awful bound, like a great leopard, and struck him like to strike him down. Through the horrid noise he hears Cap'n Elwell shouting out his orders like a man gone mad; but whether it was that they didn't understand, or whether because so many of the crew had froze their fingers, I can't say. Anyhow, it all went agin them, and the mainsail froze, and the jib balked, and scoot they went under full canvas, headed out to sea before that dead north wind.

"Wal, by the time they'd furled and come to their wits again, and strove to look about 'em, and crawled up gaspin' from the deck where the wind had hammered of 'em down as flat as dead, they made a horrible discovery, for when the blow was lightened more or less, the 'America' she began to flop hither and yon in that manner that you wouldn't think much of if you didn't understand it; but if you was a seafaring man your heart would stand still to see.

"'What, in Death's name!' cries Cap'n Elwell, turning pale, I've heerd, for the first time upon the voyage, 'has happened to the rudder?'

"Then up steps one of the boys,—him that had the helm,—and tells him, short, like this:

"'Sir! we've lost our rudder. That's what's happened.'

"Wal, there's disarsters and disarsters, and some are as much wuss than others as the small-pox is wuss than the chicken. I've been to sea a good part of my life. I've been wrecked four times. I've been in Death's jaws till I could feel 'em crunch upon me times again, and I give it as my personal opinion, I'd ruther lose my main-mast, or I'd ruther run aground, or I'd be stove in aft, or I'd take my chances most anyhow, before I'd lose my rudder.

"Wal, the 'America' she lost hern, and there they was. It was the fust of January, 1780. Cold. Cold as the eternal grave. On an almost onsailed sea, five poor freezin' fellows by themselves. Almost in sight of home, too.

"There they was. No more power to manage her than if they'd been five young ones put to sea in a wash-tub. Just about as if you and the 'Sand-peep' was to put out here int' the harbor and leave your oars to home.

"I've heerd my grandfather sit and tell how she behaved. Possessed as if she'd been a human creetur, fust she'd start and put like mad for sea, head down and keel up, as she'd scour the ocean over. Then again she'd back, and go for home, like to dash herself agin the coast just for temper. Then she'd change her mind, and seem to draw herself up and step along, stately, like a lady out on a pleasure-trip, and minding her own business. Then mebbe she'd strike chop-seas, and just set these waddlin' like a mighty, helpless, dull old duck. Then more like she'd take the notion and make for the nighest breakers like a bee.

"Hey? No. I never read about her. Constance, did you say they called her? I had a second cousin of that name. Put aboard without a rudder on the Mediterranean? Lived five year? We—all. I don't know. That's a bigger yarn than mine. Did you have it from any of the lady's relations?

"If you're acquainted with any folks that tell a yarn like that, you'll take it easy about the 'America.' Most folks don't. I've seen men sit and tell my grandfather and Cap'n Elwell to their face they lied.

"You see Cape Cod yonder—that grayish streak. Can't see it every day. Wal, it was the fust of January when the 'America' lost her rudder. *It was the fust of August when she was picked up.* As true as St. John wrote the Gospel before he lost his head, that there schooner drifted about in these waters mostly somewhere between Cape Ann and Cape Cod *from January until August next.* And of all the souls aboard her, only one—but I'll tell you about *him* presently.

"No; in all that while no living sail come nigh 'em. That shows, I take it, how on-sailed the waters were in them days. Though what with the war and trade, I could never understand it only on the ground of luck. They'd got the Devil's luck.

"First month, they couldn't none of 'em understand how bad the position was. Expected to be picked up, I suppose. Or thought, they'd run the chance of wreck, and come out uppermost. And then their provisions held.

"But it come to be February, and there they was; and March, and there they was; and it wore to be April, and it settled to be May; and then it come June, and July.

"About along spring-time the provisions they began to give out. Then, I take it, their sufferings began. So they took the cocoa and they boiled it down, and lived on it, with the rum. But they suffered most for water. I take it, what those men didn't know of misery aint much worth knowing.

"When the fuel give out, they tore out the inside of the boat. When they were picked up, I've heerd the inside was most gone, scooped out, bare timber enough left to hold her together.

"When you come to think of it, how all that time the schooner was drivin' up and down like a dead cops at the mercy of the wind and tide, it seems to me it must have give them a feeling enough to make a man go mad. It gives me a sensation to the brain to think on't sometimes safe at home. I've seen my grandfather after all those years set in our setting-room and tell, with the tears a-streaming down his cheeks, to remember of the suffering that they had.

"Once I've heerd, one April day, there'd been a fog, and it lifted sudden, peeling off with a nor'-wester, and the men were lying round upon the ruined deck—they say they used to spend their time that way mostly, lyin' in the sun or rain, stupid like a sleepy dog—and all at once there come an awful cry among 'em. It was the young man Bub. He was standing in the bows with his hands above his eyes to look.

"And all the boys crawled up to see. And there was Gloucester shores before 'em, far, and looking peaceful like, and blessed, as you might think heaven would look to souls in hell. But the wind it shifted, and the tide set out shortly after. And when the night-fall come, they had drifted out of sight again.

"From that hour, folks say, the poor lad kind of battened out. He couldn't eat the cocoa as the rest did, and the rum it disagreed with him, and the drought fell on in June, and the heat come. He crawled into a little corner forward that he took a fancy to, and set, this way with his hands about his knees, and his eyes kind of staring from his head. Times they tried to talk to him, but nothing could they get. Only now and then he talked a jumble in a gentle way, but mostly all they could make of it was the poor young woman's name.

"'Annie? Annie?' softly over like that, as he was asking her a question. 'Annie?' he'd say, says grandfather. Nigh as I can make out, I think the heat must have gone harder by 'em than the cold.

"The blazin' of the sky above your head, says grandfather, and the deck blisterin' in little blisters, and feeling along with the tips of your fingers beside you, as you lay with your head upon your arms, to count 'em, not having other thoughts, and seeing the sky take on cur'ous colors, as green and purple, and seem to break up in flying solid bits, and spin before you, as you'd see it in a mighty dark kaleidoscope, and the gnawing like a thousand claws throughout your vitals, and the loathing of the cocoa, and the cur'ous way in which you'd feel, as you hadn't eaten anything for swallowing of it. And how, when you was lying there a-tossing up and down, crazy mebbe (for some of 'em was crazy as a loon, or dead drunk like with the miserable rum), a starving, thirsting, sickening, dying and deserted creetur,—sudden you'd seem to see the supper-table spread to home, and a piece of ice melting slowly at the edges down into the water-pitcher; and a bit of bacon mebbe, and the kind of muffins that your wife made best, and her pouring of the coffee out, and the children teasing you for scraps and tastes, and of having had so much, you stopped to feed the kitten with the gristle. And then its coming to you all at once how fat that kitten was, and well-to-do, and your own folks feeding her while you was starving. 'I can understand,' says my grandfather, 'forever after how the fellow felt in Scripter, when he said the servants in his father's house had bread enough, and some to spare. It was a very natural state of mind,' says grandfather.

"One chap, he says, was mostly troubled to know who his wife would marry after he was dead. They was a fellow he'd been jealous of, and it bothered him. It was a second wife, too.

"I don't know how it was about the fishing. Whether it was lines they lacked or luck. Nigh as I can remember, it was both, but there was a net, and they got a mortal few.

"About the middle of July, there happened a cur'ous thing. The cocoa was gone. The day was hellish hot. They was perishing for water and for food. Then up the Cap'n rises, slow and solemn, like a ghost among a crew of ghosts, and, says he: 'Let us pray.'

"I can't say if it had just occurred to him, or if he'd ever said the same before. All I know is, how he said: 'Let us pray,' says Cap'n Elwell. Well, they say the poor creeturs crawled ont' their knees, such as had the power left, and all began to say their prayers in turns, like children, beginning with the Cap'n, and so down. And one, he said, 'Our Father,' and some they prayed a reglar meetin' prayer, and one said, 'Now I lay me,' till it come to Bub.

"The poor lad lay upon the fore quarter-deck, all coiled up like a cable, and panted for his breath. One of the boys he nudged him.

"'Come, Bub,' says he, 'it's your turn. Everybody's tried his hand but you.'

"And you wouldn't believe it, but up that creetur got, and kneeled onsteady, and rolled his great blue eyes upon 'em, and folded his hands together—and his hands was that worn you could see through 'em—and then he lifted up his head and began to sing. And the words he sung was the words of 'Annie Laurie.'

"No man, I've heerd say, who saw that sight, forgot it to the day he died.

"Sang poor Bub:

"'Her face is aye the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on.'

"'And she's a' the world to me,
She's a' the world to me!'

"They say you could have heard him a full mile acrost the blazin' awful waters, singing there among them kneeling men:

"'She's a' the WORLD to me!'

"Him that made the heart of man to cling to woman, so deep and so mysterious, He knows; and Him that made the heart of man to turn to Him so weakly and so helpless, He may judge. The feelin's that a clean-natured young man will bear to his wedded wife aint so far removed from a pious spirit, to my thinking. But, as for poor Bub's prayer, I aint a judge, nor wishing to be one. I can't say what all that had to do with the fish. Folks have their personal opinions about that fish, as about most things that come up. All I know is, and this is a living fact, that very mortal evening, as they floated sickening unto death upon the horrid calm that fell upon the sea, there jumps an enormous fellow from the water—clean out—and up, and over, and on deck among them. And they fell upon him like wild creeturs, not waiting to cook the flesh, but eating of it raw. And they feasted on him many days, and he kept them from starvation, I never heerd a doubt expressed. But, Cap'n Elwell, I've been told, he thought it was the prayers. There was a little shower come up that evening, too, and the men they saved a little water, and got poor Bub to drink it. I never could get my grandfather nor any one of 'em I knew, to talk much of what took place upon the 'America,' after that. Up to that p'int, he'd talk and talk. But there he stuck. I take it the sufferings they suffered from that time to the rescue was of those things that no mortal man can jabber of. It's much with misery as it is with happiness, I think. About so far, you're glad of company, and you like to cry a sort of boat ahoy! to other folks's joys or sorrows; but there you stop; you draws in, and holds your tongue and keeps your counsel. Other folks don't matter.

"Most I know is, how they'd drifted someway nigh Long Island when they was taken off. It was the second day of August, 1780. The boat that sighted them was bound from Dartmouth, over to England, to New York City. Seems to me, her Cap'n's name was Neal. At any rate, she set eyes on the 'America,' driftin' helpless up and down; and those men, like dead men setting on the deck; and whether they made signals I don't know, but my impression is, they'd lost the strength to use their voice. But, Neal, he lowered his boat, and he went to see. And there they was before him. And he took 'em off, and brought 'em home.

"And all the town turned out to greet them when they come. Some folks I've heerd they shouted, but others stood and sobbed to see 'em. And mostly, I think, they took 'em to their wives and children, and never stopped to ask no questions, but shut the door and went about their business.

"Years and years, when I was a little chap, I've seen those men about our town. Folks looked on 'em as folks may have looked, I often think, on the fellows that come out of the tombs when Christ was crucified, and walked and talked among the livin'. I used to have a feeling, as I was afraid of 'em, and must speak softly, for fear I'd wake 'em up. And Cap'n Elwell, he lived to be ninety—being postmaster—and his wife very nigh the same.

"No; I was coming to that. I always hate to, when I tell the story. But gospel's gospel, and gospel-true you can't manufacture nor make over, no more'n you can the light of sunrise, or a salt east wind.

"Of all them men on the 'America,' six months tossing on the tides, and starved, and crazed, and tortured as they was, one only died. They all come back but just that one. And he was the poor young lad that they called Bub.

"Now, there's a singular thing about that p'int. The men that come home you never could get them to tell of that poor young creetur's last hours. Of the time and manner of his death, no man would speak. Some say it was too dreadful to be talked of, that he suffered so, and raved about his wife enough to break the hearts of them that heard. Some say he got delirious and jumped into the water. Others have it that he just wasted on and pined away, and that he lay and begged for water, and there was a little in a dipper, but that the boys were stupefied, as you might say, and out of their own heads, and nobody noticed it to give it him. And others say another thing.

"One night I come home and found my grandfather there, I can remember just as plain, setting on the settle by the fire-place.

"'Grandfather,' says I, walking up and setting down and opening of my jack-knife, I remember, while I asked the question: 'Grandfather, what become of Bub?'

"'Bub died,' says the old man, short enough; 'we've talked enough of Bub.'

"'Wal,' says I, 'what I want to know is, you didn't draw for him?'

"'WHAT?' roars the old man, turning on me, like to knock me over.

"'Folks say,' says I, 'how the men on the 'America' drawed lots when they was starving, to eat each other up; and I heerd say the lot fell on Bub. I said I knew better than that,' says I, 'and so I thought I'd ask. You didn't eat him, did you, grandfather?' says I, as innocent as that.

"I remember I was whittling a thole-pin with my jack-knife, and I remember how I whittled it all round smooth before that old man spoke or stirred. Then, up he come, and shook me till the breath was nigh out of my impudent little body, and glares down at me, till I'm frightened so I begin to cry.

"'If ever I catch you listening to such damned stuff again,' says grandfather, 'I'll have your father flog you till he's like to break every bone you've got!' Although he was a pious man, my grandfather did say, 'damned stuff.' And, after that, he wasn't pacified with me for a year to come.

"In all that miserable story, now, there's one thing I like to think of. The poor young woman never lived to know. Whether it was the oncertainty and distress—but something went wrong with her, everybody agrees on that; and she and her baby, they both died before the boys come home without him. There used to be an old nurse, a very old creetur, about town, that folks said took care of her, and told about it; and how, at the very last, she set erect in bed, with all that hair of hers about her, and says, quite gentle and happy in her mind:

"'My husband's coming home to-night,' says she; and up she raised her arms and moved one hand about, though feeble, as she was patting some one on the cheek, acrost the empty pillow; and so died.

"Wal, I've talked a powerful while. It's getting hot. Have dinner about this time, at your house, don't ye? If you didn't, I was going to say there's a lady that I know, can give you information of the 'America'; she's got a copy of the records. They've got the records over to Squam, and, if you find yourself so minded, I'll take the 'Sand-peep' some time when it's cooler, and row you up to see them. No trouble. Just as lieves. She's a pretty plaything, and you keep her clean. I wouldn't have you think I'd hurt your feelin's and meant a disrespect to-ward the 'Sand-peep.'"

The Ancient Mariner's tale, I am well convinced, is, for the most part, history; and it is proper for me to add that I owe to the kindness of "the lady that he knew,"—and to that of a local writer of Cape Ann, who, some time since, I am told, published in a local paper a fictitious version of these facts,—an exact copy of the records upon which the popular faith in the story leans.

These are the old parish records of Aninsquam, and were kept by one Rev. Obadiah Parsons; upon whose authority we have the following facts:

"The schooner 'America,' Capt. Isaac Elwell, sailed from Gloucester, the last of July, 1779, for the West Indies, which she left Nov. 25, bound for this town. She met with remarkably severe weather off this coast, and about ye first of Jan., 1780, when within a few hours' sail of Cape Ann, ye wind suddenly put into ye north-west, he lost ye vessel's rudder and was drove off ye coast again, and driven hither and thither on the ocean till ye second day of August last, when they were taken off ye wreck by Capt. Henry Neal, of N. York, on his passage from Dartmouth, Eng., to N. Y. Who, when near Long Island, Aug. 10th, gave a boat to Capt. Elwell, in which he and the survivors of his crew, viz.: John Woodward, Sam'el Edmundston, Jacob Saney, and Nath'el Allen came alongshore and arrived at Cape Ann, Aug. 26, 1780. Many were ye hardships Capt. Elwell and his crew endured for six months and seventeen days; they had no bread nor meat to eat; they lived on parched cocoa and N. England rum burned down, and sometimes they ate fishes raw; in their greatest extremity, a large fish providentially leaped on ye vessel's deck, which served them for several days. They were frequently in great distress for want of water."

"A WOUNDED ONE WILL READ MY RHYME."

A WOUNDED one will read my rhyme,
And oh, her hurts shall all be healed—
The ruder foot on the wild thyme
Shall make it sweeter fragrance yield.

Though boldly struck my lyre of love,
Her heart will hear beneath the sound;
For every stream which runs above,
A thousand murmur underground.

I trust not much to joys unborn,
I've seen how often hopes deceive;
The dove which takes her wing at morn,
Perchance will not return at eve.

But ah, there is, there is a power
Can clear all shadows from the sight;
Firm Faith with finger on the hour,
Knows not if it be noon or night.

Better a life above the world,
Though like the insect's, for a day;
Better be smoke that's heavenward curled,
Than rock which wears to earth away.

Who keeps his tent and fears the field,
A woman's word may make him bold—
Love, with thy favor on my shield,
I go to shame the knights of old!

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

I HAD almost written, unconsciously, Beautiful Birds, for they have become symbols to us of all that is blithesome and free.

TUFTED TITMOUSE.

No one of all the classes of animals is more worthy of attention, or more easily studied. Including within their number every variety of costume and shape; present everywhere, and at all times; making us their confidants by coming to our door-steps, or awaiting us with newer and newer surprises if we go to the remote woods, the pathless ocean, or snowy mountain; marshaling their ranks over our heads, coming and going with the seasons, and defying our pursuit;—surely, here is something for the poet and artist, as well as the naturalist, to think upon.

TITMOUSE, OR CHICKADEE.

But a bird is something more than a flitting fairy, or an incarnation of song. It has substance and form; it moves swiftly, mysteriously from place to place, and looks out carefully for its own protection and subsistence; it cunningly builds a home, where it raises its young and teaches them to care for themselves. The how and why of some of these incidents of bird-life I want to tell you,—I say some, for, after all, many of the ways of our familiar birds are unexplained.

The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature except the bat and insects,—its power of flying. For this purpose, the bird's arm ends in only one long slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is: in the first place, the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. Well, how does a bird fly? It seems simple enough to describe, and yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to me to be the best: An open wing forms a hollow on its under-side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air caught under this concavity, lifts the bird up, much as you hoist yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now, the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the fore-arm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier would rush out here, and, in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way, which, of course, would tend to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomenon of flight.

BOBOLINK.

SONG-SPARROW.

The vigor and endurance that birds upon the wing display is astonishing. Nearly all the migratory species of Europe must cross the Mediterranean without resting. Many take the direct course between the coast of Africa and England, which is still farther. Our little blue-bird pays an annual visit to the Bermudas, six hundred miles from the continent, and Wilson estimated its apparently very moderate flight at much more than a mile a minute. Remarkable stories are told of the long flights tame falcons have been known to take,—one going a thousand three hundred miles in a day. Yarrell mentions carrier-pigeons that flew from Rouen to Ghent, one hundred and fifty miles, in an hour and a half, but this speed is surpassed by our own wild pigeons which have been shot in New York before the rice they had picked in Georgia had been digested. It is ascertained that a certain warbler must wing its way from Egypt to Heligoland, one thousand two hundred miles, in one night, and it is probable that martins endure equal exertion every long summer's day, in their ceaseless pursuit of insects. Taking, then, one hundred miles per hour as the rate of flight during migrations, we need not be surprised that representatives of more than thirty species of our wood-birds have been shot in the British Isles, since they could well sustain the sixteen hundred miles between Newfoundland and Ireland.

ROSEATE TERN.

"A good ornithologist," says White of Selborne, "should be able to distinguish birds by their air, as well as their colors and shape, on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the bush as well as in the hand." Almost every family of birds has its peculiarities of manner. Thus, the kites and buzzards glide round in circles with wings expanded and motionless; marsh-hawks or harriers fly low over meadows and stubble-fields, beating the ground regularly. Crows and jays lumber along as though it were hard work, and herons are still more clumsy, having their long necks and longer legs to encumber them. The woodpecker's progress is in a series of long undulations, opening and closing the wings at every stroke. Our thistle-loving goldfinch also flies this way, but the most of the *Fringillidæ* (finches, sparrows, etc.), have a short, jerking flight, accompanied with many bobbings and flirtings. Warblers and fly-catchers fly high up, smoothly and swiftly. Swallows and night-hawks seem to be mowing the air with scimitar wings, and move with surprising energy. On the ground, most small birds are hoppers, like the sparrows, but a few, like the water-thrush, truly and gracefully walk. The group of "shore-birds," however, are, emphatically, runners. Among all sorts, queer movements are assumed in the love-season, not noticeable at other times.

There is no part of the world where the feathered tribe is not represented, but no two quarters of the globe, and scarcely any two places a hundred miles apart have precisely the same sorts of birds, or in similar abundance. There are several reasons for this: first, the influence of climate. Birds provided with the means of resisting the extreme cold of northern regions, would be very uncomfortable under a southern sun. The geographical distribution of plants has long been recognized, but it is only recently that a like distribution of birds has been proved to exist. Moreover, oceans and high mountain chains limit the range of many kinds. Europe and America have scarcely any species in common, save of water-birds and large hawks. Those from the Pacific coast are essentially different from those found in the Mississippi Valley. Each district has a set of birds—and other animals as well—peculiar to its peculiar geography. Another great circumstance which determines the presence or absence of certain birds in the breeding season, is the abundance or scarcity of suitable food, not only for themselves, but also for their young; as the food of birds at that time is often very different from their ordinary diet, it requires a close acquaintance with them to prophesy confidently what birds would be likely to be found breeding at a given point.

BROWN CREEPER.

GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE.

But few birds remain in the same region all the year round. Out of about 275 species occurring in New England or New York in June, only 25 or so stay throughout the year; of these 40 or 50 come to us in winter only, leaving us 225 species of spring birds, half of which number merely pass through to their northern breeding-places. With this disparity, no wonder that we look for the return of the birds, and hail with delight the blue-bird calling to us through clear March mornings, the velvet-coated robins, the battalions of soldierly cedar-birds, the ghostly turtle-doves sighing their surging refrain, the pewees, and thrushes, and golden-orioles, and at last amid the bursting foliage and quickness of May life, the full host of brilliant choristers holding jubilee in the sunny tree-tops.

MARBLED GODWIT.

BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER.

In a very few days, as suddenly and mysteriously as they came, half the gay company has passed us going farther north to breed. Could we follow this army we should find it thinning gradually, as one species after another found its appropriate station,—a part in upper New England and Canada, many about Hudson's Bay, while not a few (water-birds especially) would lead us to the very shores of Arctic fjords. For them the summer is so short that ice and snow start them south before we have any thought of cold weather. On their way they pick up all the Labrador and Canada birds, re-inforced by their young, so that an even greater army invades our woods amid the splendor of October, than made them ring in the exuberance of June. Then our own birds catch the infection, and singly, or in squads, companies and regiments, join the great march to the savannas of the Gulf States, the table-lands of Central America, and on even to the jungles of the Orinoco. What a wonderful perception is that which teaches them to migrate; tells them just the day to set out, the proper course to take, and keeps them true to it over ocean and prairie, and monotonous forests, and often in the night! That the young, learning the route from the parent, remember it, would be no less remarkable were it true, which it probably is not; for many species seem to go north by one route, as along the coast, and return by another west of the Alleghanies, or *vice versa.* In proceeding northward, the males go ahead of the females a week or so; returning in the fall, the males again take the lead, and the young bring up the rear. Yet there are many exceptions to this rule, for with not a few birds, the males and females travel together; and with some, old and fully plumaged males are the last to arrive. All birds migrate more or less, even such, like the crow and song-sparrow, as stay with us through the year; for we probably do not see the same individuals both winter and summer. Even tropical birds move a little way from the equator and back again with the season; and in mountainous regions most of the birds, and many small animals, have a vertical migration only, descending to the valleys in winter, and re-ascending to the summits in summer,—difference in altitude accomplishing the same results as difference in latitude.

We can see various causes of these migrations, some of which have already been suggested, but the chief cause seems to be the necessity of their accustomed food. We find that those birds which make the longest and most complete migrations, are insect and honey-eaters; while the graminivorous and omnivorous birds, and such, like the titmouse and nut-hatch, as subsist on the young of insects to be found under the bark of trees, go but a short distance to escape inclement weather, or do not migrate at all. Sportsmen recognize the fact that the snipe and woodcock have returned, not because

DUCK-HAWK, OR PEREGRINE FALCON.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL, OR PLUMED PARTRIDGE.

the rigorous winter days are wholly passed, but because the frost is sufficiently out of the ground to allow the worms to come to the surface; and know that in warm, springy meadows, these birds may often be found all through the year. Man no doubt influences the migratory habits of birds. To many he offers inducements in the shelter, and in the abundance of insects which his industry occasions, to linger later in the fall than was their wont, and return earlier in the spring. While, on the contrary, the persecution which the shy wildfowl have received, has caused them generally to repair to secluded breeding-places, far north of their haunts of fifty years ago. But the migrations of most birds are somewhat irregular, and we have so few reliable data that we can hardly yet fully determine the laws which govern their seasonal movements.

PUFFIN.

The true home of a bird, then, is where it rears its young, even though it be not there more than a third of the year, and everywhere else it is merely a traveler or *migrant*. Should you then, after say two years of observation, want to write down a list of the birds inhabiting your district,—and you would thus be doing a real service to science,—it is important that you mention whether each bird breeds there, passes through spring and autumn, or is only a winter visitor.

Perhaps there is no animal in the world that comes nearer to man's heart, and seems more akin than the bird, because of its beautiful home-life, and the loving care with which it anticipates and provides for its brood. There is a charm about the nest of a bird that doesn't linger about the hive of the wild bees, the burrow of the woodchuck or the dome of the musk-rat. It is more a home than any of them. The situation varies as much as the birds themselves. Trees, however, form the most common support, in the tip-top branches of which warblers will fix their tiny cradles; to the outer drooping twigs of which orioles and vireos will swing their hammocks; upon the stout horizontal limbs the thrushes and tanagers will come and build; against the trunk, and in the great forks, hawks and crows and jays will pile their rude structures, and in the cracks and crannies, titmice, nuthatches and woodpeckers will clean out old holes, or chisel new, in which to deposit their eggs. But most of the large birds of prey inhabit lone crags, making an eyrie which they repair from year to year for the new brood. The ground, too, bears the less pretentious houses of sparrows and larks, and the scattered eggs of sand-pipers, gulls and terns; the marshes are occupied by rails, herons and ducks; the banks of rivers are burrowed into by kingfishers and sand-martins. So that almost every conceivable position is adopted by some kind or another,

GOLDEN PLOVER.

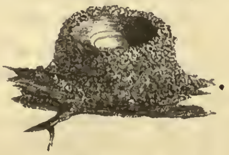
NIGHT-HAWK.

COMMON HOUSE-WREN.

and its peculiar custom usually, though not by any means invariably, adhered to by that species. A curious instance of change in this respect, is shown by the two barn-swallows and the chimney-swallow, which, before the civilization of this country, plastered their nests in caves and in the inside of hollow trees, as indeed they yet do in the far north-west. In the materials used and the construction of the nest, birds adapt themselves largely to circumstances. In the Northern States, for example, the Baltimore oriole uses hempen fibers, cotton twine, *et cetera*, for its nest; but in the heat of Louisiana the same pouch-shaped structure is woven of Spanish moss, and is light and cool. The intelligence and foresight that some birds exhibit in their architecture seem reason rather than instinct, as we popularly use these words; while others are so stupid as to upset all our respect for their faculties of calculation. Both sexes usually help in building the nest, and work industriously at it till it is ready for the eggs,—sometimes finishing it even after the female has begun to sit. I don't know where you can more easily watch this busy beginning of their domestic life, than in that little war which is sure to take place around your garden bird-box, where there are blue-birds and wrens. The former, arriving first, take possession; but the pugnacious wrens will often drive the blue-birds out and replace their grassy bed with their own coarse material. Then when the nest is done and the chatter and worry of its construction are over, and the female is seen no more except for a moment morning and evening when she leaves her vigil for a brief ramble, you shall see a picture of watchfulness and conjugal care on the part of the parent surprising and beautiful. The quiet comfort and pretty little graces of refined bird-life which you lost in the expulsion of your blue-birds, you will find made up in the ceaseless activity and restless diligence and vivacity of that little bobbing bunch of brown excitement that calls itself a wren.

The best known birds probably are such famous songsters as the nightingale and the sky-lark; and because these and our canaries are foreign, most persons suppose that we have no equally fine songsters of our own. Let a doubter go into the June woods only once! June is harvest-month for the ornithologist. Then the birds are dressed in their best, are showing off all their good points to their lady-loves, are building their nests, and—being very happy—are in full song. Morning and evening there is such a chorus as makes the jubilant air fairly quiver with melody, while all day you catch the *yeap* of pigmies in the tree-tops, the chattering and twittering of garrulous sparrows and swallows, and the tintinnabulation of wood-thrushes. I cannot even name all these glorious singers. Perhaps the many-tongued mocking-bird stands at the head of the list; possibly the hermit thrush, whose song is of "serene religious beatitude," or the blue grossbeak or winter wren. As you chòose. The bird you think preëminent to day will be excelled to-morrow, and you will refuse to distinguish between them for the love and admiration you bear them all.

BLACK-NECKED STILT.



HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—III.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

During our stay at Trier we had engaged a skillful boat-builder to remodel the interior fittings of the "Nancy," giving her a drier floor, a locker, and wider seats,—making her in all respects a comfortable and home-like little skiff for our further use,—and the time had at last come for our embarkation.

Some friends had kindly offered to go with us as far as the country-seat of friends of theirs, five miles down the river, at Quint; and our last act was to buy and fill a fruit-basket for the journey. It was a market morning, and the little square was literally crammed with peasants having all manner of products for sale. Such a display of fruit, and in such endless variety, I have never seen elsewhere, nor have I seen even ordinary fruit sold at such prices as were asked for the best here. Golden and purple plums as large as eggs, magnificent-looking (but tasteless) peaches, perfect pears of the best French and Belgian varieties, apples, and various grapes,—enough for our two days' supply,—cost, in all, only twenty-eight cents. The quantity was greater, and the quality better than could be bought for five dollars at the fancy fruit stores in Broadway.

At last, we were afloat, five persons and a little dog,—the cockswain at the tiller ropes, and the writer at the oars,—sliding gently down the stream, taking a last look at the towers and house-tops of the city, and at the picturesque old bath-house that marks its limit on the river's bank. We were greeted with the universal cry of "Ingeländer, Ingeländer," from the children on the shore, who condemn as Englishmen all of the occasional skiff tourists of the Mosel,—hailing them with this half-derisive cry at every village from Trier to the Rhine.

As far as Quint, the valley remains only less broad than it is below Metz, but the hills are higher and they draw together in front of us, closing the plain as in a basin. At Quint there is one of the most celebrated iron-works of Germany, and it and its buildings constitute the whole village,—a clattering, smoking, noisy, grimy village, with sweating, half-naked men, seething red-hot rolled iron, panting engines, and vomited smoke, filling the recollection of all who have landed at its cinder-made wharf.

A little wicket at the side of the works opens into the charming garden of the proprietor's country-house,—a long, high, and imposing stone house of the last century, with a broad, elevated porch sheltered under heavy clustering vines, which cover a roof-like trellis, and ramble on to the very house-top. The porch is approached by broad steps, which are flanked to the very ends of the house with solid slopes of superb geraniums in full bloom. Under these vines, and at the brink of this hill-side of blossom, we took our afternoon coffee with our gracious and kindly hostess, and afterward walked through the exquisite hill-side park, over well kept paths leading to the height above, with a sunset view over the valley, and the city, and the convents, and the cathedrals, and the church towers,—and still on, over Monaise and the Chartreuse, to the hills near Igel, beyond the mouth of the Saar, nine miles away,—and still farther on to the hazy blue horizon of Luxemburg.

It was deepening twilight when we had wandered to the valley, and bade good-bye to our friends,—leaving them to return by rail, and setting out at last quite by ourselves for the real beginning of our Mosel tour,—our *solitude à deux.*

As we glided out into the stream, there was just enough left of twilight to show its dimpling eddies, and vaguely to define the banks, where there glinted and glowed here and there the lamps and the hearth-fires of the little snug-lying villages. The air was full of the voices of men and women, and of the shouts and laughter of boys and girls, hidden under the dusky shadows on either hand, or perhaps watering a horse at the river's brink, or coming home from the fields along the river-side road. The belching chimneys of Quint poured out their dark red flame, and sent a curtain of black smoke floating off over the hill-tops, toward which the young moon was slowly setting.

The course of the river lay almost directly across the broad valley. It seemed in the dusk like a long and dimly defined lake, stretching from the high black hills of Quint to the higher and blacker hills which open to give it passage, at Kirsch. On either hand lay the low banks of the fertile plain, with rows and groves of nut-trees and fruit-trees standing in silhouette against the deepening sky and the thick-studded stars. A fisherman's boat with a torch at the bow, shot swiftly past us, moved by the quick-falling, short stroke peculiar to Mosel oarsmen.

For the first time, and on the warmest, calmest, sweetest and darkest of early September evenings, we were quite alone, floating rather than rowing, down the Mosel,—its smooth-flowing stream leading us mysteriously along its unknown course,—pausing to listen to the strange sounds and to dream over the strange suggestive shadows and outlines of closing night. The slowly rolling water gave us all the impulse we wished, and could we have consumed the whole night in the idyllic passage of the two short miles to Schweich, we could have asked no better recompense for all our journey; even had not our journey been filled with delight from its very outset.

But, even at the snail's pace of the unaided current, our short trip drew to an end,—and such an end! Though we traveled the whole length of the navigable river and wandered at will among its outlying hills, and through its charming side valleys; though it may be given to us to wander in other lands and float down other streams, none of our experiences have effaced, and none can ever efface, the ineffable charm of our approach to the ferry at Schweich. It first manifested itself by the clattering of oxen's feet and the rumbling of wheels over the rattling planks of the ferry-boat, and by the calls and replies of voices from either unseen shore; then, far away among the hills to our left, came the faint sounding of a well rung post-horn, made silvery by distance and by the heavy evening air. Then lanterns were hung at the river-side towers, and preparations were made for receiving the lumbering Koblenz post-coach. Ever nearer and nearer came the winding horn,—growing, as it approached, into a ringing, twanging cadence, ending as the coach swung down the hard hill-side road and clattered upon the boat. Then came the clearly audible salutations between the ferrymen and the postman, and the delivery of the freshest news from down the river,—with jokes and laughs in a merry round until the mail rolled off on the floor-like road to Trier,—the high close-lying hills echoing the horn with a never-ending refrain. A fresh team was taken aboard and the boat started on its return trip as the "Nancy" hove in sight through the gloom. Then came a loud "*Bewahr!*" and we were cautioned to look out for the chain,—a caution that came all too late, and which, indeed, conveyed no meaning to our minds, until, with a sharp hissing sound, the thin iron links sprung from the river and carried away the top rail of our canopy frame. Luckily, this was all; a few feet more and it would have carried our skiff itself out of the water, for the strong tide had taken full hold of the ferry-boat, tightening its stout support like a tendon of steel. The danger was passed before it was realized, but its possibilities gave a heart-beat that recurs to this day.

On either shore stands a high, round, whitened stone tower, capped with a sharp extinguisher-shaped roof, built by the last Elector of Trier,—Kurfürst Clemens Wenceslaus. Behind these towers and braced by them, tall ship-masts of wood stretch up to hold the guy rope of the ferry. On this guy runs a pulley wheel, from which depends the stout long-linked chain which holds the craft to its course. One end or the other of the boat is headed slightly up-stream and the moving current gives it its forward propulsion. It was on this chain that depended so nearly the safety of the "Nancy" and her crew.

The ferry-man took charge of our craft and our heavy luggage, and a young peasant shouldered our smaller parcels and led us over the long road to the village, where we were to get our first experience of a Mosel *gasthaus*, at the "Hotel Johannetges." Here we had a comfortable supper of kalbsbraten, with wine and seltzer water. We had good spring beds on mahogany bedsteads, perfectly clean linen crash sheets, and the smallest modicum of washing water possible, even to the German estimate of what ablution requires. Abundant white table linen and a sufficiently good service, an obliging landlady, and unmistakably good coffee with our rye bread and jelly in the morning, impressed us, from beginning to end, with the difference between a Mosel gasthaus and a well reputed hotel in one of our own Eastern college towns at which we had recently passed a night of torture, and struggled with an impossible breakfast.

At any ordinary time we should have been entirely comfortable and at our ease, but we had fallen on the period of the annual pilgrimage to the Healing Saint of Kloster Klausen. Late into the night, heavy peasant foot-falls belabored the stair-case and poured into the rooms above us, which must have been literally packed with pious humanity. Even the stable loft, across the little court from our window, was filled with pilgrims; and beer flowed, the whole night through, in the public room below us. At the earliest dawn, these people started on their way, and throng after throng passed through the village, chanting pious anthems as they went.

The stern rule of the new Empire has shorn these frequent pilgrimages throughout Catholic Germany of much of their picturesqueness. It is no longer permitted to carry the decorated banners of former times, nor may the pilgrims even march in regular processions, but they wander on in groups,—those from each village by themselves,—trudging over weary miles of road, chanting as they go, and tending from every corner of wide regions toward the central shrine to which they offer up their annual devotions. Picturesque they no longer are, the more is the pity, but they are led by a simple and unquestioning devotion which carries obvious peace to their minds, and which offers a gentler phase of religious enthusiasm,—a simpler trust and a quieter and more persistent faith,—than can be found in the pious demonstrations of the more enthusiastic Protestant sects among us and in England. Here and there, throughout all our Mosel tour, we frequently met bodies of pilgrims going to this shrine or to that; as though taking, in their quiet way, a recreation, which the closing of the vineyards, before the vintage begins, allows to the laboring classes of all wine-growing countries. Apart from all other uses, these pilgrimages serve, in a way, the purpose of our own Eastern clam-bakes, which give an "outing" at a dull season to our hard-worked farmers.

Before breakfast, I wandered through the village. It is an old, tumble-down, unimproved, peaceful, busy little valley town of two thousand inhabitants, without a single fine house, and with more than a fair proportion of old and tattered cottages. It was noticeable to us, chiefly, from being the first, as it was one of the least interesting, of the Mosel villages that we saw. It lies too far from the river to have the added fascination that the Mosel, and its constant beauty and life, give even to the smallest and most unpretending of its little dorfs.

THE "NANCY" AND HER CREW.

We were early afloat, and turned our backs for the last time upon the magnificent valley which enshrines the city of Trier, a turn of the river carrying us through a narrow gorge of the mountains,—the gate-way to one of the few mediæval lands from which modern improvements and modern conveniences and modern advancement have kindly withheld their hand.

Our view reached scarcely three miles, yet we had in sight the quaint old church towers and irregular house-tops of six villages, nestling under the vineyard-terraced hill-sides, or stretching through orchards and gardens over the narrow intervale which lies at the feet of high hills and shaded slopes. No foot of the land is wasted; no ray of sunshine but pays tribute in wine. Only where the surface is turned too much from the sun, and where even costly terracing cannot give it a fair exposure, is anything else than the vine allowed a foot-hold on the hill-sides. Where the vine cannot be grown, there we find fruit-trees or forest-trees, or grass or arable land, according to the needs of the minute and thorough agriculture of the people.

At the time of our visit, the vineyards were closed by law, against even their owners,—awaiting the ripening of the grapes. This gave more life to the villages and increased, somewhat, the river-side gossiping and lounging of both men and women. It had, indeed, much to do with our impression of the pleasantness and activity of the village life of the peasants, who at other seasons are working in the fields, or high up in the vineyards, returning late at night to their clustering homes, and seeking an early couch. On our earlier trip down the river, the women had seemed almost universally occupied with their field-work, which consisted, too often, in trudging up the steep vineyard paths, their back-baskets heavily laden with manure for the vines. The men followed them, with a rake or a hoe over the shoulder, and a pipe in the mouth.

Now, a certain amount of field-work of various sorts is being done; casks are being hauled, fagots are being stored for the winter's fuel, hill-side woodland is being cleared and burned, and the men generally are pretty steadily and leisurely occupied in work of secondary importance. The women flock generally, one would almost say chiefly, to the Mosel, where, from Monday morning until Saturday night they chat and scold and laugh and wash. Whether all of the washing of a wide back-country is done at the Mosel side during these few weeks, I cannot say; but from Metz to Koblenz our course lay through an almost uninterrupted succession of women washing, scrubbing, pounding, rinsing, drying, sprinkling and transporting some form of *wasche.*

Possibly, in all, five miles of the river bank were spread with heavy home-made linen cloth, bleaching in the sun, Mosel water (which, of course, has distinguished virtues for this use) being flirted upon it with long scoops, sprinkled upon it with garden watering pots, or spattered over it with wet brooms. From these thousands of yards of new-made cloth, house linen and shirts, and garments of every washable description, branched off as from a main stem. As a matter of statistics it seemed simply impossible that even the crowded population of these frequent villages could possibly use, or even own, the enormous laundry work displayed along our route.

Nothing would seem to offer less interest for a tourist than the wash of the people through whom his tour lies; yet, on reflection, I think that we are more indebted to the women by whom this Mosel-side washing is done for the impression of life and activity that appears so fresh in our reminiscences, than to any other element, save the innumerable children; and these latter were hidden from our view during the long school hours by the operation of an inexorable law,—appearing in all their vivacity, and noise, and impudence, and jollity only during the late afternoon and the early evening.

A HOUSE-FRONT IN BERNKASTEL.

I have sometimes wondered, too, whether one whose ear had not been trained to the peculiar dialect of the Mosel people would get from these sturdy and light-hearted washerwomen the same running accompaniment that cheered our delightful trip. Elsewhere in Germany the language of the people called for my studied attention, but here, where the speech of Dudeldorf,—learned at Ogden Farm,—flows in a steady stream from Trier to the Rhine, the constant and varied light gossip of the hard-working and often half-immersed river-side washerwomen was observed without an effort, and gave to the voyage an element of the simplest and lightest human sentiment, such as must be lost to the average traveler. It was at first almost startling, and it was always instructive, to note the degree to which human nature, pure and undefiled, finds its development among these people,—who are so shut out from the influences which have molded American village life. The same joys and sorrows, the same jealousies and small ambitions which we know at home, are constantly developed over the pounding-boards and sprinkling-pots of the Mosel; and we soon come to see that the distinction that divides our neighbors at home from the people along our route is one of degree only, —not at all of kind.

This is probably less true in the one important matter of honesty. I make no question that these people will lie to each other; that they will cheat their blood relations; nor that they are capable of meannesses which find no higher development even among the meanest of our own race; but in matters affecting the possession of personal property, the people of the upper Mosel are, undoubtedly, more than scrupulously honest. Stealing, or rather pilfering, except within certain well defined limits, is absolutely unknown. We several times asked whether it would be safe to leave our small effects in charge of the ferry-man, on quitting our boat, and the question seemed, at first, not to be understood. When understood, the affirmative answer was given, almost with an air of astonishment. So marked was this, that I asked information about it from a Bonn professor whom I had the good fortune to meet on the river. He said that these people are absolutely without the vice of thieving, and that, even in the large city of Trier, it is a much disregarded formality to lock the street-door of a house at night; and that especially in the villages, any article of personal property, of however slight value, and however hardly identified, may with safety be left lying at the river-bank. The idea of taking the property of others seems never to enter the simple and primitive minds of these peasants. Learning this, we grew careless of our smaller "traps," and were, at last, somewhat startled to be told, as we neared the Rhine, that our trifles would be safer under lock and key, than if left exposed to tempt the poorer people of these more sophisticated Rhineland villages.

This was my first day at the oars,—the first for many years,—and it seemed an especial advantage of the Mosel that its river-side attractions were so great and so frequent that one could have constant reason for abandoning the skiff to the current while examining, and discussing, and wondering over the changing novelty of the river-side life, questioning the people along the banks, chatting with ferry-men, giving assurances that we were not "Ingeländer," remarking upon the age and the universal picturesqueness of every building, from the meanest cottage to the leaning church towers; and at times estimating the strokes that would be needed to land us within the eddies of the next series of jetties,—where the narrowed and rushing current would sweep us down a rapid.

During the whole day, our course lay through one of the narrowest parts of the Mosel valley. On one side or the other, the little intervale was filled with village, and field, and orchard, and on the opposite side, always, a high steep hill was terraced with vineyards in the sun, or overgrown with forest-trees in the shade. It is not easy to carry relative heights in one's eye, and the width of water has much to do with apparent elevation; but, with no statistics to guide me, I should say that the hills that inclosed the Mosel, here as throughout nearly the whole of its lower course, are as high, as abrupt, and as varied as are the banks of the Hudson for the few miles between Peekskill and West Point, with all the difference that vineyard cultivation, the frequent ruins of towers and castles, the better kept forests, and thick clustering mediæval villages can give;—a difference which, at least when helped by the sensation of entire novelty and strangeness, is all in favor of the less familiar scene.

It is, perhaps, more creditable to my interest in a new land than to my industry and endurance as an oarsman, that, with a favorable and often rapid current it took us from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon to cover a distance of ten miles; but, as we look back over the experience of that delightful morning, we have no other regret than that we failed to stretch out our trip to night-fall. At two, we had still twenty miles to make to reach our destination at Bernkastel, and I yielded to the unflattering suggestion of the cockswain that we should call for help. Inquiring at the grass-grown and gravel-edged wash-house of Koeverich, where one might find a man to row us to Bernkastel, a stalwart young laundress offered her own services, but yielded in favor of the husband of her companion, and he was quickly brought from the field where he was at work.

He was a wiry young *bauer*, dark-eyed, thin and active, and withal, a pleasant-looking, intelligent fellow, and quick and enduring as a steel spring. His strokes were at least sixty to the minute, and they were kept up, minute after minute, and almost hour after hour, without intermission. At long intervals, he would stop to light his pipe with flint and steel, and, late in the day, when the plank on which he sat seemed to become as hard as his own flinty thighs, he took off a thin linen jacket, folded it into the smallest suggestion of a cushion, and pulled steadily on.

A long bend in the river brought us in view of the beautiful old village of Trittenheim, noted in the guide-books as the birthplace of Johannes Trithemius, who, born "of poor but honest parents" (in 1462), sought opportunities for study at the more noted seats of learning, became a man of profound philosophic lore, and, afterward, a conspicuous teacher and philosopher at Frankfort, and subsequently at Cologne.

With the constant strong impulse of our cheaply-hired oarsman, we pressed on through a valley full of beauty to Neumagen. Here, too, Constantine is said to have seen in the sky the fiery cross which led him to Christianity, and here in the high-lying hills, his army sank into the earth to come forth again at the last day. The old German legend, however, relates that not Constantine, but the reigning Emperor of Germany, sank with his army into the earth on the mountain-top. Here, to this day, he sits, deep in the ground, sleeping at a red sandstone table. When his beard shall have grown three times around the table, then will he come forth with his army, march to the Zweibäckerhof at Neumagen, and conquer the Turk. When this happens, then antichrist will come, and the world will end. This is the Mosel "Friedrich Barbarossa."

There are left at Neumagen no remains of the "god-like" castle of Constantine but the rural and majestic beauty that Ausonius so well describes has not lessened. However,—what with the accumulated appetite that our day's journey had supplied was to us more important,—there is a snug little vine-clad arbor in front of the Hotel Claeren, where one is served with as comfortable a dinner, and as comforting a bottle of good Mosel wine as a tired and happy traveler need ask in this world.

We left Neumagen at five. The sun soon sunk behind the hills, but appeared again as our course swept around beneath the noted vineyard slope of Piesport,—the uppermost of the celebrated Mosel wine grounds. Later, but before the twilight had perceptibly deepened, the moon came out over the mountains and kept us constant company throughout our remaining trip, lending, if possible, an even greater charm to the continued beauty of every step of our way; and later, after night had fairly fallen, adding its sparkle along the water to the reflection of the lights and hearth-fires streaming through the windows and open doors of the villages we passed.

Our whole day's row of thirty miles led us past more than thirty villages on the banks, and in view of others nestling back in the narrow gorges and valleys opening into the river from either side.

Passing under the fine modern bridge at Bernkastel,—a sad disfigurement after the picturesque old chain ferry that had served so well for centuries,—we landed at the ferry pier, and sent for the porter of the "Three Kings" to dispose our boat safely and load our movables upon his truck. We paid our oarsman a pittance for his twenty-mile row, and he started cheerily home over the hills, by a far shorter route than we had followed. A slight addition of *trinkgeld* made him happy, and he evidently thought lightly of the long walk that would bring him to his house in the small hours of the night.

The "Three Kings" at Bernkastel is one of the few somewhat pretentious houses along the river; but its pretension comes of its old fame, and its somewhat hotel-like appointments, rather than from any interference with its simplicity and homeliness. Its landlord, Herr Gassen, has had an English training, speaks the language well, and shares with his English-speaking wife the care of the tourist class of guests. We remained here from Saturday night till Tuesday night, with parlor and bedroom, capital food and good wine in plenty, for a total charge of $13; a large share of which was paid for our education in the matter of various Mosel wines, including especially the celebrated Bernkasteler Doctor, one of the best of the still wines and famed in German song.

A retainer of Bishop Bohemund carried on his back to him, for his cure from a fatal illness, a barrel of this golden wine. The bishop cast the medicine glass aside and drank from the spigot until the wine ran dry. Then he sang:

> "The wine, the wine has cured me quite.
> It is the best of doctors."

Being in sound health, we did not deem it necessary to carry our trial quite to the prescribed extent, but we were ready to believe that many an ill might be as surely, and far more pleasantly, healed by this doctor than by another.

If one could visit only one of the Mosel towns, I should by all means hold up Bernkastel as the most characteristic and the most charming. As seen from the river, much of its old character has been destroyed by the bridge,—which elsewhere would be admired as a fine one, but which here has hidden one or two of the finer façades, has destroyed the river-side garden of the parsonage, and has turned the old shore sadly out of grade,—and by a few fine new houses being built below the town. But the moment we pass back from the river-side street we plunge at once into an almost inconceivably quaint, picturesque and curious mass of mediæval houses overhanging narrow crooked streets, and offering, one after another, an endless variety of the best of the village architecture of the Gothic age. The old city of Chester is meager and modern compared with this crowded little village. "God's Providence House" in the former city, where the ornamental plastering and carving of the interior decoration of an old building are paraded on the façade of its modern successor, is too small and too obviously new to carry that suggestiveness of real Gothic work that we here see on every side.

The front of carved timber and plaster, with broad windows filled with little leaded panes, as in our illustration (p. 697), is by no means exceptional in Bernkastel. It is as a whole the finest thing of its kind to be seen there, but it is of a kind of which there are very many capital examples. Not only is the wood artistically arranged with reference to the intervening masonry, but it is most liberally and delicately carved; and, as it stands, it would hardly be amiss for the interior decoration of a baronial hall. The houses quite generally overhang at each story, and two or three extremely quaint specimens, standing by themselves, have for their foundation the merest little elongated tower of masonry with huge corbels of stone or carved wood, supporting the projecting frame of the superstructure. The interiors, too, of all of these houses that we examined, are quite worthy of their outward look. Narrow, winding stone stair-cases, ponderous division walls, floors rising and falling with varied undulation, windows and doors awry and askew,—all fall short of dilapidation by the solidity of their material and the richness of their workmanship. Curiously forged iron and brass knockers and bell-pulls, and door-handles and hinges and escutcheons abound on every hand. The ruddy-looking, bright-eyed, cheerful and industrious people, with hordes of chubby red-cheeked children, have about them in their dress and in their manner as little that is modern as the most enthusiastic antiquarian could ask for.

My first look at the town was by moonlight, late on the Saturday night of our arrival, and surely the moon could serve nowhere a more picturesque office than in gilding the façades and in deepening the shadows of these friendly old houses of Bernkastel, which lean so cozily against each other for support, and nod so cordially to each other across the narrow crooked streets. The streets themselves were well-nigh deserted, and the town had mainly gone to rest; but, here and there, through a low deep casement, one heard the noisy mirth, and saw the high stone beer-mugs in the hands of weather-beaten peasants, such as we have been taught by the older Dutch painters to locate in the Netherlands, in the olden time. It was like awakening from a dream to be greeted in modern language, on returning to the hotel.

Sauntering through the town, late on Sunday morning when the people were at church, and the streets almost deserted, it was surprising to see how little, after all, the picturesqueness of the architecture had depended on the moonlight. What was lost in boldness of light and shadow was quite compensated for by the frequency with which the detail of rich workmanship discovered itself. I could not learn that Bernkastel had ever been an especially prosperous town, nor that it was ever the seat of a luxurious, rich people, but it seemed incredible that a simple peasantry, or even the bold retainers of the robber knight, whose old castle of "Landshut" still sits grandly on the hill above the town, could have been rich enough to provide themselves with houses built at such cost of skilled labor. The best of the work dates back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the work then done was so solid and substantial, that few, if any, of the more modern houses vie, except in the regularity of their lines, with their older and more ornamented neighbors.

If it is possible for such a little town as this to have in its suburbs a charm even greater than that of its streets, Bernkastel may boast of that good fortune. The Diefbach, a busy, noisy, useful stream, tumbles down from the high hills behind, through a narrow and rock-hung gorge, where mill-wheels cling to the shelves of the projecting slate and swing their huge wet arms in the drip of the brook, and where, for mile after mile, the views up and down the gorge are hardly inferior to the one we show, where, looking through a chasm of rock fringed with the drooping branches of trees, and overhung by a forest-clad mountain-side, one sees, in the full evening light, the majestic old castle which has been in ruins since the time of Louis XIV., a ruin which for simple dignity and for grandeur of situation has few equals in the Rhineland.

As I stood leaning over the side-rail of the road, dreaming over this view and the historic associations it suggested, my attention was attracted by a low monotonous chant far down the valley. Presently, there came in sight what was evidently a peasant family, father and son, mother and several small children. They were walking well apart from each other, with a slow and measured tread, their hands folded and their eyes cast down, chanting an evening anthem as they went on their picturesque way home from church.

My ramble ended with a long, slow stroll through the ever-interesting streets of the town. Later, there came into our windows the flowing and swelling music of the vesper service in the church near by. Making my way through the edges of the crowd that filled the building to its very threshold, I stood for some time in interested observation of the Roman Catholic service as performed before a congregation of villagers and peasants who, for some generations, have had much more instruction than the similar classes of Southern Europe.

There was obviously no less faith and trust in the all-important power and influence of the church, and no less willing obedience to the slightest behests of its time-honored customs. On the other hand, there seemed to be far more devoutness, and a much more intelligent understanding of what adherence to a fixed form of religion implies. A very large part of the service consisted in congregational singing, there being apparently no official choir,—only an organist. With the eyes closed to the decorations of the altar, the robes of the priest, and the usual tawdry pictures of the Passion, one might easily fancy himself in a densely packed Orthodox church in New England, to the congregation of which there had been given a degree of musical tact, such as it is not usual to find here. It would be an extravagance to say that the music, as music, was especially fine, or that the rough people by whom it was rendered were artistic, but a thorough union of heart and soul and tolerably well attuned voice made the evening anthems more than ordinarily impressive.

LANDSHUT—FROM THE DIEFBACH ROAD.

I took advantage of the sunset hour to climb the weary way that leads to Landshut, along the base of whose rough and time-worn masonry a little path leads to its old entrance portal. Within, all is a blank undefined open space inclosed by thick walls, more or less battered down, and flanked at one corner by the enormous round tower, whose summit commanded every approach to the stronghold. Far below, in the narrow valley of the Diefbach, the quaint old roof-tops of Bernkastel huddled themselves together in their tortuous rows and clusters, close under the steep rising hill-sides on either hand,—threading their way back into the gorge, until they string themselves out into scattering picturesque old mills. There is little in the whole range of travel that so poorly compensates the tourist as the climbing to high points; but the view from the ruin of Landshut, over the villages, and hillsides, and fields, and gardens, and orchards of the winding Mosel, gives to the American a panorama thickly studded with suggestions such as he finds nowhere at home, and such as he is too apt not to seek, and therefore not to see, in ordinary European travel.

It is not the least of the charms of the charming Diefbach valley that it leads one by its steadily rising and always winding course, past deep side valleys, under rough hills, along sweet-smelling hay-fields, and past groups of picturesque peasants seated at their midday meal under the shade of rich trees. Farther on, in a broken slate-hill country, traces of the greatest age are flanked by marks of the freshest cultivation, that stretches well up to the heights of the Hunsrück,—a long outreaching spur of the Vosges, which fills the whole angle between the Mosel and the Rhine, and gives a view across the broad and sharply notched valley of the Mosel over the plain and peaks of the volcanic Eifel, toward Andernach and Remagen.

Our road soon dropped from the extreme height, where arid plains and dismal villages prevailed, first along the brow of the hill, and then, little by little, by a zigzag easy grade, wound in and out, now among the trees of a narrow gorge, and now around the spur of a naked hill-point, with a view growing constantly less remote, and, if possible, more lovely as we rolled down and down over the smooth macadam through the sweetest of all valleys, Thal Veldenz, and out into the little village of Mulheim, on the plain.

Our landlord had told us that we might lunch comfortably at the Gasthaus, in Mulheim, and we did indeed lunch, not only comfortably, but extremely well, in the tidy little upstairs parlor of a common-looking village inn, half farm-house, and half beer-house. The parlor walls were hung with very tolerable prints, and a large pile of bound volumes of the "Gartenlaube" entertained us pleasantly during our hour's stay. It seems absurd, but for food and wine, practically constituting a dinner, for stabling and food for two horses, and for luncheon and beer for our hearty young driver, Peter (please pronounce Payter), the charge was exactly ninety-five cents.

To one seeking a charming impression of the innermost quiet and rural simplicity and beauty of the hidden provinces of Germany, I commend the five minutes while horses are being put to, in the middle of the street at the side of the Mulheim Gasthaus, with the face turned toward the Veldenz valley,—where the shimmering, warm air of a clear September noonday casts the faintest suggestion of a veil over the rich inclosed plain, the hazy, dark, far recesses, and the distant, blue, embracing hills, which hold up to view the ruined remnant of the immemorial old Veldenz castle. To give the needed touch of a present human interest, group in the near corner of the plain, just beyond the thatched shed-roof of an old farm-house, the queer pole-made wagon of the Mosel farmer, drawn by head-yoked cows, and being filled by a group of ruddy, cheery men and women, armed with clumsy scythes and wooden forks and rakes,—gathering in the rich aftermath, whose aroma fills the still air.

At Mulheim we crossed the ferry, landing at the very foot of the world-famed Brauneberg, whose wine is the best and the dearest of all grown along the Mosel. We drove up the river as far as Kesten, hoping to meet a wine-taster to whom we had letters, and to glean horticultural information. Our visit failed of its immediate purpose, but a drive along the Mosel, especially when it leads through Kesten, and Lieser, and Cues, and ends at Bernkastel, can never lack full compensation.

On the following day, by previous appointment, we paid a visit to our friends of Trier and Monaise, who had come for an inspection of their vineyards. It seemed almost just to envy the fortunate possessors of Monaise this crowning good fortune of an old family house at Lieser,—at least, one of whose most interesting collections of bric-à-brac and china has received no additions since a hundred years ago, and whose entirely novel character and simplicity have given us one of our pleasantest Mosel recollections.

A chief purpose of this visit was to get an insight into some of the details of the Mosel wine industry. The vintage had not yet begun, and we were not even permitted to enter the vineyards, nor was, indeed, the proprietor himself. He could only conduct us along the foot of the hill, and explain the method of cultivation as we walked. Pending the ripening of the grape, the vineyards are, by a custom that is stronger than the right of ownership, "locked." Even the owner of a large tract must make application to the burgomaster of his village, and be accompanied by a field-guard, if he wishes to investigate the condition of his own grapes. After all, the condition of his own grapes is not allowed to determine his time for beginning the vintage. This determination is made by the vote of the commune, of which, however large an owner he may be, he counts as but one. When the majority decides that the grapes are ripe and that the vintage shall begin, then not only may it begin, but, practically, it *must* begin; for, scrupulously honest though the people are concerning the fruit while guarded by the custom of locking-out, after the vineyards have once been thrown open, should an owner set up his opinion as of more value than that of his commune, it is considered a venial offense to assist him with his harvest. The great inconvenience and disadvantage of all this is, that the poorer proprietors, who cannot hope to make the finest wine, and who care more for quantity than for quality, are not willing to wait until the grapes reach the important condition of dead ripeness before they begin to pick. The great growers of the best wines are obliged to protect themselves more or less against pilfering during the few days they deem it wise to delay their harvest.

As an industry, the growing of fine Mosel wines is hazardous, save to one who not only has the necessary knowledge and experience, but who has also sufficient capital to live independently of the returns from his vineyards.

For example, the years 1847 to 1856, inclusive, were all bad years. 1857 was a good year, and there have been five good years since then; but every year was again bad from 1869 to 1873. 1874 was a good year, and 1875 (our year), although it had been full of promise, had turned to a failure by the time of our visit.

However, if one has the capital and the patience, the good years compensate for all the loss. In the spring of 1875, my informant had exposed in the open market at Trier a very large product from his vineyards at Brauneberg, Lieser, Graach, and Zeltingen. Professional buyers or "commissioners," representing all the principal wine dealers of Germany, attended the sale,—all of them skillful wine-tasters. The wine was exposed for inspection for one week. The whole crop was sold at auction for an average of about three dollars per gallon,—the best Brauneberger bringing one thousand five hundred thalers per cask of about nine hundred liters; equal to four and one-half dollars per gallon.

In the bad years, the expenses are quite as great as in the good ones, and the wine is sold—at the vineyards and without name—for a very trifling sum. It is bought chiefly by the "wine doctors," who, by skillful chemical manipulation, convert it into the high priced "Moselwein" of the restaurants of Europe and America, or into the always headachey and unreliable fizzing compound known as "Sparkling Moselle."

Pure Brauneberger wine is sold in bad years as low as fifty-five thalers per cask,—equal to about sixteen cents per gallon.

There is a great difference in the quality of the vines (or of their product) at different spots on the same hill-side. On the Brauneberg, the best vineyards are worth about two dollars per vine, or $10,000 per acre; while the poorest,—perhaps within a few hundred feet of the best,—are worth not more than $1200 per acre. The Mosel wine soil is a deep mass of bits of slate, through which the roots penetrate to a great depth, and which are supposed to derive their chief merit from their power of absorbing and retaining heat. Animal manure, in considerable quantity, is very important, but the refuse of slate quarries, and of tunnel work in the slate hills, is of great value, so much so that the whole cost of driving a large cellar into the hill-side at Lieser was fully repaid by the value of the material taken out for dressing the vineyards.

As one floats slowly down this river, and continues his journey along the Rhine, the prevalent theory that all Europe could not produce the wine that is drunk in America alone, gives way to the question as to where in the world all the people come from to drink the wine these vineyards produce,—and the question seems quite settled by the fact that our journey brings us in view of only a part of the vineyards of Germany, and of the farther fact that France produces a vintage equal to ten times the amount of the German.

One great merit of the Mosel vines is that they last in full bearing for from sixty to sixty-five years, while those along the Rhine run out in from twenty-five to thirty years. It was somewhat interesting to learn that almost the only quality which gives its great value to the wine of the best years is their "bouquet." Considered chemically, or with reference to their wholesomeness as a beverage, the wines of the bad years and of the good ones are much alike; but the delicacy of flavor that gives value in the epicure market marks the wide difference between the two products. Practically, we get but very little of the best Mosel wine in this country, and we can get it only at a very high cost. A gallon of wine that costs four dollars and a half in the cask at the vineyard, accumulates, before it is ready for bottling and sale, a mass of charges for transportation, handling, racking, leakage, evaporation and interest, which fully doubles its cost. To this double cost, the considerable profits of the wholesale and retail dealers must be added, so that these very fancy wines can hardly be bought in Germany for less than two dollars and a half to three dollars per bottle; certainly such wines cannot be sold by the single bottle in America for less than five dollars, and one can hardly hope to taste the really superior and more delicate Mosel wines at any of our restaurants.

The traveler begins by ordering "Piesporter," "Zeltinger," "Bernkasteler Doctor," etc., but he soon learns, if he really gets the best, that he is paying an inordinate price for a delicacy that he has hardly been educated to appreciate, and he falls back, after a few days, to the universal beverage of rich and poor along the whole line of the river,—namely, the young wine of the country, which is drawn from the wood and bottled only as it is brought to the table. This is everywhere an excellent, satisfactory and wholesome beverage, and its price is always very low,—so low that the drinking of beer among the well-to-do classes is very limited.

It was with real regret that we left Bernkastel, with all its picturesqueness and with its not unimportant advantage of good Herr Gassen's hotel. As it was already nearly night, we hired a man to pull us to Trarbach,—only an hour distant by the foot-path, but fourteen miles by the winding course of the river,—a beautiful course of a beautiful river, and well worthy, like all of our preceding journey, of careful examination, and full of picturesque and legendary interest.

Trarbach was burned in 1856 by a crazy incendiary. He first ran over the hill to Bernkastel and fired that, to its great lasting injury; and when the Trarbach people had gone *en masse* to the assistance of their neighbors, he literally destroyed this whole town, which, from all description, and from such illustrations as remain, was doubtless even more picturesque in its architecture than Bernkastel itself. It is now a dull new town,—the richest on the river, with the riches that have come from the manufacture of "wine that is no wine,"—notably of Sparkling Moselle.

AN OLD COURT IN BERNKASTEL.

We stopped at a snug gasthaus across the ferry, at the river side of the village of Trarben, where the moon came full into our windows over the high opposite hills, crowned by the extremely picturesque ruin of Gräfinburg,—the old castle of the Countess Lauretta von Salm,—making a combination of moonlit sky, and sparkling river, and ruin-crowned mountain in black silhouette, that we nowhere else saw equaled.

The next morning we set out alone, and had barely rounded the bend of the river, when we came in sight of the most picturesque of all the smaller of the Mosel villages, Litzig, which begins with a little tumble-down thatched cottage nearly overgrown with vines, the shadow of whose sunlit leaves blackened the open casement, where stood pots of bright flowers. Before we had passed the hamlet, we had marked four other houses, of more pretension, but of no less remarkable mediæval, overgrown beauty.

Five miles out, tempted by the smooth grass of a shaded shore, we were glad to abandon our struggle against a strong head-wind, and to sit under the trees eating our lunch, and drinking our last bottle of good Saar wine from Trier, until the breeze abated.

It was altogether a lazy day, and the protracted idleness of our stay at Bernkastel made rowing a labor; so, at Punderich, less than half our way to Alf, we contracted with an oarsman to pull us the remaining eight miles. Punderich is opposite the high hill on which stands the ruined convent of Marienburg, crowning a sharp high rock which is washed at its other side also by the returning course of the Mosel. Our oarsman counted on a twenty minutes' walk over the hill for his return from Alf to Punderich.

Here, as everywhere, villages lay to the right and left; women were washing and bleaching linen cloth and manifold garments, in almost uninterrupted succession, and our whole way was crowded with the evidences of a thick and prosperous population. Zell, which we passed, is rather a fine little town, with several remarkable mediæval houses of considerable pretension; indeed the best house that we had thus far seen stands on the bank opposite the town. It is large and high, with a middle gable facing the river, and with a huge slate-covered oriel window, whose pointed roof reaches above the eaves of the house. The timbering of the sides is most artistically arranged. It lacks the fine carving of some of the Bernkastel houses, but it is far grander, and is indeed one of the best existing examples of its style, equal to many of the finer specimens which have within a few years past given way to the march of "improvement" in the towns along the Rhine.

We reached Alf an hour before sunset, and there met Herr Gassen's carriage, which, with Peter for coachman, we had been glad to engage for our trip through the Eifel. We drove at once up a steep and rugged mountain road, past the well-placed ruin of Burg Arras to the magnificent height of Marienburg, where we had the Mosel almost at our feet on either hand, its grand bend far in front of us, hidden in valley, whose light-hanging blue haze was thickened with the smoke of Zell and its adjacent villages, and of the brushwood burning on the mountain-side. From our position, we could see even the earth-works made by Napoleon above Bernkastel, and to the north the far-away volcanic peaks of the Eifel; glimpses of the river, as our view struck its lengthened course on one side or the other, set off the dark green of the vineyards and the woods with the bright glintings of its rippled waters.

Alf is a busy and untidy town, whose commercial inn is none too good. Its chief interest to the traveler, in spite of the wonderfully picturesque church of Bullay on the opposite shore, comes of the fact that it lies at the mouth of the beautiful valley that leads to Bad Bertrich—the pleasantest entrance to the Eifel, and the shortest approach to its more remarkable volcanic features.

If the Wissahickon, at Philadelphia, were bordered by a narrow flat valley, its potato-fields set here and there with traps to catch wild boars, and its road brought to a perfect grade and hardened by the best macadamizing, it would give a fair idea of the hour's drive back through the wild hills and along the noisy water-course to the nestling little village of Bertrich,—whose thermal waters attract enough semi-fashionable continental invalids of a mild type, during the leisure summer months, to give the village an agreeable society. It is an extremely pretty little watering-place, with tolerable hotels, and with a scale of prices that is very much in its favor. Near by are charming walks leading to the usual cascades, to rustic bridges, to collections of Roman antiquities, and especially to a quite remarkable basaltic formation, called the "Cheese cellar,"—a hole in the hill-side walled with basalt blocks piled up like Stilton cheeses. Within a short walk, too, is the Falkenlei, whose high precipitous side shows its geological structure,—at the bottom solid masses of lava, and above these slag and scoriæ filled with clefts and caves. From its summit one looks over the wide volcanic plain, and across the sunken craters of the Eifel, to the higher peaks far to the north.

Breakfasting at Bertrich, we left before noon and drove the whole day long and until eight at night, save for a halt to dine at Manderscheid, through a country of which no adequate impression can be given by a short description, and which, as a whole, may be regarded as a slightly undulating, high-lying plain, almost without visible villages, and with an agriculture that indicates only a fair return for the most persistent labor, the most rigid economy and the most careful manuring. This plain is crossed in all directions by superb roads, of which we at home have hardly an example; but it is mostly treeless and to the casual eye dismal. At the same time, it is a dismal land, filled with objects of the greatest interest, and occasionally of great picturesqueness.

At one point, our road led along the edge of a deep, extinct crater, probably more than a mile in diameter, and with sides so steep that the road entering it takes a very oblique direction. Deep in the bed of this crater lie a couple of villages, and its sloping sides are laid off in parallelograms and rhomboids of geometric precision, and all brought to a high state of cultivation. Again, we passed near the edge of another crater, the Pulver Maar, whose sides are clothed with a grand forest of beeches, reaching down to its circular lake, which is of the clearest deep water. There are nearly a hundred acres of water, three hundred and fifty feet deep. The banks are of volcanic sand, tufa and scoriæ, and at one side rises a prominent volcanic peak.

From the Pulver Maar, we pushed on, through Gillenfeld, where a cattle market was going on,—very poor cattle,—toward the village of Manderscheid. Just before reaching the valley of the Lieser we turned into the wood, and presently came out on the point of a hill known as the Belvedere,—and a *belvedere* it is, indeed. The distance is bounded by the low mountains which inclose the valley of the Kyll,—chief among them the grand round-backed Mauseberg. Between them and us, the country is broken, well wooded, well cultivated and attractive. Almost at our very feet, far down in the deep valley of the Lieser, on two ridges of rock, which hook together like two fingers, leaving room only for the deep brook to pass between their interlocked points, stand the gray old twin castles of the Counts of Manderscheid. Viewed from the adjoining village, or from the bed of the stream, or from their own court-yards, these castles are picturesque and in every way attractive; but as seen from the height of the Belvedere, they have the unequaled charm that belongs to gray, old, traditional ruins breaking suddenly upon the sight, amid all the rich surroundings of deeply wooded hill-sides which stretch slowly away to a picturesque distant horizon. One rarely sees a ruin which excites at once such curiosity as to its origin, and such admiration for its beauty, as do these castles perched on their steep cliffs, far down in a deep valley. Was it enmity or friendship, war or peace, love or envy, mutual thieving or robber rivalry between the lords of these two castles? If love, what venturesome passages across the dividing chasm! If war, what a weary way around the attacking party must have gone,—exposed to the slaughtering shafts of the enemy. Although the towers of these two castles can hardly be two hundred yards apart, the steepest and most dangerous scaling is needed to pass from one to the other, and, even now, the nearest foot-path connecting them runs for a weary mile or more along the hill-side. The castles of Manderscheid, coming as they did all unforetold, and without a word of information or introduction, were by far the most interesting feature of our first trip in the Eifel.

We dined at Manderscheid, we slept at Daun, and we drove the next day to great Gerolstein and back. The comical absurdity of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" can never be fully appreciated until one drives through the sloping, sloppy, foul-smelling Eifel village that gives it its name. The Kyllthal, at the side of which Gerolstein lies, is, for miles, a beautifully picturesque valley, now traversed by a railroad, but unspoiled, nevertheless. Beautiful nooks and hills and bends and many ruins give it charm at every step, and its hill-side brooks are filled with trout, as are its woods with game.

Our own pleasantest recollection is connected with the very good restaurant at the railway station, where we had capital food and service, and where we were accosted, in English, by Dr. Van der Velde,—of the district,—who gave us information, drove with us a part of our way back, and then, having to take a patient *en route*, went by the short foot-path to the grand old castle of Kasselburg, near Pelm, where he met us and showed us through the ruin,—a ruin now belonging to the Prussian Government, and being only sufficiently restored for its preservation. It is better worth a halt and a visit by those traveling over the rail from Trier to Cologne than ruins generally are. These are often finest as seen from below, but Kasselburg can be by no means appreciated except on close examination; and its crowning charm is the view from its tower-top, over the beautiful valley of the Kyll, and to the right and left from beyond the Rhine to the distant heights of Luxemburg.

Our doctor is the official medical attendant of all the villages within a radius of about three miles from his house. His district includes forty-five villages, and so great is their healthfulness that he finds himself easily able to perform his duties. The land is poor in almost every direction, but it is cultivated with great care, and there is a uniform thrift among the agricultural population so great that in all these forty-five villages, but six families have to receive medical attendance at the cost of their commune.

We returned the same day to Daun, and at twilight visited the several crater lakes lying near it, bringing up long after dark in the little village of Mehren. Bädeker had indicated the badness of the hotel in the next village and had not named Mehren at all. Our landlord at Bertrich had told us that we might stop at the house of one Knoth in Mehren, but our Daun landlord had shrugged his aged shoulders. We were, as all travelers are, naturally, fearing that each night would bring us into impossible lodgings, and every indication pointed to Mehren as our fated foul resting-place.

Frau Knoth received us at the threshold of her cleanly hall, and patiently submitted her rooms, her beds, her dining-room and her maid-servant to our inspection. Certainly we had nowhere seen a little inn more tidy or more tasteful, nowhere a landlady more friendly, and nowhere a handmaiden more acceptable than Fraülein Knoth,—fresh from the embroidery, and French, and piano-forte of a boarding-school in Hanover. Nowhere else in Germany did the question arise in our minds whether it would do to give our attendant a fee,—of course the doubt was groundless here. We had dined at Gerolstein, and so ordered only a simple supper. One item of its simplicity was an excellent *omelette soufflée*, and another a bottle of French champagne with Appolinaris water. With our morning coffee we had capital rolls (every village has a skilled baker), unsalted butter and a toothsome jelly.

Mehren is a very uninteresting village, and the wonders of the crater lakes behind it are hardly enough to lead to a second visit; but I sometimes think that our pleasant experience of a night at its hotel would almost induce me to return. Yet the Knoths were modest, and evidently had no idea that every other collection of peasants' houses in all the Eifel,or along the river, had not as comfortable accommodations for travelers,—and perhaps they have. Knoth is a farmer, and his hotel, with its wine and beer-room, is only an accessory to his agricultural operations; but he and his family evidently get much pleasure and improvement out of their occasional guests. Our entertainment here cost two dollars and a half.

Every village through which we passed gave its prominent indication of the completeness and minuteness of the Prussian civil and military system. Each one had a plainly painted black and white sign conspicuously posted, similar to this:

"D. Mehren:
3d Comp., 2 Bat. (Trier II.):
8 Rheinischer Landw.
Regt. No. 70.
Kr. Daun. R. B. Trier."

Thus every man in Prussia has constantly before him in his village the information as to the division of reserve, or Landwehr, and of the civil department to which he belongs, and every subsequent step into the whole organization seems to be as simple and complete. It is largely this that gives the ability for the sudden massing of the entire force of the country whenever occasion demands.

The Eifel is naturally a very poor country, and it suffers very much from drouth. Irrigation is available for only a small part of the land. Formerly, poverty was extreme, though without much absolute suffering,—simply the sort of poverty that leads to the most hardening and harrowing economy of living, and to a degree of pence-counting of which we are, happily, ignorant. However, since the recent activity in the iron districts of Westphalia, the young men of the Eifel have gone largely to work at its mines and furnaces, have earned good wages, and have literally put the whole region on a comfortable footing, while the Westphalian demand for food has led to such an increase in the value of the soil products,—and especially of meat,—as has caused a real advance in civilization.

We drove pleasantly back by a different road to Bertrich, where we bathed and breakfasted, and where we chatted with a Cologne lawyer and a Brazilian pastor. Toward evening we drove back down the same beautiful valley to Alf, ending a most memorable week full of the strange and most charming experiences,—a week which now, at distance, seems to include the events of a long month.

Peter and his team were discharged. They had been in our exclusive service from Monday morning until Saturday night at a total cost, everything included, of $22.

We stood long at our window, watching the play of the moonlight over the hills and about the tower of the Bullay church, and then went quietly to bed,—all innocent of the experience which the next day had in store for us.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

COUNTERMARCH.

Berenice. "'Tis done!
Deep in your heart you wish me to be gone.
And I depart. Yes, I depart to day.
—'Linger a little longer'? Wherefore stay?
To be the laughing-stock of high and low?
To hear a people gossip for my woe?
While tidings such as these my peace destroy
To see my sorrows feed the common joy!
Why should I stay? To-night shall see me gone."
RACINE.

EUNICE slept upon the girl's ejaculation, and the next morning she was determined. She went at once to her brother's brother-in-law, and said to him that their visit had lasted nearly a year, that the very circumstance impended by which her brother had limited it, and that frankly she must ask him for such escort as he could give her to Nachitoches. Once at Nachitoches, she would trust herself to her own servants' care, as they should float down the Red River.

The Major was careworn,—evidently disliked to approach the subject; but, with the courtesy of a host and of a true gentleman, tried to dissuade her. He asked her why a breeze between Bonaparte and his Sovereign should affect two ladies in the heart of America. Was this affectation? Had he heard that Louisiana was to be French again? Did he want to come at her secrets?

Eunice looked him bravely in the eye before she answered. She satisfied herself that he was sincere; that he did not know that great State Secret which had been intrusted to her, and which would so easily explain her anxiety.

"I do not know when my brother will sail on his return. Suppose the First Consul of France chooses to say that he shall not return?"

"Then your niece will be here under the protection of her nearest American relations."

"Suppose General Victor, with this fine French Army of which you tell me, passes by St. Domingo and lights upon Orleans. How long will my friend Casa-Calvo defend that city, with a French people behind him, and a French army and fleet before him?"

"He will defend it quite as long without the aid of the Mlles. Perry as with," was Barelo's grave reply; made as if this contingency were not new to his imaginings.

"And if my brother and my nephew be with General Victor,—if they land in Orleans, surely they will expect to find us there," said poor Eunice, quite too eagerly.

"My dear sister," said the Spanish gentleman gravely, "do not let us argue a matter of which we know so little. I am only anxious to do what you wish; only I must justify myself to Don Silas Perry, in event of any misfortune. I cannot think that he would approve of my sending you two ladies into a scene of war."

"Then you believe that war impends!" cried Eunice,—more anxious than ever. "My dear, dear brother, what madness it was that we ever came!"

This was not a satisfactory beginning. It was the determination, however, as it happened, of the route which the little party took, and took soon,—by one of those chances wholly unhoped for when Eunice approached the Major. On the very afternoon of that day, the monotony of the garrison life, which had become so hateful to both the ladies, was broken up by the arrival of an unexpected party. Mr. Lonsdale had returned, with a rather cumbrous group of hunters, guides, grooms, and attendants without a name, with whom he had made a long excursion to the mines of Potosi. The arrival of so large a party was a great event in the garrison.

Greatly to the surprise of Miss Perry and her niece, who had excused themselves from a little re-union which called together most of the garrison ladies, a visitor was announced, and Mr. Lonsdale presented himself. Inez was fairly caught, and, at the moment, could not escape from the room, as she would have done gladly. She satisfied herself, by receiving him very formally, and then by sitting behind him and making menacing gestures, which could not be seen by him, but could be seen perfectly by her aunt and Ma-ry. With such assistance Eunice Perry carried on the conversation alone.

With some assistance, he was fired up to tell the story of what he and his party had done, and what they had not done; to tell how silver was mined and what was a "conducta." He told of skirmishes with Indians, in which, evidently, he had borne himself with all the courage of his nation, and of which he spoke with all the modesty of a gentleman. But as soon as Eunice paused at all, Mr. Lonsdale, as his wont was, shifted the subject and compelled her to talk of herself and her own plans. Not one allusion to poor Nolan. That was too sad. But of American politics, many questions—of the politics of the world more. Who was this man, and why was he here?

"When I was in Philadelphia and New York, they called Mr. Jefferson the pacific candidate. Will he prove to be the pacific president?"

"You know more than I know, Mr. Lonsdale. It was President Adams who made peace with the First Consul."

"I know that, and I know the Mlles. Perry are good Federalists,"—here, he attempted to turn to see Inez, and almost detected her doubling her fist behind his back. "I had a long talk with Mr. Jefferson, but I could not get at his views or convictions."

"He would hardly mention them to a—to any but an intimate friend," said Eunice, rather stiffly, while Inez represented herself as scalping the Englishman.

"No! no! of course not! Yet I wish I knew. I wish any man knew if the First Consul means war or peace with England, or war or peace with America."

Eunice saw no harm here in saying what she knew.

"General Bonaparte means peace with America, my brother says and believes. My nephew has been intimate at Malmaison, and my brother has seen the First Consul with great advantages. He thinks him a man of the rarest genius, for war or for peace. He is sure that his policy is peace with us,—with America I mean."

"You amaze me," said Mr. Lonsdale. "I supposed this General was one more popinjay like the others,—a brag and a bluster. I supposed his history was to be strung on the same string with that of all these men."

And in saying this, Lonsdale did but say what almost every Englishman of his time said and believed. Nothing is more droll, now it is all over, than a study of the English caricatures of that day, as they contrast "the best of Kings," and "the Corsican adventurer." How pitiless history chooses to be!

In one of these caricatures, George III. figures as Gulliver, and "*General Buonaparte*" is the King of Liliput!

Eunice could well afford to be frank at this time, whether Lonsdale were Conolly, Chisholm, Bowles or any other English spy.

"My last letters from my brother are very late. He was certain then of peace between England and France; and of this I have spoken freely here."

Lonsdale certainly was thrown off guard. His whole face lighted up with pleasure.

"Are you sure? are you sure? Let me shake hands with you, Miss Perry. This is indeed almost too good to be true!"

Eunice gave him her hand, and said:

"Let us hope the new century is to be the century of peace, indeed. Shall we drink that toast in a glass of rain-water?"—and, at a sign from her, the White Hawk brought him a glass of pure water from a Moorish-looking jar of unglazed clay.

"Ma-ry, my dear child," said the Englishman slowly, with the tears fairly standing in his eyes, "do you know what comes to those who give others a cup of cold water?"

Eunice had never seen such depth of feeling on his face or in his manner; and even Inez was hushed to something serious.

As he put down the glass, he passed Miss Perry, and, in a low tone, he said—

"May I speak with you alone?"

Eunice, without hesitation, sent the girls to bed. Who was this man, and what did he come for?

"Pardon me, Miss Perry, you know of course how much you can trust of what is secret in this cursed web of secrets to our young friends. You may call them back, if you please. You may tell them every word I tell you. But I supposed it more prudent to speak to you alone. As I came across the Rio Grande I learned, and am sure, that Gov. Salcedo has gone to Orleans. That means something."

Of course it did! The transfer of Salcedo to the government of Louisiana must mean more stringent and suspicious government of Orleans. Did it mean war with America? Did it mean war with France?

"I thought," continued the taciturn Englishman, stumbling again now, "I thought,—I was sure—you should know this, and I doubted if our friends here would tell you. In your place, such news would take me home; and therefore I hurried here to tell you. We made short work from the river, I assure you."

"How good you are," said Eunice frankly, and smiling, even in her wonder why this impassive Englishman, this spy of Lord Dorchester or of Lord Hawksbury, should care for her journey.

"How good you are. You are very right! Yet to think that I should want to go nearer to that brute Salcedo? For, really, it is he, Mr. Lonsdale, it is he who murdered our friend. But I do—I do want to go home. Oh! why did I come? I asked my brother that, this morning."

"The past is the past, dear Miss Perry. Your question is,—not, Why did you come, but, How shall you go?"

"And how, indeed," said she sadly. "My brother virtually refuses me an escort. I do not know why. He wants to keep us here."

"Major Barelo hates, dreads, despises this Salcedo,—this cruel, vindictive, 'moribund old man,'—as I overheard him say one day, as heartily as you do, or as I do. But all the same, he is a soldier. De Nava or Salcedo may have ordered every man to be kept at this post, or within this intendancy."

"They have ordered something;" said Eunice, and she mused. Then frankly,—"Oh, Mr. Lonsdale, you are a diplomatist, I am a woman. You know how to manage men; for me, I do not know how to manage these two girls. They manage me," and she smiled faintly. "Forget you are an official, and for twenty-four hours think and see what an English gentleman can do for a friend."

She even rose from her chair in her excitement; she looked him straight in the face, as he remembered her doing once before, and she gave him her hand loyally.

Lonsdale was clearly surprised.

"Why you call me a diplomatist, I do not know. That I am a gentleman, this you shall see. Miss Perry, I came into this room only to offer what you ask. Because the offer must be secret, if you decline it, I asked you to send the young ladies away."

Then he told her, that he had reason to believe,—he said no more than that,—he had "reason to believe" that a little tender to an English frigate would be hanging off and on at Corpus Christi bay, on the coast below San Antonio. He knew the commander of this little vessel, and he knew he would comply with his wishes in an exigency. Wherever the "Fire-fly" might be, her boats could push well up the river.

"Your brother will give you escort in this command, without the slightest hesitation; and, once on a King's vessel, you need no more," he said, eagerly.

Eunice was surprised indeed.

"Could we wait for her, down yonder on the shore? What would these girls do in such a wilderness?"

"There will be no waiting," he said quietly, but firmly. "The moment I suspected your danger,—I beg your pardon,—your anxiety,—I sent two of my best men down the coast to signal Drapier. His boats will be at La Bahia if you determine to go. They will be there, on the chance of your determining."

"Mr. Lonsdale! how can I thank you? I do thank you, and you know I do. Let me call Ransom. Major Barelo shall give us the escort; nay, we really need no escort to Bahia. The girls shall be ready, and we will start an hour before sunset to-morrow."

She called the old man at once. She gave her orders in the tone which he knew meant there was to be no discussion. She said no word of a secret to be preserved. She had determined at once to trust the English spy's good faith. She and her doves would be out of this Franciscan and Moorish cage before the setting of another sun. Better trust an English spy than the tender mercies of Nemisio de Salcedo, or the ingenious wiles of Father Jeronymo, and his brothers!

Major Barelo was surprised of course, but clearly enough he also was relieved. Lonsdale was right when he guessed that Elguezebal and he could easily give escort between the fort and the bay, while they might not send any troops as far away as the Red River. "With my consent not a bird should leave Texas for Louisiana;" this was always Salcedo's motto. The wonder was that he himself crossed that sacred barrier!

And by five o'clock of the next day the dresses were packed and the good-byes were said. Old Ransom had drawn the last strap two holes farther up than earlier packers had left it. He had scolded the last stable-boy, and then made him rich for life by scattering among all the boys a handful of rials—bits as he called them. He had lifted the girls to their saddles, while Miss Eunice more sedately mounted from the parapet of the stairs, and then the two troops, one English in every saddle and stirrup, the other French as well in its least detail, filed out into the plaza. Both were extraordinary to a people of horsemen, whose Spanish equipments were the best in the world. Major Barelo and dear Aunt Dolores stood on the gallery, and he flung out his handkerchief and said, "Good-bye."

"Just as dear papa said on the levee! Oh, dearest auntie, if he could only be there to meet us! Why, auntie, it was a year ago this living day!"

Sure enough, it was just a year since the little Inez's journeyings had begun. She was a thousand years older.

An hour's ride out of town, and then the sun was down; but here were the tents pitched and waiting for them. So like last year! but so unlike! No old Cæsar, alas! Inez's last care had been to visit him in the lock-up, and to promise him all papa's influence for his release! No Phil Nolan, alas! and no Will Harrod! Eunice confessed to Lonsdale that if she had had imagination enough to foresee the wretched recollections of the camp she could not have braved them. But Inez, dear child, was truly brave. She said no word. She was pale and thoughtful; but she applied herself to the little cares of the encampment, which a year ago she would have lazily left to her cavaliers, and she made the White Hawk join her.

Lonsdale also was eager and careful. But oh, the difference between the elaborated services of this man, trained in cities, and the easy attentions of those others, born to the wilderness, and all at home in it!

Ransom, with all his feminine sympathy, felt the lack of what they had last year, and managed, in his way, to supply it better than any one else could. His vassals had served the supper better than could have been hoped, the beds were ready for the ladies, and as soon as the short and quiet meal was over they retired.

Lonsdale lighted a cigar, called the old man to him, and invited him to join him. No, he would not smoke, never did; but when Lonsdale repeated his invitation he sat down.

"You are quite right, Mr. Ransom. The ladies like this camp life better than any quarters they would have given us yonder."

He pointed over his shoulder at some little buildings of an outpost of the "Mission."

Ransom did not conceal his disgust as he looked round.

"See the critters farther," said he, "treat us jest as they treated them red-skins last spring when they got um. They would ef they wanted to. See um farther. Et's them cussed black goats 'n' rope-yarn men that's at the bottom o' this war agin the Cap'n—Cap'n Nolan. The Cap'n couldn't stand um, he couldn't; he told um so, he did. He gin um a bit of his mind. Cussed critters never forgot it, they didn't—never forgot it. Cap'n gin um a bit of his mind, he did. Cussed critters is at the bottom of this war. See um farther!"

"But you have to see them a good deal at Orleans, Mr. Ransom, do you not? There is no Protestant church there, is there?"

"Guess not. Ain't no meetin'-house there, and no meetin'. Ain't nothing but eyedolaters, 'n' immigis, 'n' smoke-pans 'n' boys in shirts. See um! guess we do, the critters. Bishop comes round to dine. Likes good Madeira and Cognac 'zwell 'zanybody, he does. Poor set, all on um. Ignorant critters. Don't know nothin.' No! ain't no meetin' house in Orleans!"

"Do they give Mr. Perry or Miss Perry any trouble about their religion? Do they wish them to come to church, or to the confessional? Did they baptize Miss Inez?"

"Do they? I see um git Mr. Perry to church ef he didn't want to go!" and the old man chuckled enigmatically. "They's ignorant critters, they is, but they knows enough not to break they own heads, they do."

"You have heard of the inquisition?" persisted Lonsdale.

"Guess I have. Seen the cussed critters when I was at Cadiz in the Jehu, that's nineteen years ago last summer. Never had none here to Orleans, never but once!" And this time he chuckled triumphantly. "They didn't stay long then, they didn't. Went off quicker than they come, they did. I know um. Cussed critters."

Lonsdale was curious, and asked for an explanation.

The old man's face beamed delight. He looked up to the stars and told this story:

"Best Guv'nor they ever had, over there to Orleans, was a man named Miro. Spoke English heself most as well as I do. Married Miss Maccarty, he did—pretty Irish girl. Wasn't no real Spanisher at all. Well, one day, they comes one of these dirty rascals with a rope's end round him—brown blanket coat on—comes up from Cuba, he does,—comes to Guv'nor Miro. Guv'nor Miro asked him to dinner, he did, and gin him his quarters. Then the cussed fool sends a note to the Guv'nor, 'n' he says, sez he, that these underground critters, these Inky Sijoan they calls um over there; they'd sent him, they had, says he; and mebbe he should want a file o' soldiers some night. Says so in a letter to the Guv'nor. So the Guv'nor, he thought, ef Old Nightgown wanted the soldiers he'd better have um. 'N' he sent round a sergeant 'n' a file of men that night, he did, at midnight, 'n' waked up Old Nightgown in his bed. 'N' Old Nightgown says, says he, he was much obliged, but that night he didn't need um. But the Sergeant says, says he, that he needed Old Nightgown, 'n' as soon as the old fool got his rawhide shoes tied on, the corporal marched him down to the levee, 'n' sent him off to Cadiz, he did, 'n' that's the last time the Inky Sijoan men come here—'n' the fust time too. Guv'nor Miro the best Guv'nor they ever had over there. Half Englishman!"

Lonsdale appreciated the compliment. His cigar was finished. He bade the old man good-night, and turned in.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

So they resolved, the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appeared to people's viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed;
And overnight whatso thereto did need
Each did prepare, in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
They their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves, in God's name, on their way.
MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

SO SHORT a journey as that from San Antonio to the Gulf seemed nothing to travelers so experienced as Miss Perry and her niece. As for the White Hawk, she was never so happy as in the open air, and especially as on horseback. She counted all time lost that was spent elsewhere, and was frank enough to confess that she thought they had all escaped from a feverish wild dream, or what was as bad as such, in coming away from those close prison walls. The glorious weather of October in a ride over the prairies in one of the loveliest regions of the world could not but raise the spirits of all the ladies, and Mr. Lonsdale might well congratulate himself on the successful result of his bold application to Miss Perry.

As they approached the Gulf he kept some lookouts well in advance in hope of sighting the boat or boats from the "Fire-fly" which he expected. But Friday night came with no report from these men, and although they had not returned, he was fain to order a halt, after conference with Ransom, on a little flat above a half-bluff which looked down upon the stream. The short twilight closed in on them as they made their supper. But after the supper was finished, as they strolled up and down before going to bed, a meteor far more brilliant than any shooting star could be so near the horizon rose above the river in the eastern distance, and as they all wondered another rose, and yet another. "Rockets!" cried Mr. Lonsdale, well pleased. "Roberts has found them, and this is their short-hand way of telling us that they are at hand. William," he said, turning to the thoroughly respectable servant, who in top-boots and buckskins followed his wanderings in these deserts; "William, find something which you can show to them." The man of all arts disappeared, and while the girls were yet looking for another green star in the distance, they were startled by the "shirr-r" of a noisy rocket which rose close above their own heads and burst beautiful above the still waters. Another and another followed in quick succession, and the reply was thus secure. The White Hawk was beside herself with delight. She watched the firing of No. 2 as Eunice might have watched the skillful manipulations of Madame Le Brun. William was well pleased by her approbation. He did not bend much from the serenity of a London valet's bearing, but he did permit the White Hawk herself to apply the burning brand to the match of the third rocket. The girl screamed with delight as she saw it burst, and as the falling stick plunged into the river.

"To-morrow morning, Miss Inez, your foot is on the deck, and these pleasant wanderings of ours are over forever." Even Inez's severity toward the man she tried to hate gave way at his display—so difficult for a man of his make—of emotion which was certainly real and deep.

"But Mr. Lonsdale, no Englishman will convince me that he is sorry to be on the sea."

"*Cela dépend.* I shall be sorry if the sea parts me from near and dear friends."

"As if I meant to be sentimental with old Chisholm, or Conolly, because he had been good to us!" This was Inez's comment as she repeated the conversation to her aunt afterward. "I was not going to be affectionate to him."

"What did you say?" asked Eunice, laughing.

"I said I was afraid Ma-ry would be seasick," said the reckless girl. "I thought that would take off the romance for him." None the less could Eunice see that the rancor of her rage and hatred were much abated, as is the fortune often of the wild passions of that age of discretion which comes at eighteen years.

Mr. Lonsdale had not promised more than he performed. Before the ladies were astir the next morning, two boats were at an improvised landing below the tents. Ransom had transferred to them already all the packs from the mules, and there needed only that breakfast should be over, and the ladies' last "traps" were embarked also, and they were themselves on board. A boatswain in charge received Mr. Lonsdale with tokens of respect which did not escape Inez's eye. As for the White Hawk, she was beside herself with wonder at the movements of craft so much more powerful than anything to which the little river of San Antonio had trained her. As the sun rose higher the seamen improvised an awning. The current of the river, such as it was, aided them, and before two o'clock the little party was on the deck of the "Fire-fly" in the offing.

Nothing is prettier than the eagerness of self-surrender with which naval officers always receive women on their ships. The chivalry of a gentleman, the homesickness of an exile, the enthusiasm of a host,—all unite to welcome those whose presence is so rare that they are made all the more comfortable because there is no provision for them in a state of nature. In this case, the gentlemen had had some days' notice that the ladies might be expected.

It was clear that Lonsdale was quite at home among them, and was a favorite. Even the old salts, who stood at the gangway, smiled approval of him as he stepped on board. He presented young Drapier and Clerk, the two lieutenants who held the first and second rank; and then, with careful impartiality, the group of midshipmen who stood behind. Then he spoke to every one of them separately. "Good news from home, Bob? Mr. Anson, I hope the Admiral is well, and how is your excellent father, Mr. Pigot?" A moment more, and a bronzed, black-browed man, in a military undress, came out from the companion. He smiled, as he gave his hand to Lonsdale, who owned his surprise at meeting him.

"Miss Perry," said he at once, "here is one friend more, whom you have heard of but never seen. One never knows where to look for the General," he said laughing, "or I also should be surprised. Let me present to you General Bowles, Miss Perry. Miss Inez, this is General Bowles,—I think I might say a friend of your father's."

This extraordinary man smiled good-naturedly, and said,

"Yes, a countryman of yours and of your brother's, Miss Perry, and all countrymen are friends. The people in Orleans do not love me as well as I love the Americans who live among them."

Eunice was not disposed to be critical. "Mr. Lonsdale is very kind, and I am sure we poor wandering damsels are indebted to all these gentlemen for their welcome," said she. She had learned long since, that in times like hers, and in such surroundings, she must not discriminate too closely as to the antecedents of those with whom she had to do. Inez could afford to have "hates" and "instincts" like most young ladies of her age. But Eunice had passed thirty, and was willing to accept service from Galaor, if by ill luck she could not command the help of Amadis. The truth was that General Bowles had been known to her only as a chief of marauding Highlanders might have been known to a lady of Edinburgh. For many years he had been, in the Spanish wars against England, the daring commander of the savage allies of the English. He was her countryman, because he was born in Maryland. But as soon as General Howe came to Philadelphia, Bowles had enlisted as a boy in the British army. It was after the most wild life that ever an adventurer led, —now in dungeons and now in palaces,— that she met him on the deck of an English cutter.

His eye fell upon Inez, with the undisguised admiration with which men were apt to look on Inez. When he was presented to Ma-ry in turn, he was quick enough to recognize,—he hardly could have told how,— something of the savage training of this girl. She looked as steadily into his eye, as he into hers. Compliment came into conversation with less disguise in those days, than in these. And so the General did not hesitate to say.

"But for that rich bloom Miss Ma-ry, upon your cheek, I should have been glad to claim you as the daughter of a chief,—a chief among men who have not known how to write treaties, nor to break them."

Ma-ry probably did not follow his stately and affected sentence.

"My name on the prairies is the White Hawk," said she, simply.

"Well named!" cried Bowles; and he looked to Eunice for an explanation, which of course she quickly gave. The passage was instantaneous, as among the group of courteous gentlemen, the ladies were led to the cabin of the Captain, which he had relinquished for them. But it was the beginning of long conferences between General Bowles and the White Hawk, in which, with more skill than Eunice had done, or even Harrod, he traced out her scanty recollection of what her mother had told her of the life to which she was born.

The stiffness of the reception and welcome of the ladies was broken, and all conversation for the moment was made impossible, by the escape of two pets of the girls, from the arms of a sailor, who had attempted to bring them up the ladder. They were little Chihuahua dogs,—pretty little creatures of the very smallest of the dog race,—which Lonsdale had presented when he had returned to San Antonio, as one of the steps, perhaps, by which he might work into Inez's variable favor. The little brutes found their feet on deck and dashed about among swivels, cat-heads, casks and other furniture, in a way which delighted the midshipmen, confounded the old seamen, and set both the girls screaming with laughter. After such an adventure, and the recapture of Trip and Skip, formality was impossible; and when the ladies disappeared into Lieutenant Drapier's hospitable quarters, all parties had the ease of manner of old friends.

Ransom, with his own sure tact, and under the law of "natural selection,"—which was true before Dr. Darwin was born,—found his way at once into the company of the warrant officers. Indeed he might be well described by calling him a sort of warrant officer, which means a man who takes much of the work, and much of the responsibility of this world, and yet has very little of the honor. As the men hauled up the little anchor, and got the boats on board, after Ransom had seen his share of luggage of the party fairly secured, an old sailor's habits came over him, and he could hardly help, although a visitor, lending a hand.

It was not the first time he had been on the deck of an English man-of-war, but never before had he been there as a distinguished visitor. He also, like his mistress, if Eunice were his mistress, knew how to conquer his prejudices. And indeed the order and precision of man-of-war's man's style, after the slackness, indolence and disobedience of the greasers, was joy to his heart. He could almost have found it in him to exempt these neat English tars from the general doom which would fall on all "furriners." At the least they could not speak French, Spanish or Choctaw; and with this old quarter-master who offered him a lighted pipe, and with the boatswain, who gave him a tough tarred hand, he could indulge in the vernacular.

Hardly were these three mates established in a comfortable nook forward under the shade of the foresail, when an older man than the other Englishmen presented himself and tipped his hat to Ransom respectfully in a somewhat shamefaced fashion.

The old man looked his surprise, and relieved the other's doubts by giving him a hard hand-grip cordially.

"Why Ben, boy, be ye here? Where did ye turn up from?"

The man said he enlisted in Jamaica two years before.

"Jes so, the old story. Can't teach an old dog new tricks. Have some tobaccy, Ben? perhaps all on ye will like to try the greasers' tobaccy. Et's the only thing they's got that's good for anything, et is." And he administered enormous plugs of the Mexican tobacco to each of his comrades, neither of whom was averse to a new experiment in that line. "Woll, Ben, et's a good many years since I see ye. See ye last the day Count Dystang sailed out o' Bostin Harbor. Guess ye didn't go aloft much that v'y'ge, Ben?"

The other laughed, and intimated that people did not go aloft easily when they had handcuffs on. The truth was, he had been a prisoner of war, and under some arrangements made by the Committee of Safety, had been transferred to the French admiral's care.

"'N' when did ye see Mr. Conolly, Ben?" asked Ransom, with a patronizing air.

The man said Mr. Conolly had never forgotten him, that "he was good to him," as his phrase was, and got him exchanged from the French fleet. But Mr. Conolly afterward went to Canada—and Ben had never heard from him again.

"I've heerd on him often," said Ransom, with his eyes twinkling, "Guv'nor o' Kannydy sent him down here to spy out the country. Thort they wa'nt no rope to hang him with, he did. Didn't know where hemp grew. Down comes Conolly, and he sees the Gineral, that's Wilkinson, up river; 'n' he tells the Gineral, and all the ginerals, they'd better fight for King George, he does, 'n' that the King's pay was better nor Gineral Washington's. Darned fool, he was. Gineral Wilkinson fooled him, Major Dunn fooled him, all on um fooled him. Thought he'd bought um all out, he did!" and Ransom chuckled, in his happiest mood; "thought he'd bought um 'n' jest then in come a wild fellow,—hunter—'n' he asked where the English Kurnel was, he did, 'n' he says the red-skins 'n' the English 'd killed his father 'n' mother; 'n' he says he'll have the Kurnel's scalp to pay for it; 'n' after he hollered round some time, old Wilkinson he put him in irons, 'n' sent him away, 'n' then the Kurnel—Conolly—he took on so, 'n' was so afeerd he'd be scalped, that he asked the Gineral for an escort, he did, 'n' so he went home. Gineral gin the hunter a gallon o' whisky, 'n' five pounds of powder to come in there 'n' holler round so."

And old Ransom contemplated the sky, in silent approval of the deceit. After a pause he said,

"They wus some on um over there among the greasers, thought this man was Colonel Conolly" (pause again). "They didn't ask me, 'n' I didn't tell um. I knew better. I see Conolly when I see you fust, Ben" (grim smile), "when we put the irons on you, aboard the 'Cerberus' 'fore she went down. I knew Conolly." Another pause. Then somewhat tentatively:

"This man I never see before. But he knows how to saddle his own horse, he does;"—this in approval, Lonsdale being "this man" referred to.

The others said that they took "this man" into Vera Cruz the winter before, with his servants. The talk of the "Fire-fly" was, that while they had been sounding in Corpus Christi bay they had been waiting for him. Who he was, they did not know, but believed he was First Lord of the Admiralty, or may be a son of Lord Anson, or perhaps of some other grandee.

"Ye don't think he's that one that was at New York, do you?" said Ransom. "I mean the Juke, they called him—old King's son. I come mighty near carrying him off myself one night, in a whale-boat."

The men showed little indignation at this allusion to Royal William, the Duke of Clarence, "By England's navy all adored," though that gentleman was said to be. But they expressed doubts, though no one knew, whether Mr. Lonsdale were he. If he were, the midshipmen were either ignorant or bold. For when Inez compelled them to sing that evening, they sang rapturously,—

"When Royal William comes on board
By England's navy all adored,
To him I sometimes pass the word,
For I'm a smart young midshipman!"

The White Hawk proved a better sailor than Eunice had dared to hope. Her wonder at what seemed to her the immense size of the little vessel, and at all its equipment and movement was a delight to Inez and even to the less demonstrative Ransom. The young gentlemen were divided in their enthusiastic attentions to these charming girls, and the three or four days of their little voyage were all too short for the youngsters; when, with a fresh north-west breeze, they entered the south-western mouths of the great Mississippi River, and so long as this breeze served them held on to the main current of the stream. For that current itself, the breeze was dead ahead, and so the "Fire-fly" came again to an anchor, to the grief of the ladies more than of their young admirers.

Eunice Perry and her "doves" had retired to dress for dinner, when, from a French brig which was at anchor hard by, a boat was dropped, which pulled hastily across to the Englishman. In these neutral waters there was no danger in any event, but a white handkerchief fluttered at her bow. A handsome young man, in a French uniform, ran up on the "Fire-fly's" deck. He spoke a word to Captain Drapier, but hardly more; for as they exchanged the first civilities, Eunice and Inez rushed forward from the companion, and Inez's arms were round his neck.

"My dear, dear brother!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AS FOUND.

"And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."
TENNYSON.

"Is IT not perfectly lovely!" said Inez to her brother, as she ran ashore over the little plank laid for a gangway; "Is it not perfectly lovely!" And she flung her arms about him and kissed him, as her best way of showing her delight that she and he were both at home.

"You are, pussy," said Roland, receiving the caress with as much enthusiasm as she gave it with, "and so is the White Hawk, whom I will never call Ma-ry; and to tell you the whole truth, and not to quarrel with you the first morning of home, dear old Orleans is not an unfit setting for such jewels. Oh dear! how good it is to be at home!"

The young officer seemed as young as Inez in his content; and Inez forgot her trials for the minute, in the joy of having him, of hearing him, and seeing him.

So soon as Mr. Perry had understood the happy meeting at the River's mouth, he also had boarded the "Fire-fly." Matters had indeed fallen out better than even he had planned, and the embarkation planned in grief by Eunice, and in what seemed loyalty by Mr. Lonsdale, proved just what all would have most desired. Mr. Perry had the pleasure of announcing to Lieutenant Drapier and the other English officers, peace between England and France. They had heard of the hopes of this, but till now the announcement had lingered. At the little dinner improvised on the deck of the "Fire-fly," many toasts were drunk to the eternal peace of England and France; but alas, the winds seem to have dispersed them before they arrived at any mint which stamped them for permanent circulation!

With all due courtesies, Mr. Perry had then taken his own family on board the "Antoinette,"—a little brig which he had chartered at Bordeaux, that he might himself bring out this news. Of course he begged Mr. Lonsdale to join them, so soon as he knew that that gentleman's plan of travel was to take him to Orleans. Drapier and Clerk manifested some surprise when they learned of this plan of travel, as they had supposed the "Fire-fly" was to take him to Jamaica. They learned now, for the first time, that Lonsdale had errands at Fort Massac and the falls of the Ohio and Fort Washington. The young officers looked quizzically at each other behind his back, as if to ask how long he might be detained at Orleans. But whoever Lonsdale was, and however good a friend he was, they did not dare to talk banter to him,—as Miss Inez and as Ransom did not fail to observe.

So with long farewells and promises to meet again, the two vessels parted. General Bowles said to Eunice, as he bade them good-bye, that he was the only person on board the "Fire-fly" who was not raging with indignation at the change of plans. "The middies are beside themselves," he said. "So indeed am I; but my grief is a little assuaged by the recollection that Governor Salcedo would hang me in irons in fifteen minutes after the 'Fire-fly' arrived. True, this is a trifling price to pay for the pleasure of sailing along the coast with three charming ladies; but if I do not pay it, I have the better chance to see them again.

"And also," he added more gravely, "I have the better chance to learn something of this Comanche raid, in which your interesting charge was carried from home, of which, Miss Perry, I will certainly inform you."

The "Antoinette" had slowly worked her way up the stream. At night-fall, on the second night, she was still thirty miles from the city. But as the sun rose on the morning of the third day, Roland had tapped at the door of the ladies' cabin and had told them that they were at the levee in front of the town. Of course Inez and Ma-ry were ready for action in a very few moments, and as Roland waited eager for them, they joined him for a little ramble, in which Inez should see his delight as he came home, and both of them should see Ma-ry's wonder.

It is hard even for the resident in New Orleans of to-day to carry himself back to the little fortified town which Inez so rejoiced to see. As it happens, we have the ill-tempered narrative which a M. Duvallar, a Cockney Parisian, gave, at just the same time, of his first impressions. But he saw as a seasick Frenchman eager to see the streets of Paris sees; Inez saw as a happy girl sees, who from her first wanderings returns home with so much that she loves best. The first wonder to be seen was a wonder to Inez as to the others; it was the first vessel ever built in Ohio to go to sea. She lay in the stream proudly carrying the American colors at each peak, and was the marvel of the hour. But Inez cared little for schooners, brigs or ships.

She hurried her brother to the Place d'Armes, which separated the river from two buildings, almost Moorish in their look, which were the public offices, and which were separated by the quaint Cathedral,—another bit of Old Spain. Over wooden walks, laid upon the clay of the *banquette* or sidewalk, she hurried him through one and another narrow street, made up of square wooden houses, never more than a story high, and always offering a veranda or "galerie" to the street front. Between the *banquette* and the road-way, a deep gutter, neatly built, gave room for a little brook, if one of the pitiless rains of the country happened to flood the town. Little bridges across these gutters, made by the elongation of the wooden walks, required, at each street crossing, a moment's care on the part of the passenger. All this, to the happy Inez, was of course; to the watchful White Hawk was amazement, and to Roland all was surprise, that in so many thousand details he had forgotten how the home of his childhood differed from the Paris of his manly life. The fine fellow chattered as Inez chattered, explained to the White-Hawk as he thought she needed, and was every whit as happy as Inez wanted him to be. "There is dear M. Le Bourgeois. He does not see us. Monsieur! Monsieur! You have not forgotten us, have you? Here is little Inez back again. And how are they at Belmont? Give ever so much love to them!" And then as she ran on, "and there is Jean Audubon! Jean! Jean!" and when the handsome young fellow crossed the street and gave her both hands, "Oh! I have such beautiful heron's wings for you from Antonio; and Ransom has put up two nice chapparal birds for you, and a crane. I made Major Barelo shoot him for me. And Jean! did you ever see a Chihuahua dog? Ma-ry and I have two,—the prettiest creatures you ever did see. This is Ma-ry, Mr. Audubon. How do you do, Madame Fourchet? We are all very well, I thank you."

So they walked back from the river,—not many squares,—the houses were farther and farther apart, and at last a long fence, made of cypress boards, roughly split, and higher than their heads, parted them from a garden of trees and shrubs blazing with color and with fruit. The fence ran along the whole square, and now the little Inez fairly flew along the *banquette* till she came to a gate-way, which gave passage into the garden. Here she instantly struck a bell, which hung just within the fence, and there, protected by a rough shelter,—a sort of wooden awning, arranged for the chance of rain,—she jumped with impatience as she waited for the others to arrive, and for some one within to open. She had not to wait long. In a minute Ransom flung the gate open, and the girl stood within the garden of her father's house. The old man had landed long before them, and had come up to the house to satisfy himself that all was fit for the family and its guests.

"Come, Ma-ry, come!" cried Inez, as she dashed along a winding brick alley, between palm-trees and roses, and myrtles and bananas; oranges in fruit, great masses of magnolia cones beginning to grow red, and the thousand other wonders of a well-kept garden in this most beautiful of cities, in a climate which is both temperate and tropical at a time. "Oh come, Ma-ry! do come Roland! Welcome home! welcome home!"

She dashed up the broad high steps of the pretty house, to a broad veranda, or "gallery" near twelve feet deep, which surrounded it on every side. Doors flung wide open gave entrance to a wide hall which ran quite through the house, a double door of Venetian-blind closing the hall at the other end.

On either side, large doors opened into very high rooms, the floors of which—of a shining cypress wood—were covered in the middle by mats and carpets. The shade of the "gallery" was sufficient in every instance to keep even the morning sun-light of that early hour from the rooms. Ransom's forethought, and that of a dozen negro servants, who were waiting to welcome her, had already made the rooms gorgeous with flowers.

The happy girl had a word for every Chloe and Miranda and Zenon and Antoine of all the waiting group; and then she was beside herself as she tried at once to enjoy Roland's satisfaction, and to introduce Ma-ry to her new home. It was impossible to be disappointed. Roland was as well pleased and as happy as she could wish, and, because she was so happy, the White Hawk was happy too.

"See, Roland, here is the picture of Madame Josephine you sent us, and here is your great First Consul,—and very handsome he is too, though he is so stern. I should think Madame Bonaparte would be afraid of him! See, I hung them here. Papa had hung them just the other way, and you see they looked away from each other. But I told him that would never do. It seemed as if they had been quarreling."

"Madame's picture is not good enough, as I told you, when I sent it. The General's is better. But nothing gives his charming smile. You must make papa tell you of that. I wish we had Eugene's. If he becomes the great general he means to be, we shall have his picture, engraved and framed, by the General's side."

"Oh! there are to be no more wars, you know. Eugene will be a planter and raise sugar, as his father did. We shall never hear of General Beauharnois again."

And then she had to take Ma-ry into her own room, and show her all the arrangements in which a young girl delights. And Ransom was made happy by seeing Mr. Roland again at home. And these joys of a beginning were not well over before the carriage arrived from the "Antoinette" with the more mature elders of the party, who had not been above taking things easily, and riding from the levee to the house.

But it was impossible not to see at breakfast, that Mr. Perry was silent and sad, in the midst of all his effort to be hospitable to Mr. Lonsdale, and to make his son's return cheerful. And at last, when breakfast was over, he said frankly, "We are all so far friends, that I may as well tell you what has grieved me. Panton came on board as we left the vessel.

"He tells me that this horrid business yonder has been too much for the poor girl."

Inez's face was as pale as a sheet. She had never spoken to her father of the beautiful lady whose picture Philip Nolan had showed her. She had always supposed that there was a certain confidence or privacy about his marriage to Fanny Lintot, and, as the reader knows, not even to Eunice had she whispered it before they heard of his death. But now it was clear that her father knew. And he knew more than she knew.

"Yes!" continued Mr. Perry. "There is a child who will never remember his father and mother. But this pretty Fanny Lintot, not even the child could keep her alive. 'What should I wish to live for?' the poor child said. 'I shall never know what happiness is in this world. I did not think I should be so fortunate as to join my dear Phil so soon.' And so she joined him!"

Poor Inez. She could not bear this. She ran out of the room and the White Hawk followed her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Who saw the Duke of Clarence?"
HENRY IV.

"AUNT EUNICE," said Roland, with all his own impetuosity, when they had all met for dinner, "there is no such soup as a gumbo filé,—no not at Malmaison. *Crede experto*, which means, my dear aunt, 'I know what I am talking about.' And as Madame Casa Calvo is not here, you may help me again."

"Dear Roland, I will help you twenty times," said his aunt, who was as fond of him as his mother would have been, and, indeed, quite as proud. "I am glad we can hold our own with Malmaison in anything."

"We beat Malmaison in many things. We beat Malmaison in roses,—though Mlle. Hortense has given me a 'Souvenir' from there, before which old Narcisse will bow down in worship. But we have more than roses. We beat Malmaison in pretty girls," this with a mock bow to the White Hawk, and to Inez; "and we beat her in gumbo."

"How is it in soldiers, Mr. Perry?" said Mr. Lonsdale, with some real curiosity, "And is it true that we are to see the renowned General Victor here with an army?"

"That you must ask my father," said the young fellow, boldly. "He is the diplomatist of the family. I dare say he has settled it all with Madame Josephine, while I was obtaining from Mlle. Hortense some necessary directions about the dressing of my sister's hair. My dear Inez, it is to be cut short in front, above the eyebrows, and to flow loosely behind,—*à la Naiade Affranchie*."

"Nonsense!" said Inez, "did not Mlle. Hortense tell you that ears were to be worn boxed on the right side and cuffed on the left? She was too kind to your impudence."

"She made many inquiries regarding yours. And, dear Aunt Eunice, she asked me many questions which I could not answer. Now that I arrive upon the father of waters, I am prudent and docile. I whisper no word which may awake the proud Spaniard against the hasty Gaul or the neutral American. I reveal no secret, Mr. Lonsdale, in the presence of the taciturn Briton; all the same I look on and wonder. The only place for my inquiries,—where I can at once show my modesty and my ignorance,—is at the hospitable board of Miss Eunice Perry. She soothes me with gumbo filé, she bribes me with red-fish and pompano; in the distance I see cotelettes and vol-au-vents, and I know not what else, which she has prepared to purchase my silence. All the same, I throw myself at the feet of this company, own my gross ignorance, and ask for light.

"Let me, dear Mr. Lonsdale, answer your question as I can. Many generals have I met, in battle, in camp, or in the ball-room. General Buonaparte is my protector; General Moreau examined me in tactics; General Casa Bianca is my friend; General Hamilton is my distinguished countryman. But who, my dear Aunt Eunice, is General Bowles? and of what nation was the somewhat remarkable uniform which he wore the day I had the honor to meet you, and to assure you that you had grown young under your anxieties for your nephew?"

Now, if there were a subject which Eunice would have wished to have avoided at that moment, it was the subject which the audacious young fellow had introduced.

In spite of her, her face flushed.

"He served against the Spaniards, at Pensacola," said she, with as much calmness as she could command. Everybody was looking at her, so that she could not signal him to silence, and Mr. Lonsdale was close at her side, so that he heard every word.

"A countryman of yours, Mr. Lonsdale? Where then was the red-coat? Where the Star and Garter?"

Lonsdale was not quick enough to follow this badinage, or he was, perhaps, as much annoyed as Eunice, that the subject was opened.

"General Bowles is not in the King's service," he said. "Yet he is well thought of at the Foreign Office. I dined with him at Lord Hawksbury's."

"At Lord Hawksbury's?" said Mr. Perry, surprised out of the silence he had maintained all along.

Lonsdale certainly was annoyed this time, and annoyed at his own carelessness; for he would not have dropped the words, had he had a moment for thought. His face flushed, but he said:

"Yes. It was rather a curious party; General Miranda was there, who means to free Mexico and Cuba and the Spanish Main,—the South American Washington of the future, Miss Inez. This General Bowles was there, in the same fanciful uniform he wears to-day. There was an attaché of your legation there, I forget his name, and no end of people who spoke no English. But I understood that General Bowles was an American. I did not suppose I should be the person to introduce him to you."

"Why does Lord Hawksbury ask General Bowles to meet General Miranda, sir?" said Roland, turning to his father.

"Why do I ask an élève of the École Polytechnique to meet Mr. Lonsdale? Mr. Lonsdale, that Bordeaux wine is good; but, if you hold to your island prejudices, Ransom shall bring us some port which my own agent bought in Portugal."

"I hold by the claret," said Lonsdale, relieved, as Roland thought, that the subject was at an end. Now, Roland had no thought of relieving him. If Englishmen came to America, he meant to make them show their colors.

"No man tells me," he said, "what nation that is whose Major-Generals wear green frock-coats cut like Robin Hood's, with wampum embroidered on the cuffs. I am only told that this unknown nation is in alliance with King George and General Miranda."

"General Bowles is the chief of an Indian tribe in this region, I think," said Lonsdale, rather stiffly.

"Oho!" cried the impetuous young fellow, "and the Creeks and the greasers, with some assistance from Lord Hawksbury and King George, are to drive the King of Spain out of Mexico. Is that on the cards, Mr. Lonsdale?"

Lonsdale looked more confused than ever.

"You must ask your father, Mr. Perry. He is the diplomatist, you say."

"But, is this what the Governor of Canada is bothering about? Is this what he sent Chisholm and Conolly for, sir?" said Roland, turning to his father. "Not so bad a plot, if it is."

The truth is that Roland's head was turned with the military atmosphere in which he had lived; and, like half the youngsters of his time, he hoped that some good cause might open up, in which he, too, could win spurs and glory.

At the allusion to Chisholm and Conolly, two secret agents of the Canadian Government in the Valley of the Mississippi, Inez turned to look gravely upon her aunt. As, by good luck, Mr. Lonsdale's face was also turned toward Eunice, Inez seized the happy opportunity to twirl her knife as a chief might his scalping-knife. Ma-ry understood no little of the talk, but managed, savage like, to keep her reserve. Mr. Perry felt his son's boldness, and was troubled by it. He knew that all this talk must be annoying to the Englishman.

"The plot was a very foolish plot, Roland, if it were such a plot as you propose. If John Adams had been chosen President again, instead of this man who is called so pacific,—if some things had not been done on the other side which have been done,—I think General Hamilton might have brought a few thousand of our countrymen down the river, with General Wilkinson to show him the way. Mr. Lonsdale can tell you whether Admiral Nelson would have been waiting here with a fleet; they do say there have been a few frigates in the Gulf; as it is, all I know is, that fortunately for us we found the 'Fire-fly' there. Mr. Lonsdale knows, perhaps, whether a few regiments from Canada might not have joined our men in the excursion. But we have changed all that, my boy, and you must take your tactics and your strategies to some other field of glory."

The truth was that all the scheme of which Mr. Perry spoke had been wrought out in the well-kept secrecy of John Adams's Cabinet. As he said himself once, such talent as he had was for making war, more than for making peace.

As it proved, the majestic, and to us friendly policy of the great Napoleon gave us Louisiana without a blow. But, in the long line of onslaughts upon Spain, which the United States have had to do with, this was the first.

The first Adams is the historical leader of the Filibusters.

Miss Inez did not care a great deal about the politics of the conversation. What she did care for was, that Lonsdale appeared to be uncomfortable. This delighted her. Was he Chisholm? was he Conolly? Her father had hushed up Roland, with a purpose. She could see that. But she did not see that this involved any cessation in that guerilla war with which he persecuted the Englishman.

"That must have been a very interesting party which you describe, Mr. Lonsdale. Is Lord Hawksbury a good talker?"

"Yes—hardly—no, Miss Perry. He talks as most of those men in office do; he is all things to all men."

"Was the Duke of Clarence there?" said Inez, with one bold, wild shot. Since Ransom had expressed the opinion that their guest was this gentleman, Inez was determined to know.

Lonsdale's face flushed fire this time; or she thought it did.

"The Duke was there," he said, "it was just before he sailed for Halifax."

But here Eunice came to his relief. She looked daggers at the impertinent girl, asked Mr. Lonsdale some question as to Lieutenant Drapier, and Inez and Roland were both so far hushed, that no further secrets of state were discussed on that occasion.

(To be continued.)

CHOICE AND CHANCE.

Three maidens at a floral fair, one day,
Chose each a flower from out the same bouquet.

One chose a violet; "May my life," said she,
"Like this sweet flower's, be passed in privacy!"

Another—a glad Hebe—deftly chose
From the rare cluster an imperial rose:—

"May life for me," she said, "through all its hours,
Be bright like thine, thou Empress of the flowers!"

A third the lily chose. "I mark in thee,
Passion," she whispered, "wed to purity."

The maiden shy who fain had dwelt apart,
Lived Fashion's Queen—though with an aching heart.

She, whose warm soul and yearning hope did crave
A bliss, rich, rose-like,—filled an early grave!

While she who loved the lily,—hapless maid!—
Perished forlorn,—dishonored and betrayed!

PROTESTANT VATICANISM.

According to an editorial in the "Christian Intelligencer" for November 4, 1875: "The first Biennial Conference of the American Evangelical Alliance was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.; the sessions continuing from Tuesday evening, October 26, until Friday evening, October 29. The attendance of delegates, clergymen and friends of the society was large, and the public audiences which filled the great church edifice three times daily, indicated the deep interest of the people of Pittsburgh in the proceedings. There was but one sensible jar upon the harmony of the meetings, and that was produced by the elaborate paper of the Rev. S. M. Hopkins, D. D., Professor in the Auburn Theological Seminary, on the Sabbath Question. Dr. Hopkins took the broad ground that the Fourth Commandment, as a law, is abolished; that the Puritan Sabbath was essentially Jewish in its nature and observances; that all 'days' as such are abolished, because under the New Testament all time is equally sacred; that the observance of the Christian Sabbath, as to the time, extent and method, is left optional with the individual conscience; that the attempt to secure its sacredness in any way by legal enactments is inconsistent with the rights of conscience;* and that the only and the best means of rescuing the Lord's day from sensual appetite are the Church, the Sunday-school and Christian literature. He said that the propriety of opening public libraries, museums and other places of resort, depends not on the law of the Fourth Commandment, but upon their tendencies to benefit the mind, morals and religious interests of those who may frequent them, etc.

"The essay of Dr. H. was very lengthy, carefully wrought out, and an able presentation of the argument and the literature of that side of the question. But it excited the deepest feeling of regret and disapproval in the Conference and among the audience. It was an intrusion of the argument for the Continental Sunday upon a public body which had a right to expect no such blow at its own well-known adherence to the American Christian Sabbath. It took the audience by surprise, and it left them indignant. The author was heard throughout with quiet respect and dignified silence. But when he sat down, amid very slight applause from a few feet and hands, the storm burst. Impromptu replies followed in quick succession from Drs. Atterbury, of the New York Sabbath Committee, Samson, Ganse, Malin, W. J. R. Taylor and others, each on some separate point, but all like a battery of converging guns upon the one object of attack. But for the resoluteness of the President this series of replies would have crowded out other topics of discourse, although the time was twice extended, and the five minutes rule was enforced. The American people are not yet ready to give up their Christian Sabbath, nor the grounds upon which it has been maintained; nor will they tolerate the introduction of the Continental Sunday with its license and its irreligion.

"One of the most telling replies to Dr. Hopkins was made by a German minister, who, in imperfect English, but with profound feeling and solemn emphasis, protested against the propagation of views which have so fearfully degraded the Sabbath in his native land.

"Dr. Hopkins is one of the very few American divines belonging to the Evangelical churches who hold these loose views, of which the late Frederick W. Robertson, in England, and many of the Continental divines, are the recognized advocates. But it is well to know just where our public men stand on this subject, and their inopportune assaults only serve to bring out the deep convictions and strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is. It was remarkable that no one volunteered to speak in defense of the author of the paper."

To which we only care just here to add that another Evangelical editor—this time a Presbyterian—recommends that "in order to avoid any such 'outrage' hereafter, no one shall be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Alliance whose sentiments are not understood in advance to be in harmony with the managers."

All of which very forcibly reminds us of what Prof. Draper tells us of another ecclesiastical conference,—not Protestant,—some time ago convened—not at Pittsburgh. Prof. Draper says: "On the appointed day the Council opened. Its objects were to translate the Syllabus into practice, to establish the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and define the relations of religion to science. Every preparation had been made that the points determined on should be carried. The bishops were informed that they were coming to Rome, not to deliberate, but to sanction decrees previously made by an infallible Pope. No idea was entertained of any such thing as free discussion. The minutes of the meetings were not allowed to be inspected; the prelates of the opposition were hardly allowed to speak. On January 22, 1870, a petition requesting that the infallibility of the Pope should be defined was presented; an opposition petition of the minority was offered. Hereupon the deliberations of the minority were forbidden and their publications prohibited. And although the Curia had provided a compact majority, it was found expedient to issue an order that to carry any proposition it was not necessary that the vote should be near unanimity; a simple majority sufficed. The remonstrances of the minority were altogether unheeded."

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* Here Dr. Hopkins would interject: "I admit the propriety of *legal enactments* to protect the Christian Sabbath from any such desecration as may interfere with its use as a day of rest and of worship."

Most assuredly the broad and fundamental features of community still existing, even in this nineteenth century, between a Protestant Ecclesiastical Conference, picked and packed—*e. g.*, in a Presbyterian church at Pittsburgh; and a Roman Catholic Council, picked and packed—*e. g.*, in the Vatican at Rome—are sufficiently brought out in the foregoing extracts to need no further special indications.

And to make this matter worse, so far as all freedom of discussion is concerned, it is precisely in connection with these conferences of the Evangelical Alliance that the highest liberty permissible, or even possible, in any evangelical ecclesiastical body, has been attained. There, according to the doctrinal basis of the Alliance, the only fetters in which discussions need to be confined is that they do not transcend the limits of what is agreed upon to constitute "a summary of the consensus of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith."

And yet even this apparent latitude of discussion permitted to evangelical theologians on the platform of the Alliance is practically very much abridged by the fact that every member of the Alliance is also a member of some one or another of the various evangelical sects or cliques. So that if, on the one hand, he is limited in his expressions of opinion in the presence of the Alliance itself only by the above-mentioned summary of Christian doctrine; on the other hand, he is fettered and hampered by all "the minor differences of theological schools and religious denominations." For example, Dr. Scovel, in his closing remarks at Pittsburgh, very bravely said: "I stand here to say that I am first a Christian, and then a Presbyterian. [Applause.] I believe firmly in my heart, I do intellectually respect, and am intellectually convinced of the truth of the blue book, from cover to cover, but I have lost all disposition to enforce its determined propositions upon the consciences of my neighbors. I am perfectly willing to stand upon this Alliance basis with my neighbors, they believing what else they choose."

But suppose Dr. Scovel had instead felt himself in duty bound to declare: "I am first a Christian, and after that in no sense a denominationalist. I am perfectly willing to remain in the Presbyterian communion on the doctrinal basis of this Alliance, but if any man, or any set of men, undertakes to enforce upon my personal and private conscience the determined propositions of the blue book, as distinguished from that doctrinal basis, that movement will, at all costs and hazards, simply be resisted to the bitter end."

Had this speech only been made by Dr. Scovel recently at Pittsburgh, some angry Eastern Prof. Patton might then have well stalked athwart his vision.

Thus, then, it stands with the boasted religious liberty of the Evangelical Alliance. On its narrowest side all discussion is limited by the strictly sectarian relations and obligations of the individual delegate; whereas, on its broadest side, the Alliance itself allows no liberty beyond that of "the Consensus of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith."

Now, so far as the Evangelical Alliance itself is specifically concerned, our object is not to enter any protest. All things considered, and exceptional instances aside, it is very possible, it is even highly probable, that larger latitude of discussion is not there either desired or desirable. It is not argument alone, it is not free discussion alone, which is to break down, not merely all sectarian limits, but all evangelical limits, to the free and full expression of honest and scholarly religious conviction. That can be done in part, and among the majority of the men composing such bodies, and represented in such bodies, as the Evangelical Alliance, that can be done perhaps more largely and more rapidly than in any other possible way, simply through personal and fraternal intercourse;—all specific discussion of mooted moral and religious topics being most rigorously confined within the limits of the present doctrinal platform of the Alliance.

But granting all this, the paper read by Prof. Hopkins before the Alliance at Pittsburgh, demonstrates that there exists among the Christian ministry of these United States at least a minority who have far broader and far more catholic convictions concerning Christianity than can honestly be presented, no matter in how able or scholarly a manner, in the presence of the Alliance, without being received with angry demonstrations from that body itself, and without likewise exposing the delegate who ventures to present them to no very inviting prospects of collision with his strictly sectarian authorities at home. For, says Prof. Hopkins in a private letter to the author, "Whether anybody may think it worth while to endeavor to molest or disturb me in my position here on account of the paper referred to I cannot tell. There are at least enough *outside* who are willing to prompt such a course."*

And yet full justice must here be promptly done to the motives of the worthy evangelical leaders who undertake to apply all the processes of ecclesiastical gag-law and terrorism to the more advanced Christian thinkers, whether among the clergy or the laity, who are now in one way or another struggling for expression. Thus, speaking in behalf of one of the most numerous and powerful of the evangelical communions in Scotland, Prof. Rainy says: "At present any proposal to reconsider the Confession would be felt in most of the Presbyterian churches as a revolutionary proposal, opening the way to unimaginable possibilities. It may be proposed simply to abridge on the ground that, however scriptural the articles to be omitted may be, they are not fitly introduced into a confession; that the whole document is larger than churches are entitled to use, and makes statements in more detail than is suitable in formularies of this kind. At present this is one of the main points urged with respect to confessions and articles. The question thus raised is a perfectly fair one, but frank and unembarrassed consideration is not easily procured for it. Nor is this surprising. If the point were urged by those only who desire the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches to remain, and to be protected by the best possible kind of confession, an unprejudiced hearing would more readily be accorded. But since those also are in the field who have more serious objections in reserve, and contemplate more sweeping changes, the point before us is naturally treated as only the advanced guard of an invading enemy. Yet it is certainly entitled to be considered and judged upon its own merits."

Now we have it here first of all frankly confessed that so resolute is the determination of the Protestant potentates and powers *par excellence* not to permit the more advanced Christian thinkers of the present epoch to have a calm and candid hearing, that, in order to shut *them* off, these potentates and powers do not scruple to put the estoppel even upon those less advanced malcontents who undeniably have questions to raise which even the most conservative theologians recognize to be not only perfectly legitimate, but entitled to be considered and judged on their own merits. And, looked at from their own stand-point, the conservative theologians are actuated by the most praiseworthy motives in all this. Better, they reason, not even permit the most legitimate proposals for the reformation of the traditional Confessions of Faith to be discussed among the churches, than to let the discussion get started, and so pass over into the hands of the revolutionists, and thereby endanger even "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches."

Since, then, the more moderate malcontents among the Christian ministry and laity are interdicted by the conservative theologians from a hearing with their fellow Christians, only because of the existence of the more radical and revolutionary, this matter might as well be at once taken by the horns fairly and squarely.

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* The most important steps taken in the premises since this note was written are, first, that a formal complaint was addressed by the Alleghany Presbytery to "the venerable Presbytery of Cayuga," of which Dr. Hopkins is a member, charging him with "heretical teachings," and requesting that he be brought before the bar of said Presbytery; and, secondly, the failure of those within "the venerable body," who were in sympathy with the Alleghany Presbytery to get the Professor indicted as a heretic, after the effort was most earnestly made to have him thus indicted; and, thirdly, the equally signal failure of the Alleghany heresy hunters to secure any action hostile to Dr. Hopkins on the part of the late General Assembly convened in Brooklyn.

It scarcely needs to be suggested, however, that, as between Christians, there can be neither any desire nor any design to inaugurate any movements tending to endanger the great characteristic features of Christianity. And it is simple justice to that class of Christians who stand ready to propose the most revolutionary revisions of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith, to say that they do not thereby intend any revolutionary revision of Christianity itself, but only such a revolutionary revision of those Confessions of Faith as shall bring them into at least some general harmony with our present state of Christian thought and light and culture.

Nor can it be questioned that the neglect to do this in time has already, as a foremost and fundamental cause, historically cost the Christian churches most bitterly in Germany. For example, almost indignantly remarks Prof. Christlieb: "What was it that in the last century prepared the way among ourselves for the prevalence of Rationalism? At such a time, when a cold orthodoxy was almost everywhere being substituted for living faith, when slavish adherence to the Church's standards was put in the place of that free inquiry into the sense of Scripture which the first reformers had pursued, and a fresh bondage of the letter was introduced, it became a simple necessity for energetic minds, like that of Lessing, to come to an open breach with traditional Protestantism." "It must then be confessed that the Church theology of the last century deserves the chief blame for the general apostasy which then began from the ancient faith." "Her dogmatic errors supply these enemies with their most formidable weapons of offense against her." And what has already historically happened in Germany, is at this very moment on the verge of happening in all other Christian countries. Thus, says Prebendary Row of England: "Popular ideas of Christian theology create a number of real σκάνςᾶλα in the minds of unbelievers. An attempt to remove them is almost sure to be cried out against by the ignorant as a weakening of the foundations of Christianity itself. The result is an imperfect defense of these great subjects,—shirking rather than going to the bottom of the question. I verily believe that the prejudices of Christians are doing quite as much damage as the direst assaults of unbelievers. They leave the house empty, swept and garnished, all ready for their entrance. It terribly ties our hands."

Some revision of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith must therefore inevitably be made, in order to bring them into some general accordance with an altered state of knowledge, and the like.

But these revisions, the conservative Protestant theologians would insist upon confining to the superficial features and the incidental details of these Confessions; whereas the revision which we are here attempting to show to be necessary is of a radical and revolutionary character,—threatening indeed to sweep away even some of "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches."

And to render our meaning perfectly unambiguous upon this point, we would proceed to state that the features of faith to which we specifically refer are not merely those features which the Evangelical Alliance has agreed upon as constituting a sort of summary of the consensus of belief existing among all traditional Protestant churches, but those still more fundamental features which could be agreed upon as constituting a summary of the consensus of belief existing as between all traditional Protestant churches, on the one hand, and the traditional Catholic church, on the other.

If asked to state our meaning still more explicitly here, we would begin by citing these remarks by Matthew Arnold: "Clergymen and ministers of religion are full of lamentations over what they call the spread of scepticism, and because of the little hold which religion now has on the masses of the people . . . It is the religion of the Bible that is professedly in question with all the churches, when they talk of religion and lament its prospects. With Catholics as well as Protestants, and with all the sects of Protestantism, this is so. What the religion of the Bible is, how it is to be got at, they may not agree; but that it is the religion of the Bible for which they contend, they all aver."

In proof of this position, Mr. Arnold cites these words by that eminent Catholic divine, Dr. Newman: "The Bible is the record of the whole revealed faith; so far, all parties agree." And if more evidence had been called for, Mr. Arnold would have found it at every hand. Thus, when the Pan-Presbyterian Council some time ago convened in London, it distinctly placed at the very foundation of all its proceedings looking toward a world-wide alliance among those churches which are organized on Presbyterian principles, "the supreme authority of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, in matters of faith and morals." In like manner, when the Evangelical Alliance came into existence, explicit provision was made that all its members should be required "solemnly to re-affirm and profess" their faith "in the divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures." Nor when the late Ecumenical Council convened at the Vatican, was it forgotten to fulminate the following dogmatic decree: "If any one shall not receive as sacred and canonical, the books of Holy Scripture, entire with all their parts, as the holy Synod of Trent has enumerated them, or shall deny that they have been divinely inspired, let him be anathema."

And from all this, it is perfectly apparent that the religion of the Bible—the religion of the entire Bible, from Genesis to Revelation—is that which constitutes, in some sort at least, a consensus of belief between all traditional theologians, whether Catholic or Protestant, and that these theologians are to a man fully determined, by every ecclesiastical combination and appliance at their command, to enforce this consensus of belief on the consciences and practices of men, throughout the Christian world.

And it is down here, at the very bottom, that every so-called Christian Confession of Faith, Catholic or Protestant, written or unwritten, demands revision.

Do we then mean to affirm that the religion of the Bible is not by any means synonymous with Christianity? Most emphatically we do. And in affirming this, we do not allude to the religion of the Douay Bible, as distinguished from the religion of the Protestant Bible, or *vice versa*. We allude to the religion of the Bible, in the broad and fundamental sense in which that term would be employed, whether by Catholics or Protestants, when individually or collectively referring to those portions and versions of the Scripture which they recognize in common.

Drawing our illustration from the same general line with the paper of Prof. Hopkins, on the Sabbath question, we may begin by remarking that among Protestant divines some recognition has always been made of the fact that at least not everything in the Old Testament, or Jewish Scriptures, is of binding force upon the Christian church. Thus we find it stated in Article VII. of the Church of England: "The laws given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any commonwealth."

And it is well known that Luther, for instance, went even beyond this in dealing with the Old Testament Scriptures, and "taught," as Dr. Forbes observes, "the abolition of civil laws, ceremonies, and *moralia* at once."

But practically the Old Testament has not only been bound up in the same volume with the New, as if it were an integral portion of the Christian gospel; it has been drawn upon almost *ad libitum* for the determined propositions of the various evangelical confessions of faith, and bodies of divinity; it has been circulated broadcast among all Christian people, and preached from by all Evangelical ministers, precisely as if it were to-day as much the authoritative standard in matters of faith and morals to the Christian as it was aforetimes to the Jew. And that it is thus authoritative has accordingly become a settled popular conviction, not only among the laity, but likewise among the clergy, throughout the Christian world.

But when we have gone so far as to affirm with Article VII. of the Church of England, that the Mosaic requisitions "touching ceremonies and rites do not bind Christian men," and the like, why should we then stop and say: "Yet notwithstanding, no Christian man is free from obedience of the commandments which are called moral."

Because, it will be replied, Jesus himself expressly said: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

Indeed from these special words of Jesus, it has actually been contended that he designed not merely to tolerate, but to perpetuate the minutest ceremonial requisitions and prohibitions of the Mosaic legislation.

"But on this supposition," says Strauss, "the plan and entire position of Jesus become absolutely unintelligible." "Different commentators have [therefore] discovered in the passing away of heaven and earth a real limit."

Which affords a very fine example of the average value of the "different commentators," when a little common sense is needed to understand the broad and general teaching of Jesus in the gospels. Why could not "these blind leaders of the blind" have opened their eyes sufficiently wide to see so plain a thing as this, namely, that Jesus himself, instead of having proclaimed the perpetuity of the Mosaic law for all time, in any of its aspects, expressly limited its continuance, in the all-comprehensive sense of both the law and the prophets, to the moment of its fulfillment by himself? Just so soon, however, as he had fulfilled that law, by making it in some general and suggestive way the mere basic point of his own final and permanent code of moral and religious life, then its divine validity, *ipso facto*, had in his view ceased, and ceased forever.

Let us see if this be not the case. And, to begin with: In giving one day something like a detailed statement of the Old Testament commandments, Jesus instanced barely, first, the prohibitions of murder, adultery, theft, false witness and defrauding, and, secondly, the injunctions: "Honor thy father and mother," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This shows how little Jesus cared that the Old Testament commandments, as such, should be preserved *en masse*, and in a catalogued form, in the memory of his disciples, as Christians still preserve the Decalogue.

Indeed, we must go even further still and distinctly assert that Jesus did not intend that the Old Testament commandments, as such, should ever be preserved *en masse* in the Christian church at all. On the contrary, when he divested the kingdom of God altogether of both its national and civil features, he utterly abrogated for the Christian all those national and civil requisitions originally imposed by Jehovah on the Jews. In like manner, by abolishing from his divine kingdom altogether the ancient Jewish rite of circumcision, and all the temple feasts and sacrifices, and every order of the temple priesthood, Jesus, *ipso facto*, abolished, from the Christian point of view, all the ancient Jehovic commands pertaining to the things abolished. But in place of them came all those special commands of Jesus pertaining to the national and civil relations of his church, concerning Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Christian ministry, and the like, recorded in our gospels, as contradistinguished from anything recorded to the contrary in either the law or the prophets.

But even when Jesus did not go so far as absolutely to abolish the requisitions or prohibitions of the ancient Jehovic code, and substitute his own requisitions or prohibitions in their stead, he often made therein some revolutionary changes. The Sermon on the Mount presents an illustration of this whenever Jesus draws a contrast between what "was said by them of old time," as contradistinguished from what he says himself. And if the entire gospel evidence be consulted, it will be found that even in regard to the Decalogue, Jesus either dropped out all mention of a requisition—as, for example, of idolatry—or radically changed the nature of the commandment, as in the specific matters of adultery, murder, the Sabbath, and the like.

Reduced, indeed, to the very bottom thought, Jesus considered that all the law and the prophets might be thus epitomized: first, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and secondly, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Jewish idea of a neighbor was limited, however, to begin with, by nationality, —no man being regarded as a neighbor who was not a Jew; and, in the next place, by comity,—no man being regarded as a neighbor, who, though a Jew, was yet an enemy. But Jesus, overriding every consideration alike of nationality and of comity, would have the entire world, and friend and foe alike, to constitute, at the very lowest supposition, but a common neighborhood. So that for Jesus to say: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is so unlike the same thing when uttered in the law and the prophets, that the saying in the lips of Jesus becomes another and a new commandment.

And the same thing is even more strikingly exhibited, if we turn now to consider the disposition made by Jesus of the Old Testament precept concerning supreme love for God. "The God of Jesus," says Renan, "is not the partial despot who has chosen Israel for his people, and protected it in the face of all, and against all. He is the God of humanity." Exception may indeed be taken both to the statement that the God of the Jews was a partial despot, and also to the position that the God of Jesus is the God of humanity, in the sense intended by the extremest schools of modern humanitarianism. At the same time, it cannot be denied that this remark by Renan is suggestive of a most momentous truth, namely, that between the God of the ancient Jewish theocracy, and the God of the new theocracy established by Jesus, there exists in general, the broadest and most fundamental diversity. Take, for example, just here, a salient point or two of contrast existing between the theism of the Decalogue and the theism of the Sermon on the Mount. In the one case, we have a Lord God bringing up a special people out of Egypt; in the other, we have a Father in heaven accessible alike to every nation of the world. In the one case, we have a "jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him;" in the other, we have a benign Father, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." So that in the case of the first and great commandment, the very theism of Jesus, *versus* that of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, is in many most important particulars of another realm and order. It is not so much a new commandment that now arrests attention, as it is a new and radically subversive conception of that Deity to whom the old commandment is to be applied.

Indeed, partly in the direction of abolishing, partly in the direction of altering, Jesus intended to make the most thorough-going work with the entire ancient Jewish faith and system, as a faith and system; so much so, that if at one breath he distinctly recognized the Jews as having been, prior to his personal advent, in possession of a veritable kingdom of God, at the next, he explicitly affirmed: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you;" "The kingdom of God is come unto you." Nor did he ever either commission his disciples to preach or employ the ancient Jewish Scriptures, as a law of Christian faith and practice, or any more design that they should do so, than he designed that they should slaughter bulls and goats in the courts of Christian churches.

Let it therefore be distinctively affirmed that for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian gospel, of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, thus far in all ages and everywhere prevalent in the so-called Christian churches, Jesus nowhere gives any greater sanction, explicit or implied, than he does for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian gospel, of Confucius or the Koran.

Moreover, it is precisely to this most un-Christ-like custom of still preaching and teaching the Old Testament Scriptures, as if they *were* the very Christian gospels, that the world is most of all indebted for the fact that now for over eighteen centuries, some of the most vital moral and religious traits of Judaism are still perpetuated in the so-called Christian faith and practice—and Protestant scarcely less than Catholic—which Jesus intended, root and branch, to extirpate for ever from the moral and religious life of his personal disciples.

Indeed, all things considered, it could be devoutly wished that steadily onward from the days of Jesus downward to the present epoch, no so-called Christian preacher, or creed-framer, or commentator, or concocter of a body of divinity, had ever been permitted to have free range for his so-called Christian moral and religious notions, throughout the ancient Jewish Scriptures. And we venture to suggest that if the precise idea of Jesus on many a great moral and religious question ever comes eventually to be accurately apprehended by his followers, they will be obliged to derive that idea of Jesus, primarily, only from the personal teachings of Jesus in the gospels.

But to what important practical point is this discussion tending? It is tending to prove that a minority of the more radical, and even revolutionary Christian thinkers of the present day, may deserve neither to be put down by the Protestant potentates *par excellence*, when they seek to gain a hearing with the churches, nor to be regarded and treated by the churches themselves as "invading enemies." They, indeed, do not wish many of "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches to remain," and many of those features which are the most pre-eminently Biblical.

Says Dr. Garbett in behalf of the dogmas of the Church of England: "The Scriptures are the teacher, and the Church is only the witness. She challenges all men to judge of her faithfulness to her trust. Here are the Scriptures, and here her articles of belief. Do they correspond or not? If they do not, let us bring them into correspondence. If they do, then the truth expressed is the same in both cases, whether scattered throughout the Divine utterances, or concentrated in the human formula. If it is the same truth, it must have the same authority."

But what we have to protest against is precisely this confounding of an authoritative Biblical theology with an authoritative Christian theology. For, as is shown above, —at least in connection with the Old Testament theology,—so far from being Christian because they are Biblical, articles of faith may be all the less Christian in proportion as they are all the more Biblical.

In a word, it has been now in one way or another, the great study of the traditional Protestant theologians ever since the sixteenth century, to discover in what a truly Biblical theology consists. Whereas, it is at length high time that the attention of the entire Christian church should be directed to the solution of quite another problem. That problem is this: What is Christian theology,—Christian theology as distinguished from Biblical theology, on the one hand, and from the various modern schemes of anti-Christian thought and speculation on the other? Professor Christlieb well knows, for example, that it was not merely "the Church theology of the last century," and "the dogmatic errors" of the traditional theologians referred to by him above, which conspired to transform Germany from being one of the most pre-eminently Christian nations of the world, into that deplorable condition which he himself depicts in saying: "The great mass of our educated, and yet more, of our half-educated classes is alienated from all positive definite Christianity: our diplomatists, almost without exception, and the great majority of our officers in the army, our government officials, lawyers, doctors, teachers of all kinds, excepting professional theologians, artists, manufacturers, merchants, shop-keepers, and artisans, stand on the basis of a merely rationalistic and nominal Christianity."

But, if it was not merely the Church theology of the last century, and the dogmatic errors of the theologians, which caused this breach between almost the entire intellect and culture of Germany, and Christianity,—what was it? Why, it was at least for one additional reason, the effort to save Christianity to the continued credence of the intellect and culture of Germany on the supposition that Christianity is substantially synonymous with Biblical religion. Says Professor Christlieb, himself: "The objection is very frequently raised, that, side by side with many exalted ideas of God, there are in the Bible, *at least in the Old Testament, many views unworthy of Him.*" Nor, as Professor Christlieb, well knows, is this objection raised only by such as the traditional theologians would characterize as "infidels," or "semi-infidels." For example, and as he must himself confess: "Even believers in the Bible are sometimes offended by the manner in which the God of the Old Testament is appealed to in the Psalms as a God of vengeance; and also, generally speaking, by the whole spirit expressed in those passages in which the poet invokes destruction on his enemies."

Despite all this, however, Prof. Christlieb, in his capacity of Biblical theologian, proposes not only to defend Biblical Theism for a truly Christian Theism, but a Biblical Theism drawn even more conspicuously and essentially from the ancient Jewish Scriptures than from the Christian Gospels.

In view of which we hasten to declare that if any intelligent Christian is in trouble here, he should not go to Prof. Christlieb, in his capacity of Biblical theologian, in order to find a clue out of his theistic difficulties. This clue the Professor rather gives us when, for the moment, turning himself, after the manner of Jesus, into an anti-Old Testament theologian, he observes: "After all, however, we must bear in mind that a certain distinction does exist between the avenging Judge of the Old Covenant and the God of mercy and love of the New Covenant. Not that God alters in his nature: He ever was and is unalterably holy in all his actions. But times and men certainly do alter. Hence in God's educatory dealings with man, everything has its wisely prescribed season."

And in this connection the following remarks by Herbert Spencer are also extremely helpful. He says: "The religious creeds through which mankind successively pass are, during the eras in which they are severally held, the best that could be held, and * * * this is true not only of the latest and most refined creeds, but of all, even to the earliest and most gross. * * * Certainly, such conceptions as those of some Polynesians, who believe that their gods feed on the souls of the dead; or as those of the Greeks, who ascribed to the personages of their Pantheon every vice, from domestic cannibalism downward, are repulsive enough. But, if ceasing to regard these notions from the outside, we more philosophically regard them from the inside; if we consider how they look to believers, and observe the relationships they bore to the natures and needs of such, we shall begin to think of them with some tolerance. The question to be answered is, whether these beliefs were beneficent in their effects on those who held them; not whether they would be beneficent for us, or for perfect men; and to this question the answer must be, that while absolutely bad they were relatively good. For is it not obvious that the savage man will be most effectually controlled by his fears of a savage deity? Must it not happen, that if his nature required great restraint, the supposed consequences of transgression, to be a check upon him, must be proportionately terrible; and for these to be proportionately terrible, must not his god be conceived as proportionately cruel and revengeful? Is it not well that the treacherous, thievish, lying Hindoo should believe in a hell where the wicked are boiled in caldrons, rolled down mountains bristling with knives, and sawn asunder between flaming iron posts? And that there may be provided such a hell, is it not needful that he should believe in a divinity delighting in human immolations, and the self-torture of fakirs? Does it not seem clear that during the earlier ages in Christendom, when men's feelings were so hard that a holy father could describe one of the delights of heaven to be the contemplation of the torments of the damned—does it not seem clear that while the general nature was so unsympathetic, there needed, to keep men in order, all the prospective tortures described by Dante, and a deity implacable enough to inflict them?"

And looked at from this point of view, would any higher theistic conceptions than those of the Old Testament, taken as a whole, have been either influential or beneficent among the semi-savage Jews, for whom alone, in their to us most offensive features, they ever were designed?

But when Mr. Greg, for example, finds himself so recently as 1850 still called upon as a Christian to believe in, adore and worship a Deity who, as he reads the Old Testament, "selected one favored people from the rest of his children, sanctioned fraud, commanded cruelty, contended and long in vain, with the magic of other gods, wrestled bodily with one patriarch, ate cakes and veal with another, sympathized with and shared in human passions, and manifested scarcely one 'untainted moral excellence'"—what could Mr. Greg do? Why simply revolt at such a shocking theism, still offered to a cultured Christian spirit more than eighteen centuries after Jesus had explicitly striven to displace it by the far different and far higher order of theism developed in his personal teaching?

Now we do not in all this design even remotely to intimate that Jesus did not intend to perpetuate some of the theistic conceptions of the ancient Jewish Scriptures. We merely wish to affirm that he designed root and branch to *abrogate* some of them, and to abrogate them forever. Certain examples of this latter class of theistic conceptions have already been instanced in connection with the theism of the very Decalogue. And it needs scarcely to be suggested that other examples might be cited in abundance in the direction of Mr. Greg's remarks above.

And if it be more specifically inquired what theistic conceptions of the ancient Jewish Scriptures Jesus designed to perpetuate, and what to abrogate, the evidence we think will bear out the general observation that he designed to abrogate every one of those conceptions which can rightfully prove revolting to the most cultured modern mind.

In saying this, however, we do not forget that Jesus doubtless designed to perpetuate such Old Testament conceptions of the Deity as that He is, symbolically speaking, a personal God—*i. e.*, a God of special providences and the like; conceptions more or less repugnant to not a few in modern times. But these very conceptions of the Deity are still clung to with the utmost ardor and pertinacity by the immense majority, at least in this Christian country. And the fact that Jesus shared them in common with the ancient Jewish Scriptures, and persistently taught and endeavored to perpetuate them, demonstrates them to be at least distinctively Christian conceptions.

And in undertaking at the present religious epoch to vindicate, as against all anti-Christian forms of theism, a truly Christian theism, let the Biblical theologians continue as long as they please their advocacy of a theism drawn from the entire Bible; but let them not interdict those from a hearing likewise in the churches who will undertake as Christians, and for Christians, to vindicate an Old Testament theism only in so far as Jesus perpetuated that theism in the gospel. Many of the best and noblest men and women all over the Christian world are utterly unable to believe in, adore and worship for themselves the Jehovah of the Jews in many of his aspects. Nor did Jesus any more desire or design that they should do so, than he desired or designed that they should believe in, adore and worship for themselves the gods of the Hindoos or the Polynesians. Not the Jehovah of the Jews, but the Heavenly Father of Jesus in so far as He is distinguishable from the Jehovah of the Jews, is the Deity of Christians.

Enough, however, has now been said in some vague and general way to illustrate our meaning when we allege, first, that

Biblical religion is one thing, and Christianity quite another; and, secondly, that the confounding of Biblical religion with Christianity, on the part of both the Protestant and the Catholic theologians, is among the most fruitful causes of that lamentable breach which is to-day everywhere taking place, between the cultured and the thoughtful, and what is supposed to be Christianity.

Other and more vital, not to say startling, illustrations of both these points could easily be adduced here did time and space permit. But it is something, even in this initial way, to have suggested to those who are on the verge of renouncing Biblical religion in many of its fundamental aspects, that they can well afford to pause and settle the preliminary question: What is Christianity *versus* Biblical religion? before they rush headlong either into an absolute rupture with religion in all and every form, or, what is more likely, into an acceptance of one or the other of the various modern religious rivals of Christianity. And it might also here be permissible to say to those who have already actually taken the one or the other of these latter leaps, that they may possibly retrace their steps with profit, at least so far as thoroughly to *consider* the question specified above. For while it would doubtless and rightfully be impossible for such persons ever to return to a truly Biblical belief, they might perhaps be able to come back far enough to occupy common standing ground with Jesus; *i. e.*, to believe in Christianity *versus* the religion of the Bible.

But we are here opening up a vast subject, which it will require more than the combined scholarship and wisdom of the present generation either adequately to discuss or satisfactorily to settle.

Meanwhile both the Catholic and the Protestant potentates and powers *par excellence* would do well not only to hear but to heed these remarks by Pressensé: "A formidable crisis has commenced in the history of Catholicism, and nothing will check it. Grave questions are proposed; it must be ascertained whence the Papacy has derived this vast authority which it has so boldly assumed. * * * Nor has the subject a lower claim on Protestants. Before them also there are serious questions for solution, both in the domain of theology and in that of the Church. There is not a single religious party which does not feel the need either of confirmation or of transformation. All the churches born of the great movement of the sixteenth century are passing through a time of crisis. They are all asking themselves, though from various standpoints, whether the Reformation does not need to be continued and developed. Aspiration toward the Church of the future is becoming more general, more ardent."

And not only in the direction of the Old Testament theology spoken of above, but, as we have just intimated, in other essential directions not even suggested in this essay, the Christian Church of the future will be widely different alike from the traditional Catholic and the traditional Protestant communion.

Referring to the rise of the latter communion, Prof. Fisher says: "The new type of religion owed its being to the direct contact of the mind with the Scriptures. In them it found alike its source and its regulative form. This distinguishes Protestantism, historically considered, from all movements on the plane of natural religion, and stamps upon it a distinctively Christian character. The new spiritual life had consciously its fountain-head in the writings of the Prophets and Apostles. There was no pretense of devising a new religion, but only of reforming the old, according to its own authoritative standard."

And now the work of reforming Christianity takes this farther stride of making even the Scriptures stand aside for Jesus. Or, as Prebendary Row prefers to say: "The theology of the future will center round the person of Christ and a more enlarged appreciation of his work."

And thus it will be seen that no more in the nineteenth century than in the sixteenth do the most radical revolutionists within the Christian Church propose to found a new religion. They merely propose in place of a Biblical Church to have the Christian Church;—a Church which Jesus himself originally intended to found, and which he would to-day recognize to be the Christian Church, did he appear personally upon the scene.

But it is now time that we more specifically take up another line of thought. We are assured by the "Christian Intelligencer" above, that "such inopportune assaults" as that made by Dr. Hopkins at Pittsburgh, "only serve to bring out the deep convictions and the strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is."

Now we must here hasten personally to disclaim an entire harmony of opinion with

Dr. Hopkins on the Sabbath question. There can indeed be no intelligent doubt that Jesus himself neither kept nor instructed his disciples to keep the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment. So far Dr. Hopkins has all the evidence of the gospels with him.* But while Jesus deliberately broke and taught his disciples to break the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, we submit that the same evidence attests that he both personally observed, and taught his disciples to observe, another kind of Sabbath. This latter is the Christian Sabbath; and this Sabbath we would respectfully suggest to Dr. Hopkins, it is no more "a question left to the individual Christian conscience," whether to observe or not observe, than whether to love or not to love his enemy, is an open question with the Christian.

Or Dr. Hopkins may possibly respond that this view is indeed borne out by reference simply to the teachings of Jesus in the gospels, but not by reference likewise to the Pauline teaching.

But to this we would reply that either Paul could not have designed, in saying what he does—*e. g.*, in Romans xiv., 5—to obliterate that distinction between a Christian Sabbath and the other days of the week which Jesus so plainly makes, or else it is necessary to make a choice between the Sabbatical ideas of Paul and the Sabbatical ideas of Jesus. In which latter case, few Christians will hesitate whether to take their stand with Paul or Jesus.

Be this, however, as it may, it is not to be denied that Prof. Hopkins by his Pittsburgh paper drew out the "deep convictions" of the Fourth Commandment Sabbatarians. But where are we to look for "the strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is," which we are assured the paper likewise elicited?

Are we to look for them in the editorial of the "Christian Intelligencer?" So far as that editorial bears on the paper of Prof. Hopkins we have purposely incorporated it in this paper not only *in extenso* but *verbatim et literatim.* And the reader might as well look for the moon in the sea as for any original or scholarly contribution to the literature of the Sabbath question in that quarter, excepting in so far as it correctly recapitulates the paper which it assaults. The verification of the foregoing remark is to be had by simply looking. Perhaps, however, "the strong defenses" of which we are in search were all exhausted in the Pittsburgh speeches?

If any one suspects so naïve a thing as that, let him quite as naïvely secure the extra "Pittsburgh Commercial" for Nov. 2, 1875. On doing this, he will discover, we predict, first, that the most scholarly and best-tempered responses to Dr. Hopkins were comparatively vapid and pointless; and, secondly, that the vast majority of the evangelical rejoinders were precisely of that character and caliber which are usually let off, "like a battery of converging guns upon the one object of attack," in such conferences, whenever a bomb-shell is thrown unexpectedly into their cut-and-dried deliberations, and "several are on their feet before the applause has subsided."

And since the "Intelligencer" has been at special pains to emphasize and particularize a single speech of exceptional eloquence and pertinence and power, the author begs leave to say that a thoroughly competent and responsible ear-witness of the effort gives this counter-estimate of its relevancy and value: "The 'telling reply' of the German minister was a very ignorant and foolish speech, whose whole force consisted in its being spoken in broken English. He in one breath predicted the certain ruin of every nation that desecrated the Sabbath; affirmed that the paper read corresponded with the German practice, and that it was the piety of King William and his people that had placed them, by God's blessing, at the very head of European Protestantism and civilization! You may have observed that Americanized and 'converted' Germans are often the most narrow-minded of Christians, and the most ignorant or careless in mis-representing the Sunday observance of their father-land."

And the beauty of all this, and the reason why we give space for all this, is that we have here what may be characterized as a typical case of Evangelical Vaticanism, when it comes to dealing whether with troublesome minority men, or with troublesome minority movements. Whether the thing is to be done by the Evangelical conferences or the Evangelical press, or the Evangelical pulpit, the method consists in this, that when valid argument, and thorough scholarship cannot be evoked, mingled gag law and gasconading, and crying up the evangelical side and crying down the un-evangelical, are together depended upon to complete the victory.

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* See Matt. xii., 1–9; Mark ii., 23–28; Luke vi., 1–11; xiii., 10–17; John v., 1–18.

Take another illustration;—now that the uproar and the clamor have long enough, and thoroughly enough subsided, perhaps, for calmness and reason to prevail.

In these pages for August, September and October, 1873, we published certain papers entitled "Modern Skepticism." In those papers, among other things, we charged, in substance, that the Evangelical clergy of this country can take no intelligent part in modern Christian apologetics, as against the transatlantic forms of doubt and objection, without a prolonged, silent and special preparation. In the same papers we further charged that, even after such a preparation, those clergymen will often find that they can do nothing whatever effectually, without doing it extra-professionally; without doing it, in fact, at every professional cost and hazard; and for one very obvious reason, among others, that their determined theologic dogmas bind them in all cases to reach an evangelical conclusion, whereas any fair and square and scholarly conduct of the debate will not unfrequently compel them to reach a conclusion which, in a radical and even revolutionary sense, is not evangelical.

As is well known, these allegations were met in a variety of ways by the evangelical editors, preachers, teachers, professors, and the like. Some called for a new editorship of the Magazine. Others rushed into the pulpit and denounced the publication, and exhorted their congregations to withdraw from it their patronage. Others sought to effect combinations powerful enough to "*stamp out* SCRIBNER." The author on his part was characterized, for example, as an alarmist, a more dangerous foe to Christianity than Comte and Herbert Spencer.

But in the midst of all this brilliant display of Protestant Vaticanism, the evangelical clergy of the entire country most persistently failed to do just those specific things which it was alleged they were incapable of doing. For not one of them, who had not made a prolonged, silent and special preparation, came to the front, and volunteered to take up specified subjects at issue between Christianity and the various transatlantic leaders of anti-Christain movements, in order to demonstrate his personal ability to do intelligent work in behalf of Christianity. No more did any one of those clergymen, *who had made such a preparation*, step forward and call for specified questions at issue between modern thought and traditional theology, which he could not, in a fair and square and scholarly way, conduct to an evangelical conclusion.

And under these circumstances we have simply to direct public attention to these important omissions on the part of both these classes of the evangelical clergy, and to reiterate both the charges mentioned, and to demand that either their justness be thus tardily admitted, or else that their unjustness be established by downwright honest work, *versus* Protestant Vaticanism.

Who, in either class—now steps forward and clamors for the work?

Nevertheless, it was by no means surprising that it should at the time impress many of the most excellent conservators of the traditional so-called Christian theology, that we were, to put it very mildly, resorting to a somewhat remarkable method of subserving Christianity. Nothing could be more natural, for example, than that Professor Atwater, of Princeton, should have insisted in these columns for February, 1874: "In the eye of all classes, the skeptics, the world and the church, to exhibit the recognized, trained and official defenders of Christianity, as a set of incapables, is a sure way of creating the impression that the cause itself is indefensible. For, so it is, if it cannot be defended by those whom it sets for its defense. Such representations from Christian divines will do more to promote skepticism, than all the assaults of skeptics themselves."

Now, by way of partial explanation, we would begin by affirming, that, in certain directions, no one can possibly place a higher estimate upon the evangelical ministry of this country than does the present writer. For purity, integrity, and elevation of personal character and life they are equaled, and for intellectual capacity they are surpassed, by no other class in the nation. Nor, in the direction of the traditional church theology, is their scholarship in the least behind the *traditional* scholarship of any other profession.

But, said Froude, to the English clergy in 1863: "In the ordinary branches of human knowledge or inquiry, the judicious questioning of received opinions has been regarded as the sign of scientific vitality, the principle of scientific advancement, the very source and root of healthy progress and growth. If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been Thirty-nine Articles of Physic, and every licensed practitioner had been compelled, under pains and penalties, to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry the Eighth's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what state of health the people of this country would at present be found. Constitutions have changed with habits of life, and the treatment of disorders has changed to meet the new conditions. New diseases have shown themselves of which Dr. Butts had no cognizance; new continents have given us plants with medicinal virtues previously unknown; new sciences, and even the mere increase of recorded experience, have added a thousand remedies to those known to the age of the Tudors. If the College of Physicians had been organized into a board of orthodoxy, and every novelty of treatment had been regarded as a crime against society, which a law had been established to punish, the hundreds who die annually from preventable causes would have been thousands and tens of thousands."

And owing to the immense advances in religious thought and information which have been developing during a whole century past, especially in Germany, it is as true in theology, as in medicine, that Dr. Butts & Co. are—a trifle out of date.

And yet this is affirmed of course only from the stand-point of that minority of Christians scattered throughout the American churches who are more or less thoroughly conversant with the advances mentioned. The vast majority of our Christian families, safely sequestered from such things by their moral and religious health-boards, and consequently knowing next to nothing of what has happened in the moral and religious world since the halcyon days of Calvin, Knox and Luther, still, unquestionably, desire Dr. Butts for their physician; and, with minor modifications, Dr. Butts, with his regular old-fashioned evangelical pill-bags. Very few, and these, mostly among the survivors of the past generation, are, indeed, at all particular about the strictly sectarian treatment. The present and rising generation might possibly shrink, moreover, from many of the sharp points of doctrine in the determined propositions of the several denominational blue-books, as they would shrink from the point of a rusted and resurrected lancet. And it might be as difficult in these days successfully to administer a full dose of any given catechism, as to administer a full dose of the regular old-style blue-pill, *e. g.*, to an entire Sabbath school or Christian association.

And yet, the strictly sectarian doses and dogmas aside, evangelical theology, Biblical religion, is, doubtless what the vast proportion of our Christian people most devoutly desire, alike in sickness and in health. Nor can any intelligent Christian observer, however advanced he may be in his personal religious convictions and needs, have failed to note with pleasure that the evangelical clergy of this country are rapidly adjusting themselves to this altered condition of things,—preaching less and less of the strictly sectarian theology, and more and more of Biblical religion. In so far, these clergymen are not only capable for their calling, and worthy of all honor; they are successfully discharging their providential duties by meeting a great religious demand of these times.

But, as has already been asserted, there is a minority even in this theologically benighted country, whose religious wants these clergymen do not either comprehend or answer. This minority have, in one way or another, and to a greater or less degree, become familiar with the modern progress of religious thought and culture spoken of above. About a dozen years ago the representatives of this minority in England began to betake themselves to Dr. Butts & Co. with their religious troubles. As Froude put the matter at that time: "We go to our appointed teachers as to our physicians; we say to them, 'We feel pain here and here, and here; we do not see our way, and we require you to help us.'"

But, what was the result? According to Froude, again, it was simply this: "As time passes on, and divine after divine is raised to honor and office for his theological services, we find only when we turn to their writings, that loud promises end in no performance; that the chief object which they set before themselves is to avoid difficult ground; and that the points on which we most cry out for satisfaction are passed over in silence, or are disposed of with ineffectual commonplaces." "They do not meet the real difficulties; they mistake them, misrepresent them, claim victories over adversaries with whom they have never even crossed swords, and leap to conclusions with a precipitancy at which we can only smile. It has been the unhappy manner of their class from immemorial time; they call it zeal for the Lord, as if it were beyond all doubt that they were on God's side—as if serious inquiry after truth were something which they were entitled to resent. They treat intellectual difficulties as if they deserved rather to be condemned and punished than considered and weighed, and rather stop their ears and run with one accord upon any one who disagrees with them, than listen patiently to what he has to say."

And yet the mistake of the English representatives of the minority of American Christians now immediately in question has, from the very first outset, been in going to Dr. Butts at all with their religious ailments. Why? Because, Dr. Butts, knowing himself next to nothing about the fundamental causes of their new diseases, and next to nothing likewise about the new treatment which these diseases call for, could, of course, only do what he was trained and is fit for. Let these Christians simply avoid the blunder of their English cousins, and so at least, escape being treated for hardness of heart when they need relief from intellectual difficulties, and the like.

But, having dwelt at length in the papers on Modern Skepticism upon the fact that the traditional evangelical theologians can only leave their patients in the lurch, when it comes to meeting the urgent demands of that minority of Christians who are a distinctive outgrowth and product of the present religious epoch, we have aimed to dwell more particularly in the present discussion upon two further circumstances, first, that "the cause itself is indefensible" of which those theologians "are the recognized trained and official defenders;" and secondly, that this "cause itself" is quite distinct from that of Christianity.

Moreover, we trust that we have at least made a beginning toward showing that this latter cause is not only quite distinct from that of the determined propositions of the various denominational blue-books, peculiar to the Protestant churches, but equally distinct from Biblical religion, as understood and accepted in common alike by Protestants and Catholics. And, if we have likewise succeeded in making it to any degree apparent that Biblical religion *versus* Christianity is no more defensible than are the dogmatical errors of the traditional Church theology, another portion of our task is most happily accomplished. At a time when the cause of Christianity, on the one hand, is passing through the most radical, crucial, and revolutionary crisis in her entire history, and, as Prebendary Row well observes above, when the scanty band of modern Christian apologists are, on the other hand, everywhere finding their hands "terribly tied," because they cannot even remove the most scandalous features of the traditional Church theology, without raising the hue and cry that they are attacking Christianity at the very foundation—at such a time, we say, those apologists ought most certainly to care far more for Christianity than they do to escape the anathemas and denunciations of "the recognized trained and official defenders" of that theology. They ought, no matter what be the hue or the cry, or the personal results, to hold up hands before God and man which are absolutely free to remove not only the more scandalous features of the traditional Church theology, but the more offensive features of that Biblical religion, which, having become popularly, and, indeed, almost universally confounded with Christianity, are, even more fundamentally than all the dogmatical errors of the theologians, throttling and strangling out Christianity.

Not arbitrarily indeed should they do this. But they should do it in the name of that Jesus of Nazareth who founded Christianity, and in the precise sense and to that exact degree and extent in which he personally caused Christianity to differ from the religion of that Bible which we possess.

And if we who try to comprehend the mind and will and spirit of Jesus more fully than they were ever comprehended, whether by the Catholic Church before the reformation of the sixteenth century, or by both the Catholic and Protestant Churches combined since the sixteenth century; if we find ourselves in the service of that identical religion which Jesus founded; brought, like himself, into a direct and even deadly collision with all the regularly organized and official forms of orthodoxy—then what? Why we then have simply to decide whether to falter and fail, or to go forward and triumph. And if we chance in going forward, in some such ways as are still possible in this nineteenth century, and for the brief instant that we shall be upon this scene of action, ourselves to become fellow partakers with Jesus of his sufferings, this is not indeed what we would choose, but it is still what, according to his sweet will, shall befall us. And in this latter event, let us nothing doubt and never question that it is as true to-day as it was true eighteen hundred years ago, though the fulfillment fall to us in another sphere than this, and to our fellow men in another generation than our own:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Professor Atwater will accordingly perceive that in saying what we did in the paper on Modern Skepticism concerning the incapacity of the traditional theologians to meet the crucial emergency through which the Christian Church to-day is passing, we did not intend to give any very cheering outlook for that "cause itself" of which those theologians are "the recognized trained and official defenders." We expressly intended, on the other hand, to do precisely what we did do; that is, in the most explicit language, to predict "the hopeless doom of much of the so-called Christian theology;" meaning by this, as he suggests, the hopeless doom of "some of the leading articles of our accepted Christianity;" *i. e.*, evangelical theology, or, more fundamentally still, Biblical religion.

At the same time we were not only extremely careful not to confound "Christianity itself" with either that theology, or even with that religion, but also extremely careful to augur the brightest future for the former, whereas we augured the darkest future for the latter.

Not that there is absolutely no future, and no great future, for the traditional church theology, much more for the traditional theological conceptions of Biblical religion, both Catholic and Protestant. Catholicism not only survived the crucial testing of the sixteenth century; Catholicism still lives in this nineteenth century among the most powerful and the most thoroughly organized and compacted moral and religious forces of the world. In the same way, both traditional Protestantism and traditional Catholicism will alike survive the crucial testing of this nineteenth century, and for many a century to come continue between them to divide the most implicit religious faith, and to draw out the most devout and consecrated religious life of countless myriads of souls. Considered with relation both to the present and the future, there is not only too much in these great religious communions responding to the religious need and culture and development of multitudes of men, there is also in these great communions too much of Christianity for them to perish very soon; perhaps for them to perish while lives this human race.

But while all this is true, it is likewise true that, as in the sixteenth century, millions of men and women came out of the traditional Catholic communion by an inevitable law of moral and religious outgrowth to constitute the Protestant communion, so now in the nineteenth century millions have for the very same reason begun to come out of both the traditional Catholic and the traditional Protestant communions combined to constitute that communion which we have above endeavored to show, by way of a preliminary suggestion or two, will be preeminently the Christian communion of the future.

Nor do we at all mistake in thus assuming that this great Christian Church of the future, thus dimly, but only dimly outlined, thus faintly, but only faintly adumbrated, in the present paper, shall as surely as the earth stands arise, develop, organize and enter upon her grand career and mission. Arise? She has already arisen in every essential element. Jesus Christ personally deposited her seed-thoughts and principles here among men more than eighteen centuries ago.

Nor is this all; for Christendom is to-day everywhere fairly travailing in birth with souls who are weary alike of the obscuring and corrupting dogmas of the traditional church theology, and, to say nothing further for the present, weary also of at least the anti-Christian Judaistic features of the religion of the Bible. Weary likewise are those souls of gazing into the depths which are unfathomable, and into the darkness which is dreary and desolate and unutterable of modern unbelief. What they long for, what they grope after more and more daily, doubtless is the pure religious thought of Jesus. Let that thought only once be fully and distinctively announced, and it will attract to itself and rally around itself all over the Christian world, adherents by the millions, adherents otherwise forever lost to all Christian faith and life and hope.

And then, too, but not until then, will "Christianity itself" have for the first time actually and fully entered upon its own peculiar and distinctive pathway of beneficence and glory among the nations of the earth.

Now, in connection with the inception, development and entire history of this great Christian communion of the future let there never be known anything whatever which savors, no matter how remotely, of the traditional theological Vaticanism, Catholic or Protestant. Let her councils—for she shall yet have her councils—be ever open alike to friend and to foe; let her pulpits—for she shall yet have her great pulpits—be forever and absolutely free from every trammel and fetter, saving only from those imposed by the individual Christian conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus; let her press—for she already is beginning to have her press, most brave and powerful—ever be as independent of a purely partisan religious patronage, as it is, when the emergency arises, defiant of a purely partisan religious terrorism.

CALIFORNIA HOUSEKEEPERS AND CHINESE SERVANTS.

A GENTLEMAN from Illinois, dining with us a few days since, said suddenly:

"I see that you employ Chinese. My wife writes me, 'Oh! how I wish you could bring me back a Chinaman!'"

So it struck us that a little of our experience might not be uninteresting to some yearning housekeeper. Wherefore, this paper.

Yes, we employ Chinese. And so do many of our friends and acquaintances. But, if any housekeeper east of the Rocky Mountains, groaning under the dispensation of "Biddie," looks for the millennium to be ushered in by "John," let us hasten to spread some facts on record, and let her read and ponder. John has his good points to be sure, but John, after all, is not a saint, and to change from Irish to Chinese is *not* to pass from purgatory to paradise. It is simply to refresh the chafed housewifely spirit, by exchanging a set of Christian faults for a set of heathen faults. No more. Some California housekeepers thus systematically rest themselves, by taking doses of Erin and the Flowery Land in alternation. Others never for a moment look at a Chinaman in the character of house-servant, but employ "girls" exclusively; others employ Chinese exclusively; and still others commingle the two, and thus endeavor to solve the hitherto insoluble servant problem.

Never shall we forget the first Chinaman whom we employed as a house-servant. The excellent and trusted Bridget who had lived with us so long was to be married, and, after her, we felt indeed, that "no Irish need apply." She remained beyond her time that we might fill her place, but each aspirant to the culinary domain seemed worse than the preceding, and finally we asked our Chinese laundry-man if he could send us "a China-boy," as they are called. Biddie protested.

"Och! I can't bear to think of ye's having a Chinaman! They will stale all there is in the house, and ye's won't know where it goes."

But we made due allowance for Biddie's prejudices, engaged "a boy," and he came at the time appointed.

A neat, rather handsome fellow, he was, and as he disappeared into his room, bundle in hand, we were conscious of a great drawing of the spirit toward him. In five minutes he emerged, clad in the daintiest of white blouses and aprons, his pigtail girded around his head as meaning business, and with the quietest step and mien he sought us out in the parlor, and "came and stood before us," his head slightly bowed, his hands folded, perfectly silent, awaiting orders. There was a submissiveness in his attitude, his expression, his whole aspect, which suggested the Old Testament and the "Arabian Nights" in turn. Our heart leaped up, as Wordsworth's to a rainbow. Here was a new *régime*, indeed! How promising! How delightful!

He went to work in a way which showed perfect acquaintance with his duties, and we mentally planned to teach him (was he not a heathen?), to make much of him, and to keep him a long time. It was nice to have such a *distingué*-looking creature around, and how deftly he waited on door and table! About the middle of the afternoon, another Chinaman appeared on the scene, and the two had much cackle together. No. 1 showed No. 2 his kitchen, laundry, and closet; and we concluded that he was pleased with his conveniences, and was receiving congratulations thereupon. By five o'clock he again "came and stood before us."

"My fliend heap-good boy; he stay you; I catch-um place, San Flancisco."

And China-boy No. 1 summarily departed, leaving behind him quite an inferior substitute. And with him went, as we learned that evening, all the cracked-wheat which we chanced to have in the flour-closet.

So we found that Biddie's generous concern was not all prejudice. Wonderfully keen, observant, and bright, in an hour the "China-boy" will take in the situation of everything about the house, and will learn what it requires a week or two of drill to get through the head of an Irish girl, as to what, and when, and where, and how. Nor do they *seem* to notice anything, which is the wonderful part of it. Those narrow little eyes, cut bias, seem always either cast down or looking at vacancy, and yet, nothing escapes their observation. Owing to this quickness, one does not dread changing them on the score of stupidity. But one does dread it on the score of obstinacy, for it is next to impossible to make them do anything otherwise than as they learned from the first person who taught them. For instance, one of them *would* always wet his pastry before baking it, and bring it out shiny, like a German pretzel. Remonstrances were in vain; "all right," was always the answer, but the pastry was always all wrong. We inferred that he had been first taught how to make pie-crust in a German restaurant.

No one understands so well as they, the aggregate value of small quantities, and how to levy constant minute taxes on the family stores. According to the ideas of Western nations, such a propensity forfeits claim to respect, but to them, as to the ancient Spartans, the disgrace lies, not in thieving, but in being found out. Therefore, they resent nothing more than being *accused* of lying and stealing, and there is nothing, apparently, which they think smarter than to lie and to steal. No matter how kind you may have been, no matter what obligations they may be under: they seem to lack the moral sense which recognizes ingratitude. The Chinaman who takes care of our garden, a great gambler, and, therefore, often reduced to straits, will come to us when hungry to be warmed and filled, and if he gets opportunity will carry off on leaving the premises, a loaf of bread, a roll of butter, or all the eggs in the hen-house. One soon learns to feel neither surprise nor indignation at these little occurrences, but simply to guard against them as well as may be.

But to return. Another of our experiments was Chee. Chee was a capital fellow, efficient, neat, and a good cook; but possessing a temper which flared up on all occasions, with or without reason. Then he would bang, scold, and mutter in Chinese, and, immediately thereupon, came the announcement:

"You get 'nother boy; I go."

And go he would, house full of company, family sick, or what not. He was such a good servant, otherwise, that we took him back three times, after which we concluded that the next time he left he might stay away. The occasion soon came, for the cunning fellow had learned that our threats of non-payment of wages were as empty air; and, after this, we had no hold on him. He hung about for some weeks, dropping in occasionally or sending a representative spy to see what his chances were, but Chee's day was over. A long-suffering family had rebelled at last, and, in process of time, he became convinced of the fact, and went into the laundry business.

It was comical to see his preparations for leaving. He always got himself up in his best suit, flowing sleeves, pigtail ungirt and swinging about his heels, and hat on his head; for the Chinese don the hat, instead of doffing it, as a token of respect. Thus gorgeously arrayed, he sought us out in whatever part of the house, and bade us a ceremonious farewell. And this seems to be their rule in leaving a place, no matter what the offense. There is none of the hard feeling which so often makes it a matter of dread to discharge an Irish girl. "You no likee me, I go;" and there is the whole of it. And they generally leave everything in order behind them.

So far as we remember, we never parted with but one China-boy who omitted a ceremonious and amiable leave-taking. And he was quite excusable from the Chinese-Spartan stand-point. His feelings were injured, and it happened on this wise. We had occasion to go one day to his caboose, and rushed in upon a swarthy and unknown Chinaman with plate and knife before him, deep in the enjoyment of some "Melican grub." We called upon the Celestial to stand forth—he was a Chinese peddler—and told our incumbent in mild but positive terms, to take his "cousin" to the kitchen for something wherewith to refresh the inner (China) man, and always to ask us and we would do our endeavors to indorse his hospitality. But, at the same time, we straitly charged him never again to hide any one away in his room, or to take any one to board, without consulting us as mistress of the premises. Mild though we were, the mortification of being detected was too much for Sam. He was a favorite in the family, and had been treated with confidence and made a pet of. In five minutes he came to the parlor door and announced: "Madam, I go," and was gone before we could reach the kitchen, where we found dishes standing and everything in disorder.

But, as we said before, such a style of leaving is quite exceptional; and, besides, we happened to have paid his wages to the full, only the day before.

No one need expect permanency who employs Chinese servants. They are always anxious to go to a place, and apparently always ready to leave it. Twenty-five cents is a sufficient inducement either way, and perhaps it is not strange. For, having dared so much in coming to a foreign land for the sole purpose of money-getting, a spirit of unrest and of greed takes possession of them. There is always the hope of doing better, and, therefore, they are always ready to make a change.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule; of course there are Chinamen who have lived in the same family for a length of time. But it will generally be found that these have been paid extraordinarily high wages, or in some other way have had the inducement to roam removed. As a rule, they change often. "He lived with me fifteen months; quite a long time for a China-boy," said a lady to us.

When they desire to leave, there is absolutely nothing which can be appealed to to prevent it, no matter what the embarrassment, inconvenience, or trouble of the family, except money. Therefore, it has come to pass, that most housekeepers make it a rule never to pay them quite all their wages until ready to part with them. For, only thus can anything like justice be extorted from our Celestial servitors. All are eager for money, all are grasping and venal; and this unblushingly, as a matter of course, as the recognized law of their life. And for skill in a bargain, they out-Yankee us all. No one understands so well how to ask a high price, to recede step by step, to chaffer, and argue, and feel the pulse of the market, and to drop just in time to secure the prize.

To digress a little for an illustration. Say the family wash is to be consigned to a laundry for a while. On inquiry, finding that a neighbor whose wash is larger employs Hop Fong at six dollars per month, you think to send for Hop Fong. But your China-boy by no means lets such an opportunity go by for bringing custom to his "fliend," and proposes to go for Ah Sing, to which you good-naturedly consent.

So Ah Sing makes his appearance, very polite and smiling.

"You catchee wash?"

"Yes; how much you ask, one month?"

"I catchee him, then I sabe."

But you are too wise for such an arrangement.

"No; my wash no very big; one man, one child, me; how much you ask?"

"Ah," watching your face very attentively. "I think all same flee dollars one week."

"Three dollars one week! Too much!" and you look resolute. "That is twelve dollars one month! No, indeed!"

"A-h. I think nine dollars one mon'."

"No; I no pay nine dollars one month. Too muchee."

"A-h. Seven dollars hap."

"No; I no pay seven dollars and a half. Hop Fong will do it for six dollars one month. I give you six dollars, no more. You no like it, I send for Hop Fong."

Without a moment's hesitation, smiling, and with the utmost suavity, having perceived that you mean what you say, he at once accepts and clinches the arrangement.

"All light. I do all same Hop Fong. Six dollar one mon'."

Chinese servants bear but very little fault-finding, and are very unwilling to be told how to do anything. "Too much talkee," is something which they cannot abide, even of the sort which is necessary. We sent a message to the kitchen. "What did Ching say?" we asked. He said: "All right; shut up; go 'way," replied the child, laughing, "he always says that."

This does not come from a dislike of talking in itself, for, when together, they have no end of chatter.

And they have no end of "cousins" (sounding the i as it sounds in pin), in this respect out-Biddying Biddie a hundred fold. From one to half a dozen Chinamen will loiter round a kitchen if they dare, and one may feel certain that every Chinese of them is hungry. To be hungry seems, indeed, their normal condition, for they live by scores in their wash-houses and other haunts, subsisting on the smallest modicum of food, in order to save money. When they drop into our kitchens to call on a comrade, therefore, one may be certain that those bright little sloping eyes are on the alert for forage. We have happened suddenly down-stairs and found such a visitor in the closet, his hand in the sugar-bowl. A neighbor met another emerging from her pantry, eating pie. When thus confronted, they laugh and leave immediately. Not a word is said in self-defense, and the housekeeper's consolation is, that they do not dare to take any but small quantities. But it makes housekeeping with them not a state of entire confidence. It is quite a question whether or not to put things under lock and key. If trusted, they seem to put themselves somewhat upon honor, not to allow, at all events, any *large* amounts to be abstracted. This, and the fact that no drudgery of locking can really prevent theft, determines most housekeepers, we think, in favor of open closets. Whether this ingrained habit of pilfering is at once eradicated in those who accept Christianity, we do not know; but we have been told by returned missionaries that they have to settle the same question, with about the same solution.

We are often reminded of the old geography which used to tell us that the Chinese are a very vain people. They come here with a secret sense of superiority to us all as barbarians, and a secret contempt for women in particular as inferior beings, which makes it hard for them to submit to the control of the mistress of a family. Therefore they become "uppish" quite as readily as other servants. Company came unexpectedly to lunch, and Doo slammed and banged forth his vexations in the most approved Irish fashion.

"Why you no tell me they come?"

Reflecting with extreme satisfaction that we owed him a little money, we said:

"Doo! you too much talkee! Be good boy; get lunch, heap good!"

Doo subsided; his lunch was "heap-good," and his manner heap-sulky, likewise.

They readily learn to cook, and some of them excel in the art. In the laundry and as waiters they are also good. Chamber-work they do not take to, and they are as ready to slight it as other servants. As we have before intimated, much of their value depends on the way they were taught, by whoever taught them first.

There is one thing which probably would never enter the mind of Eastern people, in connection with Chinese servants, but which is true everywhere in California among those who employ them. No matter how good a Chinaman may be, ladies never leave their children with them, especially little girls. On first coming here, we frequently met a very lovely lady who always was accompanied by two little girls, eight and four years of age. If she were out, riding or walking, making a call or spending the day, the little girls were always with her. We asked why she was always so encumbered?

"Oh! she has only a Chinaman, and she could not leave her children with *him.*"

"But, why not? Is he not a converted Chinaman?" for we happened to have heard that he had joined the church.

"Yes; but she does not like to leave them; she always takes them with her."

A lady was here from the country.

"Why so short a visit?"

"Oh, we have only a Chinaman, and my husband cannot leave the children, you know, and I must go home and relieve him."

"Has that excellent Chinaman left you?"

"Oh no; we have him yet; but we never leave the children (three girls and a boy) one single minute alone. If my husband goes out to take a walk while I am gone, he has to take them all with him, so you can see what bondage he is in during my absence."

And this is the general feeling. In dealing with them we are dealing with an unknown quantity, and no one thinks of trusting them as we trust our own, or the negro race.

It is a curious chapter of history to hear housekeepers who employ Chinese, compare experiences. We met a lady not long since who has a Chinaman of the superior kind,—one who is partner in a wash-house, and of the sort known among themselves as a "Boss." Another has one who is part owner of a Chinese drug-store. We ourselves have at present a capitalist who is a money-lender, and exacts three per cent. a month from his impecunious countrymen. For they are keenly alive to all methods of money-making, and are, oh! such hard masters!

The "Boss" Chinaman gradually extended his prerogatives, until he went to bed in the day-time (an indulgence they highly prize), and was often absent for hours together, looking after his wash-house. He was discharged several times, but always continued to stay, for he was a good cook; but at last patience was exhausted and he was once more discharged, with the information that this time he *must* go. So he left. No good Chinaman could be found to fill his place; there was a plenty of them, as there is always, but our friend tried one incompetent, untrained, destructive being after another, until she had tried twenty, and was, as she herself expressed it, "nearly dead." Good cooking was a special necessity in the family, and for certain reasons only Chinese servants were wanted. At last she discharged the twentieth, and was faint and despairing, at which crisis Chong reappeared, and she thankfully took him back. After a while she learned that Chong's power as a "Boss" was such, that no Chinaman dared to come to her without his sanction, and that he himself had sent her those twenty Chinese, not one of whom, as he well knew and intended, could do anything. And, to crown all, each one had paid Chong one dollar for the privilege of trying the place, so that the astute creature had actually made twenty dollars by the operation! And what is more, their rules among themselves are such, that as long as Chong wants the place no other can apply, so that unless she changes to Irish, our friend is shut up to Chong, and no other until he has a mind to leave. And Chong was there at the last showing.

Calling on our friend whose China-boy is part owner of a drug-store, and who has been a warm advocate of Chinese servants, we noticed that she looked tired, and spoke of it.

"Yes, I *am* tired! tired out with Chinese; I have just engaged two Irish girls. When I am worn out with Irish, I suppose I shall go back to China-boys, but at present I must have a rest!"

"Why, what has become of your perfect heathen?" we inquired, rallying her.

"Well, I suppose I was too kind to him. He grew too lazy to do his work, and I was feeding half a dozen Chinamen whom he had hanging round helping him. When I finally told him I could not allow it, he flew into such a rage that I was afraid of him. He was ironing, and every iron went down with a bang which made the house tremble. I did not dare to leave my daughters in the house with him while I went for another, so we all staid together until my husband came home from the city, and he discharged him. The truth is," she added, "we advanced some of his wages—he wanted money for his drug-store to send to China for medicines, and he has never been good for anything since."

It is probable that, having thus anticipated his pay, it seemed to him that he was working without wages, and this inflamed and angered him.

While the Chinese work cheaply in almost every other industry, as household servants they ask the highest prices. We have often wondered that the heads of the Six Companies do not perceive how wise it would be to instruct their clients to ask low wages, and thus make allies of the housekeepers. But with all their astuteness they have failed to perceive this advantage. Chinese lie around in their wash-houses and other haunts by scores and hundreds, living on almost nothing, and apply by the dozen for a vacant place as house-servant, but always demand five, six, seven and eight dollars per week, while little raw China-boys, "knee high," and totally untrained, ask three and four dollars per week. And all will go back to their dens and consign themselves to two grains of rice a day, rather than take less. Of course they act under instructions, for all these things are settled for them by the companies. And they have learned to ask "How many in a family?" with as much unction as Bridget herself.

Give them money enough and they will do anything. We lately heard a California lady discussing the Chinese question. Her husband being a millionare, she has never had opportunity to know more than one kind of servant, the well-trained and highly-paid; and some families whom I know pay a Chinese French-taught cook as high as fifteen dollars per week.

"What a shame to make all this fuss about the Chinese! I would not give my Foy for all the Irish and German servants that ever were made. The Chinese are a perfect blessing to California. I would not have them kept away for anything."

"Well," we remonstrated, "while it might not be best to keep them away altogether, do you not think it a pity to have them pour in upon us at the rate of a thousand a week?"

"No; I do not! The more the better, *I* say!"

"But there is no end to them. And suppose that by and by they should take it into their wise heads to tamper with what 'The Nation' calls 'the average politician' of our country. They could capture us by mere force of numbers if they set about it."

"I would as soon be ruled by the Chinese as the Irish!"

Which reminded us of that other ardent Californian, who so frequently avers that she would as soon die by an earthquake as by a stroke of lightning.

The burden laid upon the religious portion of California people by this immigration is something fearful. How nobly they bear it, how patiently they stagger under it, no one can know without living here. We have never yet heard one of them complain, but we are drawn to tell the story for them. Sunday schools twice a Sunday and evening schools two or three evenings in the week are sustained by the churches, where the church members teach Sunday after Sunday, evening after evening, with heroic patience. The work is not an inspiring one at best, for these heathens are not hungering and thirsting after Christianity, but they are hungering and thirsting after English enough to enable them to get on. At first, all, and some, always, endure the religion in order to obtain the English. This is perfectly understood; and our religious people teach them the dreary lessons in A, B, C, hoping to awaken their minds to an interest in Christianity during the process.

But there is more. They come from places where opium is always smoked by somebody, if not by themselves, and their clothes and persons are saturated with its fumes. These fumes are so nauseating to those unaccustomed to them that sensitive organizations suffer much in the atmosphere, and ladies sometimes lose their health in consequence. How? Why thus, for instance. We had a young lady in our Bible Class, who was very irregular in attendance. She was a lovely girl, daughter of one of our wealthiest families, seemed much interested, yet was frequently absent. On inquiring the cause, we found that her health had been broken down by teaching in a Chinese Sunday School in San Francisco. The school convened immediately after morning service. The odor spoken of so nauseated her that she could not eat on returning home to dinner, and she often went without food for the most of the day in consequence. The irregularity brought on dyspepsia, and, after teaching thus a year, she was obliged to give it up and to call in a physician.

We joined a party of ladies last Christmas, who proposed an expedition through the Chinese shops in San Francisco, with the view of purchasing for the holidays.

After going in and out of several, one of the ladies said:

"I do not believe I can go any further. It always makes me sick to visit these shops."

We had been conscious of the same difficulty, and it increased to such a degree that the expedition was given up. For the same reason people who are very sensitive often cannot wear clothing done up in Chinese laundries.

There is but one general opinion, we think, on the Chinese question among the better class of Californians, which is that those already here are probably not too many; that they should be well treated, and should be instructed in Christianity; but that any further Chinese immigration should be placed under restrictions. The Chinese have been invaluable in building the Pacific Railroad, and are useful on the great wheat and wine ranches, and in all those industries which require patient and persistent labor. When employed by gangs in these ways, they work under their own "bosses," and exhibit a trained submissiveness, refreshing to the capitalist, in contrast with the turbulence of "strikes," and of "guilds," and of "unions." As house-servants, likewise, they are useful to the extent, and in the manner described, and their competition has been salutary and useful. But let our countrymen beware! Their business men are as keen, as astute as ours; they watch the situation with the utmost intelligence, ready to seize every opportunity, to leap into every opening, with the advantage of a peasantry at their back whom they can hire at the smallest wages, and control absolutely.

Nothing so disheartens Californians as the flippant tone of certain eastern journals on this subject. "If the Chinese can drive our people to the wall, let them!" exclaims such an one. When we read such remarks, we recall the look of reproach and menace with which Frederick Douglas exclaimed on the rostrum: "This proud Anglo-Saxon race! they think themselves superior to all the world!" Such a spirit of defiance is to be dreaded in approaching the Chinese question. It comes of ignorance and of vanity. The English in Australia have not felt above taking precautions in reference to this wonderful people—why should we? The Chinese are indefinitely endowed with what we are accustomed to call "the elements of success," and, judging by the judgment we apply to ourselves, they are sure to succeed. In economy, we cannot compare with them. In industry, they excel us all. In keenness, and sharpness, and "smartness," we are scarcely a match for them. In endurance, and patience, and perseverance, the palm is theirs. We are no brighter than they, and scarcely so quick to learn. Would that our brothers in the east might look at these things, and consider!

And if such editors would then lift up their eyes and look abroad, they would see that wherever the Chinese have been allowed free immigration,—in South America, in the islands of the Pacific, in portions of the eastern continent,—they have been a blight and not a blessing. Do our brethren realize that it is only *men* who come from China? Not women, not children, not families—*that* would mean citizenship; *that* would give hope that they might become interested in the welfare of this country; *that* would imply that even if they were to overwhelm us with numbers, and undermine our Anglo-Saxon civilization, their own, though inferior, might take its place. No; only men; at the rate of a thousand a week;—a thousand a week, with all their tails behind them; intent, like an army of grasshoppers, on gleaning all they can from the face of the country, ready and willing to leave it a desert, so they may only strip the land and get home, that other, and still other thousands, and tens of thousands, may repeat the process, and so on *ad infinitum.*

"Drive our people to the wall?" Of course they can! Can't they live on two grains of rice a day and the entrails of animals? Can't they sleep in a bunk under a sidewalk and enjoy it? Can't they make a home of a deserted coal-hole, and lodge sumptuously? Nor let our tender-hearted eastern countrymen and countrywomen pity them, and fancy that they do this only because they cannot do otherwise. They prefer it. Their choice dish is pig entrails. Give them several vacant houses, and they will fit one up with bunks, tier above tier, and, deserting the others, sleep by hundreds in that.

May wisdom be ours! The Chinese have endured for ages. Compared with them, we are of yesterday. They still possess the same wonderful elements of perpetuity which they have had for thousands of years. They have seen the rise and fall of many nations. We should not defy possibilities.

IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR.

FIRST LOOK: PICTURESQUE ASPECTS.

To understand the magnitude of the work which has been accomplished in Philadelphia, and by Philadelphians mainly, it must be borne in mind, that within only a very few years, the whole area where now lies the Centennial Park with its adjoining Centennial suburb, was literally open country. The Belmont and Lansdowne estates showed rolling reaches of grass-land, seamed with wooded ravines, and dotted over with groups of forest-trees. The western thoroughfare of rail stretched athwart open fields, and the Fairmount Park, which had taken on a measure of comely rural graces, was still in the suburbs, far below. A mile and more of indifferent road lay between the Centennial buildings and the settled portions of the suburbs west of the Schuylkill. Now, lines of well-built houses reach over to the Centennial grounds; broad avenues, threaded by lines of tramway, extend to the entrance gates, and a new city of all manner of structures—counting among them hotels of metropolitan proportions—has grown up, three miles and more from the old center of business. Excellent pavements, and bridges, and sewerage, and gas-lights have accompanied this sudden emergence of the city to the north-west; all these being in no sense temporary, but showing as much of painstaking care in design and execution, as if the growth were normal, and its permanence assured.

In the immediate neighborhood of the grounds there are indeed a large number of temporary structures of mushroom aspect, which it is understood—and should be profoundly hoped—will go down when the Exhibition ends; but whatever work the city has done in bridging the gap between the old center of circulation and this new ganglion of activity has been done in the best way, and as if the demand for it were never to cease. Private builders in the new suburb have for the most part given to their houses a permanent character; and side-streets at every hand show long lines of those neat, substantial tenements for which Philadelphia has long since become famous, and which offer to those of moderate means the possibilities of a home. The most of them are of the orthodox Quaker pattern, in bright red brick, with white marble trimmings; but a far more inviting aspect is given to many by the adoption of the yellowish-green stone so well known about Germantown, for exterior walls. Nothing can be more refreshing to the eye than the cool tone of the surfaces which show this material; and nothing for suburban purposes can be more charming than its harmony with the foliage of vines, and embowering shrubbery.

Altogether, it is questionable if this new and sudden projection of the activities of Philadelphia toward the Centennial grounds does not result in a determinate growth there, which shall alter in a large degree the business aspects of the city. The elevated ground, the roomy avenues, the ease of access, the proximity of the Park—with its permanent Art Palace and Horticultural Building within easy reach—all these must be strong incentives to the growth of a stately and charming suburb.

Whatever advantages of this sort may accrue to the Quaker City will have been most fairly and loyally won; for, of a surety, never was there a great business scheme of national importance carried through with so clean hands, or such absence of all peculation as this Centennial Exhibition. And Philadelphians may well boast, that, at a period when the business of the country was showing unparalleled prostration, and political and private jobbery were rampant, they have initiated and pushed to a successful issue a grand scheme of international industrial exhibit, involving millions of cost, without any wavering of faith, or a thievish blot upon its direction. Indeed, in the whole show there is not to our mind anything better worth showing than the steadfast, strong, straightforward purpose with which Philadelphians have pushed this matter, through thick and thin, to its final issue, and the superb disdain which they have shown for all sorts of scoffers and doubters. Pluck of this sort deserves its reward, and will have it, whether it comes by admission tickets, or in other ways.

And other ways will open whatever may be the exhibit of temporary pecuniary result. There is the positive city growth already alluded to—some of which must be healthy and real; there are the permanent buildings within the Exhibition inclosure which inure to the city; there is the newly established "School of Art," whose administrators, with wise forecast, are making large purchases of such material as could be secured under no other conditions, to such advantage, as here and now; there is the immense educating influence of the Exhibition in its entirety upon the population of the city; and there is the further material gain of winning and holding a reputation for executing a gigantic scheme with steadfast purpose, and for entertaining a world of strangers without giving reasonable cause for complaint.

By way of the central wicket of the Exhibition grounds, we enter upon an open square of, say, eight or ten acres of area. This square is traversed by a broad asphalt avenue leading across to the Judges' Hall; another at right angles unites the two terminal façades of the Main Building and of Machinery Hall. Other avenues traverse the square diagonally, and the triangular spaces left by this intersection of avenues are turfed and dressed with shrubbery, while an imposing fountain throws up its jets, and makes show of its griffins and nymphs in the center, where all the avenues meet. The avenue which traverses this square diagonally in a north-west direction merges in Belmont avenue—a permanent feature of the Park,—and the only straight thoroughfare which fairly bisects the inclosure. Westward of it are Machinery Hall, the United States Building, the sprawling inclosure of the *Trois Frères* restaurant, most of the State and foreign structures, and a beautiful little lakelet with grassy shores. Conspicuous in the view across this lovely sheet of water, are the red roofs and cumbrous chimneys of the "English House," which, with its timber-and-mortar finish, and wholly hospitable look, is like a veritable bit of historic and homely England, plucked away from a dell of Surrey, or a nook of Warwickshire, and dropped upon the Park.

To the eastward of Belmont avenue—which, as we have stated, is the great bisecting road of the inclosure—lies first, the great hulk of the Main Building, reaching so far away to the eastward that its farther towers and streamers seem to belong to another park and another show. Flanking this on the north, stretches a parallel array of buildings,—the Department of Public Comfort (including lunch-room, writing-room, press-room, barbers'-room, and telegraph office), the Annex for Carriages, Memorial Hall, and Hall of Photography. Still farther north, and flanking these last at intermittent intervals, are restaurants, and various structures, including the adroitly planned Annex to Memorial Hall.

Beyond these, northerly, the land dips for a quiet runlet of water, and a good show of gnarled old forestry. From this there is a lift of the ground into a beautiful plateau, charmingly treated by the gardeners, and giving a site to the rich orientalism of Horticultural Hall. Beyond this again, there is a second dip of the surface into a wild forest glen, which separates the Horticultural plateau from the farther plateau in the north-eastern angle of the inclosure,—where, out from the trees, peer up the ecclesiastic towers of Agricultural Hall, the gaunt Brewery, and a group of windmills scurrying under the breezes that sweep down the valley of the Schuylkill.

The entire inclosure contains some two or three hundred acres; and surely no more advantageous site for a great exhibition could anywhere be found. The inequalities of surface, with their accompanying tangles of forest growth, offer charming contrast to the more artificial aspects of the ground, and give relief and distraction to the tired strollers; at the same time there is quite enough of plain surface to afford easy means of transit. In happy aid of this latter, is the narrow gauge railway, which by a series of double loops around the grounds gives easy approach to the more important objects of interest. It is a novel element in the machinery of a great exhibition, and there were sturdy protestants against its introduction. But, while not without very objectionable features, its immense popularity has proved its convenience. Its open and breezy seats give a charming rest, and enable the over-tired sight-seer to take in, within the compass of one easy whirl of ride, all the more important features of the grounds. With his map as a companion to the ride, the visitor may post himself in the topography of the place and determine his bearings without the fatigue of tedious exploration on foot. He can also satisfy himself with a passing glimpse of many objects,—notably some of the State buildings,—which would gain nothing by a more leisurely observation.

On the other hand, this line of rail is a constantly recurring pest, by reason of its half-hourly blockade of one of the most important thoroughfares of the grounds; we refer to that connecting the west entrance of the Main Building with the Department of Public Comfort. The hundreds who stand waiting every day upon the broiling asphalt, under the Philadelphia sun, waiting for long trains to receive their freight and pass, will understand the force of our objection. To make the matter still worse, this is the point seized upon by the officials of the road to make their boisterous reclamations for "fares," and to set forth the merits of their enterprise in the way of the Donnybrook fair. It offers a hard, and every way noxious and noisome exception to the generally civil and courteous conduct of all the servants of the Exhibition who wear uniform. It is as if a strident seller of peanuts were to shout his wares in the middle of the Main Building!

Another strong and valid exception must be taken to the indifference which governs the controllers of this railroad enterprise to any considerations of neatness, or such tasteful disposition of their "plant" as should harmonize with the painstaking keeping of the grounds. Their waiting platforms are ungainly and unsheltered, and their protecting barriers of wire rope are flimsy; their track is, wholly and everywhere, ill-kept, and the general receptacle of waste material. In short, this means of transit—which is understood to be one of the most profitable "concessions" of the Executive Board—presents one of the most striking examples within the inclosure of utter indifference to those æsthetic considerations which have governed the general equipment, and which have put the beauties of the Park grounds, and the business of the Fair in charming leash.

A very fair general view of the grounds and buildings may be had from the top of one of the central towers of the Main Building. The ascent is made by a mammoth elevator, carrying twenty with great ease and comfort, and forty or more at its usual stage of "jam." Open, interior galleries, at an elevation of some hundred and fifty feet, give dizzying glimpses of the floor below, and of its moving multitudes. From this altitude, plank steps upon the exterior of the tower lead up to the extreme summit. The wooden planking, baking in the fierce glare of an almost tropical sun, suggests uneasy apprehensions of what mischief a chance-dropped match might work. Considering the free-and-easy manner of a good many who take this aërial trip, it would seem—even to an impartial observer—a good post for the establishment of a careful watchman with a Babcock extinguisher at his back.

The view from the top, though disappointing in a picturesque way, is yet a capital supplement to the map and the railroad tour, in perfecting one's topographical knowledge of the grounds. There is a wilderness of roofs, not specially interesting, save to the practical builder. Machinery Hall shows graces of perspective in its long lines stretching westward. The lakelet which flanks it is a bright bit of silver-like sheen, with a dash of spray in the middle. The quaint little pavilion of "The Tribune" asserts itself dogmatically on the hither shore; and beyond, the array of State buildings lose nothing in losing their finery in the distance. The elevated grounds of the Park proper—

without the Exhibition inclosure—show rich green slopes by George's Hill, and by the Belmont mansion; and such copses of giant trees as the Central Park must wait for these fifty years to come.

The fair proportions of the United States Building, with its out-posted cannon, are clearly discernible; so, also, is the open throat of that fearful fog-horn, whose blatant notes are the terror of all delicate-eared people for five miles around. What the United States, or the officials in charge, can gain by its horrible utterance, repeated at all manner of hours, it is hard to conceive. If General Grant has ordered it, in resentment of late attacks upon his administration, he is taking a fearful and most unchristian revenge.

The Woman's Pavilion is distinctly noticeable, without being pretentious. It hides partially the striking New Jersey House, whose tall turret lifts above a maze of irregular roof slopes. It is understood that the latter building was intended to illustrate the adaptability of the red tile manufactured in New Jersey to purposes of domestic construction. Had the illustration been limited to the roof only, the effect would have been far better. As it is, there is a pervading monotone of red, on roof and wall alike, which impairs greatly the effect of its very picturesque and tasteful design. A similar lack of effective contrast is observable upon the English House. The roof, covered with imported tile (far more carefully laid than in the case of New Jersey), is of a happy red tint, while the gigantic chimneys break through in the brightest of Philadelphia brick. Had these latter structures shown the dark tawny hue of the ordinary London house-fronts, the effect would have been tenfold better.

The Horticultural plateau shows beautiful flecks of color strewn over its parterres as one looks down upon it from the Tower; and the Moorish Hall of the Ferns and Palms takes up the central and dominant position, which is its due. East of it, and on the borders of the inclosure, the flags and awnings of the Lauber restaurant—which has won so good a reputation for its cookery, its music, and its fair charges—peep out coquettishly from their environment of trees. Other trees of heavier growth nearer by conceal the little side station of the Reading Road, and through the interstices of their tops give glimpses of the bridge which spans the glen, and which is ajar throughout every pleasant afternoon with the roll of equipages making the Park "round" of drives. In the same line of vision can be seen the long, old-fashioned lines of Columbia Bridge, a great stretch of the Schuylkill, and the far off white monuments of Laurel Hill.

The Vienna Bakery, abreast of the eastern end of the Main Building, by its name, its bent-wood chairs, and, most of all, by its extortionate charges, keeps vividly in mind some of the worst aspects of the Vienna Fair.

In the distance, Girard College shoulders up stubbornly its marble roof, and gives sight of those classic ranks of columns which, it would seem, have had more to do with sustaining the reputation of the institution than any educational grip it has yet put upon the growing minds of the country.

All round the circuit eastward and southward from the Tower, lies Philadelphia, declaring its presence with an infinity of towers and spires, and league-long avenues, pouring their freighted cars into the Centennial Fair. In the immediate neighborhood is that circlet of mushroom growth—hotels, saloons, tents, temples, extemporized street blocks—all displaying infinitude of flags, and making vulgar blazon of the great show. You pay a dime to go up and down the Tower. It is one of the cheapest episodes of Centennial travel.

Another bird's-eye glance of the Exhibition and its surroundings may be had from a point beyond the inclosure, and in the immediate neighborhood of the old Belmont mansion. It is a locality which shares with George's Hill the reputation of affording the best outlook upon the Exhibition grounds and Philadelphia.

The old Belmont mansion itself is worthy of more than a passing mention, as being one of the best existing types of those ancient Pennsylvania houses which once welcomed the beautiful Bingham belles. It is, indeed, overlapped, and almost hidden, by the addenda of a great restaurant; but the stanch walls of stone remain, and the stairway, and the broad-sashed windows, and hospitable chimney-places, and rich dentilated cornices.

The view from the lawn, or the verandas in front, would richly repay a stroll thither, even if the larder of the German host were not of the best, and his *cuisine* not well appointed. George's Hill, with its tall skeleton tower, lies due south; south-easterly, the lawn rolls down in easy billows of green to the edge of the Centennial grounds. There, it is possible from this pleasant look-out to scan the buildings at one's leisure. Nearest are the green roofs and miter-shaped towers of Agricultural Hall, and, close by, such an array of skeleton sheds as would seem sufficient to put on show all that is best worth seeing of the vegetable product of America.

The pavilion-like tops of the Government and Women's Buildings are clearly conspicuous. So also are the great lines of roofs and turrets and streaming pennants which designate unmistakably the Main Building and Machinery Hall. Better than all, one sees from this height clearly the avenues and walks which branch throughout the inclosure, and which have been laid out with taste and discretion. The deep shadows in the glens, the glare upon the open surfaces, the glitter of the fountains, the pretty *entourage* of the lake, are all clearly discernible: so also are the crowds of sight-seers dappling the avenues and walks on any week-day you may name.

Beyond the inclosure, in the south-east, is the great new suburb we have spoken of, with its hem of flamboyant joinery. But for all that may be seen—looking eastward or westward, or northward—one might be in the center of the most magnificent of parks, in which the gleam of a great reach of the Schuylkill is but an incident, and the far-away towers and steeples of the city only a pleasing accessory.

Those who think of Philadelphia as a dead Quaker plain, filled with brick houses, must revise their thoughts in presence of that view from the Belmont terrace.

The pride of three out of five American visitors, we fear, is more enlisted by the enormous extent of the display than by any reckoning of its completeness and special excellencies: the Americans admire so much a big thing! When Sir Charles Reed, in an early speech made before the assembled Commissioners and Judges, declared that the Exhibition surpassed in extent any similar display he had ever seen, he showed an adaptation of his words to the American ear that was fairly brilliant. It would be hard to say into what provincial or metropolitan journal his utterance has not gone, and in what after-dinner assemblage it has not been repeated with unction. As a tall Indiana man put the matter to a sweltering crowd in the railway station: "It's an almighty big thing! It's the greatest thing out!" And the evident regalement of the crowd at the speech was of a most lively kind. Now, in face of the evident disposition to be boastful over the mere magnitude of the affair, we are inclined to think that curtailment in many directions would have worked benefit, and given a larger dignity to the enterprise. We question very much, for instance, if an exclusion of one-fourth of all the paintings and sculpture now on exhibition would not have resulted in a display that would have kindled a far livelier respect for art, and added more to the reputation of the competing nationalities.

Again, had one-half of the superfluous, subordinate structures which cumber the ground—whether of State or private erection—been severely excluded, not only would the general effect of the grounds have been far better, but we should have been spared a great deal of distracting inquiry as to uses which were always indeterminate, and which are only discoverable by reference to the crazy zeal of "making a big thing of it."

In relation to the houses erected by the various States and bearing their escutcheons,—in more or less aggressive manner,—it may be said that they are of small practical utility as offering a convenience to their respective citizens. They are, for the most part, out of the ordinary lines of transit between the great points of interest; and many of them would appear—as to their interiors—to be governed by a regimen not inviting to a bewildered stranger, albeit he might claim Stateship. As a social rendezvous for people of the States, their office is *nil;* the rendezvous is in the restaurant, or by such or such an exhibit in the Main Building, or at the Department of Public Comfort. The most pertinent office of a State building would seem to be, then, either to show something in its contour and fittings typical or suggestive of its early history; to give, in way of museum, a judicious synoptical array of its resources; or, last, to exhibit, by its structural character, its advanced tendencies in the way of architecture.

On the last count we do not think the citizens of any of the States represented would be inclined to much boastfulness. The New Jersey State Building is of exceedingly picturesque design, and its surface material is illustrative—in fact, too illustrative—of a growing manufacture of the State. Its happy locality also invites visitors; and it is among the most thronged of the State buildings.

The house of Ohio challenges attention by its ponderous and carefully chiseled stone-work (from Ohio quarries). It has also architectural pretensions of no unworthy character; but these are greatly harmed by a wooden annex in the rear, in no agreement with the façade; and by the advertising cards, which, in gilt letters, score the stones upon its front.

Michigan shows very dexterous, and well-executed timber joinery (as becomes a great lumber State), and its general effect is very fair. (We write this before the color is declared, which may be made to emphasize its best points, or spoil them.)

In making an effective museum of State resources, under state roofs, West Virginia, Colorado and Kansas easily take the lead; and their show is so interesting as to decoy many who would have little relish for a mere file of State journals.

Canada has a whimsey in lumber, which is in no sense a house, but which is very piquantly illustrative of her Dominion in all ranges of forestry.

As regards typical representations of the old colonial styles of building, there is less to say than we would like to say. Both historically and artistically it would have been a good thing if New York, for instance, had repeated in some quaint way the old crow-foot gables of the early Dutch houses of New Manhattan; if Virginia had received her guests in a lesser Mount Vernon house; if Massachusetts had kindled the recollections of colonial ways of living, by a new "Hancock" mansion; if Louisiana had revived one of the old Spanish constructions of mingled timber and adobe; and if Pennsylvania had entertained us with the plainness, and neatness, and generous largeness of an old-time Quaker dwelling.

Mississippi has indeed a log house, coquettishly veiled in Southern moss; but it has too much of the modern and the daintily rustic to be very impressive. Another log structure with more realism about it, has been erected by private parties of Massachusetts, to receive the paraphernalia (true relics) of an old colonial homestead. The building is indeed more suggestive of an early home on the Ohio banks, than of one in Massachusetts. But the very interesting array of old furniture within is relished by all visitors in the highest degree; and this display, with the added attraction of two or three buxom girls in old-time costume, to loll in the rocking-chairs, and twirl the spinning-wheel, keeps the New England cottage full of visitors from morning until night.

Connecticut has a modest cottage, which, by its long slope of rear roof, its stone chimney, its old well-reach, and general homeliness, is strongly suggestive of the colonial farm homesteads along the valley of the Connecticut. But the minor details are not happily carried out, and show little "feeling" for things of the past. Its large central room—the only one which has special significance—has a quaint gallery upon three sides, and a wainscot agreeably toned to express age; but a large portion of this latter is hidden by a garish banner emblazoned with a complete roll of the names of the State Governors. There is a firelock of Putnam's over the mantel, and above it a new portrait of the hero, in the newest of gilt frames. There is a relic of the Charter Oak, and beside it a smart photograph of the present accomplished chief magistrate. There is a generous width of fire-place, but it is environed with such stunning contrast of red brick and brown stone, as quite destroys any sense of the old fireside soberness. There is a charming antique sideboard and a hall clock; but these are in juxtaposition with new seraphines or melodeons, showing the most aggressive of machine-carved legs, fresh varnished. In short, you cannot for a moment indulge in pensive and poetic contemplation of the old, without being floored by a sight of what is disastrously and shiningly new.

Perhaps the most significant contrast to be seen among the subordinate structures in the grounds, is that between the English Building and the house erected by the Commissioners for the State of New York. They are both conspicuous by position, and adjoin each other, with some three hundred feet of space intervening. The English grounds are inclosed by a well-worked rustic fence, and over the principal gate-way is the announcement—"No admittance except on business." To make the Briton's horror of intrusion more emphatic there should have been the additional placard—"Beware of Spring-guns." The New York house is open to all the world.

The English house is apparently of timber and mortar; but really, this effect is secured by spiking strips of plank upon a uniform mortar surface—this latter being laid upon laths tacked to an ordinary frame-work of scantling. Doors and windows break up its surface with picturesque irregularity, and the lights of the windows are of such miniature proportions as would confound those who measure elegance by the size of their French plate glass. Altogether, with its apparent solidity, its massive chimneys, its indestructible roof, its home-like expression, it seems capable of giving shelter and all home comforts to two or three generations of tenants. Quietude is written all over it.

The New York house, on the other hand, has superb window-openings all evenly spaced. The windows too are arched and over-arched; and wherever it is possible to apply it, there is a gorgeous efflorescence of carpentry.

The contrast within is even more strongly marked. While the decoration of the important rooms of the New York house is in the best of, what we may call, the North-river boat style, the English house is modest to a degree—modest, but nevertheless rich. The colors are all subdued,—whether of Axminster carpets or of paper-hangings, with which latter all the wall decoration is made; but it is done in tints so sober and quiet as to give rather the sense of a charming completeness and fitness, than of any decoration at all. The square entrance hall has its great chimney-piece, and brazen fire-dogs, and its high-balustered stair-way. The dining-room, breakfast-room, reception-room, office, parlor,—all have their open-mouthed fire-places; not the best perhaps in point of contour, but ample, wide-mouthed, and decorated with Stoke tiling, and with tasteful mantels. All these rooms are connected by a corridor which traverses the hall, and connects with a private door at its end. Exception might possibly be made to the narrowness of the corridor, and to the narrowness of the stair-way; and more specially to the narrowness of the corridor above; but altogether it is a charming representative of a quiet, and sufficient old English country house, in which convenience and the comfort of the occupants are rated of more worth than any outside show. As such it is richly worth the study of our architects, and of those who are meditating homes in the country. We by no means aver that it can safely be taken as a model in its entirety. There is a lack of generous porches, and of outside umbrage, which dwellers under our sun would rightly rebel against; and there is a sacrifice of space for the enormous chimneys, which a reasonable economy could not commend; but the home expression, the simplicity of detail, the severe yet picturesque lines of its mass—all tell well as against the loudness, and petty ornamentation, and ambitious carpentry of our current practice.

The little Swedish school-house, of a half Swiss type, and of unpainted timber, deserves and receives very much interested attention; not only for its airy session-rooms, but for the downright honesty of its construction, and admirable adaptation to its uses. It is very likely of a better type than most Swedish school-houses, and is hardly to be counted an average representation of what Swedish scholars enjoy; but it is a good example of that sturdy and tasteful simplicity which good constructive ability can work out with very humble materials.

The Japanese houses are entitled to even more careful regard, and show charming novelties in their joinery, and expressive carved work, as well as an almost perfect system of tile roofing. In this latter respect, no structures on the grounds, and no houses in the country, will compare with them. It is not so much that the tiles are sound and firm in themselves, as that they are laid with such precision, and so solidly bedded,—so sharply trimmed in the valleys and so thoroughly dressed, and capped, on the ridges and hips of the building,—that they would seem to defy alike winds, snow, rains or the wear of time. Add to this the graceful jutting rooflets of their porches with the characteristic droop of rafter,—the valleys and ridge upon porch being treated with the same rigorous precision and care as the longer valleys,—and the result is a roof that seems almost perfect in its office, and is picturesque in the extreme. The side walls sheathed up after their own fashion with covering-boards which are uncolored and relieved with no architectural decoration, are only noticeable for the extreme nicety of the joinery. The same is also observable wherever timbers meet; but we question much if our Japanese friends have taken sufficient provision against the merciless intensity of our American sun; unoiled and unpainted wood will have serious work in resisting the fiery glare without opening its seams, or showing rank cleavage of its joints.

Neither Turkey, Tunis nor Morocco—all of whom are architecturally represented—shows anything particularly suggestive, or from which any very pregnant hints can be taken. The Saracenic element would seem to be more popularly represented in the mazy roofs and colors of Horticultural Hall. Indeed, if we might form an opinion from the chance expressions of visitors, and the not unusual groups studying the exterior, we should judge it to be the most generally admired building of the Centennial grounds. It certainly has the most imposing and desirable of sites; and the flashing colors of its wide-reaching parterres that lie grouped along the plateau, lead up gracefully to the maze of soberer, and yet as various color which flaunts itself on minaret and spandrel.

The gardeners, we have been given to understand, are a little querulous respecting the ventilation of the building; and it is quite certain that the ferns, the palms, the bananas, the coffee-trees, and other tropical subjects which now people the great *salon*, do not show that lusty vigor and that promise of wild entanglement which we are accustomed to associate with tropical growth. It would seem as if the plants, though many of them fine specimens, had not yet acclimated themselves (which is doubtless true), and must have a half year's dalliance with the new conditions of soil and atmosphere before they can express their content in abounding verdure.

The anterooms of this palace of the plants are encumbered with an array of flimsy, rustic decorative objects, and a kind of seed-store miscellany, which do not contribute to august impressions. And, if we may hazard a criticism upon the interior aspects of the structure, we should say it was unwise to carry vivid polychromatic decoration into the interior of a great Plant Hall. The colors in columns and arches—due to the many-tinted bricks and to blazing tiles—are rich and bewildering, and mate fairly enough with the Oriental forms of the structure. But, before all, and above all, it is a Palace of the Flowers. *Their* coloring is to be considered; and not to be put awry, or cheapened, or subdued, or consumed by the vitreous glare of brick and tiles. Flowers declare their royalty by delicacy of tint, and should have as good neutral ground for its exhibition as a painting. The barbaric splendor of this interior may be a joy to the visitor who goes to see the building; but it will starve all chances for a rich floral triumph. The amazing show of rhododendrons, which an enterprising British florist sent over, would have never won such success in contact with columns of blue, and black, and gold, and crimson, and white, as they won under the cool gray monotone of a canvas tent.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Harvard Examinations for Women.

FOR a considerable period, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, in England, have held every year what are called "Local Examinations" for Women, in the advanced departments of education and culture. Their object has been to furnish a standard of education—to show teachers and pupils alike just how much they know, just how well they know what they know, just how systematic or unsystematic their knowledge lies in their minds, just how valuable and available it is. The examinations have not been made, of course, with any reference to admission to these institutions. It is an attempt of the institutions, which represent the highest grade of culture and education, to help the public, and to raise the universal standard. So remarkable have been the results of these examinations that, in one instance, at least, an American teacher has availed himself of their aid. Bishop Doane, who has a girls' school in Albany, last year prepared four of his pupils to pass the Oxford local examination. Question-papers were sent out from Oxford, were answered in strict accordance with the University rules, were returned to England, and were accepted, —all the candidates receiving certificates. One of these candidates was the Bishop's daughter. This year, seven junior and five senior candidates have sent their papers to England.

In December, 1875, the Cambridge Junior and Senior local examinations (also independently held for boys) were held at fifty-six centers for girls, and, in all, 1,552 girls presented themselves. At the Oxford examinations recently, 583 girls entered. The Universities of Edinburgh and Durham also hold local examinations for both sexes. These facts show how strongly the enterprise has taken hold of the British mind. The results are declared to be most encouraging. It stimulates teachers to seek for higher and more valuable and permanent results; it places before girls a goal for their ambition; it secures a certificate which cannot fail to be regarded as more valuable than any diploma of inferior institutions.

And now Harvard has undertaken to do for this country what Oxford and Cambridge are doing for England. Its faculty held examinations for women at Cambridge in 1874, 1875, and 1876. President Eliot has not met with the encouragement which he expected, but he is thoroughly interested in the experiment, and will not relinquish it until it has been persistently tried. It seems strange that a system of examinations which promise so much should fail to excite immediate interest in America; but we suspect that they are little known and less understood. We doubt whether one American woman in five hundred has ever heard of them. In 1874, Harvard gave only four certificates; in 1875, only ten candidates entered, and this year only six. Last winter, Miss E. T. Minturn, of this city, suggested that if the examinations could be held at a new center, and the matter be brought more vigorously before the public, the movement would be greatly assisted. The result was that she was invited to form a local committee in New York, to procure candidates for an examination to be held in the spring of 1877. The committee was very readily formed, with Miss Minturn as Secretary, and went to work at once in the manner pursued in England, on the establishment of a new center. They wrote to and called upon the principals of schools in the city, and succeeded, at once, in interesting many of them—among others, Miss Haines, Miss Ballou, and Mrs. Benedict. In most of the private circles of New York, something is now known of the matter, and letters of inquiry are coming in quite plentifully.

It seems desirable to give as much information as possible, because so little is popularly known of the matter, and so, without giving the space we have at command to discussion, we will state that the examinations are to be held in a private house, or in some room to be hired by the local committee. These examinations are almost entirely effected by writing, and have nothing of the character of a show. No one is permitted to be present but ladies of the local committee and a representative officer from the university, who brings the question-papers, takes the answers as soon as the time allowed for each paper expires, and carries these answers at the close of the examinations back to the university, where they are inspected by the examiners, and reported upon to the candidates through the local committee. At least, this is the English mode of procedure, and it will not be varied from materially, we presume, by Harvard.

We have before us from the Boston "Women's Education Association," which serves as the Boston local Committee, the announcement of the Harvard Examinations for 1877. They are to be held in Cambridge and New York, in May or June of that year, and will be of two grades. The first will be a general or preliminary examination for young women, who are not less than seventeen years old; the second will be an advanced examination for young women who have passed the preliminary examination, and are not less than eighteen years old. The preliminary examination will embrace English, French, Physical Geography, with Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin or Greek. The advanced examination will be divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself.

1. *Languages.*—Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.

2. *Natural Science.*—Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology.

3. *Mathematics*—Candidates must present Solid Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, and Plane Trigonometry, and any one of the three following subjects: Analytic Geometry, Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry, and Astronomy.

4. *History.*—In 1876, candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: The History of Continental Europe during the period of the Reformation, 1517–1648; English and American History from 1688 to the end of the eighteenth century.

5. *Philosophy.*—Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects:—Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

Notice of intention to be candidates must be sent to the secretaries on or before April 1, 1877. The fee for the preliminary examination is $15; for the advanced examination, $10. The address of the New York local committee will be 60 Fifth avenue; that of the Women's Education Association is 94 Chestnut street, Boston.

We believe we have given the women of the country pretty nearly all the information they need, in order to avail themselves of the privileges of these local examinations; and now, if any woman doubts their necessity, or their great desirableness, we invite her attention to the following "specimen examination paper," belonging to the preliminary examination in English literature as published by Harvard University in 1874. The questions are very simple, and most people know something about them; but the ordinary reader will recognize the fact that even these demand an exactness of memory, an amount of reading, and a systematic arrangement of periods which few girls achieve, and, without which, they can hardly be said to hold much valuable knowledge of the treasures of their native tongue.

1. What are the principal writings in the English language before Chaucer?

2. Divide the history of English Literature from 1350 to 1850 into any convenient periods.

3. Within what period will all the old Dramatists come? Who are the so-called Comic Dramatists of the Restoration? Who are the chief English Satirists? The chief writers of Essays?

4. What are the most popular allegorical compositions in English? What is the difference between an Allegory and a Fable? Have we any popular Fabulist?

5. When do English Novels begin? Give the names of the chief novels written before the present century. Give the names of the principal female novel-writers in this century.

6. Give some account of the life and of the writings of Milton (verse); Walter Scott (prose and verse).

7. Give some account of the writings of any *three* of the following: Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth.

8. Place all the authors mentioned in 6 and 7 in the half century within which their active life falls.

9. Who wrote the Faëry Queene? the Tragedy of Macbeth? the Canterbury Tales? the Essay on Man? Absalom and Achitophel? Comus? Rasselas? Hudibras? Robinson Crusoe? Gulliver's Travels? the Comedy of the Rivals? Childe Harold's Pilgrimage? the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? the Novel Pride and Prejudice? the Novel Helen? the Vicar of Wakefield?

10. What is a ballad? Say anything you know about our ballads.

11. Put down any works you have read of the authors mentioned in 6 and 7. If you feel able to give *your own* impressions of any such books that you have read, do so (but recollected criticisms of others need not be given).

Village Improvement Societies.

THERE are just about four months in the year in which an ordinary country village is a pleasant place to dwell in, viz.: from May to September.

The muddy streets and sidewalks of autumn and spring, and the icy and snowy ways of winter, render it uncomfortable for walking or driving. The foliage and herbage of summer cover up the ugly spots, and the greenery of the growing months transforms the homeliest details into the pleasant and picturesque. The moment the greenery disappears, dilapidated fences, broken-down sheds, unkept commons, neglected trees, and all the tolerated uglinesses of the village assert themselves. The village is beautiful no longer. There are thousands of villages scattered over the country in which there has never been a public spirited attempt made to reduce their disorder to order, their ugliness to beauty, their discomforts to comfort. Every man takes care, or does not take care, of his own. There is no organic or sympathetic unity, and the villages, instead of being beautiful wholes, are inharmonious aggregations. Some paint and some do not paint. Some keep their grounds well, and others do not keep their grounds at all. Unsightly wrecks of vehicles, offensive piles of rubbish, are exposed here and there, and every man apparently feels at liberty to make his belongings as unpleasant to his neighbor as it pleases him. No public sentiment of order is developed; no local pride is fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty or convenience that goes one step beyond one's home in any case.

It is, therefore, with great gratification that we notice here and there the organization of Village Improvement Societies, and the beautiful work which they are accomplishing. Wherever they have been in existence long enough to accomplish anything, shade trees are planted by the side of the highways; old, neglected commons are fenced in, graded and planted; sidewalks are laid in all the streets, and a public interest in order and beauty is developed, which makes every man more careful of his own. Two villages, of which we happened to know, have been quite transformed within two or three years by the operations of these organizations; and their beneficent and beautiful work, already done, will insure to their localities a certain amount of beauty and convenience for the next hundred years. They have not been met by the public apathy that they anticipated, and they have been enabled by subscriptions, fairs and festivals, to raise sufficient money for the work they have instituted, while individual citizens have co-operated with them in their schemes.

There is no good reason why every considerable village of the country should not be made convenient, healthful, and beautiful, by the operations of such societies as these. There is no good reason why a public feeling of pride should not be engendered by them, and an earnest purpose developed to make each village more attractive than its neighbor. Selfish interest is all on the side of the societies; for improvement in beauty and comfort means improvement in value. Emulation between neighbors and between villages is excited, and niggardly property-holders are shamed into efforts to contribute to the popular desire for harmony. This is not a theory; it is experience; for, wherever they have been tried, these societies have done the work and exercised the influence we have stated.

Again, these societies are agencies of culture. Developing a public spirit and a feeling of local pride, they cannot fail to bear fruit in other and higher directions. Public and domestic architecture will be the first to feel the effect of the new sentiment. Men will build pretty houses, in tone with the new order of things. New ambition will be developed with relation to public buildings and their surroundings. The new town-hall will be better than the old. The new church will be an ornament and a glory, which the old one was not. Lyceums, reading clubs, and libraries, are just as natural an outgrowth of a public spirit engendered by these societies, and a public culture nourished by them, as they are, themselves, the outgrowth of a public necessity.

There is really nothing more sadly wanted in the village life of America, than the organization of its best materials for purposes relating to the common good. So many people must always spend their lives in villages; and those lives, in countless instances, are so barren and meaningless, so devoid of interest, so little sympathetic, that any means which promises to improve that life, should secure the most earnest attention. There is no reason why every village should not be alive with interest in its own culture and its own affairs, or why village life should not be crowded with attractions that have the power to hold every villager to his home. There are multitudes who never dream that their village can be anything more to them than a place of shelter and labor. They never dream that a village can be the center of a culture as sweet and delightful as any city possesses, or, that they have any duty or office in making it so.

We trust that the work of making the villages beautiful, which has been so auspiciously begun by the societies for improvement, will be extended until every village in the land will have its Association, and experience the natural results. It is a work in which men and women can unite and in which, indeed, women may lead if they will; for none are more interested in it, and what comes of it, than women. This Centennial year is a good time to begin everywhere. Our villages are built. The formative stage is passed, and another Centennial ought to find every American village the home of order and comfort, and of a life very far advanced beyond the present in social culture and happiness.

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THE OLD CABINET.

NOBODY likes to be ridiculous. We doubt if even one of them literary fellers likes to appear ridiculous, even in the eyes of a regular politician. The literary feller is not a great deal comforted by the fact that the regular politician is intrinsically a much more ridiculous person than himself. The trouble is, that the regular politician is not conscious of his ridiculousness, while the other man is. The literary feller in politics feels that he is an amusing object to his temporary associates; but these associates have little idea that they themselves ever afford amusement to the man of letters. The irony of "The Nation" does not touch the *amour propre* of the strongest man in the 401st Ward.

The fact is, that while the literary feller is in actual contact with the politician, he does not feel the politician to be so extremely ridiculous. He sees him dealing vulgarly but effectively with people of his own stamp; he sees that he is shrewd, prompt, practical. The gentleman politician feels himself at a disadvantage in a primary, or a caucus. He may be quick to criticise, but he may not be quick to suggest. He comes home from the primary and writes an ironical "article" for some magazine; but the bitterness of the irony is intensified by a grain of chagrin.

It is when the literary feller goes off on his midsummer holiday, that he gets quite straight with the politician—in his own mind. It is then that the politician is seen to be, with all his shrewdness, an exceedingly short-sighted, not to say woolly-brained person. It is then that he sees the politician proclaiming upon the house-tops the thing that the literary feller had spoken in the ear in closets,—and had been pityingly smiled upon for speaking. In the midsummer holiday of 1876, for instance, he sees the two great political parties pledged and re-pledged before the country to perform the literary, sentimental, ideal, and unpractical deed of tying each its own hands so tightly, that it can never again carry out its projects by the old time-honored and familiar methods. He sees, moreover, that the shrewdest politician on each side knows that there is no hope for his own party, unless the country, by hook or by crook, can be made to believe that *his* party is the one most willing, and most able to perform what, in moments of contemplation, must appear to him in the ghastly light of hari-kari.

THERE are so many crumbs of comfort to be picked up by the youthful poet, who has been "bitterly assailed by the reviewers," that he is perhaps in more danger from the crumbs than from the cudgels. One of the favorite "rounders" of the newspaper corner is a paragraph giving a list of first books, by men and women of genius, which have been despised and rejected of publishers. Another paragraph gives the original despicable prices paid for famous poems. Another tells of the public's slow appreciation of many of the masterpieces. To the young author no reading is so consolatory as this. Just now the newspapers are telling how "The London Times" was caught,—it having called "nonsense" two lines of poetry accompanying a picture on exhibition in that city; which lines, of course, proved to be from Shakspere.

> "Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
> Every wise man's son doth know."
> (Song in "Twelfth Night." II. 3.)

Was it not "The Times" that could see no meaning in "In Memoriam," when that considerable poem was first given to the world. (It was published anonymously, by the way.) MacDonald mentioned this, his hearers will remember, in his lecture on Tennyson's lyrics;—"while to me," said MacDonald, "it was radiant with meaning!" Lowell's last book brings this subject up again in the case of Keats and his reviewers of "Blackwood's Magazine" and "The Quarterly."

Which brings us to a sweetly comforting morsel, albeit somewhat stale, which we at this moment are enabled to offer (with due deprecation and warning) to those who are hungry.

Behold, our dear young man, the veritable yellow pages of "The Quarterly's" article reviewing—not the youthful Keats, to be sure,—but the youthful Tennyson. The Tennyson review is, indeed, more to the purpose than the Keats, for it is written in full view and contemplation of the lamentable failure with regard to the former poet. The reviewer recalls that disastrous occasion in these words, curiously mixed of mortification, satire, defiance and feebleness. For thus began the notice of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson, pp. 163. London. 12mo. 1833:"

"This is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of 'Endymion.' We certainly did not discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. We did not foresee the unbounded popularity which has carried it through we know not how many editions; which has placed it on every table; and, what is still more unequivocal, familiarized it in every mouth. All this splendor of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we have the candor to acknowledge; and we request that the publishers of the new and beautiful edition of Keats's works now in the press, with graphic illustrations by Calcott and Turner, will do us the favor and the justice to notice our conversion in his prolegomena."

The conversion, it will be seen, is not even feigned. As for the review of this new star of the "milky way" of poetry, there is not a word of dispraise in the whole fifteen pages. It is all adulation—after this fashion :

"Miller's daughters, poor things, have been so generally betrayed by their sweethearts, that it is refreshing to find that Mr. Tennyson has united himself to *his* miller's daughter in lawful wedlock, and the poem is a history of his courtship and wedding. He begins with a sketch of his own birth, parentage, and personal appearance—

'My father's mansion, mounted high,
Looked down upon the village spire;
I was a long and listless boy,
And son and heir unto the Squire.'

But the son and heir of Squire Tennyson often descended from the 'mansion mounted high ;' and

'I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,'

A metonymy for 'rod and line'——

'The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the *moon in an ivy-tod.*

'He looked so jolly and so good—
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.'—p. 33.

He, however, soon saw, and, need we add, loved the miller's daughter, whose countenance, we presume, bore no great resemblance either to the 'mealy face' of the miller, or 'the moon in an ivy-tod;' and we think our readers will be delighted at the way in which the impassioned husband relates to his wife how his fancy mingled enthusiasm for rural sights and sounds, with a prospect of the less romantic scene of her father's occupation.

'How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill;
The black, the silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still;

'The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made misty with the floating meal!'—p. 36.

The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful :—

'Remember you that pleasant day,
When, after roving in the woods,
('Twas April then) I came and lay
Beneath those *gummy* chestnut buds?

'A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.

'If you remember, you had set,
Upon the narrow casement edge,
A *long green box* of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge.'

The poet's truth to Nature in his 'gummy' chestnut-buds, and to Art in the 'long green box' of mignonette—and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats."

Let it be borne in mind that the volume under notice contained such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "Oenone," "The Palace of Art," "The May Queen," "The Lotos-Eaters," "A Dream of Fair Women." We have little doubt that the critic was, in the main, honest; he saw neither excellence nor the promise of excellence anywhere in the book. He certainly never suspected that the poems which he so easily pulled to pieces would before long be among the most familiar in the language. What he did see was—the defects. There were plenty of them, as the poet himself has shown by his subsequent careful revision. But in this revision it is interesting to notice that Tennyson did not accept "The Quarterly" as a guide. Some of the passages to which the critic objected were changed; but others have been retained to this day. The poet obeyed in his corrections his own more mature taste. "The Quarterly" may have helped him somewhat on the way to a maturer taste; but we imagine that he is under no very great obligations there. In the Laureate's very latest editions it will be observed that he has reinstated the sonnet beginning

"Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free."

Upon which the critic expended an entire page of ridicule, and which disappeared from the collected edition of 1842.

It is simply the old story of the opposition of the *critical* and the *creative* moods. The critic to whom Shelley addressed his "Lines" may have been astonished that the poet should impute *hatred* to him. But that is what it is. There is a sense in which the critic and the creator always hate each other.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Practical Hints about the Exhibition.

It is probable that the majority of visitors to the Exhibition from the eastern sea-board will defer their going until September or October. The great crowd from the agricultural districts of the country, and the professional classes with fixed vacations, were expected to arrive during July and August. The nearer neighbors of Philadelphia have, therefore, as a rule, decided to wait for cooler weather and the entire completion of the Exhibition. We offer a few practical suggestions to such of our readers as have kept this great pleasure for the present month.

First, because it is a pleasure to be enjoyed probably only once in a life-time, no minor considerations should be allowed to interfere with the comfort of visitors. Costly or showy dresses are wholly out of place and unnoticed. Even the flimsiest-minded woman finds here something better to look at than the fashions; and the dust of the outside walks and the incessant watering of the floors of the buildings speedily reduce elegant trained skirts to so many private exhibits of rags and mud. A neat linen or water-proof walking dress, closely belted, and cut clear of the ground, will be found the most suitable dress. We insist also on old and easy shoes. The temptation to stand and walk all day is irresistible, and the charmed explorer is unconscious of fatigue until night comes and weak ankles assert themselves with vindictive revenge. The custom of providing one's self with note-book and pencil has become almost universal among visitors. A word or two, jotted down, is enough to fasten a whole department in the memory, and to make the description for the home-folks accurate. At every turn, too, subjects for future inquiry or research are suggested, which, if not noted down, will probably be forgotten.

Next, as to the expense of a visit. The tourist, for once in his life, should put out of his mind the consideration of what people will say of him if he dares to economize. Nobody in the tens of thousands who daily crowd through the turnstiles will care a jot whether he is boarding at the same hotel with foreign princes, or at a wagon inn. The consciousness of personal insignificance forced on the American citizen in this great international concourse, is as wholesome a lesson as any which he will learn there. The fact is, that accommodations in Philadelphia rate now no higher than before the Exhibition opened. The principal hotels charge $4.50 or $5 per day; from that, the rates run down to $2, the rooms being comfortable and board excellent. In private boarding-houses, the charges are from $5 per week up. Single men or women sharing the same room may find boarding in respectable houses at even less than that, if due care be exercised. The usual plan for visitors who wish to remain for a week or more at as small expense as possible, is to take a furnished room and obtain their meals elsewhere. Comfortable rooms for two persons may be had in hotels and houses adjoining the grounds as low as $1, or even 50 cents per day. The meals may cost in the grounds what you please, and range from the most luxurious *menu* of Parisian cafés, to sandwiches and coffee at ten cents each. Indeed, the variety and cheapness of the different kinds of food offered, make one of the features of the Exhibition. For fifty cents, you may revel in unknown German pudding käse, or taste Viennese kipfeln, and a cup of coffee and whipped cream which shall cause you to abhor the familiar home coffee-pot for ever after; or sip black Mocha from Tunis, looking on bewildering dancing girls the while; or eat the identical enchanted sherbets and rose-conserves and magic cheese-cakes of which we have read, as in a dream, in the "Arabian Nights." Several women that we know with full brains but empty pockets have brought in their satchels enough food to last them during their stay. Crackers and cold ham are a feast when the wonders of the world are served as *sauce piquante*.

We have dwelt in detail on the cheapness with which the Exhibition can be seen, because we wish earnestly to urge upon all our readers, even those most straitened in means, that they should make great sacrifice if necessary in order to see it. No such opportunity for an education of the widest limits, combined with keen intellectual and physical enjoyment, was ever offered to the American people, or is likely to be again offered within the life-time of this generation. No matter what a man's taste, business, or profession may be, he will find it made clearer to him in this epitome of the world and the world's work.

Rural Topics.

BUDDING.—The beginner who plants fruit-trees seldom selects or starts with the varieties that are suitable to his soil and climate. This mistake, if such it may be called, does not become apparent for five or six years, when the trees cease to make wood and the stage of fruit-bearing begins. Then, perhaps, he discovers that among his sorts are those that shed their leaves early in the summer, bearing unripened specimens hanging on the branches. In other cases the fruit rots before ripening, or else becomes blotched over with woody spots on the surface, and cracks, destroying the appearance as well as the value of the fruit. When these things begin to show themselves, as they will from time to time, both in the garden and the orchard, the amateur looks around for some remedy by which he can save his trees already grown, and raise fruit that shall be valuable for table use or market purposes. "Working over" such trees as bear indifferent fruit, either by grafting or budding, is the remedy, and the only practical way to make the change. For young trees, budding is much the easier plan, for when the buds are set with ordinary care, they are almost sure to grow, and so rapidly that in the third year from the time of setting the buds, the top of the tree is bearing a new kind of fruit. This method is simple, rapid, and sure. The only tool needed is an ordinary budding knife, with a single blade, of good steel, with a small piece of ivory on the end of the handle. Such a knife can be bought at any hardware store. With fruit-bearing trees, the best time to set the buds is when the sap is running freely after the scorching heat of summer. The first and second week in September will be found safe for changing trees by budding. A knife and some strips of bass matting, such as come on the inside of coffee bags, for the purpose of fastening the bud in place, are all that are necessary to prosecute the art of budding successfully. The buds should be taken from healthy young trees, and of the present year's growth. When the twigs are cut from the parent trees, the leaves may be trimmed off, leaving half an inch of the leaf stalk. Then, with a keen, sharp-edged knife, cut out the bud, leaving directly under the eye a thin slice of the young wood. When the buds are cut out, they should be kept moist and protected from the air and sun until they are set. A practical operator places six or eight between the lips, giving himself free use of both hands with the knife. A smooth spot is selected for the incision in the stock, which is made in the form of the capital letter T; the bark is raised from the wood on either side of the upright incision by the ivory on the handle of the knife; the bud is then pressed in place, and the part coming above the cross incision cut off. The bud is fastened by winding a piece of bass matting around, above and below the eye, and the operation is done. If the bud "takes," the original branch may be cut off the following spring.

SPINACH.—For late winter and early spring use, the seed for a crop of spinach should be sown before the middle of September. With rich ground and fresh seed, the culture of spinach becomes very easy. Like many other rank feeders, it amounts to nothing on poor ground. Fork the ground over two or three times until the whole is loose and mellow, and if not already rich, add liberal doses of well rotted yard manure—the more the better. There need be no fear of injuring the crop by too much manure. To insure success, market gardeners who grow spinach for profit apply, in addition to the yard manure, from 500 to 800 lbs. to the acre of Peruvian guano or superphosphate of lime. When the ground is made mellow by forking, the surface should be raked smooth, and all the hard lumps and stones removed. Then drills an inch deep and a foot apart should be opened, in which the seed of the "Smooth Round-leaved" variety may be sown thickly and covered by drawing the soil over the drill from either side by the feet, or raking the bed with wooden rakes, drawing the rake in the direction of the drills. A half pound of seed will produce an abundance for a large family. There is no further trouble or expense in raising spinach beyond, perhaps, hoeing the ground between the rows once in the latter part of October.

GATHERING PEARS.—During the months of September and October the bulk of the pear crop is taken from the trees, and should at once be placed in the fruit-room to ripen. Pears are improved in quality at least twenty per cent. if ripened in the house under favorable conditions, to wit: darkness, and a cool, dry, and pure atmosphere. Pears are very sensitive to surrounding odors, and if placed in a cellar with vegetables showing signs of decay, the quality of the pear is seriously injured.

When the seed of the pear has changed from a light straw color to a dark brown, the fruit may then be gathered, and will ripen without shriveling or rot. Again, when, on raising the pear gently by hand, it separates easily from its holding at the end of the stem, it may be gathered with confidence. To pluck pears rapidly that are advanced toward ripening on the trees needs a practiced eye and some experience. There are unmistakable outward marks denoting this condition which the eye detects with very little practice. It is often found advisable to go over the same tree three different times in picking, and it will pay for the extra expense. Pears should always be taken from the tree by hand, and not shaken off, as too often is the case with careless cultivators. They should then be carefully placed in baskets, and taken at once to the fruit-house or closet, to be laid away where the light can be excluded, with the same care, to prevent injury from bruising. There they may remain until ready for table use, with an occasional examination to remove decaying specimens. Compared with those ripened on the trees, their superior excellence will at once be evident. Some assert that the "Seckel" is one of the exceptions to this rule; but with my own experience this has not been the case. There is quite as much superiority in house-ripened "Seckels" as there is with those of any other variety.

SEEDLING TREES.—A correspondent from the West, who lives sixty miles from an express office, makes some inquiries about getting seed, and raising seedling trees for home planting. Tree seeds are kept in stock by all agricultural seed dealers, and may be sent by mail in packages of four pounds and under at a trifling cost. In raising seedling deciduous trees, it is always safe to imitate nature as near as possible. Take, for instance, the acorn and hickory-nut. They fall from the trees late in the season, and lie exposed to the weather all winter. In the spring, with heat and moisture, the roots strike in the soil, and growth commences, and goes on under favorable surroundings. When the seeds are sent by mail in the fall, they may be left exposed, say in a box of fine sand, all winter, and in the spring planted in shallow drills in mellow soil, and while the plants are young and tender, they should be shaded with evergreen boughs, or some other material, to prevent the sun from scorching the tender leaves. With maples that ripen their seeds early in the summer, if the seeds are sown at once, they make a nice growth before cold weather sets in. These should be mulched early in the winter to prevent "heaving" by alternate freezing and thawing. When one and two years old, the seedlings may be transplanted into rows three or four feet apart, and twelve or fourteen inches in the row. For seedlings, the ground should be mellow and in good heart, and entirely free from weeds.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES IN SEPTEMBER.—A reader of SCRIBNER living in New Jersey writes to know if strawberries planted in the early part of September will bear a crop of fruit next year. To this inquiry I would say, Yes, under the following conditions: 1st, the soil must be rich, deep, and mellow; 2d, the plants must be of this year's growth, with healthy roots, and plenty of them, and must be transplanted in moist or damp weather, and if the weather continues dry, must be watered freely a few times, always in the evening when the sun has gone down; 3d, the strawberry-bed must be mulched before cold weather sets in, with yard manure, to be left on until spring. With such treatment, a bed of strawberries may be set out in September that will yield, not quite as much fruit as if put out in the spring, but enough for family use; and the berries will be, on the average, of larger size than those of the spring planting.

—P. T. Q.

Girls' Names.

THE tender, but thoughtless habit, which has at length crystallized into general custom, of keeping up the nursery or pet names of little girls until they have passed through all the eras of young womanhood, has lately received some forcible criticism from one or two sources. It is a habit which has chiefly arisen within the past generation; but it has noticeably grown within a decade or two, until there is now scarcely a feminine name to which a *diminuendo* will stick that is not speedily replaced by that fashionable substitute or adornment. In olden times, Elizabeth was sometimes called Betsey, for ease or brevity; but, now, Betsey itself glides away into the feeble Betty, or Bessie. In fact, the stately and vigorous old nomenclature is now nearly all gone into a vapid and tasteless liquidity that seems utterly bereft of force. There are no Catherines any more; they are all Katies. The Harriets have become Hatties; the Margarets (one of the strongest of names) are reduced to Maggies, or Margies; Mary, if common, yet the tenderest of all, gets transformed into Matie, or Mamie; Charlotte, into Lottie; and so on through the whole diversified chapter.

In any modern school catalogue or newspaper list of ladies' names which you may chance to meet, you find an endless iteration of the favorite inflection *ie;* as if the beauty or attractiveness, if not the respectability, of the young ladies, in some way depended on this liquid and endearing termination. In the short space of one page of the catalogue of a prominent young ladies' college,—a school of much higher pretensions than the average seminary, and whose students are of a more advanced and thoughtful age than mere seminary students,—one may find (as we have satisfied ourselves by trying) at least the following varieties, viz.: Jennie, Nannie, Hattie, Minnie, Margie, Nettie, Nellie, Allie, Addie, Lizzie.

Lord Dufferin, the present dignified Governor-General of Canada, has lately chosen to bring this tendency into notice (and so we suppose it prevails in Canada, too) by making it a special topic in his address at the late commencement of a young ladies' school in Quebec. But he credits the habit, or its exaggeration, to the United States; and thinks the practice, when it becomes a "national characteristic," is "not without significance." Some future philologist, perhaps, may pick it up as a remnant of that period when the young women of our most cultivated circles bore the badge of belittlement and patronage, and infer therefrom that the Oriental type of infantile helplessness had certainly survived to this era even in western lands. He will most likely conclude (and does not the evidence tend in that direction?) that, in our Centennial time, the true idea of

"A perfect Woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

was not so much as suspected or sought after. We do not remember that any journal of "Woman's Rights" and enfranchisement has ever thought it pertinent to speak of this subject; but surely it bears a direct relation to the mental growth and capacity of the sex. The literary *nom de plume* of a feminine author indicates to some extent the force of her mind; and, we know just as well what to expect from the Lillie Linwoods and Mattie Myrtles, as we do from the George Eliots. You can scarcely pen a more suggestive satire against the helpfulness and independence of woman than to wrap her up in such terms of daily coddling and childish endearment as the pet names against which Lord Dufferin protests. For instance, persistently to call the two great chieftains of woman's advanced status, *Lizzie* Cady Stanton, and *Susie* B. Anthony, would crush, at one stroke, the revolution they have so much at heart. Under such sweet persiflage it would sink into languid imbecility, and furnish fresh food for laughter.

Lord Dufferin, in the address to which we have made reference, said that "the daughter of the occupant of the most august position in the world was, before her marriage, commonly referred to as 'Nellie,' as though the paragraphists had been her playmates in infancy;" and he even stated that his own wife, Lady Dufferin, had been spoken of as "Kate" by the journals of the United States. These things were no doubt done with good feeling, and without so much as a thought of disparaging intent. The writers may have had the kindliest regard; but the familiarity their usage implies is none the less offensive, and is a curious symptom of that lack of reverence which, in the reaction from the early Puritan extreme of formality, has become very nearly a distinctive, and, to the older civilizations, a disagreeable trait of our Republicanism.

The habit, however, is not a question of taste merely; there lies under it a whole scheme of social philosophy. Many sober and sensible people who do not favor the bestowal upon woman of the franchise, are still hopeful for a better day for the sex in the way of enlarged privilege of labor and station. They cannot expect this, though, until they cultivate in the public nomenclature of girls something that shall hint of substance rather than silliness. What may be well enough, perhaps, at home, if it abide in the family circle, will not bear the ordeal of the open air, or the speech of the street. The stern business of the world shrinks away from this flimsy sentimentality. As a recent writer has well said, "John and Jane may start on even terms, but, between John and Jennie, there are odds in favor of John."

Paris Fashions.

THERE has been introduced this year the "coat and waistcoat" for ladies. "We have already had that!" you say? You have had coats and waistcoats, I know, and very ugly they have mostly been; but you have never had this coat and waistcoat. I recommend it to all American ladies, and for this reason: If American girls have a defect, it is that they are perhaps a trifle *too* slender. Our present sheath-dresses show this. Now, the coat and waistcoat, especially *this* coat and *this* waistcoat, obviate this little defect. They give amplitude to the figure. Stout ladies, consequently, must not dream of wearing them. But listen to the description of one of them. It is called the "Richelieu," just as another is called the "Lauzun," another "Mazarin," etc. The waistcoat is of rich white satin, and embroidered with roses and foliage in natural colors. This waistcoat is very long (but study a picture of Richelieu when young). In front it is trimmed down with a cascade of old lace, forming the *jabot* of that period, and it is provided with large square pockets to contain a purse (of gold or silver chain, studded with precious stones), a pocket-book, a scent-bottle, a *bonbonnière* and a handkerchief, which must be edged with lace like the lace of the *jabot*. The coat is of velvet, satin, silk poplin, or "fish-scales." It is trimmed with large and splendid buttons. It may also be embroidered round the edges, or be trimmed around with gold braid, or any of the numerous braids which are now so much the fashion. The sleeves have deep ruffs around the wrists to match the lace on the *jabot*. The skirt to be worn with one of these coats is of the same color, though of a different material. Thus, if the coat be of velvet, the skirt should be of satin; if the coat be of Irish poplin, the skirt should be of silk. In winter many of these coats will be of cloth for ordinary wear, and the waistcoat of gray satin instead of white satin. Gray, blue, and red-brown are the colors now used for these coats. Madame de Metternich wore one at the Grand Prix. It was of *caroubier* satin over a waistcoat and skirt to match. The whole was trimmed with gold braid and gold buttons.

Flat trimmings are the order of the day, and there are braids of every color, every width, and every material to meet the demand for them. Thick braid is for heavy materials, while transparent braids, delicate as a spider's web, are for gauze and barége dresses. But of all braids, the gold, silver, and steel braids are the most in vogue. Beaded braids are also very much employed on elegant dresses, and jet, with its accompaniments of black and white bugles, are again dancing into favor with fashionable ladies.

Scarlet is a terrible color for summer, but it has been all the fashion this season in Paris. Ladies have been robed from head to foot in it. Even parasols, fans, gloves, and shoes have been red. Horror!

I ought to say a few words on bonnets before concluding my letter. I have just space enough for one. It is Thérèse and Mantle's last invention. It is called the "Kisber" in honor of the winner of the Paris Grand Prix. The crown is high and demi-pointed, and is covered with white feathers, about a foot and a half long. In front is a large bow of white ribbon. The brim is wide and flat; it is lined entirely with a band of white feathers, falling like a fringe over the short front curls. This band of feathers concludes in two ends at the back, where they droop over the hair. It is to many an exceedingly becoming bonnet.

Scarfs are worn with every dress; some are tied in front, some fall straight in front. They must all match the dress. Perfect harmony and unity, indeed, in dress are *de rigueur*. Everything must match, you understand—*everything*, the visible and invisible alike.

—CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

American Social Science.

PHILADELPHIA BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS, ETC.

AT the close of May, a conference of experts in Social Science, few in number, but discussing important questions, was held for two days in Philadelphia; the principle to be debated being that treated in SCRIBNER by Mr. Charles Barnard last winter*—the Philadelphia "Homes for the People." A paper full of information in regard to the co-operative banks of that city, commonly known as "Building Associations," was read by Mr. Joseph I. Doran, a young lawyer, who had the court records and the mortgage registers searched to see how extensive and how safe such associations are in Philadelphia. He estimated their number in active operation at 450; the number of their members at more than 60,000; the monthly payments by share-holders at more than $650,000, and the amount of real estate on which they hold mortgages at from $60,000,000 to $75,000,000 in the city of Philadelphia alone. The average number of members in each association, Mr. Doran thinks, is 150; the average time in which the shares reach their par value is ten years. They now hold nearly one-third of all the mortgages yearly made in Philadelphia, and the proportion of foreclosures upon property of this sort is but little more than half as great as upon other mortgaged property.

In short, Mr. Doran demonstrated by figures that these co-operative banks have flourished, multiplied, and greatly benefited their share-holders, who have thus become the owners of over 30,000 homes during the twenty-six or seven years that these associations have been growing up to their present magnitude. This was done concisely, and in such a way as to make a much deeper impression than argument or panegyric could have effected;

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* See SCRIBNER for February, 1876.

and the debate which followed the reading of Mr. Doran's and Mr. Wrigley's papers was equally conclusive as to the firm hold obtained by these peculiar associations in Philadelphia. One of the most eminent judges of the city said that in his ten years' experience on the bench, he had heard of only two cases of peculation by the officers of these banks, one of which came before him as judge. This is a better record than even the savings banks of New England have to show. Mr. Henry C. Carey remarked to one of the speakers that his native city had one distinction not enjoyed, so far as he knew, by any other great city in the world,—that it contained at least 50,000 dwelling houses, each with a private bath-room.

The Saratoga Social Science Meeting, from the 5th to the 8th of September, will draw together a great number of those persons in the United States who are interested in economical, philanthropic, and social subjects. Mr. David A. Wells will preside on one day, Governor Tilden on another, ex-Governor Seymour on another; and there will be addresses and papers on "Chinese Immigration," the "Silver and Gold Standards of Value," "Law Schools and Legal Education," "The Prevention of Crime," "The Civil Service Question," and a dozen or twenty other topics of general or special interest. Each of the principal topics will be debated by persons familiar with it, and the occasion bids fair to be truly memorable in the record of the Centennial year. Among those who have promised to be present are Dr. Anderson of Rochester, Professors Sumner and F. A. Walker of New Haven, Judge Theodore W. Dwight, George Walker, and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton of New York, Parke Godwin, Messrs. Bradford, J. M. Barnard, B. F. Nourse and others of Boston, Horace White, General Garfield, Professor Hammond of Iowa, Dr. J. W. Hoyt of Wisconsin, and many more whose names give a guarantee that the debates will be every way worth hearing. The centennial anniversary of Adam Smith's publication of "The Wealth of Nations" will be duly commemorated at Saratoga, as well as more formally in New York afterward.

Gosse's Poems.*

Mr. Gosse is a young poet whose sonnet in admiration of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and dedication to William B. Scott, are not necessary to his classification with a certain school of poets and painters now flourishing in England. His poetry belongs to that school just as evidently as certain pictures of tall women with small heads, dressed in brilliant robes and standing on lawns of vivid green, dotted with the yellowest of dandelions, belong to what are called with more or less accuracy the pre-Raphaelite painters. Like Swinburne, he has taken from the neighboring art of music; but while the other strives for music in the verse, Mr. Gosse has introduced the arrangement of a symphony into the order of his poems. Thus they are divided into Allegro, Andante and Adagio, as into camps expressive of different general states of emotion. It speaks well for the author's youth, health and fine spirits, that the Allegro poems are much the best, although good work is not lacking among the others. But, in the first group, the Allegro feeling is carried out, the verses are in good accord with their collective title, and the symphony opens most prosperously. On the other hand, the poems under "Andante" and "Adagio" do not sustain equally their respective headings; a noticeable falling-off occurs with them, not perhaps so much in excellence, as in perfect relationship to the titles; wherefore the whole symphony does not quite fulfill the expectations of the commencement. This is not surprising when one considers the difficulty in retaining moods of mind, and that the poet's youth has given him little chance for varied emotion. We have seen that Mr. Gosse puts music under contribution for his plan; we also find that painting has not escaped, and painting, too, of the resurrected feudal variety, with which the British public has become familiar. America has so far seen but little of it. Those who have not, may read an exact description of such a picture in a sonnet called "The Exchange," page 36. Not that there has necessarily existed a painting from which this poem arose, but a painter of that school might readily make an identical picture:

"Last night, while I was sitting by her side,
And listening to her boddice' silken stir,
And stroking her soft sleeves of yellow fur,
I gave the sweet who is to be my bride
A little silver vinaigrette, star-eyed,
And chased with cupids; and received from her
The gold-embossed pomander-box of myrrh
She pounced her white hands with at eventide.
My sleep till dawn was all consumed with thirst
And passionate longing; then the great sun's light
Burst through my flimsy dreams, and nothing tells
Of all the joy that gladdened me last night,
Except this little golden box that smells
As her sweet hands did when I kissed them first."

Here we have two pictures in which the long slim figures of love and lover intertwine gracefully, not exactly in Punch's "Anglo-Saxon attitudes," but in "Anglo-Norman poses," and present each other with the correct implements of their century. Here is another, called very appropriately a "Garden-piece," *i.e.* of painting,—a poem of a form Mr. Gosse evidently affects:

"Among the flowers of summer-time she stood,
And underneath the films and blossoms shone
Her face, like some pomegranate strangely grown
To ripe magnificence in solitude;
The wanton winds, deft whisperers, had strewed
Her shoulders with her shining hair outblown,
And dyed her breast with many a changing tone
Of silvery green, and all the hues that brood
Among the flowers;
She raised her arm up for her dove to know
That he might preen him on her lovely head;
Then I, unseen, and rising on tip-toe,
Bowed over the rose-barrier, and lo!
Touched not her arm, but kissed her lips instead,
Among the flowers!"

For young men these are not disagreeable subjects, and far from bad verses; but they are by no means the best. If the Allegro poems adhere more closely to their symphonic title, there are others in the Andante, like the first of "Old and New," and the sonnet called "Perfume," and that in the Adagio entitled "1870-71," which begins "The year that Henri Regnault died"—that are stronger than the joyous verses of the first part. Yet of these perhaps "Sunshine before Sunrise" is as good as any other in the book, whether from the newness of the scene in the extreme north of Scandinavia, or the freshness and sweetness of the human interest of love,—a bright, dewy kind of love well in keeping with the twilight night of those regions. Mr. Gosse is a very charming young poet, who assures you that he is not pretentious, and seeks to please by a peculiar sensuousness of diction, something like that of Swinburne, or rather Rossetti, with the morbidness a good deal left out. He shows a knowledge of Scandinavian poets, and appears to have a natural affinity for the cleanly love literature which is Scandinavia's boast. His position, as set forth in italicized prologue and apologue to the reader, is very much the same as Morris when he calls himself the "idle singer of an empty day." If he has nothing very novel to present, he sings with great pleasantness and purity of diction.

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* On Viol and Flute. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: H. S. King & Co. 1873.
King Erik. By the same. London; Chatto & Windus. 1876.

Mr. Gosse has lately appeared again in a publication of larger scope and greater ambition. "King Erik" is a Scandinavian drama, hinging on a murder and a blood feud, in which the murdered man's brother-at-arms or sworn-brother avenges his death on the King of Denmark. For Grimur, "the gray-eyed scald," who has imbibed, in more southerly lands, the fatal habit of falling in love with and making songs to queens, very imprudently does the same by Botilda, Erik's spouse, whereupon Erik stabs him. But the King, having made a law that no Christian shall be slain in Denmark, is himself the first assassin, and going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to expiate his offense, is killed by Gisli, adopted sword-brother of Grimur.

Like the poems, this drama is by no means poor. But it is like the faces of people every one has met. Is So-and-so a beauty? Yes—no. Something is wanting. So to this little play, something is wanting to make it really fine. It is certainly smooth and clever. The scene where Erik tells Botilda of his mother's death, and Botilda realizes that the latter has died without assuring Erik that his wife is blameless, is natural and fine. She despairs now to prove her innocence of any fault with the dead Grimur; and this despair, as well as the words in which she clears herself, are the best and strongest in the book. Other parts are not so happy. Botilda would not be likely to describe a usual and unimportant act on her part to her maids, as when she tells them how the messenger looked who brought tidings of the King's return from war. (Act I. Scene 1.)

"I broke off
Some inches of the gold around my arm—
The serpent, see, is shorter—gave it him,
And bade him have a care of Roeskild mead!"

This is a kind of posturing. Again, Adalbjörg, the wicked old mother, is too open in her desire to find the young queen in a crime. On page 18, she says to the waiting maids of the queen:

"But if she loves her husband, all is lost!"

When Botilda gives Grimur a last interview, and explains her position as a loving wife who did not suspect his love for her, Grimur's despair and raving is violent, but cold. The same difficulty occurs where the Archbishop arouses remorse in Erik for having stabbed Grimur; his cries and laments are not moving at all.

But the whole is very cleverly managed, and is decidedly readable without being at all great. As in his earlier book of poems, Mr. Gosse makes a pleasing impression, and leaves one with the desire to see something further from his pen. Another work may answer the question which naturally arises, as to whether his smoothness and evenness mean that the limit of his powers is already reached, or that there is a possibility of even better work in the future. There is a dedication to Robert Browning, prefixed to "King Erik," which seems rather out of place. It might be called pretentious in its humility. "King Erik" cannot fail to recall Swinburne's "Chastelard," although we find nothing but an influence of the stronger creation.

"Mummies and Moslems."[*]

This is the somewhat incidental title of Charles Dudley Warner's latest book of travels. Mr. Warner very well knows that the reader does not much care for mummies, and he does not bother us with them, though, of course, there must needs be some mention made of these mortuary relics in any record of Nile journey. As for the Moslems, we need not too curiously inquire into the religion and antecedents of the people whom the voyager meets as he is slowly carried from Cairo to the Second Cataract. Let no reader, bored with dry details of mummies, and filled with the statistical returns of Islamism, heretofore gathered by painstaking travelers, look twice at the title of this charming book. It is only "incidental to the piece," as the theatrical manager would say.

Mr. Warner is one of the most agreeable of traveling companions. He is never in a hurry. He is never imperative with his sight-seeing. To people who stay at home and think about it occasionally, a journey up the Nile seems to be the most leisurely and time-consuming undertaking in life. We think that when we can tear ourselves away from the daily newspapers, the monthly magazines, the steam-conveyances, the telegraphs, and the toil and moil of a feverish existence; when our accounts with this world are settled, and we have nothing to do but sit down and dream until the gates of the next world are opened to us—then, and not until then, we will take a half year and drift up the Nile. One who travels that charmed stream must be supposed to have given up the rest of the world and all its petty cares and griefs. He has abandoned himself to indolent luxury with something like that wicked disregard of this life and the life to come, which Dr. Johnson said he should like to improve by driving through an existence rapidly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman by his side. And on such an excursion one chiefly wants to be let alone. It would mar one's enjoyment of the enchanted land and its dreamy atmosphere if his companion were perpetually demanding that this, that, and the other be duly admired and observed "before it is forever too late." Mr. Warner is too wise for any such wearisome impertinence. We may look at the scenery, the Nile banks, the Ghawazees, the mummies, and the Moslems, if we choose. Our guide silently points them out to us; he makes a shrewd or a humorsome remark, but we may look or not look, just as we please. He does not insist upon anything. A few touches describe the moving panorama and its figures. Beyond this, an imaginative reader may go as far as he has inclination. Here is at least one dragoman who does not lug you out and compel you against your languid choice. Therefore, you cannot help enjoying your Nile journey in this easily-read book.

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[*] Mummies and Moslems. By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, Connecticut: American Publishing Co. Sold only by Subscription.

Indeed, we may say that the power of the author is always reserved, rather than latent. He never dwells upon anything in a way to make the reader sure that this is a very important matter. He does not fall into a fit of indignation, or a spasm of delirious admiration, and exhaust language in bringing the subject home to the reader. Rather, he contents himself with "stating the case." The audience are expected to furnish their own appropriate emotions.

There have been many books written about Egyptian travel. From the days of Joseph's brethren until now, those who have gone down to Egypt, and have come back alive, have "told all these things" to the rest of the world. Mr. Warner, whose preface actually seems to have been written before his book, declares that he intended to give us a new view of things. He says he "tried to look at Egypt in its own atmosphere, and not through ours; hoping thereby to be able to represent it, not photographically, but in something like its true colors and proper perspective." We have plenty of color in the book—local color it is, too. But, for all that, the author, who is not only human but American, sees everything with the eyes of home, precisely as his readers would if they had been there with him. If he had sponged off his memory at the gates of the East, and had gone up the Nile with a blank veil of fog, shutting out the atmosphere of Hartford and New York, we should have missed some of the most pleasant touches in the book. It may not be Egyptian "atmosphere;" but it is diverting to be reminded in the capital of Nubia of the Stuyvesant pear-tree of New York; or to think of the Congregational church on Asylum Hill, Hartford, and the Rev. Mr. Twichell, while in the ruins of Gertassee. But, although Mr. Warner does not stand under the shadow of the Pyramid of Cheops and prattle about "N' Yock," after the vulgar fashion of many American travelers, he has constant reminiscences of his own land. The influence of the Egyptian lotus never so far overcomes him that he forgets to contrast sharply the Old and the New.

So, we who read the book at home, and not in some dream of hasheesh, are greatly helped to share in the author's tranquil enjoyment. We are amused, as he is, by the eager curiosity with which the children on the Nile banks pick up an American apple, thrown them by the travelers, and wonder as they bite. A touch like this makes us realize how foreign is the land through which we are passing. The poor black, standing in a field and throwing up his lean arms, and crying, "Baksheesh, oh, Howadji!" is a very real person to us; and he is the more real because he is such a stranger and foreigner. Mr. Warner's people are not puppets, by any means, and we are always glad to meet them in his pages. They help us in our passive enjoyment of the journey. There is Abd-el-Atti, the Moslem philosopher, guide, and friend of the tourists. One gets a swift glance into the Moslem character, as well as a peep at the quaint rascal himself, in the following theological exposition: "Not so? A friend of mine in Cairo was never in his life ill, never any pain, toothache, headache,—nothing. Always well. He begin to have fear that something should happen; mebbe God forgot him. One day I meet him in the Mooskee very much pleased; all right now; he been broke in the arm; God 'member him."

The book is one of many merits—not the least of which is that play of delicate humor and fancy with which Mr. Warner always invests everything he touches. The quality of his style is somewhat elusive. The reader is always impressed with the notion that something very startling or extremely funny is about to happen. It never does. And the subtile charm of the writer moves on and on, beguiling and fascinating—one cannot tell why. Now and then one has a suspicion of the thinness of this method; it seems as if it would not hold out. Nevertheless it is undeniable that it is very pleasant reading. Incredible as it may appear, one who "dips into" this thick volume of nearly five hundred pages will be enticed to read it from preface to colophon. The work is very nicely printed in clear type on toned paper, and is a notable addition to the literature of the day. We say "of the day," for the author never intended that his book should stand on the library shelf with Rawlinson and Champollion. But he has given us a volume of travels, composed in a faultless literary style, admirable in tone, and sure to make friends for him wherever it goes.

MacDonald's "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."*

GEORGE MACDONALD cannot write anything that is not valuable, but this seems to us one of the least important of his stories. The purpose of the story is to show the fallacy of the prevailing materialism. In other words, it is a controversial novel, and, if it is not so good as other stories of the author's, the friends of MacDonald can take refuge in the general principle that no controversial novel can be very good. Novels "with a purpose" are well enough, provided the purpose is not an argumentative one. But you cannot prove the truth of Christianity, the immortality of the soul, the mission of Jesus Christ, and the fallacy of positivism in a novel. For thus the novel becomes no novel, the art becomes a mere pack-horse. The tracing of the liberation of a human soul from bigotry, as in "Robert Falconer," is something different from a controversy of the kind treated in the present story. Disappointed as we are in this book as a whole, there is a fine center-piece in the curate, the history of whose spiritual struggles with skepticism is nobly told. This character is in MacDonald's best style. There are everywhere fine passages, and the plot, while not intricate, is interesting. But the long digressions, the arguments and sermons, the stupid brilliancy of the materialist Bascombe, and the ineffectual attempt to render objective a class of arguments in favor of Christianity which must ever remain subjective, will be pronounced by most readers to be serious defects. The story will not live alongside the author's masterpieces, "David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and those wonderful Fairy Stories, "The Princess and the Goblin," and "At the Back of the North-Wind;" nor can it be compared with its immediate predecessor, "St. George and St. Michael."

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* Thomas Wingfold, Curate. By George MacDonald, LL.D. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

French and German Books.

Ollanta. Ein Altperuanishes Drama aus der Kechuasprache. Ubersetzt und commentirt von J. J. von Tschudi. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

Tschudi is an Austrian subject widely known for his travels in South America, and is an authority on matters relating to that continent. The drama which he now edits in the Kechua language, with translation into German, is of great antiquity and interest; it has been translated into Spanish more than once, and an English traveler, Markham by name, has given an English version of it. Tschudi himself had previously published an imperfect text in his grammar of the Kechua language; but he resents with spirit the remark made by Markham, that his was a very corrupt text. He then proceeds to intimate that Markham shows a great want of knowledge of the Kechua language, and asserts that he follows the Spanish of Dr. Barranca of Peru, (who published his translation at Lima in 1868,) into mistakes which could not occur to one perfectly cognizant of the tongue. As to the antiquity of the drama, (not necessarily a question of the existing text) Tschudi does not hesitate to assign it to a date previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. He points out the thoroughly Indian character and wording of it. It is well known by verbal tradition that the Incas delighted in dramas, which were generally played by high officials and their children. Ollanta is a warrior who falls in love with the daughter of the Inca Pachacutek in spite of the crime of approaching a vestal virgin. He flees, and raises a revolt. The princess bears a female child, and is cast into prison. When the child reaches the age of twelve, she demands the attention of the Inca to the condition of her mother, and a reconciliation takes place. Ollanta is pardoned, and the happy end comes. This is one of the most important relics, if not the most important relic, of the literature of the Indian race, and speaks loudly in favor of the genius and advanced stage of civilization of the Peruvians before they were destroyed by Spanish rapacity and brutality. Tschudi avers that the speakers of the Kechua tongue, or at any rate the builders of the vast unfinished buildings south-east of Lake Titicaca, marched southward from Mexico along the Cordilleras and settled in Peru. Indeed he identifies them with a branch of the Toltecs, who are known to have disappeared from Mexico. His book is an invaluable acquisition to the study of ancient American ethnology and civilization.

Le Monténégro Contemporain, par S. Frilley et Jovan Wlahovitj. New York: Christern.

The war waging in the Orient about the couch of the sick man makes this a "timely" volume, and is in all probability the reason for its appearance. M. Frilley styles himself officer of the legion of honor and M. Wlahovitj, a captain in the service of Servia. The first 178 pages are devoted to a very interesting historical memoir on Montenegro, and the remaining 500 to a description of the country, the state of affairs political and otherwise, and a very thorough discussion of the rights of Montenegro to independence. One, at least, of the two writers describes the country from long acquaintance with its people. The chief argument for independence consists in the fact that for four centuries the Black Mountain has been ruled by its own Bishops or Princes, and has never failed to throw off again the Mussulman yoke. It is maintained that the Turks have only overrun the country at various times, with varying success, but without permanent effect. A very strong point is made of the numerous instances up to recent days in which Montenegro has been named and considered, in treaties and conferences of war, as a land possessed of autonomy, and inhabited by a separate and individual nation.

Der Besuch im Carcer. Aus Secunda und Prima. Humoresken von Ernst Eckstein. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.

People with memories will be amused by these little pamphlets, for they will recall their own school-days. The pranks of Rumpf, who turns Master Heinzerling into the school prison made ready for himself, are neither brilliant nor new; yet, for all that, are thoroughly enjoyable. Heinzerling has a peculiarly broad and drawling pronunciation, which is faithfully copied by the wicked Rumpf; hence his punishment and triumph. *Der Besuch im Carcer* has been translated into English by Miss Sophie Vietsch, but the singular sounds uttered by worthy Master Heinzerling will hardly do in English dress. Otherwise, the translation appears to be excellent. *Aus Secunda und Prima* is further news from the German gymnasium, giving the relations between various teachers and pupils without much exaggeration, and with some quiet humor. At least, it will appear humorous to those who remember like scenes in school or college.

"Is there a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Region?"

A DENIAL.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.

Dear Sir: In your April number there is a short essay on the old theory of a subterranean passage between Lakes Huron and Ontario. I thought that this, together with other antiquated notions, such as the seven years' rise and fall, had passed away with the old *voyageurs* and *habitans;* but it seems to come up again as lively as ever. In 1867–8–9, while connected with the Lake Survey, I was engaged in ascertaining the outflow of the lakes, and the results of my observations are condensed in the following table:

Sections.	Area of lake surface in square miles.	Area of water-shed and lake surface in square miles.	Discharge from outlet of each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall on the water-shed and lake surface of each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall of each section added to preceding one in millions of gallons per second.	Ratio of rain-fall to discharge.	Evaporation from lake surface in each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall less evaporation for each section added to preceding one in millions of gallons per sec.	Ratio of rain-fall less evaporation to discharge.
Lake Superior	38,875	90,505	0.6	1.4	1.4	0.43	0.3	1.1	0.53
Mich. & Huron	51,721	121,941	1.6	2.0	3.4	0.48	0.5	2.6	0.62
Erie & St. Clair	10,114	40,298	1.8	0.7	4.1	0.43	0.1	3.2	0.55
Ontario	8,026	31,558	2.0	0.6	4.7	0.44	0.1	3.7	0.55

This does not seem to show any abnormal flow from Lake Ontario, the ratio of rain-fall to discharge being about the same in all the sections.

The author seems to carry this subterranean theory still further, intimating that the lower strata are filled with rivers, having their origin in the upper lakes. He states, in confirmation, that the small lakes in Wisconsin rise and fall synchronously with Lake Superior. That their times of high and low water are about the same there is no doubt, as that depends upon the humidity of the seasons; but the assertion that the smaller fluctuations take place at the same time needs a series of very careful observations to prove, which will probably never be made, as most of these small lakes are considerably above the large ones. Again, in the flowing artesian wells, the water must rise considerably above its source if it comes from the upper lakes. At Chicago it rises about thirty feet above the level of Lake Superior. So far from the water being the same, these wells are impregnated with iron, lime, sulphur, sodium, and many other salts, while the water of Lake Superior is the purest potable water known.

In Chicago there are two wells about 60 feet apart; one, 1,100 feet deep, is sulphur water, and the other, 1,200 feet deep, is chalybeate.

The ancient beaches spoken of are common on all the lakes; two well-defined ones—one about 30, and the other 70 feet above the present level—can be traced for miles on both Lakes Michigan and Superior; and several indistinct ones can also be found on the hill-sides near the latter lake from 100 to 300 feet higher. Of course this whole country was once covered with water, and the land rose in unequal stages until the present conformation of the lakes was reached, and these beaches show the different levels at which it was stationary for certain unknown periods.

Yours truly,
D. Farrand Henry,
Chief Engineer Water-Works.
Detroit, Michigan, April 24, 1876.

ANOTHER DENIAL.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to an article in your issue for April, entitled, "Is there a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Region?" The conclusions of the writer seem to me so erroneous, that I am impelled to ask space for the following reply:

The waters of Lake Superior lie in a deep rock basin, inclosed on all sides, except at the eastern end, by a solid rocky rim, so closely that the whole area of its drainage does not probably exceed 75 or 80,000 square miles, including the extent of its own surface. On or near the summit of the inclosing highlands, which are from 1,200 to 1,500 feet above the lake, its numerous tributaries take their rise, and throughout their short length, all fall rapidly, and over cascades, into the great reservoir; sometimes leaping from the mountain wall, almost directly into its deep waters. These streams, originating along a high plateau which receives in summer an abundant rain-fall, and in winter the deepest snows of the continent, and which abounds in small lakes and cedar swamps, do not dry up. Their waters are delivered with comparative regularity throughout the season, being always lowest in winter; and with their variations the small fluctuations of the lake correspond; the melting snows keeping it at a constant but perceptible rise until after midsummer. The outflow of Superior is conducted into Huron by the St. Mary's, a broad river which makes a descent of about 30 feet in its course to the Huron, and is navigable from lake to lake by vessels of more than 1,000 tons burden. To this immense volume is added the drainage of Huron and Michigan, and the accumulated waters, through the St. Clair and Detroit, flow onward, a mighty stream, a mile wide, with a strong, steady current, and a depth of channel sufficient to bear the largest lake steamers. Lakes Erie and Ontario may be considered a continuation of the same river, whose tributaries must materially augment its volume as it flows onward to its junction with the mighty Ottawa, which rises a thousand miles or more to the north-west, in the region of rocks and water, and becomes a river of the first magnitude.

These sources account for the volume of the St. Lawrence, without resorting to an imaginary supply, through some subterranean channel, of which not the slightest trace exists. Now let us pass to the south end of Lake Michigan, and see what evidence there may be in that direction, of any important channel of drainage from that lake—a drainage, however, which, whatever it may be, does not pass into the St. Lawrence, whose vast volume, the writer in question seems to think, requires some such supply.

Lake Michigan is about thirty feet below Lake Superior, and doubtless, from good evidence, at no very distant day discharged at least a portion of its waters on and just below the surface of the country in that vicinity, into the Mississippi, through the channel of the Illinois River. But the sand dunes at the southeast corner of the lake furnish no evidence that the surface of the Michigan was ever much above its present level. Those elevations of sand, as well as those on the eastern shore, toward its north end, and also the still higher dunes on the south side of Lake Superior, a little east of the Pictured Rocks, are without doubt, as they have ever been regarded by geologists, the effect of fierce winds upon the sands of the lake shore. The action of winds upon the sand of the shore, in piling up and again sweeping away to some extent these sand hills, is well known to residents in the neighborhood; pine-trees are often nearly covered and again laid bare by that cause.

From the very margin of the southern end of Lake Michigan, the country to the southward is an inclined plane, which, in the length of the Illinois River must descend the amount of the difference between the level of Lake Michigan above the sea (575 feet), and the level of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Illinois, which difference, in the absence of exact data, I will place at 200 feet. Nothing else could be expected, but that Lake Michigan should, all along the valley of the Illinois and adjacent country, be leaking through every crevice of the rock. But that there is any voluminous discharge at any point in the Illinois valley, we have no evidence, nor is such a discharge to be inferred from the increased magnitude of that river; the aggregate leakages in this way, even though some of these springs may discharge considerable water, are utterly insignificant, and not to be considered in comparison with the great volume finding its way toward the ocean through the Straits of Mackinaw. And why is it necessary to pass by the obvious source of the springs in that part of Illinois, and go 400 or 500 miles northward for it? Not surely on account of the clear, pure waters of those springs; for the waters of Michigan are essentially the same as those of Lake Superior.

The writer says: "There are abundant springs and subterranean water-courses far north in Wisconsin." So, there are numerous rivers and lakes far to the north of the latitude of Geneva, Ill., or Waukesha, Wis., or even far to the north of the north end of Lake Michigan. Lakes abound up to the very highest level of the plateau, dividing the waters of Lake Superior from those of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. Lakes of very considerable area exist more than 1,200 feet above any part of southern Wisconsin or northern Illinois, or above Lake Superior. On the southern slope of this water-shed we find numerous lakes, and several considerable rivers, some of the rivers large enough to furnish steamboat navigation for 100 or 200 miles; all lying north of Lake Michigan and far south of Lake Superior. Such a country is surely capable of giving a water supply for all the springs and fountains about Waukesha and Geneva Lake, and all other places along the imagined subterranean water-course.

Again, the writer of the article in SCRIBNER says that "a fish called the 'Cisco,' inhabiting only Lake Superior, comes and departs every year between that lake and Lake Geneva;" this, he says, "is a fact well known," and he would have us infer, settles conclusively all question as to a subterranean passage from one lake to the other. Geneva is in Illinois on the latitude of Chicago, and the nearest point of Lake Superior is at least 400 miles to the north. It seems hardly necessary to deny the correctness of such a fable as this; the writer has probably been assured of its truth by some dealer in the marvelous who would play upon the credulity of the advocate of this subterranean theory. There is in Lake Superior no fish of that name; the writer's informant may have confounded the name with that of the Siskowit—a valuable fish of the salmon family, bearing a strong resemblance to the salmon of the ocean, and so far as I have known, making its abode exclusively in Lake Superior, from which it never departs; although the broad pure waters of the St. Mary's seem to invite its visits to Lake Huron. It lives almost solely in the coldest waters of the north side of Lake Superior. Very respectfully yours, M.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Hydraulic Elevator for Canals.

THIS novel and important improvement in canal architecture is designed to take the place of the locks now used in raising or lowering boats from one level to another. By the usual method it is necessary to use a number of locks, placed one above the other, in order to lift the boats to any considerable height. This new elevator moves two boats at once (one up and the other down), a distance of 15 meters, 17 centimeters (about 50 feet) at a single lift, and in less time than is required to open and close a single lock for the passage of one boat. The plant consists of two wrought-iron troughs, each mounted on the ram of a hydraulic press, a suitable frame-work to serve as guides in lifting the troughs, and a series of gates to connect the troughs with the canals at top and bottom of the elevator. To supply power, a small steam-engine, with suitable pumping apparatus is added, and to control the movements of the elevator, gates and valves are fitted to the presses in such a manner as to bring all the work under one engineer, who, from a house mounted on top of all, governs the movements of the entire apparatus. Seen from the level of the lower canal, the elevator resembles an oblong framework of upright iron columns standing in the water of the lower canal, and secured together by massive lattice work. There are six columns employed, and each serves as a guide for the two troughs placed inside, while an extra column is set up at one end to assist in steadying the structure. The troughs are each 23 meters, 8 centimeters (about 75 feet) long, 4 meters, 76 centimeters (15½ feet) wide, and capable of holding water deep enough to float boats drawing 152 centimeters (5 feet). The sides of these troughs are formed of heavy wrought-iron girders, while the ends are left open to admit the water and the boats floating in it. To close the troughs, lifting-gates, made water-tight with rubber, are set up at each end. Gates are also supplied at the level of the upper canal to prevent the escape of the water when the troughs are moving. Each trough is supported by a single ram working in a hydraulic press, sunk deep in the bed of the lower canal, and is raised and lowered by the water in the presses. These presses are also connected by a pipe at the bottom, so that the water may pass freely from one to the other when desired. To understand the operation of the elevator, it may be supposed that there are two canal boats (empty or loaded) to be moved. One is floating in the upper canal and the other in the lower,—the two canals, or basins, being directly opposite each other, or in a line with the longest diameter of the elevator. One trough is lifted on its ram to the level of the upper canal; but the load of water it carries is 15 centimeters (nearly 6 inches) lower than the water in the canal. The other trough is sunk in the lower canal, and the water inside and out is of the same level. As the pressure at the front and back of the gates is equal, the outer one is easily raised, and then the boat is readily pushed into the trough, the gate is closed, and the boat floats on a steady keel inside, and without touching the trough at any point. The next step is to open the gate of the upper trough and to admit 15 centimeters more water in depth from the upper canal and the boat. The gate of the trough is then closed, and after that the gate of the canal. During this operation the upper trough has been supported by its ram extended to its full height, but, on releasing the ram and opening the pipe connecting the two presses, the excess of weight (caused by the extra 15 centimeters of water) causes it to sink, and at the same time to raise the other trough. In this manner, the heavier load lifts the lower till the descending trough is submerged in the water of the lower canal, when the troughs become balanced and stop, leaving one partially sunk at the lower level, and the other not quite raised to the upper level. The engineer then closes the pipe connecting the two presses and applies the power from the engine, and, by means of the press, lifts the upper trough to the full height, and allows the lower trough to sink deeper in the canal by releasing the pressure on the ram. The gates, both above and below, are then opened and the two boats move out into their proper levels and continue their voyages. It may be here mentioned, that for local reasons this elevator is not connected directly with the upper canal, but opens into an iron bridge or aqueduct thrown over a small river that forms part of the lower canal. This is a mere incident of this particular elevator. In ordinary cases such an elevator would open as described directly from one canal to another. The elevator has now been in operation more than a year, and has moved a very large number of boats at an average speed of eight minutes per trip, and at an expense of only $50 (gold) per week. The advantages claimed for this lift over the ordinary locks are,—first, a saving of space and expense, as the elevator occupies a space 30 meters long, while a series of locks to raise boats to the same height would involve a space 600 meters long, and would require an hour and a half for the passage of a single boat; secondly, the boats are in no wise strained or injured, as they float freely in the water held in the trough; thirdly, a great saving of water is affected, as only 15 centimeters in depth are employed in making a trip, or about 1 per cent. of the water employed in a series of locks. This elevator conducts the traffic in both directions at once, and at the same time can take it in one direction only, as it works equally well, whether boats are floating in the troughs or not.

Balanced Cheese-Rack.

THE design of this apparatus is to furnish a set of shelves for storing and drying cheese, and to provide means for turning them over without touching the cheese with the hands. It is made by erecting in the store or drying-room two wooden or iron uprights about two meters (6½ feet) apart. A number of wooden shelves (four or five), each wide enough to hold a cheese, and about two decimeters (or the thickness of a cheese) apart, are inclosed in a framework, and the whole is hung on pins or journals between the uprights. The back of this shelf-work is closed by light slats, and the front is left open. The rack in this position will freely revolve either way; but, to keep it upright, locks or simple latches are placed on the uprights at each end of the frame. The frame is not balanced exactly; but, as the supports are slightly advanced from the center, the frame has a tendency to fall backward, and is prevented by the latches. This is designed both to keep the latches secure by the pressure and to turn the frame in the right direction the moment the latches are raised. When it is desired to turn over a quantity of cheese stored in such a rack, it is only necessary to lift the latches, and the rack falls backward. The load slips against the slats at the back of the shelves, and, by a slight effort, the attendant turns the whole completely over, and the load, dropping from one shelf to the next, is quickly and easily turned over. The latches catch the frame, and it is maintained upright till the load must be turned again, when the process is simply reversed. Large wholesale houses have erected many of these racks, and have found them of advantage in keeping the cheese regularly turned, and in securing an even drying at a small expenditure of time or labor.

Steam Derrick.

THE design of this crane or derrick is to furnish lifting power for unloading vessels, and moving stone or other material used in construction. It consists of an upright mast, secured by two or more stays and a lifting crane or gib, arranged precisely as in the ordinary derrick. The special features of novelty and value are found in the application of steam-power, both to lift the load and to move the derrick round on its pivot, and in the peculiar form of steam-engine employed for this work. The chains used to lift the weights and to raise the gib are single lines of strong chain; the one used to lift the weight simply passes over blocks at the end or point of the gib and top of the mast; the other is fastened to the top of the gib, and passes through a block at the top of the mast, and thence to the winding gear at the base. The mast is set on a hollow step or pivot that allows it to turn round freely in every direction. Below this, and forming the base, is a solid piece of casting, having a milled or geared edge round the outside. Through the bottom is passed a steam-pipe, opening into the hollow step or foot supporting the mast, and designed to convey steam from a neighboring boiler into the engine fixed to the mast just above the base. This engine consists of two upright cylinders placed side by side, and secured directly to the crank shafts that move the winding gear. By an ingenious device, placed at the side of the winding apparatus, the power is turned aside to an upright shaft bearing a geared wheel that plays in the milled edge of the base-plate below. It is easy to see that by this arrangement of parts, the engineer, standing on a platform attached to the mast, may raise or lower the weight by means of one cylinder, and, at the same time, raise or lower the gib in the same, or in an opposite direction by means of the second cylinder, and also turn the entire derrick round in a circle by means of either, or both, cylinders. This arrangement of parts gives a universal motion to the load, and enables the engineer to place it in any desired position with perfect accuracy, or to move it along any line desired, and to handle very heavy loads at high speed and with entire safety.

Improved Hot Blast Stove.

THE employment of a stream of hot air to supply the fires in iron furnaces has been one of the marked features of iron manufacture for the past half century. The usual method employed to obtain this hot blast is to draw a stream of air through some kind of brick or iron stove in which it becomes enormously heated, being then delivered to the blast-furnace by pipes passing through the walls of the structure. These stoves or ovens consist of huge masses of fire-brick, loosely piled together, and inclosed in walls of masonry, or of iron stoves formed by ranging groups of iron pipes in ovens placed over suitable fire-places. The objections to these two styles of stoves are, the expense in the case of the brick stoves, and the liability to disorder or rapid destruction frequently shown by the pipe stoves. The pipes often fail through an unequal distribution of the heat, and the masonry in which they are set is strained, or ruptured, through their unequal expansion and contraction. To obviate these defects, and to cheapen the cost of such stoves, a number of improvements have been recently announced that seem to present features of interest and value. Instead of placing the inlets for the gas employed as fuel at the ends of the combustion-chamber under the oven, they are scattered along its length at the sides. Each inlet has a valve, and by this means an evenly distributed flame, perfectly under control, is produced, and all parts of the stove are heated alike. The next change is more radical, and consists of a total reconstruction of the pipe-work. In place of pipes set up vertically in a large main resting on the bottom of the oven, a series of U-shaped pipes is suspended from the roof. The ends of the pipes are planed true, and they are then bolted together in lines across the furnace. To support each pipe, rods hanging from the roof take hold of "ears" or lugs cast in the pipes, and thus it hangs secure in the oven, and is quite free to expand or contract without harm to itself or the masonry. The roof, supported on iron bars, is made of loose fire-brick that may be easily removed, so that any pipe may be repaired, or taken out of its group, without trouble, and without disturbing the other pipes or the walls of the oven. The advantages claimed for this style of hot blast stove are, a more evenly distributed flame in the combustion-chamber, suspended pipes hanging clear from dangerous contact with the mason-work, a saving in construction by getting rid of doors, cheapness of ultimate cost, and a prolonged life for the pipes under the excessively hard usage such stoves must necessarily receive.

Memoranda.

In small steam motors, the most noticeable improvement brought out within the last few years has been the placing the cylinder of the engine directly in the boiler, as in the well-known "Baxter Engine." A new style of small engine varies from this idea by inclosing the cylinder within a steam-jacket, or annular reservoir, placing this within another reservoir designed to hold the feed-water, and placing the whole on the top of the boiler. In this arrangement, the exhaust-steam is thrown into this annular space, thus serving to keep the cylinder warm, and at the same time to assist in heating the water for the boiler. The exhaust-steam escapes from this reservoir, either through a pipe leading to the open air, or through a pipe leading to the smoke-stack, where it may serve to improve the draft. At the same time, the cylinder, exhaust-steam jacket, and feed-water reservoir have the benefit of the radiant heat from the boiler. An automatic, variable cut-off of ingenious construction, and a self-acting pump, accompany this engine, and serve to make it one of the most interesting motors of its class that has been introduced.

To test the intrusion of sewage into wells and cisterns, it is proposed to place a quantity of the salt of lithium in the sewer, or other source of contamination, and then, after the lapse of some hours, to submit the nearest potable waters to spectral analysis. If the lines of lithium are discovered, it is fair to infer that the sewage finds its way into the wells or cisterns, and that the waters may be contaminated, however pure they appear to the eye.

Bruised lupine pods soaked in water are announced as useful in making a wash for removing grease and other impurities from wool and woolen fabrics. The wool is steeped in the liquid for some time, and is then drained and washed in pure water. The wash is said to have no injurious effect on colored fabrics.

Among recent alloys may be noticed "carbon bronze," reported as useful as an anti-friction metal. It is usually cast in fine sand, is of a compact fiber, has a high elastic limit, accepts a polish easily, and resembles gun-metal in appearance, and phosphor bronze in behavior.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Glimpse of Charles Lamb.—Mr. Stoddard has made a valuable little book, (the first of the "Sans Souci Series,"—successor to the "Bric-à-Brac") from the two large volumes on and by Haydon, recently published by the painter's son. This is in a letter from Haydon to Wordsworth: "In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb, 'You good-for-nothing old Lake Poet,' what has become of you? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with "Jerusalem" towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent and their making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and proposing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present—I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honor? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and Taxes) who asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying: 'My son John went to bed with his breeches on,' to the dismay of the learned man? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force and putting on his greatcoat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner's skull? And don't you remember Keats's proposing 'Confusion to the memory of Newton,' and upon your insisting on an explanation before you drank it, his saying: 'Because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism?'"

A Famous Painting.—In his very interesting preface to this volume, Mr. Stoddard states that Haydon's painting of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which found its way to Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. But those in authority at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Cincinnati certainly suppose that they possess the veritable picture which Wordsworth said was "a masterpiece of conception, color, character, and expression;" which Sir George Beaumont declared "the finest ever painted by an Englishman," and which, when first placed on exhibition, was seen by 30,000 of the artist's fellow-countrymen. How have the mighty fallen! A correspondent of ours was recently informed by some one at the Cathedral that the picture was a daub, the only good thing about it being the Ass,—and that that was touched up by Landseer. But, perhaps, the Cincinnati picture is a copy. Who will look the matter up?

A WATERING-PLACE SWELL.

Boy on Rock: "I say, mister, is it deep enough for *me* out there?"

Precepts at Parting.

By Irwin Russell.

Well, son, so you's gwine for to leab us, your lubbin' ol' mammy an' me,
And set you'se'f up as a waiter, aboa'd ob de Robbut E. Lee,
Along wid dem fancy young niggers, what's 'shamed for to look at a hoe,
And acts like a passel ob rich folks, when dey isn't got nuffin' to show.
You's had better trainin' dan dey has—I hopes 'at you'll 'zibit more sense;
Sech niggers is like a young rooster, a-settin' up top ob a fence:
He keeps on a-stretchin' and crowin', and while he's a-blowin' his horn
Dem chickens what aint arter fussin' is pickin' up all ob de corn.

Now listen, and min' what I tell you, and don't you forgit what I say;
Take advice ob a 'sperienced pusson, and you'll git up de ladder an' stay:
Who knows? You mought git to be Pres'dent, or Jestice, perhaps, of de Peace—
De man what keeps pullin' de grape-vine shakes down a few bunches at leas'.

Dem niggers what runs on the ribber is mos'ly a mighty sharp set;
Dey'd fin' out some way for to beat you, if you bet 'em de water wuz wet;
You's got to watch out for dem fellers—dey'd cheat off de horns ob a cow—
I knows 'em—I follered de ribber 'fore ebber I follered a plow.

You'll easy git 'long wid de white folks—de Cappen and steward and clerks—
Dey won't say a word to a nigger, as long as dey notice he works;
And work is de onlies' ingine we's any 'casion to tote
To keep us gwine on t'roo de currents dat pesters de spirichul boat.

I heered dat idee from a preacher—he 'lowed 'at dis life wuz a stream,
And eberyone's soul wuz a packet dat run wid a full head ob steam:
Dat some ob 'em's only stern-wheelers, while oders wuz mons'ously fine—
And de trip wuz made safes' an' quickes' by boats ob de Mefodis' line.

I wants you, my son, to be 'ticlar, and 'sociate only wid dey
Dat's 'titled to go in de cabin—don't nebber hab nuffin' to say
To dem low-minded roustabout niggers what han'les de cotton below—
Dem common brack rascals aint fittin' for no cabin-waiter to know.

But nebber git airy—be 'spectful to all de white people you see,
And nebber go back on de raisin' you's had from your mammy an' me.
It's hard on your mudder, your leabin'—I don' know whateber she'll do;
And shorely your fader 'll miss you—I'll alluz be thinkin' ob you.

Well, now I's done tol' you my say-so—dar aint nuffin' more as I knows—
'Cept dis: don't you nebber come back, sah, widout you has money an' clo'es.
I's kep' you as long as I's gwine to, and now you an' me we is done—
And calves is too skace in dis country to kill for a Prodigal Son.

Suppose.

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

He. Suppose,
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst
With you to-night, had staid away to doze,
Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist—
Suppose?

She. Suppose
You had? Think you *I* should have cared? Indeed,
Aint you a bit concei——don't take my rose—
A gift to me. From whom? Well—Joseph Mead,
Suppose?

He. Suppose
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—
If I must read your words as plainest prose—
My presence matters not to you—and—yet,
Suppose—

She. Suppose
You are to understand me so? You're free;
Do, if you wish! And—oh! the river's froze;
What skating we shall have! To-morrow we—
That's Jose—

He. And Jose
Be hanged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you
Are acting rather lightly: rumor goes
That he—but since I seem to bore, adieu!—
She. Suppose—

He. Suppose
We say good-night.
She. Good-night, sir, and *good-bye!*
He. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—
She. We'll close
This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I
Suppose?

He. Compose
Yourself, Fadette.

A PICTURE WITH A MORAL.

CANDOR.

"Vell, to dell you de troot, de goat fits you schplendid, but de pants is yust a drifle too long."

She. My name, sir, is Miss Lowe!
He. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose,
And—
She. Here's your ring, sir!
He. I receive it, though
Suppose—

She. Suppose
You do, sir?—you—
He. Enough, Miss Lowe. Farewell!
'Tis best. I've been deceived in you, God knows!
Coquette! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle
Who chose—

She. Suppose—
Oh!—oh! let's part as friends! I *hate* you—there!!
He. Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely shows
You'll pardon me, a brute!
She. And—Frank—we'll ne'er
Suppose.

How few of his American readers know the author of "Alice in Wonderland" as a writer on art! And yet he is the reputed author of an anonymous work on architecture, a copy of the second thousand of which has found its way, after several years' wandering, to our desk. The special subject of the work is "The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford," of which the following picture is given.

§ 1. On the etymological significance of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.

The word "Belfry" is derived from the French *bel*, "beautiful, becoming, meet;" and from the German *frei*, "free, unfettered, secure, safe." Thus the word is strictly equivalent to "meat-safe," to which the new Belfry bears a resemblance so perfect as almost to amount to coincidence.

§ 2. On the style of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.

The style is that which is usually known as "Early Debased;" very early, and remarkably debased.

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§ 7. On the impetus given to art in England by the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.

The idea has spread far and wide, and is rapidly pervading all branches of manufacture. Already an enterprising maker of bonnet-boxes is advertising "the Belfry pattern;" two builders of bathing-machines at Ramsgate have followed his example; one of the great London houses is supplying "bar-soap" cut in the same striking and symmetrical form; and we are credibly informed that Borwick's Baking Powder and Thorley's Food for Cattle are now sold in no other shape.

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GASPÉ BASIN, CANADA EAST.

ALTHOUGH the salmon is the acknowledged king of fishes, and the taking of it the most royal of sports, yet comparatively few indulge in the pastime. There are most certainly many, and those too among the foremost men of our country, who concede fully the benefits to be derived, not only from open air life and exercise, but from having some pursuit or specialty outside of business and profession,—call it hobby if you will,—which, while it gives rest to certain faculties of the mind, equally exercises and strengthens others. They realize truly that life is better than fame, and sound lungs and good digestion than a fat purse, but the difficulties in the way of taking salmon turn most of these in a different direction for their recreation.

The three principal hinderances to salmon-fishing in this country are: the great trouble in obtaining either a lease of a stream or a permit for the best part of the season; the great distances to be traveled, and consequent loss of valuable time; and the large expense as compared with other sorts of out-door amusements.

The region where salmon can at the present day be taken in sufficient numbers to reward one for the attendant trouble and ex-

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pense, is a circumscribed one. Beginning at Quebec and following down the river St. Lawrence, the salmon-streams are very numerous upon the northern shore, and extend far away to the Labrador coast. Among them are the well-known Laval, Godbout, Trinity, St. Margaret, Moisie, St. John's, Magpie, Mingan, Great and Little Romaine and Grand Natashquan Rivers. In the last named, the Governor General of Canada and party killed, some years since, 202 salmon in seven days. On the Godbout, Comeau, the river guardian, is said to have done the best fishing on record in this or any country,—killing between July 8th and 31st, 365 fish, weighing 3873 lbs. This was but an average weight of about 10½ lbs., so that the fish were "mere sticklebacks."

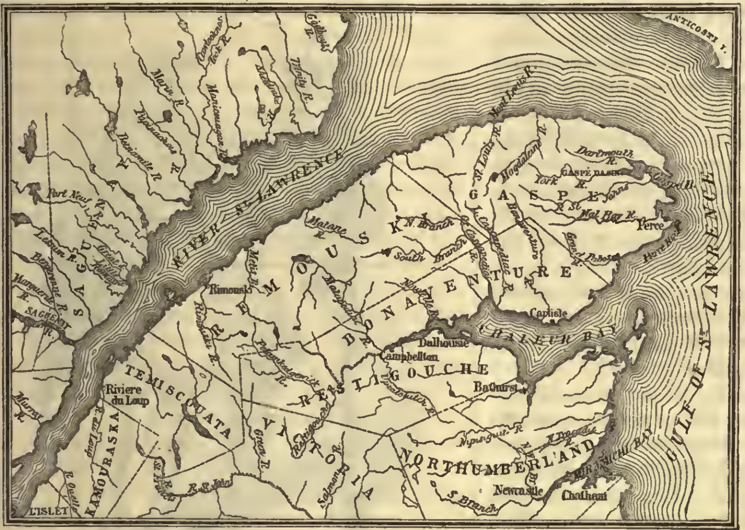
The range of mountains on the north shore runs within a few miles of the St. Lawrence, and hence the rivers upon that side are very short and rapid, giving but few good pools, and are, as a general thing, very difficult to fish. Only a few good streams are found on the south shore, among which are the Rimouski, Grand Metis and Matane. Passing down the Gulf of St. Lawrence we come to the Basin of Gaspé, into which flow three admirable streams, and farther on upon the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur, and at its western end, are some of the best, including the famous Restigouche, fished yearly by Englishmen who cross the Atlantic for that express purpose; also the Cascapedia, made more noted through Mr. Dawson's most charming letters written from there, where, at a good ripe age, he had taken his first salmon. The Nipissighuit on the south shore of the Bay of Chaleur and the Mirimichi on the eastern coast of New Brunswick are the last salmon-streams of any account until we come to Nova Scotia, where there are a few upon its south-east coast below Halifax. Mr. Hallock of the "Forest and Stream" seems to be the only one who has been favored with much sport in the Nova Scotia rivers.

Some years ago while searching for good salmon-fishing, I was advised by a noted angler who is somewhat of a wag, to apply to a certain lawyer whom we will call Brown. The angling wag said that Brown had spent a year or so near the streams just mentioned above, and could fully post me on those matters. Presuming upon the spirit of good-fellowship which pervades all salmon-anglers, I, although a stranger, addressed Brown upon that topic, telling him that I was informed that he spent some time formerly in the vicinity of Halifax. Brown replied that while in Nova Scotia he was so *closely confined* that he had neither time nor inclination for angling. My waggish friend informed me soon after, that lawyer Brown, for some violation of the letter of the local laws, *without any wrong intent*, had been in jail for nearly a year in the region about which I had questioned him.

In Cape Breton there is a single good river, the Margarie. Here and there small streams are found in other parts of New Brunswick and in the Island of Anticosti, but practically, salmon-angling is confined to the rivers of Canada East and those of the northern part of New Brunswick, which includes the Mirimichi.

But few of the rivers we have mentioned debouch near a steamer landing, and all others are difficult of access. To reach these latter the angler must manage in some way to get transportation for many miles over a rough country where it is difficult to find horses, wagons, or roads; or he must charter a small sailing-vessel and run along a most dangerous coast, carrying with him both canoes and men. The Restigouche and Matapedia are reached with comparative ease from Dalhousie, a landing-place of the Gulf Port steamers. This line of steamers also touches at Gaspé Basin, leaving one just at the mouths of the three streams flowing into it. These are the York, St. John, and Dartmouth, called by the natives the South-west, Douglasstown, and North-west. These rivers are among the best stocked in Canada. The scenery about them is most varied, and in this respect unlike most other parts of Canada, where one tires of the monotony of mere grandeur and longs for the picturesque. They flow chiefly through deep gorges, or cañons, and between mountains, which occasionally rise to the height of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. Beautiful lakes, filled to repletion with brook-trout, are found on the high land between the rivers, which for quite a distance flow within a few miles of one another. These streams are very rapid, and in early spring are almost torrents, and yet they have very few falls around which a "carry" must be made. Comfortable houses have been erected at some trouble and expense every ten or twelve miles on those parts of the York and St. John which abound in good pools.

The Canadian Government exercises complete control of the principal salmon-streams, both in their tidal and fluvial parts. Leases are commonly given for several years, but occasionally a schedule of vacant rivers is published, giving "upset" or minimum prices at which season permits will be granted. These vary from $20 to $500 in gold. The one giving the largest advance upon these prices gets the permit. The very fact that such advertisement is made indicates of itself that the rivers are not, for some reason, very desirable. The best rivers are leased for eight or ten years, and upon the likelihood of a vacancy, numerous applicants bring influences of all sorts to bear to secure the chance at once.



MAP, SHOWING SALMON-RIVERS AND GASPÉ BASIN.

It is understood that as a general thing leases of the better class of streams are not to be given to the "States" people, as they call us of the United States. Our political anglers often remark that it is more difficult to lease a good salmon-stream than to secure an election to Congress. A thousand dollars has been paid for the use of the fluvial part only of a first-class stream for a single season, this including, of course, all the fittings and canoes, etc. Add to the cost of a "permit," the traveling and camping expenses, and the price of good salmon tackle, which is always of the most expensive sort, and you swell the sum total of a summer trip to quite an amount.*

While the Canadians are so tenacious of their leases, and naturally desirous of keeping the best streams for themselves, yet they are most generous and kind to their "States" friends. Often, one is not only accorded a permit to fish, but receives an invitation to make, for the time being, all the accessories and fittings of the stream his own, including houses, canoes, and cooking-utensils. My invitation, some years ago, from that genial sportsman, Mr. Reynolds, of Ottawa, was to make the York my own, paying simply for my men and provision. His guests kill every year many salmon to his one, and he enjoys their successes far better than his own. An Indian would wish him, in the happy hunting grounds, the exclusive right of the best stream. We can only express our heartfelt wish that for a score of years to come he may continue yearly to take his 47-pound salmon in his favorite stream.

To the cost of stream and tackle must be added the great uncertainty of getting fish. One may secure the best stream, purchase the best tackle, and travel a thousand miles to no purpose, for *salmo salar* is a very uncertain fish, and the worst sort of a conundrum. Sometimes he comes early and sometimes late; sometimes he goes leisurely up the rivers, lingering accomodatingly at the pools, and seemingly in good mood for sporting with flies, and sometimes, as last season, when kept back by the ice of a late spring, he goes for head-waters at once, only stopping when compelled by fatigue, and then having no time to waste upon flies. Last year with scores of salmon, by actual count, in the different pools, often not more than one in a pool could be tempted to rise to our flies. All these combined causes make the number of salmon-anglers small.

A stream being secured, the selection of tackle is an easy matter. A water-proofed American-made silk line of about three hundred feet, tapering gradually at each end, so that it may, when worn, be changed end for end, is the only one much used in this country, except, perhaps, a new sort of oiled silk introduced by Bradford & Anthony, and just coming into favor. A simple reel with click is the only one worth taking, and it may be of hard rubber or metal, as preferred. If of metal, it is usually nickel or silver-plated. In olden times the Scotch salmon-angler strapped around his waist a roughly made wooden reel of large size, called a pirn. It was entirely unconnected with the rod, along which the line was carried by rings, beginning quite a distance above the hand, as is shown on the poacher in the cut. In old Scotch works upon angling, we read of the gaffer singing out to his laird, "Pirn in! pirn in! you'll be drooned and coot" (drowned and cut), by which he meant, "Reel in, or your line will bag and be cut off by getting around the sharp edges of rocks."

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* From the report for 1875 of W. F. Whitcher, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, we learn that the total sum accruing as rents under leases of angling privileges for the year was $4,685.00, and that the salmon caught by anglers with artificial flies number 2,780. The outlay of the anglers upon thirty-four leased rivers was estimated at about $37,200.00.

The Scotch poaching angler suspends by straps under his outer garments a capacious bag of coarse linen for concealing his salmon, while he carries in his hand quite innocently a string of trout. Lord Scrope once caught a poacher with a salmon in his bag, and demanded how it got there. The reply was, "How the beast got there I dinna ken. He must ha' louped intil ma pocket as I war wading." His clever answer so amused Lord Scrope that he let him go scot-free.

The leader, of seven or eight feet nearest the hook, is of the best selected silk-worm gut, which should stand a test of four or five pounds strain. This gut is made by taking the silk-worm just before it begins to spin its cocoon, and soaking it in vinegar some hours. The secreting glands of the worm are, at that time, filled with the mass of glutinous matter from which the silk of the cocoon is to be spun. One end of the worm after it is thus soaked, is pinned to a board, and the other stretched out some eight or ten inches and secured. When this is hardened it becomes the beautiful white round gut of commerce, which, when stained water color, and dropped lightly in the pool, will not attract the fish as having any connection with the gaudy fly displayed before him.

In the matter of rods, the conservative man still clings to a well-made wooden one of greenheart or other approved wood, of which the taper and strength are so accurately proportioned that the addition of but a few ounces at the end of the line carries the main bend or arch nearer the butt end. Those not so conservative, and who are fond of lessening in every practicable way the somewhat tedious labor of casting the fly, choose a rod of split bamboo, which weighs about two pounds. My own weighs but twenty-seven ounces, although nearly sixteen feet long. No one will risk himself upon a stream without extra rod, reels, and lines, and if he takes a greenheart and split bamboo he has two as good rods as are made. One who has long used a heavy wooden rod has at first a feeling of insecurity and a distrust of the slender bamboo, which can, if necessary, be wielded by a single strong arm. It is said an old Scotchman handling one of these rods for the first time, exclaimed: "Do ye ca' that a tule to kie a saumont wi'? I wad na gie it to my bairnies to kie a grilsie wi'." It should be explained, that a grilse is a young salmon just returned from a first trip to the sea. After its second trip, it returns a salmon proper, with all the characteristic markings. It often happens that a grilse (called by the Scotch "gilsie," or salmon-peel) is larger than a salmon one or two years older, the varieties differ so in size. The young of the salmon are first called parrs, and have peculiar spots and dark bars, or "finger marks," as they are called. At eighteen months, they are some six inches long, and the following spring silver scales grow over the bars and spots, when they are called smolt, retaining that name until they go

"HE MUST HA' LOUPED INTIL MA POCKET."

to sea. For a long time the parr was held to be a species of trout and entirely distinct from salmon. Lord Scrope, the author of "Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing," a work now extremely rare, held long and animated discussions with James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," upon this subject, which was settled practically by a Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, who tagged a parr and identified it again as a full grown salmon in 1836. In 1839, Sir David Brewster announced that the fibers of the crystalline lens of the parr were arranged like those of the salmon, while trout of all sorts showed an entirely different arrangement. Figures 1 and 2 show front and rear view of the lens of a salmon, and Figure 3 the arrangement of the fibers in the lens of a trout, according to Brewster.

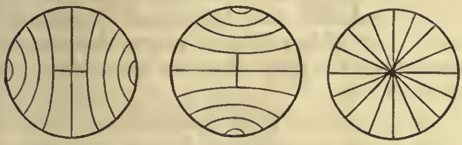


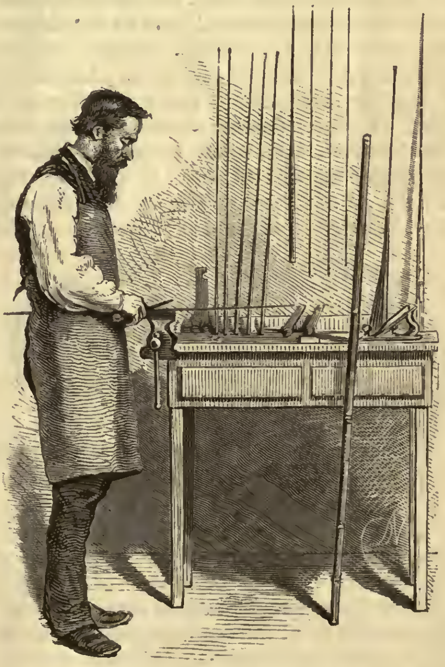
Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

CRYSTALLINE LENSES OF SALMON AND TROUT.

The manufacture of a fine rod of split bamboo is a work requiring great skill and judgment, not unlike that required to make the far-famed Cremona violin. The rods are made usually from Calcutta bamboo, as it has a larger proportion of enamel with tough fiber and long growth between joints. In the Japanese bamboo the fibers follow the joints too closely, and so must be cut into in straightening the pieces. Our American cane is lighter, and the enamel is very hard and elastic, but the inner woody fiber is soft as well as brittle. Sometimes several invoices of Calcutta cane will not contain one suitable piece for rod-making. The canes mildew on the passage, and this injures the fibers. Sometimes they are injured in being straightened over a fire, and often a single worm-hole ruins the entire piece. Just as our forest trees have the thickest and roughest bark on the north side, so the bamboo has thicker and harder enamel upon whichever side was exposed to storms. In making fine rods not only the best cane is selected, but the best side of this selected cane is preferred.

The split-bamboo rod is an instance in which nature is successfully improved. The cane in its natural growth has great strength as a hollow cylinder, but it lacks the required elasticity. The outer surface or enamel is the hardest of vegetable growth and is made up largely of silica. The rod-maker, by using all of the enamel possible, and by his peculiar construction avoiding the central open space, secures great strength with lightness, and nearly the elasticity of steel itself.

In making a rod, some ten or twelve feet of the butt of the cane is sawed off and split into thin pieces or strands. These pieces are then beveled on each side so that when fitted together they form a solid rod, of say half the diameter or less of the original hollow cane. This beveling is done with a saw or a plane if preferred, but more expeditiously by having two rotary saws or cutters set at an angle of 60° to each other, in case the rod is to be of six strands. The strip is fed to the cutters by means of a pattern which, as the small end of the strip approaches, raises it into the apex of the angle formed by the cutters. This preserves a uniform bevel and still narrows each strand toward its tip end so as to produce the regular decrease in size of rod as it approaches the extreme end. These strips can also if desired be filed to a bevel by placing them in triangular grooves of varying depths in a block of lignum-vitæ. The pieces are then filed down to the level of the block which is held in a vise during the operation. In the accompanying illustra-



MAKING SPLIT-BAMBOO RODS.

tion, some pieces are being thus worked out by hand, while others are tied ready for gluing, and still others glued and ready for the ferrules. For this sketch I am indebted to Mr. Leonard, to whom every angler in America owes thanks for what he did as the pioneer in this art and for what he is constantly doing in perfecting these excellent rods.

The six or twelve strips as required, being worked out, and each part carefully tested throughout its entire length by a gauge, are ready for gluing together, a process requiring great care and skill. The parts should be so selected and joined that the knots of the cane "break joints." The parts being tied together in position at two or three points, the ends are opened out and hot glue well rubbed in among the pieces for a short distance with a stiff brush. A stout cord is then wound around the strands from the end glued toward the other portions, which are opened and glued in turn, say eight or ten inches at a time. A short length only is glued at one time so that slight crooks in the pieces can be straightened, and this is done by bending the rod and sliding the pieces past each other. During the gluing all inequalities and want of symmetry must be corrected or not at all, and so the calipers are constantly applied to every side at short intervals, and any excess of thickness corrected by pressing the parts together in a vise. Figure 1 shows a section of a length of bamboo cane from which the strips indicated by spaces marked off are to be sawed. Figure 2 is an end view of the six strands properly beveled and glued together. This length or joint of the rod is made up of six sectors of a circle whose diameter is greater than that of the rod, and hence it is necessarily what in common parlance might be called six-cornered. It must now be filed round, taking off as little of the enamel as possible in so doing. Figure 3 is an end view, natural size, of a six-stranded salmon-rod tip at its larger end; and Figure 4 is a longitudinal view of a piece of a Leonard trout-rod tip of *twelve strands* now lying before me. This figure gives the size as accurately as the calipers can determine it, and shows what vast amount of skill, patience, and untiring industry is required in the art we have been describing.

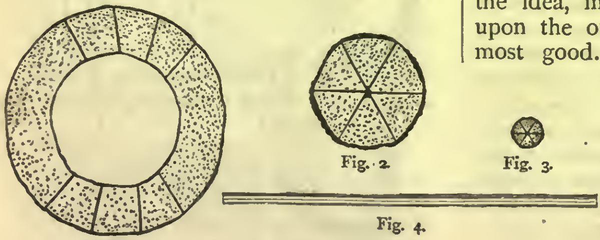


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4.

SPLIT BAMBOO SECTIONS.

It is at once evident that the larger the number of strands the less the amount of enamel to be filed off. The ferrules are water-tight and expose no wood in either the socket or the tenon part. Bamboo is so filled with capillary tubes that water would be carried through the lengths and unglue them, if it could once reach the ends where the joints of the rod are coupled together, and hence the necessity of careful protection at this place. The entire rod when finished is covered with the best copal coach varnish. By taking care to renew the varnish from time to time, no water need ever get to the seams.

In spite of the prejudice against what has been called a gentleman's parlor rod, they have steadily gained in favor, and although it is but five or six years since a perfect rod of this sort was made, yet this year Leonard sends out over two hundred. Twenty years ago, Alfred & Sons, of London, made split-bamboo rods, putting the enamel inside. They were imported and sold in limited numbers by Bradford & Anthony of Boston. Naturally enough, with the soft part of the cane exposed to wear and weather, and nearly all the enamel sacrificed, they did not find favor in the eyes of thoughtful or scientific anglers, at least. Mr. Phillippi, living at Easton, Pa., conceived the idea, in 1866, of putting the enamel upon the outside, where it would do the most good. Next, Mr. Green and Mr. Murphy put their heads together, and made rods of this sort of four strands, and finally the old well-known firm of A. Clerk & Co., New York, introduced into the market the Leonard rod of six and twelve strands, and have since been supplying Europeans with all they get of this article.

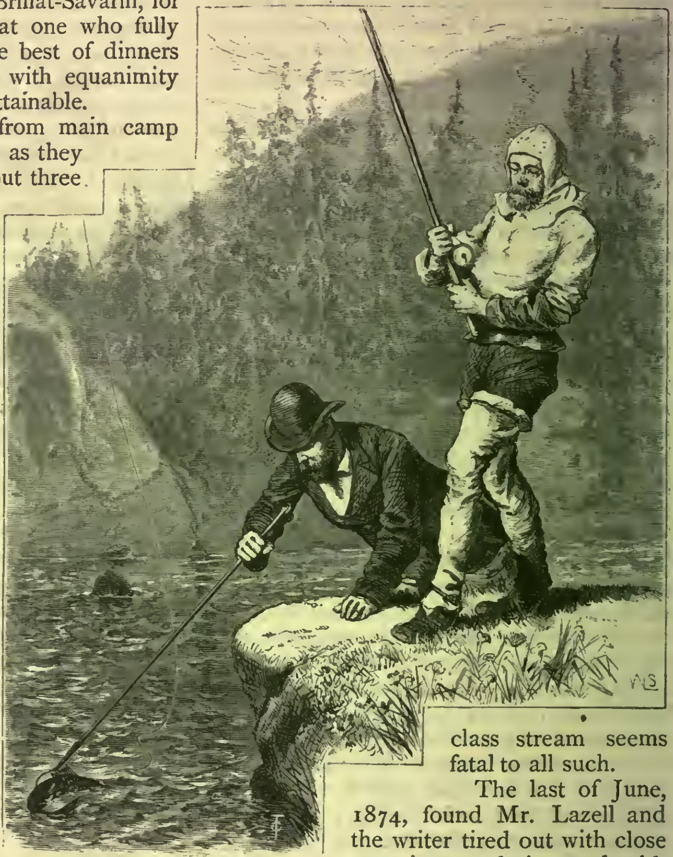
I have taken not a little pains to get, as far as possible, a correct history of this somewhat remarkable invention. My own rod of this kind has been used in both rain and shine for two seasons, and is now in perfect order, in spite of all the warnings of conservative angling friends, who pronounced such things a delusion and a snare. In careful tests, I have never yet seen a rod of its weight, or of its length and any weight, that could throw a fly quite as far; and, light as it is, it brought last year to gaff in twenty minutes a thirty-five pound fish, which my friend Curtis gaffed for me, off the high rock at the "Big Salmon Hole" of the York. Any rod with which one has killed many and large fish is, naturally, held to be perfection upon the stream; but the rod we have been describing is beautiful as an *objet de vertu*, and in the library becomes a source of joy to every admirer of skilled workmanship, though he be not familiar with its use.

The cut on page 776 shows the angler who has kept just strain enough on the rod to prevent the hook from dropping out of the mouth of the fish,—which measured forty-eight inches in length,—while his friend, after having skillfully hooked him with a prodigiously long gaff, is drawing him forward so as to use both hands in lifting him upon the rock. As skillful surgeons, like Nélaton, of Paris, performed even the delicate operation for a cataract equally well with either hand, so must the successful salmon-angler become ambidextrous. In casting he must be able, of course, to use either hand forward at will, and when one arm has become lamed by holding the rod, as it rests against the waist in playing a fish, and takes nearly all the strain while the other manipulates the reel, he must be able to change the position of the reel upon the rod, and work it with his left hand while his right manages the rod. This left-handed arrangement is shown in the figure with the reel on top in its proper position, and the right hand taking all the strain.

Conservative anglers still play the fish with the line and reel upon the under side of the rod just as in casting; and, beside constantly fraying the line and pulling off the rings, only get a bearing upon the rod at the ring attachments. The scientific angler, as soon as the fish is hooked, turns his rod over and brings his line uppermost, so that it hugs and strains the rod equally at every inch of its length, leaving to the rings their proper function of simply guiding the line. It may be noticed, too, that the conservative man still "gives the butt," as it is called, when he wishes to exert the greatest possible power of the rod upon the fish; that is to say, he extends the butt in nearly a direct line *from* himself and *toward* the fish, throwing the bend of the rod over his shoulder or at one side, while Young America tests the matter accurately with his scales, and finds that with the butt toward himself and the main part of the rod extending toward the fish at an elevation of about forty-five degrees, and his thumb pressing the line firmly against the rod just above the reel, he utilizes all the elasticity of his rod, and, with less danger to it, pulls fully a half-pound more.

Having, through Mr. Curtis's kindness, received an invitation from Mr. Reynolds, as already mentioned, to fish his river, the York, accompanied by any friend whom I might select, I provided myself with a Norris greenheart and a Leonard bamboo in the way of rods, and with an assortment of proper flies made by Forest & Son, of Kelso, Scotland. Not but that excellent flies are made in our own country, but the composition of an artificial fly is an art like that of making a bonnet, and as ladies have their favorite milliners, so anglers have their favorite fly-makers. Forest's flies, moreover, are tied by the deft fingers of Scotch lassies, and that gives them an additional charm.

It is, however, in the selection of friends to accompany us that we find the greatest difficulty connected with a projected excursion for salmon. One may have plenty of friends who would make camp-life delightful, and whose presence at the festive board "would make a feast of a red herring;" but they cannot be ordered for a trip, like tackle. For various reasons of their own, they may not wish to go; and, too, they may not have the capacity to enjoy such recreation. Your choice must, as a matter of course, be very much restricted. You will never trust yourself in camp with your best friend unless you have seen him under fire; that is to say, unless you know how he will stand the thousand and one annoyances incident to long journeys with poor conveyances and still poorer hotels; with black flies, sand-flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and worse. The best companion of the library, the drawing-room and the watering-place, although possessed of the most kindly attributes, oftentimes becomes absolutely unendurable when quartered for a day or two in a Canadian forest, with limited cuisine, unlimited numbers of insects and poor luck at angling. Never go with one who is painfully precise and who wishes to have everything his own way and at once. Such a man might as well stay away from Gaspé, where the natives always have their own way, and never, under any circumstances, hurry. Never go with one who is over-excitable or enthusiastic, for it isn't just the thing to have a man standing on his head in a birch-bark canoe every time he gets "a rise," or the canoe takes a little water running down rapids. The experienced angler chooses a friend who is deliberate, and takes all ills philosophically, and, if possible, one with that fortunate disposition which permits him to keep both his head and his temper under all circumstances. Other things being equal, he selects an admirer and follower of Brillat-Savarin, for he has ever remarked that one who fully enjoys and appreciates the best of dinners is just the one to endure with equanimity the worst, if no better is attainable.



GAFFING AT BIG SALMON HOLE.

To be eighteen miles from main camp when fish are rising as fast as they can be killed, and to have but three pieces of pilot bread for the angler and his two men, and be forced to go without supper and breakfast or else give up the sport and return, will bring the bad out of a man if it is in him. Apropos of this: In June of 1874, Mr. Monk, of Montreal, fished after food and drink were both out; didn't even scold his head man for not packing more supplies, but killed his eighteen heavy fish at "The Narrows," or upper falls of the York; floated them down on an extemporized catamaran, and came into camp half starved, and yet was happy.

Your companionable angler need not always take things quite as coolly as did a well known editor who once upon a time, while engaged in pulling in a blue-fish, after sawing his fingers with a hundred or two feet of line, was seized with hunger and fatigue, and taking a hitch about a cleat, satisfied his inner man with sardines and crackers. To the surprise of all his companions, after finishing his lunch and resting his fingers, he pulled in the fish, which had swallowed the hook so far down that it had to be cut out. Of course the first few feet of the line was wired so that it could not be bitten off.

A little farther on we show a sketch of a jolly English gentleman, whose peculiarity consists in getting thoroughly disgusted every time he loses a fish. He then, without saying a word, quits the business, puts his back against a smooth tree, and takes a short nap, leaving others to thrash the pools. It is worthy of note that one need never fear meeting snobs, swells or disagreeable people fishing for salmon. The air of a first class stream seems fatal to all such.

The last of June, 1874, found Mr. Lazell and the writer tired out with close attention to duties, and with barely frame-work enough left "to veneer a decent man upon," rendezvousing at the office of Fred. Curtis, Esq., in Boston, preparatory to setting out for Gaspé Basin, Canada East. An idler cannot appreciate fully the enjoyment we felt in anticipation of several weeks entire freedom from business of any sort. To get so far from civilization that no irascible inventor can find you and argue his case until your head seems ready to burst; no client bore you for hours without giving a single important fact in his case; and where you will hear of no impecunious creditor's paper going to protest,—is worth a large amount of preliminary toil.

After having, as Lazell asserted, taken an outfit sufficient for a whaling voyage, we devoted still a day to getting little odds and ends which Curtis's experience had taught him to provide—things which seemed superfluous, and in fact almost absurd, and yet worth their weight in gold when one is thirty miles from a settlement. Lazell finally, getting a little out of patience, sarcastically insisted upon our taking a crutch, in case any one should lose a leg. Six weeks later, when my unfortunate friend, after cooling off too suddenly from a twelve-mile walk on a hot day, found himself unable to use one leg, and hence deprived of his turn at the distant best pool, we turned back the laugh by suggesting the crutch which we had failed to bring. The only desirable thing we did forget was a box of Bermuda onions. These could not be procured in Canada, and were ordered thither from Boston by telegraph. They only reached us ten days after our arrival upon the stream, and if a tippler longs for his drams as we did for the onions after a diet of fish and salt meats, we pity him.

To one about to make a trip to Canada East we would say: Start in all cases from New York, even though you live in Boston. Take express trains direct from New York to Montreal without change, and then the Grand Trunk Railway or night steamer to Quebec. We started twice from Boston, going once by Portland and the Grand Trunk, and once by the Passumpsic Railroad. One can on these routes endure waiting from six or seven P. M. until ten P. M., and then, after two hours' additional travel, waiting from midnight until three A. M. at Newport, Richmond or Island Pond; and at Richmond being crammed in a small room packed with French-Canadian laborers who never heard of a bath—I say one *can*, but he doesn't wish a second experience of the same sort. The Frenchman's remark, that all roads are good which lead to victory, didn't console us when we arrived in Quebec on time.

A day in the quiet, quaint old city of Quebec is not without pleasure and profit. One goes away feeling that, after all, heavy taxes with progress and improvement are not such objectionable things. The quiet of Quebec is broken but once each day—upon the departure of the steamer for Montreal.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ANGLER.

In Quebec salmon-anglers get their supplies, usually from Waters of John street, Upper City, who from long experience needs only to be told the size of your party, the time of your stay, and approximately, the limit as to expense. When you go aboard your steamer, everything will be found there admirably packed, with not an article wanting,—not even extra corks for stopping opened and partially used bottles,—and the genial old countryman himself, with bill of lading in hand, awaiting your coming to wish you good-bye and galore of sport and salmon.

Tuesday, the last day of June, 1874, at two o'clock P. M. we set sail in the "Secret," formerly the fastest of the Southern blockade runners. The officers of this line are unusually courteous and accommodating. The steward —quite an intelligent Frenchman—wrote his bills of fare correctly in his native tongue, but as a compliment to his "States" guests, he prepared one or two copies in English. It is quite easy to manufacture bad spelling, and so, to avoid exaggeration, I copy *literatim* from the bills now before me: "Frechs Salmon—Curned Beef and Tung—Bold Mutton—Chickine Pie—Potatos Rost and Bold—Mach Torneps—Plum Pouding—Almens and Raisin—Crakrs and Chees."

We were due in Gaspé Basin at four A. M. Thursday, but were delayed by storm, and did not arrive off the Cliffs until one P. M. For quite a distance before reaching Gaspé Head, which is at the immediate entrance of the Bay, we sailed past long lines of small boats anchored at intervals of a few hundred feet. Into these boats we could with a glass see the cod-fish pulled at rapid rates. This cod-fish is a small variety, of fine and sweet meat, rarely exceeding five or six pounds weight, and sent principally to the Mediterranean. Very few of them reach the United States. Although caught in immense numbers near the rocky shores where they come to spawn and feed, yet the quantity seems not to be appreciably diminished from year to year.

The last few miles of sea-coast is a rugged, nearly perpendicular cliff, in some places over eight hundred feet in height, and resembling somewhat the Dover Cliffs, but more remarkable in appearance. As we turned Gaspé Head the sun shone out warm and bright, the water became more quiet, and our lady passengers were able to get on deck, and, for the first time since leaving Quebec, have an enjoyable hour.

THE DISGUSTED ANGLER.

Until the establishment, a few years since, of the Gulf Port Line of steamers, Gaspé was almost a *terra incognita*, from which intelligence came only at intervals by small trading vessels, or the long and tedious overland mail route. The Gaspé rivers, perhaps taking all things into account as good as any in the country, were put down in Norris's "American Angler" in 1865 as "untried with the fly." As we sailed up the Basin, we could see here and there among the mountains little silver threads in relief against the beautiful green. These were the streams upon which we were to take our first salmon.

So well had our kind friend Reynolds arranged matters that all our men, with horses for taking us with our luggage up the stream, were awaiting us at the wharf. Old William Patterson, Mr. Reynolds's head-man, who had for several years managed the river, took entire charge of everything, even to provisioning the men. Young Miller, who had most satisfactorily served Earl and Countess Dufferin earlier in the season, was to be our cook; and for courier we had the ubiquitous George Coffin, who had more Young America in him than a dozen of the ordinary *habitans*.

We delayed a little to receive the honest welcomes of a score or more of the inhabitants, who, having learned that friends of Mr. Curtis had arrived, lost no time in paying their respects. Our friend Curtis has a way of going around the world, dispensing favors right and left, and but few prominent persons in Gaspé had not at some time received the much coveted permit for a day's fishing, accompanied with flies and leaders, or something else equally desired. We were now to reap the reward of his thoughtfulness about little matters. It was known also that we were the intimate friends of Earl and Countess Dufferin's friends; and so universally popular and truly beloved are they in all parts of the Dominion by both the highest and the lowest, that even *friends of their friends* are favored.*

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* All Canada seems to feel that no such worthy and intelligent Governor has been sent them for a long time. The French-Canadians think that he is partial to them because he is cultivated and is a lover of the arts, while all lovers of out-of-door life and sport (and this class comprises nearly all well-to-do English, Irish and Scotch) claim him as especially their own. All seem grateful to the Mother Country for sending them such a man in place of foisting upon them some favorite who needs a good place. He spends annually, in entertaining and amusing Canadians, a sum equal to, or larger than his salary. The Countess Dufferin shares with the Governor the universal affection and admiration of the people.

One can be made uncomfortable by a thousand little annoyances, and he will be, if in any way he gets the ill-will of the people near his stream. If he acquires a reputation for bargaining and paying small prices for services rendered, he had better at once give up his stream and seek another as far from it as possible. Accompanied with the honest hand-shake of some of the hardy fishermen was their assurance that they should as usual expect all our worn-out flies and frayed leaders upon our return from the river, and also any spare fish we thought not worth sending home. Their universal "so long" in place of good-bye amused us not a little, but why they use it or whence it is derived we could not conjecture.

In the next cut we have shown one of the native youngsters using one of our worn-out flies; he is dressed as Mrs. General Gilflory might say, "in the costume of the *pie-ese*" (*coutume de pays*).

Half a mile from the landing we stopped upon high ground near the residence of Mr. Holt (our efficient Consul at Gaspé), to enjoy our surroundings.

At our feet was the Bay, by common consent scarcely less beautiful than the Bay of Naples, which it resembles when seen from a certain point. In the hazy distance was the indistinct line of the Gaspé Cliffs, and our steamer rapidly making her way to the Gulf. The sun lighted up most beautifully the intense green of the forests which were broken here and there by neat white cottages and their surrounding patches of still brighter green. Although the very last of June, the foliage was not yet burned by the summer's sun, and the grass was but just greening.

Six miles from the settlement the road became a mere path, and we took to our saddles, which the thoughtful George had stowed in our two-horse wagon. Two miles farther and we were at the first pool of the river called the High Bank Pool. We determined at once to try it and throw our virgin fly for salmon. Setting up our rods, we scrambled down the steep gravel bank with the enthusiasm of school-boys. Insects of various sorts were there long before us, and soon we were compelled to send Coffin up the bank for our veils. The veils used are of the thinest silk *barége* in form of a bolster-case open at both ends, which are gathered upon rubber cords. One cord goes around the hat-crown and the other around the neck under the collar. These veils perfectly protect the face from insects, but do not allow smoking, and interfere slightly with the vision; I therefore discarded them and now use a brown linen hood with cape buttoning under the chin. The pests were so persistent that we were glad to put on linen mitts which tie around the elbow and leave only the finger-tips exposed. Finally, the little brutes drove us to anointing our finger-tips with tar and sweet oil, a bottle of which usually hangs by a cord from a button of the angler's coat. A philosophical friend once insisted that it only required the exercise of strong will to endure the pests, and that protection was effeminate. The second day he looked much the worse for wear, his handsome face disfigured with swellings, and his eyes almost closed from the poison of the bites.

"THE COSTUME OF THE PIE-ESE."

We now worked away in comparative comfort until I saw Lazell, who was a few hundred feet distant, suddenly dash off his hat and commence slapping his head with both hands as if determined to beat out his brains. I concluded that he must have had a rise, and that contrary to his custom he had become excited. Going to him, I found that the black flies, baffled at all other points, had found the ventilating eyelet-hole upon each side of his hat-crown, and had poured in through them in hordes upon the top of his unprotected head. Getting no rise, I climbed up the bank to await my more persevering friend. (It may be noted in passing that we learned a few days later that we had not cast within several hundred feet of that part of this pool where salmon usually lie.) Soon my friend's head appeared over the bank with apparently a good stout stick thrust completely through it, hat and all, as if some stray Micmac had shot him with a roughly made arrow. "The times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die;" but remembering Alexis St. Martin who, with a cannon-ball hole in his stomach, had lived in Canada so many years for the benefit of medical science, we concluded that in the clear bracing air of that country people had a way of going about with seeming mortal wounds. The solution of this conundrum was that Lazell had plugged up the holes in his hat with two pieces of a broken rod, and thus cut off the flies from their favorite foraging grounds. The moment I fully comprehended the true situation my anxiety was allayed.

A STRATEGIC ANGLER.

It is a fact not generally known that the farther north you go, the larger and more venomous are the mosquitoes. According to the late lamented Captain Hall of Arctic fame, one knows little of the annoyance of these insects who has not been in Greenland during the summer months. After a summer upon the Gaspé streams, a person of even large inquisitiveness doesn't long for any more information upon that branch of natural history. They are so troublesome there that, to fish comfortably, it is necessary to protect the face and neck, and cover the finger-tips with a mixture of tar, sweet oil and pennyroyal. Gaspé insects seem fond of new-comers and our blood afforded them a favorite tipple. Many a time have I seen one stand up to his knees in culexifuge and bore away until he first struck oil and then blood. Seriously, however, we were not much inconvenienced, as we took every known precaution against them, and not only had our rooms thoroughly smoked with smudges, but kept large smoldering fires around the houses the greater part of the time. When ladies fish, a smudge is kept burning upon a flat stone in the canoe. One night, an insect of some sort raised so large a lump upon one side of Lazell's forehead that the only way he could make his hat keep a dignified perpendicular was by putting a champagne cork under the side opposite the swelling to preserve symmetry.

We reached our comfortable quarters at House No. 1 at nine P. M. while it was still light. We found our house clapboarded, and with two comfortable rooms; one contained berths like a steamer's which were furnished with hair mattresses and mosquito bars; the other served as sitting and dining room, and had a large bar suspended over the table to enable us while eating, reading, writing and smoking to be free from flies. A large log house adjoined and was furnished with a good cooking-stove, while a tent was already pitched to serve as quarters for our men—five in number. Stoves and furniture are permanent fixtures of the houses at the different stations, as are the heavier cooking-utensils, so that in moving up the stream one has merely to carry crockery, provisions, blankets and mosquito-bars,—which latter are of strong thin jute canvas. Above the first house, the men make your beds of piles of little twigs of the fragrant fir-balsam, whose beauties have been recorded by every writer upon angling. Near each house is a snow-house dug into the hill-side and thickly covered with fir-boughs and planks. The snow is packed in them in winter by the men who go up for that purpose and to hunt the caribou that frequent the hills adjoining the river. The snow lasts through the season and is more convenient than ice. If one drinks champagne, he has but to open a basket upon his arrival and imbed the bottles in the snow, and he has at any moment a *frappé* equal to Delmonico's best. No salmon-angler would commit the indiscretion of thus cooling his claret. The fish as soon as killed are packed in the snow, as are the butter, milk, and eggs when brought up every two or three days by the courier, who remains at the Basin ready to start for you at any moment that letters or telegrams arrive. Our courier delighted in surprises for us like baskets of native strawberries and cream for our dessert. Ten cents at Gaspé buys quite a large basket of this exquisitely flavored wild berry.

I have been thus minute in describing our surroundings because I believe more comfortable and complete arrangements are found on no other stream. It is all very well to camp out under an open "lean-to" or tent, and exceedingly healthful and enjoyable, but we had long ago outgrown the sentimentality of roughing it, and rather enjoyed this comfortable way of living. Standing for six hours or more daily while throwing a fly or killing a fish is hard work for one of sedentary habits, and gives enough exercise and oxygen to entitle to good living and quarters; and with this open-air life one may indulge his appetite with impunity if he can get the food, for his digestion and assimilation are at their best.

The cut on page 783, while not absolutely true to nature in every minute detail, yet gives, quite faithfully, a scene upon the St. John River in July, 1873, when the Governor General of Canada and Countess Dufferin, together with Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher and the Countess's brother, were guests of Mr. Curtis, the then lessee. Lady Dufferin here killed her first fish, which weighed 26 pounds and was gaffed by Mr. Curtis.

The difference between the temperature at midday and midnight in the mountainous regions along the Gaspé salmon-streams is notable. One day last season the air at nine A. M. was 74°, at two P. M. 84°, and at half-past seven P. M. 51°. We were anxious to get approximately the temperature of the water of these northern streams to compare with the water of streams farther south, which had been stocked with young salmon by Professor Baird—United States Fish Commissioner—and so made the best observations possible with a couple of ordinary thermometers. At the bottom of one pool in the York, near the mouth of the Mississippi Creek, which is a roaring little branch of the York coming down from the snow of the neighboring mountains, the water at midday was but 40½° Fahrenheit, while the air was 78°. In other pools on this river we found the temperature at noon to be 44° at the bottom, and 44½° at the surface, with the air at 60°. This was well up among the mountains, thirty-five miles above the mouth of the river. Lower down the stream, 48° bottom, 48½° surface; and sometimes after a very warm day, 47½° to 48½° at eight o'clock P. M. Ten or fifteen miles distant, upon the Dartmouth, which flows through a less mountainous country and has longer and more quiet pools and less shaded banks, we found the pools varying from 55° to 59° when the air was 60° to 70°. The first time our thermometers were sunk in the pool our men indulged in their only pleasantry by asking if we took fish in the States with a ground bait of thermometers, and assuring us that it wouldn't work at all in Canada. Of course, with our temperature of pools we always took that of the air simultaneously and made a record of the weather.

Upon the first morning of our arrival we *did not* get up at three A. M., when the day was just dawning, and order up our men to get breakfast. We had been in northern latitudes before, and took the precaution to hang our rubber overcoats over the windows to darken them, thus keeping out the early morning light and securing a long night's sleep. Our first day opened with a drizzling rain which forbade fishing. After coming a thousand miles and with but six days' "permit" upon our stream, a rainy day seemed like a misfortune.

About ten o'clock, the sun came out for a time, and a Mr. Eden, son of the Gaspé harbor-master, rode up and told us in apparent seriousness, that a fish had followed him all the way up the stream, and was waiting in the pool directly in front of the house, where he intended to gaff him for me, and in fact that he had come over to our camp from where he was at work, expressly to help me kill my first salmon. Our men all laughed at him, for just in sight of the house and where the canoes were constantly disturbing the water was not the place to expect a salmon; certainly not, when for years none had been taken there. I concluded to humor the good fellow and practice casting with both hands as well as get used to standing in a cranky canoe. Soon a fish rose and hooked himself, only making it known by spinning off a few feet of line as he dropped back to position at bottom of pool. A fish will thus hook himself nine times in ten if the fly comes slowly over him, with a taut or at least straight line behind it. More fish are lost by too quick striking them, than by other bad management. The steel-like tip of the rod upon the slightest pull at the fly springs forcibly back and fixes the hook at once. I had resolutely determined never to strike and have never done so. I may have lost a fish by it, but am sure more would have been lost by striking. Of course, a strong, quick pull is given after the fish is hooked and has started the reel, in order to imbed the hook more firmly. Soon my reel was furiously whirling. I had read about the "music of the reel" and all that sort of thing *ad nauseam* as I had often expressed it; but somehow, after hearing a salmon in his first fierce run upon a reel with a stiff click, the wonder was that people had not written more about it.

One cannot afford entirely to ignore book teaching. Having read and re-read every standard author on salmon-angling, my rod-tip was at once, and without thought lowered when this lively little fellow made his first leap in the air, showing the beautiful silver of his sides. It was done just as the fingers strike the proper key upon a musical instrument, when the player's mind is too far away perhaps to name the tune he has unconsciously run into. Of course, if you do not lower your rod-tip, the fish, falling upon a taut line, will break himself loose. This fish showed no disposition to leave the pool for the rapids below, but went first to one side, and then to the other, sweeping around by the farther shore, and jumping clean from the water each time he turned. It was impossible to keep below him, so rapidly did he change place. In spite of all the strain which could be safely put upon him, he would now and then get a hundred feet below the rod and rest there in comparative ease, with the force of the current balancing my strain upon him in an opposite direction. When you can keep abreast of your fish, or a little below him, the current, weight of line, and your strain of two or three pounds all in the same direction will soon tire him out.

Most anglers greatly miscalculate the force exerted by the rod and will speak of using many pounds strain. An actual test with scales upon various rods showed that rarely is a strain of three pounds put upon the fish, and, in fact, few rods can raise a four-pound weight at the end of a line.

As my fish became tired and slowly passed Eden, he tried to gaff and missed. This goaded the fish to more desperate running and plunging in the direction of a projecting tree-trunk lying upon the water. If he could have reached it he would have run under and then jumped back over it, leaving the line fast while he broke himself free. Soon his runs were shorter and his jumps less frequent, and finally, from very weakness, he would turn upon his side. I swung him gently toward Eden, who in his eagerness had waded nearly waist-deep into the pool. In an instant the fish was struggling at the end of the cruel gaff, making hard work for even Eden's brawny arms, and in a moment more he was laid upon the shore, where old William Patterson gave him the *coup de grâce* with a stout short stick carried for that purpose in every canoe. Just at the moment of gaffing many fish are lost; for if more strain is exerted than usual the hook breaks out of the well-worn hole in the jaw, and if the strain is relaxed a moment before the gaff is in, the slack line lets the hook drop out of the enlarged opening.

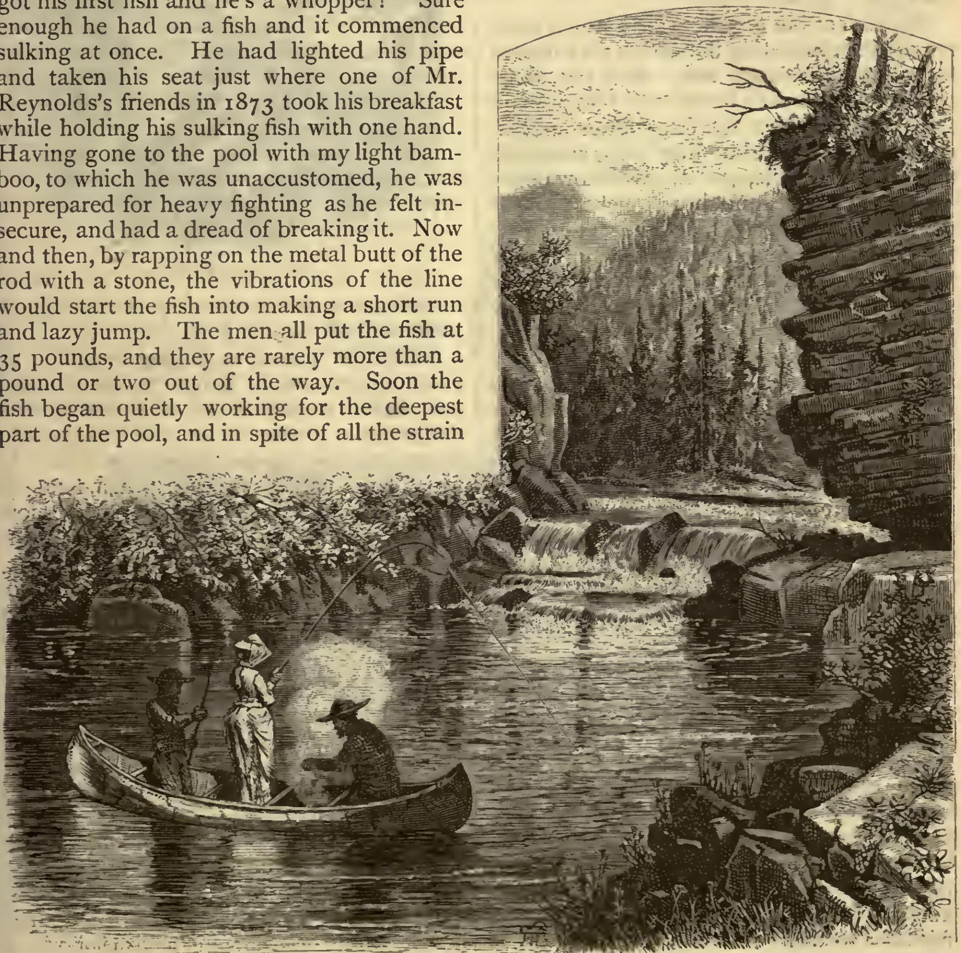
My trip and trouble had not been in vain, as my first salmon had been hooked and played to gaff without the slightest assistance. Before putting him in the snow, I lighted my pipe and sat quietly down to admire and talk to him. It seemed wonderful that the little thread of silk-worm gut could have conquered so brave a fish. There was no need to sing,

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night:"

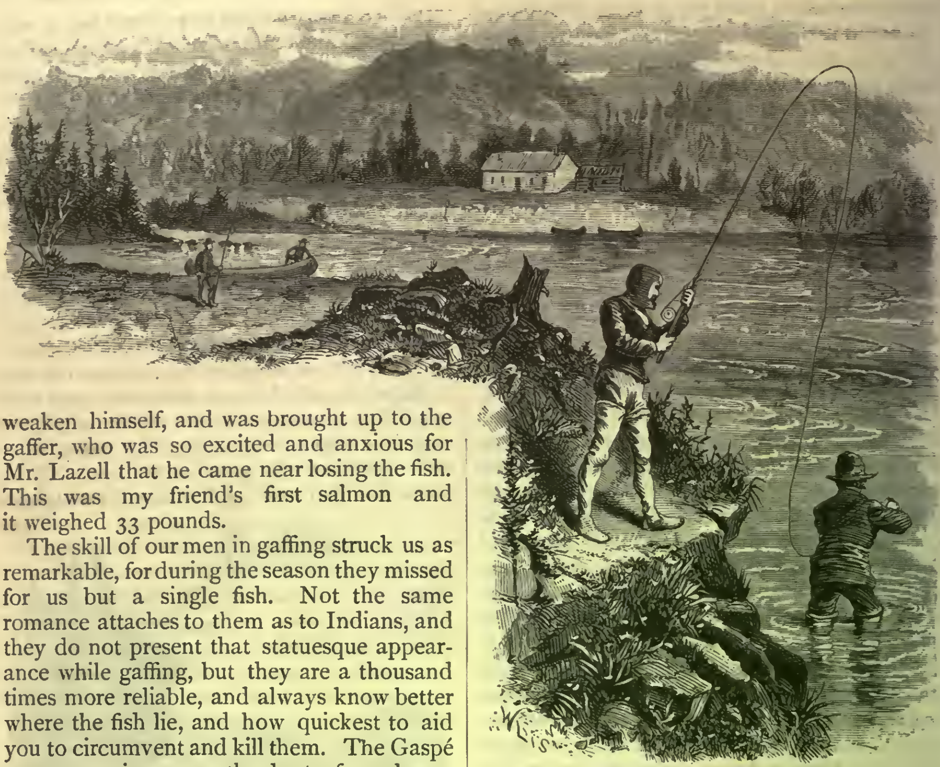
I *was* a child again as far as delight and enthusiasm could make me.

Finding but few fish in the lower pools, we broke camp on Monday and set out for House No. 2 at what is called the Big Salmon Hole. The men assured us that it would be impossible to pole the canoes with ourselves and provisions over the shoal rapids, and that in several places they would have to unload and make a "carry." In order then to favor our men, Mr. Lazell and I set out to walk the distance, with the cook to show the way and carry our tackle. We could risk the wetting of our extra clothing and provisions, but did not care to have our rods floated down the stream, in case of an overturn. Of itself, a twelve-mile walk is not objectionable, but when one must climb over a dozen fallen trees at every hundred yards, it becomes tirefully monotonous. Six miles from camp we came to the North Fork, a roaring brook of perhaps eighteen inches in depth. Lazell, with his wading-boots, stalked triumphantly across, while the cook and I went down a quarter of a mile to cross upon a tree which some years ago had fallen and formed a natural bridge. There was no path along this wind-swept gorge, and trees were piled upon trees, giving not the windfalls of a year or two, but of many, to be gotten over. At the end of a long half hour we came back to where Lazell was awaiting us. Could we have met the man who said there was a "pleasure in the pathless woods" he would have fared badly. The truth was that the dead wood of the bridge had broken under our weight, and we were wetter than if we had waded the branch. Often upon this trip we touched, with our rod-cases or gaff, the partridges which unconcernedly flew up and lighted on the lower branches of the trees. We reached the pool and killed a fish before the canoes arrived. The next morning, Annette, Lazell's gaffer, came tumbling down from a tree where he had been sent to point out where the salmon were lying, and ran to the house yelling as if crazy, "Mr. Lazell has got his first fish and he's a whopper!" Sure enough he had on a fish and it commenced sulking at once. He had lighted his pipe and taken his seat just where one of Mr. Reynolds's friends in 1873 took his breakfast while holding his sulking fish with one hand. Having gone to the pool with my light bamboo, to which he was unaccustomed, he was unprepared for heavy fighting as he felt insecure, and had a dread of breaking it. Now and then, by rapping on the metal butt of the rod with a stone, the vibrations of the line would start the fish into making a short run and lazy jump. The men all put the fish at 35 pounds, and they are rarely more than a pound or two out of the way. Soon the fish began quietly working for the deepest part of the pool, and in spite of all the strain my friend was willing to put on him, finally got there under the edge of a sharp ledge. The canoe men could not reach him with their setting poles and we didn't wish the entire pool disturbed by throwing in stones. The salmon commenced sawing upon the line whenever a strain was brought to bear, and this necessitated giving line at once. After working for one hour and forty minutes the leader parted.

Without a word Lazell took his own greenheart rod and in a few minutes was busily casting at the very upper end of the pool above where he had hooked the first fish. As good fortune would have it, he soon hooked a large one which came down the pool and tried the same game, but he managed to stop him and slowly swing him away from the center of the pool each time. Quite soon the fish ran and jumped enough to



COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN POOL, ST. JOHN RIVER, GASPÉ, C. E.



MY FIRST SALMON.

weaken himself, and was brought up to the gaffer, who was so excited and anxious for Mr. Lazell that he came near losing the fish. This was my friend's first salmon and it weighed 33 pounds.

The skill of our men in gaffing struck us as remarkable, for during the season they missed for us but a single fish. Not the same romance attaches to them as to Indians, and they do not present that statuesque appearance while gaffing, but they are a thousand times more reliable, and always know better where the fish lie, and how quickest to aid you to circumvent and kill them. The Gaspé men can give even the best of anglers a valuable hint occasionally, which it is quite safe to follow, as it often saves a fish. They come from that good old stock, Scotch-English, and are as true as steel. Money and jewelry were safer in our camps than at home in the way of our servants. They never touch a drop of liquor, and work faithfully from morning till night. Even after long and tedious hours of poling up rapid streams under a hot sun, they are ready to anticipate your slightest wish. Old Mr. William Patterson, our head man, seemed to know every stone in every rapid on the rivers, and when running down these rapids at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, such knowledge often saves an overturn or a broken canoe. Although over sixty years of age, no one could tire him poling or equal him in quick, graceful gaffing. All the men ask for beside fish, is pork, hard-bread, sugar, and black tea. Without the latter they are good for nothing. At every halt of even half an hour a fire is at once kindled and the black tea-kettle soon steaming over it. They make the tea in the tea-kettle itself, and drink several large tin cupfuls at a sitting. Following this by a five minutes' pull at a pipeful of navy plug tobacco, they are ready for work and apparently as fresh as in the morning.

While the season for fishing brings to us great enjoyment, it brings to them bread and butter in the shape of a dollar, or a dollar and a quarter a day, and this is about all the money they get during the year. In fact a large part of the cash which finds its way to Gaspé is left by the dozen or more anglers who yearly visit the rivers. The large firms, like Bouthillier, the lobster packers, and Lowndes Bros., lumber dealers, for whose kindness all American anglers are indebted, pay their help mostly in goods or "orders." It does good for one reared in our country of luxury and extravagance to see these hardy sons of toil, in a land where life is a constant struggle for existence, and where summer is no sooner begun than winter follows at once. In 1874, the cold spring and terrible floods prevented planting until too late to raise any crop at all, and the people of the north shore of the St. Lawrence had to be supplied charitably with food the next winter. Dried fish and hard bread, with occasionally a little pork, is about all they get, and last winter some of our faithful canoe-men ran out of this meager supply, and we were appealed to for aid. As I am writing this,—June, 1876,—I learn that Gaspé people have run out of hay and flour, and are killing their domestic cattle.

In favorable seasons the big salmon-hole of the York is good for two or three fish daily, and as Lazell was unable to walk by reason of cooling too rapidly after our twelve-mile walk, it seemed best to leave to him the exclusive use of this and the other pools near House No. 2. On Wednesday, therefore, I set out for the Narrows, near which are the last and best pools of the river, leaving two men to come with the canoe and luggage, and taking one with me. We arrived before noon, and, after lunch, carefully inspected the pools. By crawling quietly to the edge of low cliffs, or climbing trees, we could count the fish by scores, lying quietly behind small stones or just at the edge of the current, with heads up stream. At first one unaccustomed to it only sees large numbers of dark, smooth stones, as he expresses it; but soon a little wavy motion of the lower end of the object is seen, and you find that they are all salmon, only the dark backs being visible as you look down upon them. Conversation with many Canadians who have fished numerous streams, induces the belief that in no other pools can so many salmon be readily seen and watched. They rest in these pools for several days, to gain strength for leaping the falls just above. Often one hundred and fifty have been counted in the lower or long pool at the Narrows, and frequently not more than a single one will take the fly.

PERCÉ ROCK, SOUTH OF GASPÉ BASIN, CANADA EAST.

The matter of taking a fly seems to be one of sheer sport. It is a well established fact that salmon eat nothing during the several months they remain in the rivers. *Before entering* the Gaspé streams they gorge themselves with capelin, a small fish resembling our smelt. Quite often fish which we killed at the lowest pools had undigested parts of capelin in their stomachs. As their digestion is known to be very rapid, this indicates a high rate of speed against a swift current, up fierce rapids and over falls. A bit of dried leaf seems to amuse them as much as an artificial fly. Dropping a leaf quietly off a tree into a pool, we could see a salmon rise and take it, and after getting to the bottom open his mouth and let it float up to the surface again, when other fish would take it, one after the other, apparently enjoying the sport like kittens at play. So distinctly could we see the salmon that we easily traced the scars of the nets, which are found on large numbers. Many we take have an eye entirely blinded from the wound made by the twine. At one time, just under the upper falls, I was for some fifteen minutes so near a salmon that I could have touched him with the end of my rod. The water was shallow and clear, and gave a good opportunity of closely watching the king of fishes as he majestically sailed around, probably wondering whether he would succeed in his leap over the falls. Dozens of his fellows were coming up at intervals to look at the falls, but not one could be tempted to take the slightest notice of any fly in our books, although we were out of their sight and threw our flies within a few inches of their noses.

We had with us rods, reels, gaffs, and, unfortunately, a new and untested package of leaders. The run of the first fish hooked parted a leader. A second leader shared the same fate; and a third was taken by a salmon who determined to leave the pool and go down the rapids below. Testing our leaders with the pocket scales, we broke them at a pound or pound and a half strain, although they had previously received a thorough soaking. We were in a bad predicament—salmon everywhere; pools full of them, and seeming eager to rise, and no suitable leaders with which to take them. We made the best of it, and with what patience we could summon up, awaited the canoe with our large fly-books containing new gut. From this we afterward tied leaders which stood a strain of five pounds, and were soon engaged in trying to overcome a strong, lively fish.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.

Presently Patterson sung out, "You must lose your fish or get a drenching." A small dark cloud came over the near mountain, traveled rapidly down the gorge, and before one of the men could bring a rubber coat from the house, a few hundred yards distant, the rain was pouring upon us. The rapidity with which heavy showers follow down the gorges and course of the streams at Gaspé is somewhat startling to a new-comer. Of course, the fish must at all hazards be killed; and, of course, this particular fish was not in half the hurry to come in out of the water that we were, but tried our patience in many ways, sometimes taking us in the canoe where we couldn't wade, and sometimes through quite deep water where we did not wish to take the canoe and disturb the pool. It was thirty-five minutes before faithful old William had him quiet at the bottom of the canoe. He, as well as all our men, preferred to get us into a canoe before gaffing, when practicable, for they then felt much more sure of the fish. The Gaspé-built canoes are very long, and if the angler passes one of the men and steps to the extreme end, he can with perfect ease swing the fish to the gaffer at the other end, always taking great care not to reel in his line beyond its junction with the leader. If he does this and the gaffer misses, or the tired fish gets up life enough for a short spurt, then the knot sticks in the tip ring, and good-bye to fish and tip. It is with some reluctance that we differ with so good an authority as Norris, in his "American Anglers' Book," but we prefer canoe gaffing. We were all thoroughly soaked with rain, and I was additionally uncomfortable from having gone over the tops of my rubber wading-stockings in water which at two P. M. was only 42° Fahrenheit. As there were but three hours more of this the last day of our permit, we could not afford the loss of a moment. As soon as the sun came out, I hooked a second fish, and worked away busily until in the three pools I had killed five, when I stopped, wearied as well as satisfied with salmon-fishing, resisting Patterson's most urgent entreaties to "kill another, and make it a half dozen." I have never made a large score or killed a *very* large fish, but this work of three hours and a half was quite satisfactory, and is here given:

1	Fish of	22	lbs.,	Fairy Fly.
1	" "	22	"	" "
1	" "	24	"	Jock Scott Fly.
1	" "	21½	"	Silver Doctor Fly.
1	" "	23	"	Silver Gray "
5		112½		Average, 22½ lbs.

The healthful excitement as well as open-air exercise enabled us without ill effects to endure this three and a half hours' wetting. Coming up the stream for a single night only, we had taken no change of clothing, and must perforce retire while our men dried the wet ones we wore.

At half past four A. M. next day, the canoe went down with the fish, and I walked to Middle House, where I found Lazell in good spirits over one thirty-three pound fish and other smaller ones. Hastily packing, we set out in our canoes for House No. 1, where we took in additional fish and luggage. Running down the rapids between sharp rocks, both out of the water and under its surface, where all your safety depends upon the accuracy of your men's knowledge, their nerve, and the strength of rather slender spruce setting-poles, is quite exciting to a novice. At the word "check her" from old William at the stern, young James throws his entire weight suddenly upon his pole in the bow. Several times the pole broke, and necessitated quick work in dropping the pieces and grasping a second one, which is always kept within reach in running rapids. Upon breaking a second one, in all likelihood we would have got an extremely unlucky dipping.

We reached Gaspé the same day, having made thirty-five miles since half-past four A. M., and were in time to have our fish packed in snow and forwarded by the afternoon steamer for Quebec. For transportation, the fish are first "drawn" through the gills, then filled with snow and packed two in a box. The snow is then rammed solid around them until it resembles in consistency a cake of ice, and the box is placed inside of a much larger one. The space between the two boxes is now filled with sawdust. At Quebec the boxes are examined by the accommodating and courteous agent of the Canadian Express Company, Mr. Scott, who orders them refilled with snow, if necessary, before forwarding by rail. Our fish left Gaspé Thursday, were in Boston in good condition the Tuesday following, and were served at the Somerset Club just a week after they were killed. With ice in place of snow, the packing is usually a failure.

Finding a letter at Gaspé inviting us to fish the Dartmouth, we went over to that river, July 10th, taking horses to a place called by the *habitans* Lancy Cozzens, which we presumed to be a corruption of *L'anse aux cousins*, or Black Fly Cove. From this point we proceeded by an invention of our own. One of the three canoes had a small sail, and holding another canoe by our hands upon each side of it, we voyaged very independently until we tried to tack under a very stiff breeze,—a performance which (in round-bottomed canoes) didn't take place exactly to suit us. Reaching the narrower part of the stream, we took our setting-poles in orthodox fashion, and soon reached camp, where we found a commodious wall-tent ready pitched, and all needed cooking-utensils, as well as a salmon for supper, left in the house by our departing friends, Messrs. Guild and Barnes of Boston.

The sea-trout had just commenced running up the river, and gave us most serious annoyance. The sea-trout is anadromous and follows up the salmon some weeks later. An old trout-angler believes you not quite sane, and much less serious and truthful, when you positively assure him that oftentimes before you can reach a salmon you must play to gaff a half dozen or more sea-trout, varying in weight from one to five pounds. That a five-pound trout can be an annoyance, and a serious one at that, isn't readily comprehended. You can't hurry a large trout, but must play and tire him out. Occasionally your man from a tree-top will tell you just where a fine salmon is lying, and, perhaps, that he started for the fly and missed it at your last cast. The next cast, a sea-trout, which is quicker than a salmon, snatches your fly the moment it strikes the water, and in the next few minutes flounders all over the pool, putting an effectual estoppel to salmon-fishing. Now is the time for self-control,—for quietly lighting a cigar and strolling back to camp. Sometimes an irascible angler seizes the trout the

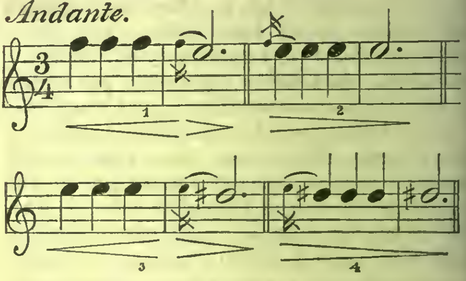
AN IRASCIBLE ANGLER.

moment he is off the hook and hurls him vindictively against the cliff.

This same abused sea-trout, however, when broiled before the fire in an open wire broiler, with a bit of salt pork clamped upon him, or rolled in buttered and wetted papers, and roasted under the embers, is preferable to salmon, and is more often eaten by the Gaspé anglers. The sea-trout and the common brook-trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, are taken side by side in the same pools, and so great is the apparent dissimilarity, that it seems impossible that they are one and the same species, the sea-trout merely being changed by his trip to sea, as some naturalists assert. The spots on the brook-trout are much more clearly defined, and have the light color upon their edges, while the markings of the sea-trout seem not to be distinct spots, so much as irregular markings akin to those of the mackerel. This is as it appears to us who are not naturalists. At the suggestion of Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, I brought home some good specimens of different sizes, in alcohol, and we are awaiting the settlement of this vexed question authoritatively by Professor Gill, who will soon publish an exhaustive paper on the Salmonidæ.

It is notable that although the three Gaspé rivers flow into the same bay, and for long distances within a few miles of each other, yet the fish are so different as to be readily distinguished one from another by the natives. The fish run up earliest in the York, and those taken even in the lowest pools are of larger size than those of the other streams. Of course those that are strong enough to get to the upper pools early in the season before the river has run down, are extremely large. The last runs of fish in the York are perhaps a trifle smaller than the general average of the St. John, where the early and late runs are of more nearly the same average size. So the fish of the Tay, in Scotland, are a month earlier than those of the Tweed, and presumably in this case because the snow gets out of the former much the sooner. The fish of the St. John are slightly shorter and fuller than those of the York, resembling more nearly the *Salmo quinatt* of California. A few seasons since the St. John was so jammed with the logs of a broken-up lumber raft, that the fish were blocked out of it, and that year its peculiar fish were taken in the York. The next year the St. John was clear and its fish went back to it. A few seasons later, grilse and young salmon were taken in the York which slightly resembled the St. John fish. The parent fish returned to their own stream. Their offspring, which were hatched in the York, remained in that river.

On the Dartmouth, the extreme northern of the three rivers, the so-called nightingales are singing continually, commencing at three A. M. at the first gray of the morning. These birds are probably a kind of sparrow, and by no means true nightingales; but so sad and sweet were their plaintive notes, that by a sort of fascination we would lie awake to listen, at the expense of some hours of needed sleep. During two seasons upon the other two rivers, only a few miles distant, not one was heard. After some practice in imitating them, we thought the following musical notation gave a very good idea of the song, which varied slightly with different birds, and at different times with the same bird. Between each double bar is a single song. Numbers 1 and 2 are different songs of one individual, and numbers 3 and 4 are songs of another individual.



BIRD-NOTES.

It was the close season and we dared not shoot a single specimen even to take home to our ornithologists of the Smithsonian.

The terms of lease of a Canada salmon-stream require the lessee to maintain a guardian upon the river at his own expense. A comfortable log-house of a single room is usually built just below the first pools, and the guardian occupies it during the few months of the angling and spawning season. This expense is quite light—sometimes only a hundred dollars in gold. In addition, the Government appoints and pays overseers, who are assigned to special districts, and are expected rigidly to enforce the law regulating the net fishing in the tidal part of the rivers, and particularly to see that the nets are taken up over Sunday. The Monday and Tuesday fishing up the streams is somewhat a test of this latter enforcement. The Gaspé rivers flow through so wild and inaccessible a country that it is impossible for poachers to reach the pools and carry away fish in large quantities except in canoes, which must, of course, pass the guardian's house. It is, then, practically impossible to do much poaching without the collusion of guardians and overseers.*

If the Government would offer a bounty for every sheldrake killed it would greatly aid in keeping the streams better stocked. In the stomach of a young sheldrake will be found sometimes six or more *parr*, as the young of salmon are called. When we consider the numbers of broods raised each year on a stream, and that both young and old are gormandizing parr all day long, we see that thousands upon thousands of fish are yearly lost in this way alone. These little parr, by the way, often bite at the fly, which is so large for them that they can only grasp some of its feathers, and hang on so well that you throw them several yards as you withdraw to make a fresh cast. The finger-marks or bars identify them at a glance.

VIEWING THE AURORA

One evening while on the Dartmouth, we were surprised by a visit from the guardian and the overseer, who came to dine and spend the night with us. They bragged a little of a big fish the overseer had captured in an unaccountably short time. Upon examining the tackle we found that the line practically ended at the reel, where it joined a worthless cord, and that even this apology for a line had not been wetted. The rod was a shaky affair that couldn't possibly kill a lively five-pound trout. The hook was covered thickly with rust. In their canoe we found a fish of over 30 pounds. One eye was covered with an opaque substance which had grown over it on the line of an old net scar. The other eye had across it a recent cut, which had totally destroyed its sight. The fish was then totally blind, and in all likelihood had broken out of a net a few nights before. These cunning jokers had made a sharp and well-defined cut in the jaw where fish are usually hooked, but they had entirely forgotten that during the play of a fish the corners of the cut are rounded and sometimes worn ragged. They had gaffed him as he lay unable to see the approach of the canoe. We were glad that they had thus saved the fish from a lingering death sooner or later by starvation; but raising a blind fish to a fly and killing him with a rickety bait rod and worthless line was too much for our credulity. We never informed them that we had seen through their little fish story and presume that they had many a laugh at having made "States" men believe that blind salmon could be taken with a fly.

The displays of the Aurora Borealis upon this stream far exceeded in splendor anything we had previously seen. We sometimes sat about a roaring camp-fire until midnight watching them, although a temperature of 40° made indoors more comfortable. An Aurora looks best at such times (it is said) when viewed through the concave lens in the bottom of a glass tumbler in which some hot fluid has been previously placed for a short time to expand the glass properly; sometimes this extemporized lens seems to enlarge the view and even to double the number of the streamers.

Wednesday, July 15th, found the usually quiet and sleepy little settlement of Gaspé in great commotion. Some people were out on the house-tops with spy-glasses, and others rushing down to the wharf, where a goodly number had already collected. Going to the upper rooms of the Gaspé Hotel to which we had just come from the Dartmouth, we saw a beautiful yacht coming rapidly up the Basin under full sail. Soon she was abreast the wharf, giving all a view of her exquisite proportions, and passing slowly up where the York merges itself in the waters of the Bay, gracefully swung into position and dropped anchor. She was the "Palmer," well known in both this country and Europe for her victory over the "Cambria," and famous as well for being the winner of numerous other races. Soon we received a call from her owner, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, who was to have the York the rest of the season, and was even then pushing on to House No. 1 to take a fish that evening. We met a little later the rest of his party and were invited to pass the evening on board the yacht. It was nearly a month since our eyes had been gladdened by the sight of any of our countrywomen and the invitation was accepted with eagerness. The ladies had braved a ten days' voyage from New York, and part of it in very rough weather off what sailors call the "nastiest of coasts," and were to brave the mosquitoes and black flies as well,—hoping to rival the Countess Dufferin, who had a few weeks before thrown her own fly, hooked and played to gaff a large fish upon the St. John. The evening we passed in the society of these most agreeable and accomplished ladies was marked with a white stone. After reaching home we learned that both Mrs. Stuyvesant and her friend Miss Beach took a fine salmon, and tied, if they did not outscore, the Countess.

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* We are delighted to learn that the Dominion Fish Commissioner proposes to thin out the stands of salmon-nets fished at Gaspé. If he does so we can confidently expect better fishing in the rivers there. As it is, the wonder is that any fish ever manage to get up these streams except on Sunday when all the nets are supposed to be up.

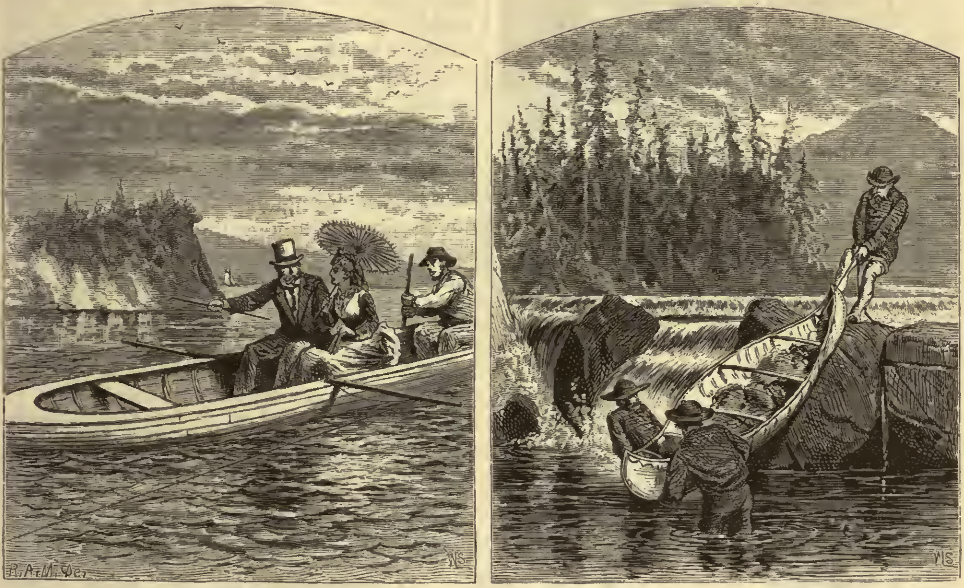
"IT CAWNT BE DONE!"

We returned home by the "Secret," leisurely stopping at various points, as our fancy dictated. While at a certain place, the steamer touched with the mail, and was to remain two hours. Could the mail be opened at once, and we receive our letters, we might wish to hurry on by that very steamer. We therefore brought all our forces to bear upon the obdurate postmaster to induce him to open the small pouch with mail for his office, and give us our letters at once while the steamer was still at the landing. His constant reply was: "It cawnt be done. Government business cawnt be hurried. The mail is too lawge, too lawge." Exposure of the folly of one manufactured excuse merely brought out a dozen more. Of course he couldn't change his mind; he could die more easily. We were not unmindful of the fact that in mountainous, cold countries, people are naturally conservative, and that when ideas do, with difficulty, reach them, they take deep root, as do the trees in the clefts of their rocks; and yet we didn't expect to find a postmaster in this progressive age who opened mails at his leisure when he had nothing else for amusement.

When the steamer arrived, he was the first to board her. He chatted consequentially with the officers for more than an hour. They were all on our side, and tried apparently to shake him off. Finally, with the little pouch (which he wouldn't intrust to his clerk—also on our side) under his arm, he slowly and with the firm, determined tread of a militia captain on training day, moved off toward the post-office. Fifteen minutes would have sufficed to distribute the mail; but not until the steamer's last whistle blew did he put the letters into the boxes. He reckoned without his host, however, for a friend was quietly watching, and in an instant took our letters and started for the steamer at full run, yelling at the top of his voice. Good old Captain Davison just then remembered that he had forgotten something, and took time enough with the steamer's agent to enable us to glance hastily over our letters, and ascertain that we could go by that steamer.

In 1874, Mr. Curtis exchanged his old river, the St. John, for the Dartmouth, in order that the former might be set aside for the Governor General. Earl Dufferin having been called to England in the summer of 1875, it fell to Mr. Curtis's lot to have the use of both streams, and I accompanied him to them for a few weeks' recreation. We found the season unusually late; few fish up, and the river too high for comfortable canoe-poling. We were again delayed twelve hours in reaching Gaspé, as the dense smoke from forest fires around Ottawa had blown down into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and compelled us to anchor for an entire night. Mr. Curtis was also accompanied by young Mr. Douglass, son of Sir Charles Douglass, of London, England, —a most genial and companionable gentleman, who had, since graduation at an English University, been shooting alligators in Florida, and buffaloes in the West. Like other young Englishmen, he was well "up" in all outdoor manly accomplishments.

To reach our stream we were obliged to take ourselves and all our luggage across the swollen York by repeated trips in a small dugout, at a place some six miles from its mouth. After crossing, our provisions and luggage were taken in large boxes mounted upon stout timber sled-runners; this being the only conveyance that would stand a nine-mile trip over a slightly widened forest trail. We took saddle horses, but yet found the trip most tedious by reason of the "windfalls" which had to be cut away by our canoemen, who carried axes for the purpose, and by the swamp mud through which we frequently had to wade our horses. Black flies and the like seemed more hungry and persistent than usual.



Trolling at the Thousand Islands.

Helping with the Canoe on the St. John River.

DILETTANT AND PROFESSIONAL SALMON-FISHING.

We arrived at our house at nine P. M., and hungrily awaited the coming of our provisions and luggage two hours later. If one expects to enjoy any part of first class salmon-fishing, in the luxurious and dilettant style of anglers at the Thousand Islands, a single trip will not fail to disabuse him of all such notions, particularly if in going up his river he has to get out in the water and help the men pull the canoe around the corner of a small fall.

The fishing of 1875 was comparatively a failure, less than twenty being killed by three of us during a week on the St. John. Douglass one day hooked an ugly fish, which played him all known pranks, and seemed, in addition, to extemporize a few for the occasion. The fish leaped out of water enough to make it exciting, but not enough to tire himself out. He tried pulling constantly backward and forward in quick, short jerks, which is the worst thing a fish ever does. This makes the coolest angler nervous and anxious, for unless line is upon the instant given, the hook is pulled out, or the gut broken. The fish came down in view of the house, when, comparing the pluck and strategy of the fish with the skill of our friend, we counted the fish a trifle ahead. Of course when near either bank the men took care to keep on the shore side of the fish, so that when he suddenly rushed

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

for deep water he would not pass under the canoe and break loose. In spite, however, of all precautions, the fish made a dash to run under, and one of the men gave a quick, powerful push on his setting-pole, which unfortunately rested upon a flat, slippery rock. The next instant our view was cut off by an immense pair of caribou hide boots, which seemed suspended in mid-air. The fish was just at the canoe, and the greenheart was taking the last possible ounce of strain. The line could not run out fast enough to relieve the rod, and we awaited its snapping. Equal to the emergency, Douglass, remembering an old trick of Curtis's, threw the rod behind him, and with the reel end in the water and the tip ring resting on the edge of the canoe, the line ran safely and swiftly out. Douglass then tired and killed his fish, which weighed fifteen pounds—about the average of the St. John fish. In the York, my average of all fish taken is twenty pounds.

"A LITTLE O' YER FLY-ILE."

The non-angling reader by this time surmises that the only way to bring a salmon to the gaff is to tire him, by keeping a constant steady strain upon him, with the shortest practicable line. The greatest dexterity and skill of the angler and his men are required to keep the canoe always in such a relation to the fish as to make this possible. Half your score depends upon the quickness of the men, who must, if you are on shore, be so near you with the canoe that if the fish starts down a rapid, they can take you in upon the instant, and follow him. How patiently would our faithful fellows sit on the cross-bar of the canoe, watching our every movement, and only now and then, when the flies and mosquitoes were unusually troublesome, break silence with: "Mr., I don't care if I do take a little o' yer *fly-ile.*"

To give the general reader an idea of the way in which anglers make up their scores for distribution among their friends, we give an old one which still stands among the best made in America:

F. Curtis's Score of Salmon-Fishing, York River, Lower Canada, for one evening and the following day, 1871.

TWO HOURS, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 6.

1	fish,	18	pounds weight	fly, Jock Scott.
1	“	22	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	25	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	26	“ “	“ Silver Doctor.

FRIDAY, JULY 7.

1	fish,	34	pounds weight	fly, Curtis.
1	“	32	“ “	“ Curtis.
1	“	26	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	31	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	17	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	22	“ “	“ Silver Doctor.
1	“	24	“ “	“ Silver Doctor.
1	“	23	“ “	“ Robin.
1	“	26	“ “	“ Robin.

Total weight for both days, 326 pounds.

Thursday's average, 22 3-4 pounds.

Friday's average, 26 1-9 pounds each, and gross weight 235 pounds.

Whole average, 25 1-13 pounds.

Mr. Reynolds took, some seasons since, in the York, a fish of 47 pounds, which stands now as the largest ever taken in Gaspé with a fly.

The score on the York for the first part of July, 1876, comes just as this article is being put in type:

On Steamer "Mirimichi," July 14, '76.

My dear Wilkinson:—Our score just made, in the face of bad weather and very high rough water, will interest you, not as to number, but as to weight of fish:

Earl Dufferin (3 days)	8 fish	197 lbs.	average $24\frac{5}{8}$
Countess "	2 "	45 "	" $22\frac{1}{2}$
Capt. Hamilton	6 "	148 "	" $24\frac{2}{3}$
Mr. Grant (1 day)....	1 "	27 "	" 27
Mr. Molson	14 "	326 "	" $23\frac{2}{7}$
Mr. Middleton.......	50 "	1094 "	" $21\frac{22}{25}$
Mr. Reynolds........	29 "	633 "	" $21\frac{24}{29}$
	110	2470	gen. ave. $22\frac{5}{11}$

Yours very sincerely and truly,
THOS. REYNOLDS.

Sunday is the only day in camp when all are sure to be at home for an early dinner, and in condition to enjoy and appreciate a good one. On week-days, the cook, who never leaves camp, does not serve dinner until half-past seven P. M., so as to give all time to return from the pools, which are often a few miles distant. If one gets a sulking fish late in the afternoon, he may be detained until long after the dinner-hour, and it is by no means a very rare occurrence to have a fish gaffed by the light of a birch-bark torch.

When the dinner-hour comes, and an angler is absent "*on l'attend comme les moines font l'abbé*," that is to say, we never wait for him at all,—monks being proverbially good feeders, and never delaying a moment after the dinner-bell strikes, even to await their abbot. Canada fishing-laws forbid throwing a fly Saturday evening after six o'clock, but of course must allow killing a fish previously hooked. It is therefore reckoned quite desirable to get hold of a lively one just before that hour. On Sunday all are somewhat rested, and appetites are always keener after the day's rest which follows excessively hard work out-of-doors. Again, every canoe-man is a natural as well as practiced cook, so that on Sunday, when all have leisure to assist in preparing the dinner, they do not, according to rule, "spoil the broth."

LATE TO DINNER.

On Sunday, July 4th, 1875, Mr. Reynolds, who was upon his own river five miles or so away, sent over one of his men to say that with three friends he would come over and take dinner with us on our glorious Fourth. As his name is a synonym for hospitality, we were quite anxious to show no shortcomings ourselves in that direction. Our six men and the cook were assisted by Curtis himself, who undertook the unheard-of thing of making a loaf of cake on a salmon-stream. How he succeeded is best told by his own letter to his sister, who had given him the cake recipe:

"I used every available dish in camp—spilled the flour all over my clothes and the floor, and then rubbed it well in with butter, of which latter I melted one mess too much and the other too little. Took a vote and found a majority of one for stirring it with the sun. Think after all I stirred it the wrong way, and certainly put in too much egg-shell to make it settle well, for all the plums, currants, citron, &c., nearly settled

A MAJORITY OF ONE.

through the bottom of the small wash-bowl in which I baked it, while some large lumps of sugar failed to get crushed at all. The cake was however quite passable. To be sure I forgot to butter the dish, and had to dig the cake out in small pieces and glue them together; but that was a mere trifle, and my success was greater than could be reasonably expected from so *doughty* a matter. The cow which I had driven up from the settlement and put in our old and now unused snow-house, *so as to keep her*, came to grief by breaking her leg going down the steep rocky river-bank to get water."

FALLS AT THE NARROWS OF YORK RIVER.

Our admirable courier came up from the Basin early in the morning with a clean pocket-handkerchief full of lettuce leaves, the size of a silver dollar, which he had procured from the minister's wife, who had raised under a cold frame the only lettuce in the settlement. Coffin complained bitterly of the imposition of the lobster-dealer, who, learning that his purchase was for "States" men, charged him ten cents each for lobsters of about five pounds weight, while he sold them commonly to Bouthillier, the packer opposite Gaspé, for fifty cents a hundred, large and small as they run. So plentiful are lobsters around Gaspé Basin that a few moments suffice to get a basketful hooked up with a peculiar sort of gaff made expressly for the purpose.

A heavy shower overtook our friends between the two rivers. They had, in honor of the special occasion of a Fourth of July dinner with their American friends, dressed themselves in gorgeous apparel of white flannel. What with the rain which had soaked them and beautifully distributed the usual face dressing of tar and sweet oil over large geographical surfaces, the stains of tree-drippings and the wadings through the marsh at the end of the lake, they presented a sorry appearance. Nothing could induce them to remain and dine in such plight, and so after a little rest and a modest lunch of crackers and cheese, they left us. Our bill of fare, which in accordance with camp custom we had written on bark, was as follows:

ST. JOHN'S RIVER, GASPÉ,
July 4th, 1875.

DINNER.

Soup.

Dried Vegetable with Beef Essence.
Salmon Chowder.

Fish.

Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.
Broiled Brook-Trout.
Lobster Salad, Mayonnaise Sauce.

Meats.

Boiled Mutton.
Boiled Ham.

Vegetables.

Potatoes. Bermuda Onions.
Canned Sweet Corn and Tomatoes.

Relishes.

Radishes. Lettuce. Olives.
Canned Bartlett Pears.
" Peaches.
Dundee Marmalade.
Boston Crackers, Gruyère Cheese.
Coffee, Chocolate and Tea.
Cake à la Curtis.

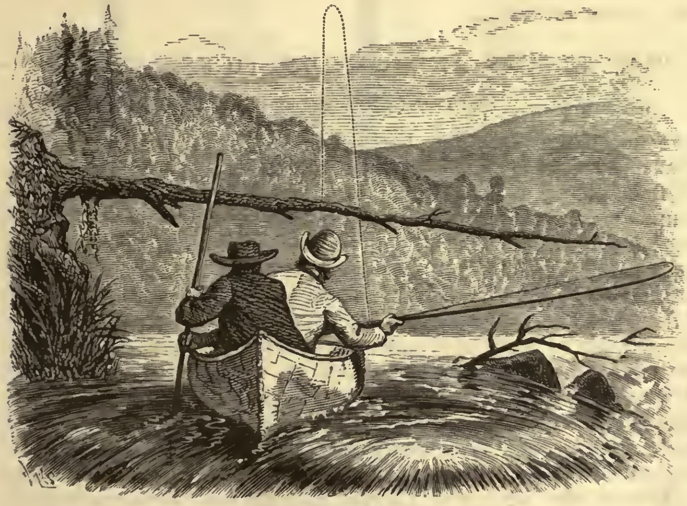
[Wine list on the other side.]

The above shows that with a little forethought before starting, and a little pains in camp, the angler's *menu* may be very creditable to him, although, as in the present instance, the nearest settlement was not far from twenty miles distant. One good thing about camp-life is that we have no *dead dinners*, for the river breezes take away every odor of cooking even before the meal is over.

On Thursday we received from our friend Reynolds a kind invitation to occupy the York River for a week. Curtis and I accepted, Douglass going off by steamer to take a fortnight upon the Matapedia. We packed luggage in long rubber army bags and slung them across the back of an apology for a horse sent up from Gaspé, and went directly over the mountains to House No. 1, where we found canoes and extra men awaiting us, and then pushed directly for the Narrows.*

In lifting one of our canoes over a slight fall, we swung her around and half filled her with water, soaking our blankets, boxes of bread and crackers, as well as sweetening the men's black tea with brown sugar *en masse.*

Just below the Narrows canoes cannot be used, but the fishing must be done while standing and wading in from one to two and a half feet of water. Rubber wading-stockings are worn, with very large canvas shoes over them, the soles being studded with soft metal nails to prevent slipping upon the rocks. In a moment of excitement, while following a fish, one frequently gets in over the tops of his stockings, and the subsequent carrying of a few gallons of water in these for-the-time rubber-bottles is neither comfortable nor easy. Curtis improves upon the stockings by a pair of boots and trousers, such as are used by the Baptist clergy, and which permit wading, if need be, above the waist. Another of his improvements is a vertically adjustable piano-stool arrangement in his canoe, which, while voyaging, lets one down near the bottom to keep the center of gravity low and prevent capsizing, and which when casting can be turned up for a high seat. This, of course, is only to be used as last indicated when one is lame or very much inclined to laziness.



HOW FISH ARE LOST.

At the pools, some distance below the Narrows, are found numbers of fallen trees, projecting nearly at right angles to the low river-banks. These trees are the occasion, to nearly all anglers, of the loss of a few fish. Poling rapidly under them, while intent upon a running fish, they find their elevated rod within a few inches of the obstruction. On the instant, the rod is thrown forward, and this gives slack line to the fish and enables him to free himself. A second and too late thought tells him what every one of course knows, that a line from a given point before him on the water to the top of his rod, when held upright, is precisely the same as from the same given point to the top of his rod when it is dropped horizontally in the same vertical plane. Nine times out of ten an inexperienced angler forgets this, and does not quickly throw his rod to the center of the river, as shown in the sketch, and thus preserve his rod and keep a uniform strain upon his fish.

The old log-house at the Narrows is replete with pleasant reminiscences. On the pine doors, cupboards, and window-casings are *scores of scores* and sketches illustrating amusing incidents of life upon a salmon-stream. Sadly we note the names of one or two who, alas! can never gladden us again with their presence.

Higgs's well-known copy of Bagster's first edition of Izaak Walton is bound in wood from the door of Cotton's fishing-house, "*taken off by Mr. Higgs, near the lock, where he was sure Old Izaak must have touched it.*" Following out somewhat this conceit, we made our sketches and notes upon the soft bark of some of the old birches that overlooked our quarters.

In closing these "Notes," necessarily rambling as they follow the salmon, we may add that there are benefits to be derived from salmon angling other than those of pleasure and health; for the angler is constantly at school, and nowhere can one so readily and surely learn self-control, coolness at all times, and the quickest possible adaptation in emergencies of means to an end, as in the contest with the wily salmon.

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* While upon the river, I neglected to make a rough sketch of the Narrows Falls, and am greatly indebted to the kindness of J. D. Sargent, Esq., of Philadelphia, skilled in photography as well as in angling, for a photograph of a very similar Fall upon the Nipissighuit River in New Brunswick. With this photograph as a guide, we were able to give a pretty faithful representation of the Upper Falls of the York.

—The writer of this article is greatly indebted to his young friends Turner and Miller—artists of Washington—who, from his rough sketches and dictation, prepared the original drawings of the illustrations.

The picture of "The Rise" is from a photograph sent to the writer by the genial Prouty (firm of Bradford & Anthony), and copied by kind permission of the artist, Walter M. Brackett, Esq., of Boston. The original forms one of a series of four pictures, entitled respectively, "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle," and "Landed." They were sold at a round figure in gold to an English amateur, who permitted Mr. Brackett to duplicate them and exhibit them at the Centennial. They are received by artists and competent critics as the best pictures ever painted to illustrate the taking of a salmon. Mr. Brackett reserved the right to photograph and copyright the same.

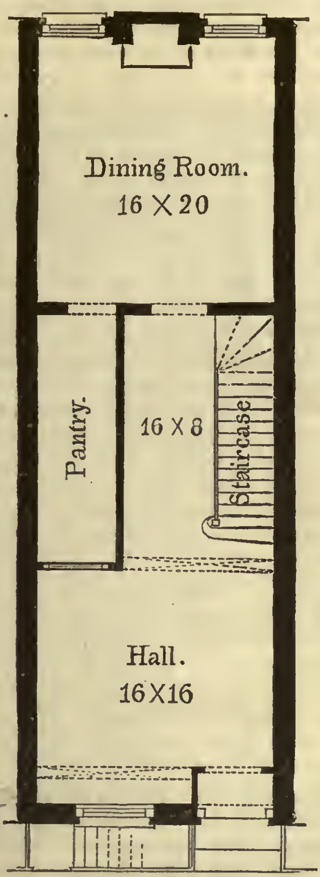
"THE RISE"—ADAPTED FROM BRACKETT'S PICTURE.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. VI.

EN ROUTE FOR THE DINING-ROOM—A HALT IN THE HALL—THE DINING-ROOM.

I do not know how I have neglected, all this time, to say a word about the "Hall," as, in our American love of fine names, we are wont to call what, in nine cases out of ten, even in houses of pretension, is nothing but an entry or passage-way. A Hall (*aula*) must be a large room, large at least in proportion to the size of the house, and a Hall properly so-called it is rare to see in our modern city houses. Our old-fashioned houses had often halls; I remember some in houses about the Common in Boston, and some in the old towns like Gloucester and Hingham, that were handsome, and that, seen to-day, give a pleasant idea of the comfort and substantial elegance enjoyed by many not over-rich people in old times when we were not so crowded as we are to-day. In city houses, particularly here in New York, where I believe we are more scrimped for room, and where even the richest people are obliged to squeeze themselves into a less number of square feet, than in any other city in the world calling itself great—there is often a sufficient excuse for these dismal, narrow, ill-lighted entry-ways, but there is no excuse for them in our country-houses. As in first meeting a man or a woman, so in first entering a house, the first impression goes a great way in shaping our judgment. If, on entering the door, we find ourselves in a passage six feet wide, with a hat-stand on one side reducing it to four feet, and the bottom step of the staircase coming to within six feet of the doorway in front of us, with a gaselier dropping to within a foot of our head, we get an impression of something that is not precisely generosity, and which is not removed either by finding the drawing-room over-furnished, or by the fact that the hat-rack was made by Herter, that the carpet on the stairs is Wilton, and that the gaselier is one of Tiffany's imported masterpieces.

Of course none of us are to blame for the smallness of our entry-ways. Our landlords must be called to account for this defect, and all they can say in excuse is, that house-building is a thing partly of necessity and partly of fashion. When there was ground enough, the landlords will say, when lots 25 x 100 were the rule, and not, as now, the exception, we built good-sized houses and gave wide enough halls; now that people are obliged to be content with two-thirds of a lot (houses sixteen feet wide being common), it is not possible to have anything but narrow entry-ways—a hall is out of the question. This is not exactly as the landlords say. There are houses in New York—I once had a friend who lived in one, and I always recall the little box with pleasure—which, though among the very smallest, are better provided in the way of hall than many of the largest dwellings. The house I speak of had an entry that might fairly be called a hall, for it was sixteen feet wide, and nearly as long: the accompanying plan (No. 1) will show how it was obtained. The house was sixteen feet wide, and, as will be seen, the first floor was taken up with the dining-room, pantry, stair-case, and the hall I speak of. The second-floor had two rooms, one in front and one at the rear, with a large open hall (not a dark room) between them, and above were the bedrooms in two stories. All I am concerned with now is the arrangement of the first floor, which seems to me, if we must have small houses, one that meets satisfactorily the demands of comfort and good looks. On entering the front-door—the house was what is called an "English basement," and the sill of the front-door was only eighteen inches from the sidewalk—we found ourselves in a narrow vestibule, the outer door of which was always wholly or one-half open. The inner door being passed, there was a generous, hospitable space, which was thus disposed of. The vestibule was, as the reader will see, taken off this open space, and the recess formed by the left side of the vestibule and the left wall of the house was used as a bay-window to be filled with plants. Against the right-hand wall there was nothing placed, in order that the line from the front-door to the stairs might be unobstructed, but some framed engravings were hung there, while against the opposite wall, was a table with a generous mirror—for, to parody Emerson, "All mankind loves a looking-glass"—and pegs for hats, and a rack for umbrellas. A settee stood against the end-wall of the pantry, and this was all the little hall contained. With its ample space; its dark painted and shellacked floor shining beyond the edges of one of those pretty rugs made in Philadelphia, of the clippings of tapestry-carpets; its box of ivy in the window, its shining mirror, and its two Braun autotypes, I am sure there was no hall in the city, no matter how rich the man it might belong to, that had a more cheerful, hospitable look than that of my friend's house.

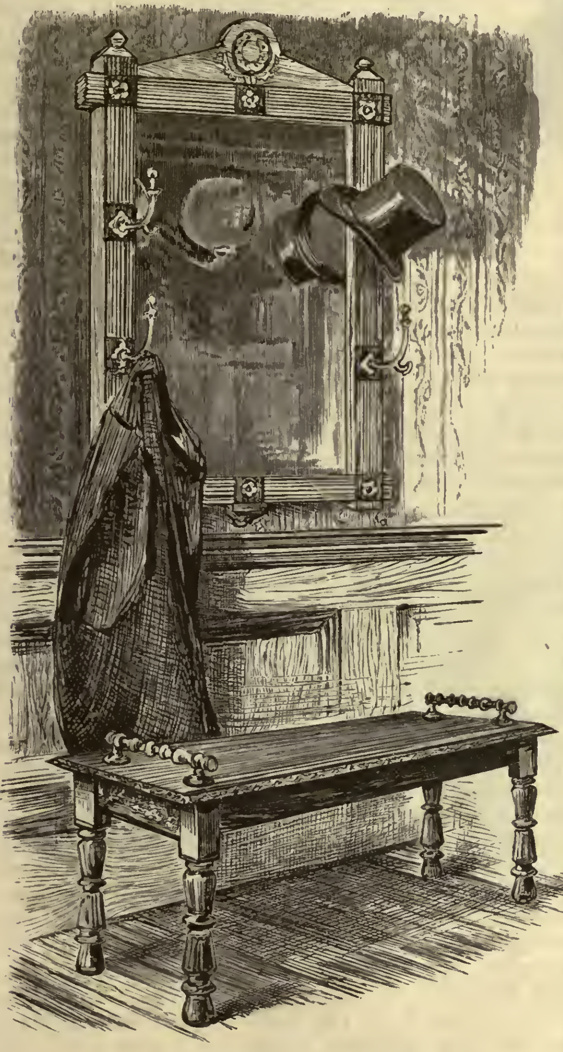


NO. 1. PLAN OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

Even there, however, pains were taken to keep everything down. Sixteen feet square is a sizeable hall, but it may be made to look small—as any room may—by being furnished with things out of proportion. Heavy-framed pictures or engravings on the walls, or sprawling patterns on the oil-cloth or the carpet, large pieces of furniture, fashionably clumsy, gawkily designed *à-la-mode*, and a bouncing gaselier in mid-air will make a mere cubby-hole out of a room which by judicious treatment could get full credit for all its cubic inches. Remembering this, the hall I speak of was furnished with only those things that were really needed (the plant-stand and the prints must be excepted), and these were made to suit themselves to the situation. I recollect that the mirror was a large generous-looking affair (almost a horse-glass, as the English cabinet-makers of the last century translated *cheval-glass*), and that the shelf under it was rather long and narrow,—a shelf of mahogany supported on brackets of the same wood. The hat-and-umbrella-rack was an affair of the same sort as the Turkish gun-rack shown in SCRIBNER, for February (p. 497), with pegs for the hats, and rests for the umbrellas and canes. In the Morocco House, at the Centennial Exhibition, they have several of these shelves and racks to which we refer our readers who wish to see how these things really look. They look coarsely made seen near at hand, and the decoration is rather coarse also, but they are well designed, and the painting on them is effective. I wish they were more easily to be had. What a difference it shows in the taste of the two peoples, that both of them feeling the want of a contrivance of this sort, these barbarians, as we absurdly call them, should have supplied their want by a device at once pretty and convenient (and cheap as ours, at home, no doubt), while we are content with the ugly things made of tiresome walnut with hooks of brass or iron, very convenient, but unnecessarily ugly. However, if one prefers something with a modern European flavor, there is a contrivance, made in Vienna, of Russia leather—two broadish strips of leather edged with brass, with a brass ring at the end of each to hang it by, and with brass hooks projecting from its face on which either umbrella and cane, or hat and bonnet, can be suspended. This affair is pretty enough, but it has rather a temporary appearance, and can hardly be seriously recommended for a hall or entry-way that is much used. But there is really no need to fall back on one of the ungainly structures of wood or iron that are so much in use.

The settee in my friend's house was of Chinese make—teak-wood, with a marble seat, and with a circular slab of marble ornamenting the back. At that time such settees were uncommon, as was all Chinese furniture; but it can always be found now-a-days at Sypher's, where there are often some very handsome pieces. If one should find the settees too large (and they are too large for the rooms of most of us), there are arm-chairs of the same material that look well in small space, and give distinction to the most unpretending entry. Teak-wood and marble do not sound like a comfortable combination; but these settees and arm-chairs are comfortable, though there is nothing soft about them. They are not recommended for the parlor or sitting-room, however, but only for the hall, where it is true their comfort will be wasted on messenger-boys, book-agents, the census-man, and the bereaved lady who offers us soap at merely nominal prices, with the falsetto story of her woes thrown in. As visitors of this class are the only ones who will sit in the hall, considerations of comfort may be allowed to yield to picturesqueness, and any chair or bench that gives us that will serve, since, being designed to sit on, there will surely be comfort enough left for the occasion. If a lighter seat is wanted, there are several sorts that may be picked up; a Venetian chair—either the antiques themselves, or the modern copies—the seat, back, and supports (one before and one behind) all made of flat pieces of wood, inlaid with pearl or ivory, or carved with bold carving, or pierced, and the solid parts decorated with color. These chairs (unless it be the richly carved ones) are not necessarily costly, the painted ones ought to be cheap, but the finer kinds are by no means uncommon at such shops as those of Mr. Sypher or Mr. Hawkins. What ought to be sought for, I think, in arranging a hall or entry is, to give a pleasing look to the house at the very entrance. How many halls look as if the house had put its hands behind its back, and met you with a pursed-up mouth, and a "What's your business?" Nobody ought to be willing to have visitors get that impression. Even the messenger-boy will start off with more alacrity when he hears your signal, if he remembers the Turkish gun-rack or the photograph of Durer's rabbit in your entry, and the bereaved soap-vender may moderate her falsetto a little in the cheerful company of your flowers.

While I am about it, though 'tis a little out of my beat, I will say a word or two more about the plan of the lower floor of this house. The floor was only ten feet high; but even this is too high for an easy stairs, unless more room is given than is common. The builder of this house, however (perhaps his wife had suffered from going up and down the ladder-stairs of our New York houses, and he thought of her when he contracted for this house), had let his nineteen steps stretch along sixteen feet, so that with risers a little over six inches, and treads a little over ten inches, the ascent was reasonably easy. The supports of the hand-rail were of iron, and were screwed to the casing outside the steps so that the width of the stairs was not intruded upon. This is the way the balusters are fixed to the stairs in all the new houses in Paris, and it works well in practice. The newel-post was made as light as possible, consistent with its duties, instead of, as is the rule in New York generally, being made as heavy as can be contrived. The passage to the dining-room, between the stairs and the pantry, was eight feet wide, leaving three feet for the stairs and five feet for the pantry, which was, however, nearly sixteen feet long. This pantry contained a dumb-waiter, a silver tub, and a china-closet; it was lighted, or aired rather, for the gas was always going, by a pretty lunette window in the end facing the front door, and by a window on the side opposite the stairs.

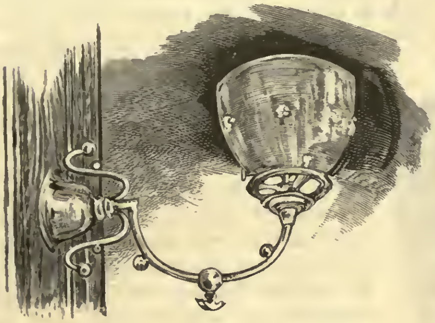


No. 2. "SHE'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE, SIR."

The dining-room was sixteen feet wide (the full width of the house) and twenty feet deep. As sixteen feet is scrimp width for a dining-room, unless (as a servant said lately to the lady who wanted to hire her) "you do your own reachin'," it would have been a mistake to diminish it still further by putting a chimney-pier on either side. The builder had, therefore, carried up his chimney between the windows, a great improvement every way, although not, I believe, an economical one in building. The end wall of the house had to be much thicker in order to prevent the air in the chimney chilling in cold weather, but, both externally and internally, the advantage was all on the side of appearances. The chimney was so managed as to be a handsome feature, and within, the thick walls gave the old-fashioned window-seat, which every young lover of reading knows the pleasure of. Besides, on entering the dining-room in the season of fires, the family saw the welcome hearth and the bright mirror; and when all were seated the fire was in no one's way. The servant had room enough to go about the table without squeezing, and the served had room enough and to spare. On the whole this must have been a comfortable house in spite of its "only sixteen feet," and the wonder is that the general plan, with whatever modification and improvement can be devised, is not more followed, since we are all the time building narrow houses.

If one has only a passage-way to deal with, as is the case in nine houses out of ten, all that can be done is, to study the same simplicity. The mirror and hat-rack shown in cut No. 2, with the little bench beneath it, is taken from an entry that is even narrower than is common with us. But, while these things answer all needs, they seem to take up no room at all. And they are so pretty that the glance one gives at them prevents our noticing the narrowness of the space in which they stand.

Just a word about the way of lighting these small entries of ours. The gas-fixtures which depend from the ceiling are almost all too large, and are clumsy and meaningless in design. They are inconvenient to light and to put out, and in overcoat time are responsible for many a scarified knuckle, the entry-ways being seldom large enough to swing a coat in, and the gas-fixtures hanging low. A simple bracket like the one shown in cut No. 3 is the best for ordinary purposes. It is both convenient and handsome. In one case we know of, an old-fashioned hall lantern has been furbished up and turned into a gas-burner; but this was partly from economy (the lantern when all was done costing much more than the most expensive bronze chandelier!) and partly from a desire to keep an old piece. Ordinarily, however, it will be found that a gas-burner which shall meet all requirements of usefulness, right size, and good taste, is a difficult thing to discover.


No. 3 PRETTY BY DAY OR NIGHT.

It seems to me that, as a general thing, our gas-fixtures are too heavy-looking, they pretend to be too much. I know none of them are really as heavy or as solid as they look, but that does not make the matter better. If they are not as heavy as they seem, there is no use in their seeming heavier than they are! If we think about it, we shall perceive that there is no reason to be given for a chandelier or a gaselier either being or looking heavy or very solid. Light is not heavy in itself, nor are candles very heavy, while gas is, of course, a synonym for lightness.

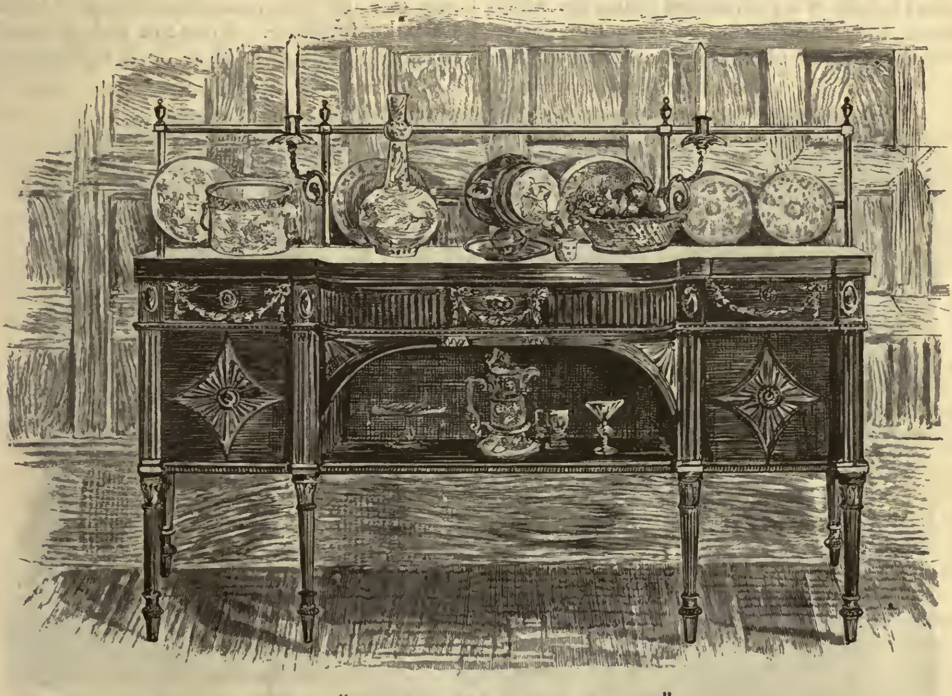
The chandeliers and branches of old times were, as everybody knows, models of delicacy and grace. The aim seemed to be to make the supports and holders of the candles as harmonious with their whiteness and slenderness, and with the spiritual beauty of the light they were to give, as was possible. The slender arms that held the candles were wreathed and twisted into strong but graceful scrolls, and the main stem was made as slim as was consistent with the weight it had to bear—the base alone was loaded to prevent upsetting. It was a great deprivation when we were obliged to give up candles for illuminating. Nothing could be prettier than the effect of a room prepared for an evening party, decorated with flowers and lighted with wax candles. Candle-light is the only artificial light by which beauty shows all its beauty—it even makes the plain less plain. I do not know why it was that when gas came into use it was thought necessary to make all the chandeliers and branches clumsy and mechanical. Perhaps there was an unconscious connection in the manufacturers' minds between these instruments of illumination and the ponderous machinery and manipulation by which the gas is produced.

But, in reality, though nothing that may be devised for lighting our rooms can ever be so pretty to look at as candles, yet gas has also its poetry, and as its use is established we are bound to think how it may be used gracefully. There is no doubt that we Americans are unreasonably in love with machinery and contrivance, and that the makers of gas-fixtures have played upon our love of ingenuity until they have made us accept the most monstrous and complicated gas-machines for the decoration of our rooms. I live in the blessed hope that gas will one day be superseded by something better. It is unhealthy, it is troublesome, it is expensive, it tarnishes our silver, our picture-frames and our wall-papers, and how can it do this without injuring those who breathe it? But such as it is, we need not make it more disagreeable to the eyes and mind by bringing it into the parlor through a clumsy machine made up of wire tackle, hoisters, chains, weights and bronze frame-work. No more do we want statuettes or intricate ornaments upon our gaseliers. Beauty and utility are served best by a combination in shining metal (not in dull bronze) of curved and twisted branches through which the fluent gas shall really make its way, and that shall look as if the designer had taken into consideration the nature of the substance that was to pass through his pipes. At present nearly all the designs for gas-fixtures appear directly to contradict the use they are to be put to, and instead of flowing, graceful lines, all the lines employed are angular and hard.

The best gas that is made nowadays is so poor, and so much trouble with the eyes is ascribed to its action—(I wish the doctors would pound away as vigorously against gas and furnaces as it is their fashion to do against bad sewerage)—that many people have learned to use either the German student lamp or the French moderator, while some, more radical still, have frankly gone back to candles, and work only by them. With one of their lights and a soft coal fire, it is still possible to make one's parlor look as if it were a living-room and not a dying-room.

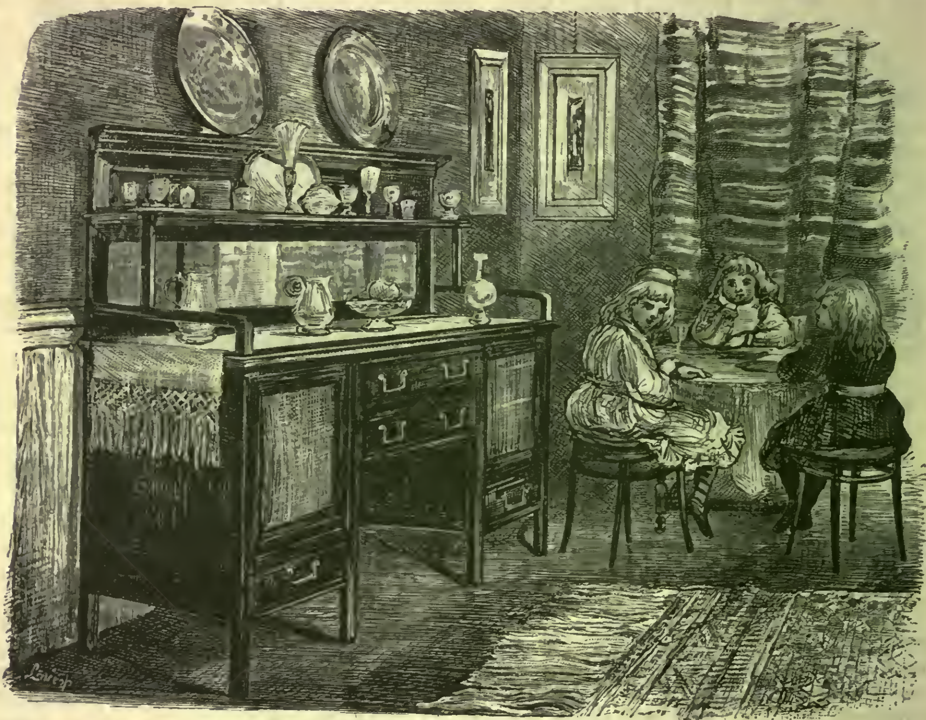
Even if it be urged that a gas chandelier is the best means of illuminating a dining or supper-table, because it permits all the people to see one another, I still demur that if elegance or picturesqueness be aimed at, the old silver-plated branches for candles are your only wear. The expense is an item hardly worth considering (it was not the dearness of candles, but the troublesomeness of them that sent them out of use), and every woman knows that no light sets off her complexion, her dress, her ornaments, like the soft light of candles. The diamond, for example, is a dull stone by gas-light; its prismatic sparkle is only seen by candle-light.

Another modern tendency that seems to have nearly run the length of its tether, is toward what is generally spoken of as *massive* furniture. We have been making our furniture so heavy of late, that the amount of solid wood in it, added to the carving, inlaying, and veneering with different woods, has made it very expensive. Of course the Bowery and Canal street have followed Broadway and the Fifth Avenue, and we can hardly tell cheap furniture from dear, by the price. The so-called "Eastlake" furniture has had much to do with keeping up the tendency we speak of. The one thing the designers of it seem to be after is to make it look "solid," and the one thing they seem in "mortal" dread of is that it shall be graceful or elegant. Some of the productions of the mills that turn out this uncomfortable lumber are wonderful to behold. One is not surprised to hear of people being killed by such furniture falling on them. Most of it would look clumsy in an Italian palace. In our American parlors and bedrooms it is not at home. Many persons, however, who do not like it in a parlor think it is just the thing for a dining-room. Why we should consider that the furniture of the dining-room ought to be so much heavier than that of the parlor, I do not know. Probably we got it from the English, who, a few years ago, had that notion, though they did not always have it, as may be seen by cut No. 4. This is copied from a sideboard now in this country, and



No. 4. "IN TEA-CUP TIME OF HOOD AND HOOP."

which many of my readers will recognize as belonging to a style of which many examples, some as elegant no doubt as this, some very plain and inferior to it in design, are still to be found in old houses. In making this furniture our ancestors were aiming at lightness of form, economy of space, and delicacy of execution. All the best pieces are finished with extreme care, and they are so well put together—so skillfully and so conscientiously—as in many cases to have defied the wear and tear of nearly a century. Some chairs which had, no doubt, been made by one of the best English makers of the last century, were recently bought from the kitchen of a dismantled house (to which room they had descended from the parlor, in the course of the gradual ruin of the family), and though they had been put by the beggarly inmates to the roughest use, and had lost their seats, sacking, stuffing, covering and all, they needed nothing but to have this lack supplied, and to be well cleaned and polished, to be as good as ever they were. It needs little examination to be assured that much of the solidest-looking "Eastlake" furniture (I mean that made in this country) would have succumbed under the ungentle treatment received by these chairs.



NO. 5. THE CHILDREN'S QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

The Eastlake furniture must not, however, be judged by what is made in this country, and sold under that name. I have seen very few pieces of this that were either well designed or well made. None of the cheaper sort is ever either. Mr. Herter has had some pieces made which were both well designed, and thoroughly well made, as all his furniture is, however we may sometimes quarrel with its over-ornamentation; and Mr. Marcotte has also shown us some good examples in this style. But these are not to be referred to as examples of cheapness, which was one of the recommendations of the Eastlake furniture. They are only referred to as doing the style (if it be a style) more justice than the lumps of things we see in certain shops, though, in truth, these lumps are a good deal more like the things recommended in Mr. Eastlake's book than the stylish, elegant pieces designed by Messrs. Herter and Marcotte. If one looks at these and then examines carefully the furniture at the Exhibition displayed by Messrs. Collinson & Lock—those pieces, especially, with the beautiful panels painted by Mr. Murray,—

and at the reproduction of furniture of Queen Anne's time and of the first George's, made by Messrs. Wright & Mansfield, it will be seen that, although Messrs. Collinson & Lock are popularly supposed to represent the "Eastlake" style, they do not, in fact, their best pieces being as elegant and light, in their way, as those of Messrs. Wright & Mansfield, while, as for finish, the one is as thorough, as delicate, and as conscientious as the other. These really are two different styles, and one must choose between them. To the one, belongs the sideboard shown in Cut No. 4, made, as I have said, in England, in the last century—a very perfect specimen of its kind. To the other, belongs the sideboard shown in Cut No. 5, made by Cottier & Co., of course from their own designs.

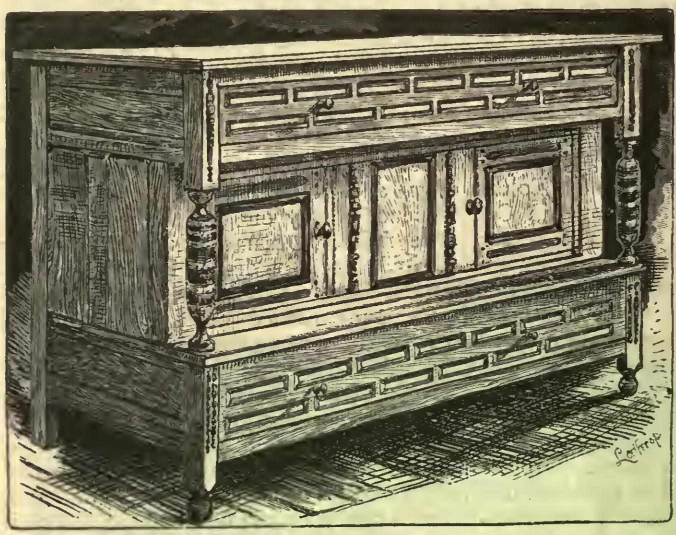
This is one of the best modern sideboards I have seen, and well deserves to be recommended as a model. It is made of hard wood, stained black and then polished. The drawers and doors have key-plates and handles of brass, of that fine gold color which is now given to it, but, with this exception, that there is nothing added to relieve the black of the wood-work. It will be observed that there is no carving, and scarcely any molding on this piece, but no one would think anything wanting who should see it with even so little upon it as a dish of fruit, a few glasses and water-bottles, and on the shelf some blue plates, not put there for show, but in daily use. Much less would the eruptive carving, and the stuck-on ornaments and the coarse moldings that are considered indispensable to a "stylish" sideboard be missed from this one on a feast-day, when fruit, and flowers, and glass, and silver, are busy "making reflections" on the gleaming surface for the benefit of those who have eyes!

The old-fashioned sideboards are often desirable pieces to have, but I do not believe in copying them, however skillfully it may be done. That is, I should not, for myself, care to have one of those Wright & Mansfield copies at the Exhibition, though, I think, I am fully sensible to the perfection of the workmanship, and to the elegance of the models. I would not hesitate, if I were in want of a sideboard, to buy a good example of the style shown in Cut No. 4, if I could find a genuine old piece in first-rate condition, like those Mr. Sypher has recently picked up, and which are in his show-room. They are not such perfect specimens as the one which Mr. Lathrop has drawn, but they are of the better class, and one of them is an uncommon one to be on sale.

But, unless I could get an old one, and a good one, too, I should much prefer having one made after a design of my own time, to having a copy made of something old-fashioned. We make pretty things nowadays, or can make them, and the difficulty of getting things simple and unpretending in design is not half as great as we pretend to believe. The trouble is, half the time, with ourselves. We don't want things simple and unpretending; I mean, very few of us do. We are not strong enough in our own taste to be able to relish plain surfaces without panels, edges without moldings, and a pleasingness, generally, that depends wholly on good proportions and nice finish. Ornament is a thing to be desired, but to be desired it must be good, and it must be in its place. If the reader be a young married couple, let him look up from this page with candid eyes at the set of "Eastlake" furniture which she has just bought with the money he has been saving up for a year or two for that especial purpose, and ask herself, how much of the ornament that is stuck upon it, or gouged out of it, regardless of cheapness, is good. And, ten to one, if he can find a bit of it that is good, it will be put on in the wrong place,—that is, where it cannot be seen, or where it can be easily knocked, or knocked off, or where it will easily knock its owner.

N. B.—Of course it will be of ash, the coldest, most unsympathetic, most inartistic of woods; and most likely it will have some cold blue tiles let into its surface—tiles, things that except for actual utility have no right to be used in connection with wood. A table-top may be covered with tiles if it is to be often in danger of a wetting. Such a table makes the best stand for plants. Or a wash-stand may be covered with them, or a fire-place surrounded by them, but, used with wood as ornament alone, they are always out of sorts; they feel their own incongruity and make you feel it too.

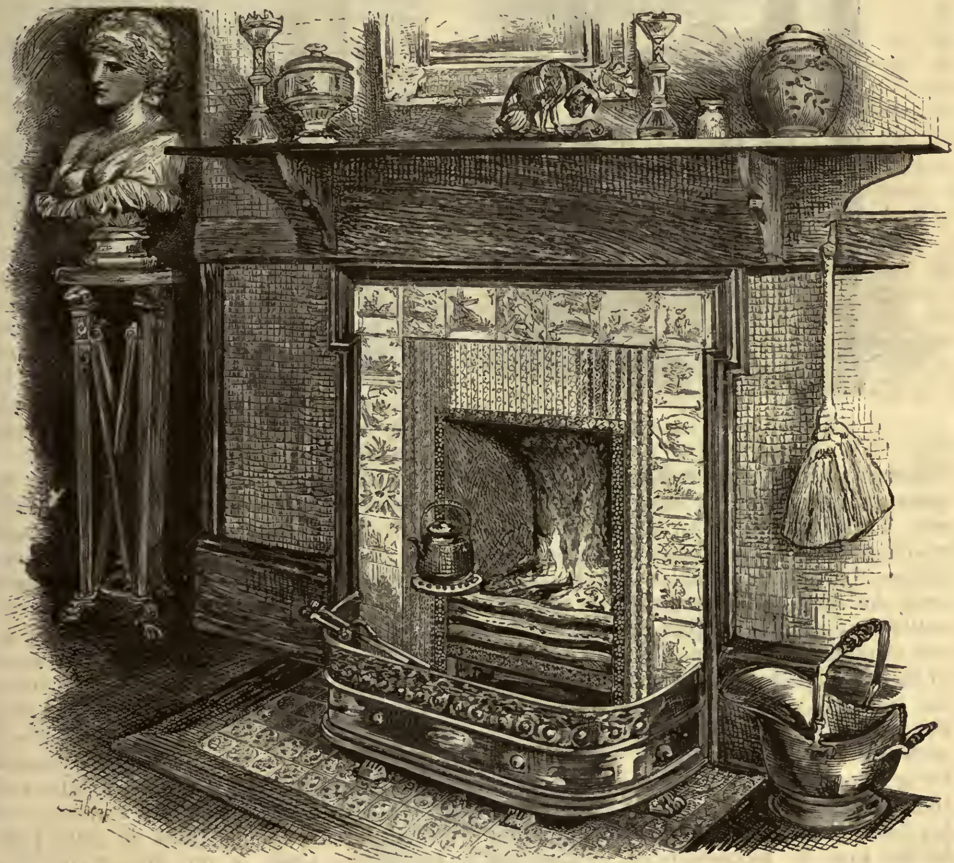
Cut No. 6 is a more home-spun sideboard, but a useful one, and far from ill-looking. It is a genuine old Puritan piece, one of those alluded to in a former article as having been found in a barn-yard, where it had for many years been given over to the hens. From having cold chicken on its top, it had come to have warm chicken inside, and it was no easy matter to remove the traces of the hen's houskeeping. But solid oak well pinned together and mortised is proof against much ill-usage and bad weather, and this sideboard showed that it had not lived so many years in a Puritan family for nothing, and been humbled and put to base uses for another life-time without profiting by its experience. After careful cleansing and a good polishing, it turned out much handsomer than it had been in the good old times of which it had, no doubt, often thought sorrowfully, and it now makes an envied ornament in one of the prettiest and happiest homes of young Boston.



No. 6 DE·PROFUNDIS.

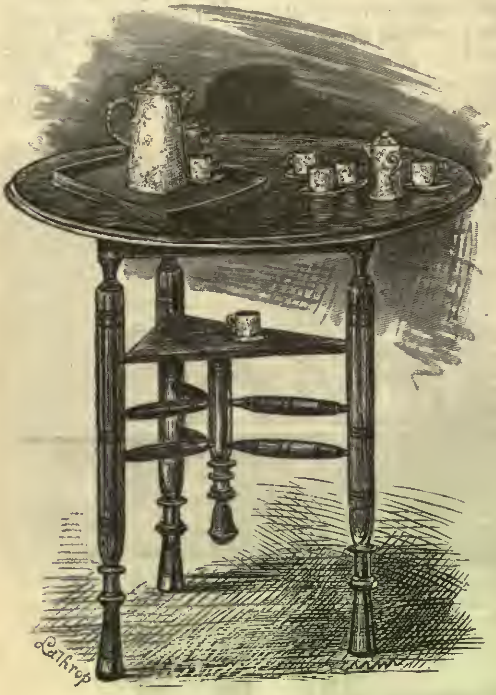
It so often happens that our dining-rooms are too narrow for comfort that I have asked Mr. Lathrop to make a drawing of a certain wall which was to be kept as flat as possible, since the room was very thin in the flanks, and had to be humored. I think the reader will admit that the result (Cut No. 7) is picturesque without being odd, and that it looks as if some comfort might be had around such a fire-side. I must mention that the pier was of greater width than usual, that the fire-place opening was small, and that there was no mantel-piece other than the shelf the reader sees in the wood-cut. The occupant of the room took things just as he found them, and without proposing any violent changes, used the material he had as a basis for his improvements. One of the English grates, first brought to us by Cottier & Co., but, since, to be seen in plenty, and of many sorts in the Exhibition, was set, and about it, to use them up, a lot of old Dutch tiles which had been bought at a bargain, and as good things to have in the house. These tiles were inclosed to hold them to the wall by a molding of wood, stained black and polished. As the top row of tiles was found to extend a little over the two side-rows, the molding was simply given a jog (instead of cutting the top row to make it even), and the result was so happy that it almost looked like design. If the border had gone up straight at the sides, it certainly would not have looked so well as it does with the little jog at the upper corner. We shall find it a very good working-rule in life, in these matters at least, to take what we have, and see how much we can accomplish by working upon that as a base, not thinking it necessary to turn, and turn, and overturn, in order to get the whole completely to our mind.

All around the room which contained this fire-place and mantel-shelf there was carried a chair-rail, the dark strip of wood that is seen below the brackets. The position of the brackets was allowed to regulate the placing of this strip; the height chosen for it was that which would bring it where it would look best in relation to them, and then it was carried round the remaining wall-spaces at that height. The base-board was left as it was found, but the angles of the pier were covered with wood, because the plaster was pretty sure to be chipped, if left unguarded. There was a small hearth of tiles, not extending further to either side than was needed for safety, and I should have said that the Dutch tiles were an odd lot, some with the old Bible stories, some with landscapes, and others with conventional patterns; but they were allowed to take care of themselves and to choose their own mates, so that, when they were in place, they had an accidental look that was pleasant enough to the eye. The base-board, the shelf and its brackets, and the chair-rail were painted a dead black, and the black border round the tiles (which, though there were a few purple ones among them, were nearly all blue) was polished. The wall between the chair-rail and the base-board was washed with water-color of a sort of brown, and the rest of the wall was washed with Venetian red. A shining brass fender with its brass-handled fire-irons, a generous copper coal-scuttle, and the objects on the shelf, gave color enough and brightness upon this background. The broom that hangs from the chair-rail is one of those Japanese brooms made of the fiber of the cocoa-nut, with handles of bamboo. They come with longer handles than the one shown in the drawing, but this was bought for a light hearth-brush. They are serviceable for easy work, the fiber being fine and soft, and they are much prettier to look at than any brushes we can buy here. I may note in passing, the pedestal on which the bust of Clytie stands, and which would be a good design for some one to work out in better materials than this unfortunately is made of. It was bought for its looks, and after twenty years' wear and movings innumerable it still lives, and will be good, I suppose, for another twenty years. Now, that everything made of metal is copyable by the electrotype, why should not some one copy real antique tripods for us—they were often made to serve as supports—and so give us one solution at least of the question, "Where shall we find a good pedestal?"



No. 7. "HE CAN DO LITTLE WHO CAN'T DO THIS."

These English grates are certainly very pretty and convenient. The ornament on this particular grate consists of a slender vine filling up narrow parallel grooves on the face. They are "stopped" against a border running around the opening of the fire-place. On this border the pattern consists of small whorls, like snail-shells cut across, which change with the direction of the light. The bars are given a slight double curve, and are ornamented a little on the face; but all the ornament is delicate and unobtrusive: it owes not a little of its attractiveness to the sharpness of the casting. The Japanese tea-kettle—and their bronze (or is it copper?) tea-kettles are useful affairs



No. 8. COFFEE TABLE, À LA TURQUE.

—rests on a trivet of iron that belongs to the grate, but which can be removed at pleasure. The trivet is round, with one slender leg which passes through holes in the two uppermost bars. This enables it to be swung over the fire, or to be turned so that the kettle can simmer at pleasure. I showed one of these kettles as an illustration to one of the later articles of this series (SCRIBNER for June, p. 168) where it was seen on the table, boiling (but not boiling over) with zeal to make a good cup of tea. For those whose happiness does not depend on their having a silver, or even a silver-plated tea-kettle on their tables, these Japanese kettles may be recommended, but not, of course, if they are to have rough usage. Though they are well made, the metal is kept rather thin, and dents are not so easily smoothed out of them as they are out of silver.

As somebody may, perhaps, puzzle for a moment over the title of Cut No. 7—"He can do little who can't do this,"—I may as well explain that it hints at the small cost incurred in the arrangement of this fire-side. Brass fenders, copper coal-scuttles, and brass-handled fire-irons, do, indeed, cost a great deal of money, if one goes to the fashionable shops, but, they are all the time being "picked up" for very little money. There are thousands of these things still in the hands of the original owners all over the country, and we know of ladies who, by a little generalship with junk-men, have got hold of treasures of fender and fire-irons worth taking much more trouble for than a few words across the garden fence can give. Still, even in the shops, these brass and copper things do not cost so much as modern fashionable things that go as far in looks, and our talk is now of "looks,"—not of what we can get along with, or without.

The grate, too, cost, brought to this country, a great deal more than it did in England, where it is produced in answer to a wish for cheap grates. But, for this, we have to thank our customs duties, and there are, besides, to be taken into account the expenses of packing, cartage, and commission. I mean that when these grates, and grates in this same spirit, come to be made here, they will be as cheap as the cheapest, and they are certainly far prettier.

For the rest, the tiles were picked up and cost, at auction, say, ten cents apiece. But in the shops they are dearer, though there of course they are in perfect condition; those in the picture are chipped, and they are what dealers call "an assorted lot," which means, there are no two alike. The mantel-piece is pine-wood painted black, and so is all the wood-work shown, except what holds the tiles, which is of hard wood and polished. The walls are washed with water-color. There is nothing here which fashionable rich people would not laugh at, and yet, the owner and his friends think it quite jolly, and, in the slang of the time, "vote it a success."

Cut No. 9 is a table of the old time, which will be recognized by many a reader of SCRIBNER with a wish that he might come upon such a one to-day. They were made of several sizes, and were round or oval, square or oblong, sometimes with carved and handsomely turned legs and claw-feet; sometimes with a leg simply turned as a baluster and with no carving at all. Rarely they were like the one in our cut, in which the edge is *dentelé*, as the French say—

No. 9. THE CHEERFUL ROUND OF DAILY WORK.

"*scolloped*" in homely English. These table-tops, whether large or small, seem to be always wrought out of one plank, and the molding on the edge is always worked on the solid. The tops in almost all cases revolve, and they can be turned down so as to be set at one side, where they take up but little room. In a small dining-room they can be used as a side-table for the bread and water and dessert plates, or for a dumb-waiter, which was the word applied to a stand of this sort before we began to apply it to the lift. It was for this that they were made to revolve, as by this contrivance any object the table contained could be brought under the hand of the person at whose side it stood.

At the same period, dumb-waiters were made in stages revolving around a central shaft, the lower stage three feet perhaps in diameter, and the two upper ones decreasing in a graceful proportion. I believe only the lower stage revolved, as a rule. On the upper stages were put the dishes of fruit which nowadays it is the fashion to arrange in the middle of the table. The French to-day have these dumb-waiters in use. They are small, square, in two stories and with four legs, and the top is generally of marble—the gray marble of which the French make so much use. However shaped, they are extremely convenient, and by putting at least the bread and water within our reach they enable us to be rid a little while of the servant.

Cut No. 8 is another of these small tables, designed by Mr. Frank Lathrop on a Turkish theme, and drawn by him also.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS NAME.

"HE STRUCK HIS HANDS AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD, AND SANK DOWN."

On the second day of June, 186— a young Norseman, Halfdan Bjerk by name, landed on the pier at Castle Garden. He passed through the straight and narrow gate where he was asked his name, birthplace, and how much money he had,—at which he grew very much frightened.

"And your destination?"—demanded the gruff-looking functionary at the desk.

"America," said the youth and touched his hat politely.

"Do you think I have time for joking?" roared the official, with an oath.

The Norseman ran his hand through his hair, smiled his timidly conciliatory smile, and tried his best to look brave; but his hand trembled and his heart thumped away at an alarmingly quickened *tempo.*

"Put him down for Nebraska!" cried a stout red-cheeked individual (inwrapped in the mingled fumes of tobacco and whisky) whose function it was to open and shut the gate.

"There aint many as go to Nebraska."

"All right, Nebraska."

The gate swung open and the pressure from behind urged the timid traveler on, while an extra push from the gate-keeper sent him flying in the direction of a board fence, where he sat down and tried to realize that he was now in the land of liberty.

Halfdan Bjerk was a tall, slender-limbed youth of very delicate frame; he had a pair of wonderfully candid, unreflecting blue eyes, a smooth, clear, beardless face, and soft, wavy light hair, which was pushed back from his forehead without parting. His mouth and chin were well cut, but their lines were, perhaps, rather weak for a man. When in repose, the *ensemble* of his features was exceedingly pleasing and somehow reminded one of Correggio's St. John. He had left his native land because he was an ardent republican and was abstractly convinced that man, generically and individually, lives more happily in a republic than in a monarchy. He had anticipated with keen pleasure the large, freely breathing life he was to lead in a land where every man was his neighbor's brother, where no senseless traditions kept a jealous watch over obsolete systems and shrines, and no chilling prejudice blighted the spontaneous blossoming of the soul.

Halfdan was an only child. His father, a poor government official, had died during his infancy, and his mother had given music lessons, and kept boarders, in order to gain the means to give her son what is called a learned education. In the Latin school Halfdan had enjoyed the reputation of being a bright youth, and at the age of eighteen, he had entered the university under the most promising auspices. He could make very fair verses, and play all imaginable instruments with equal ease, which made him a favorite in society. Moreover, he possessed that very old-fashioned accomplishment of cutting silhouettes; and what was more, he could draw the most charmingly fantastic arabesques for embroidery patterns, and he even dabbled in portrait and landscape painting. Whatever he turned his hand to, he did well, in fact astonishingly well for a *dilettante*, and yet not well enough to claim the title of an artist. Nor did it ever occur to him to make such a claim. As one of his fellow-students remarked in a fit of jealousy, "Once when Nature had made three geniuses, a poet, a musician, and a painter, she took all the remaining odds and ends and shook them together at random and the result was Halfdan Bjerk." This agreeable *mélange* of accomplishments, however, proved very attractive to the ladies, who invited the possessor to innumerable afternoon tea-parties, where they drew heavy drafts on his unflagging patience, and kept him steadily engaged with patterns and designs for embroidery, leather flowers, and other dainty knickknacks. And in return for all his exertions they called him "sweet" and "beautiful," and applied to him many other enthusiastic adjectives seldom heard in connection with masculine names. In the university, talents of this order gained but slight recognition, and when Halfdan had for three years been preparing himself in vain for the *examen philosophicum*, he found himself slowly and imperceptibly drifting into the ranks of the so-called *studiosi perpetui*, who preserve a solemn silence at the examination tables, fraternize with every new generation of freshmen, and at last become part of the fixed furniture of their *Alma Mater*. In the larger American colleges, such men are mercilessly dropped or sent to a Divinity School; but the European universities, whose temper the centuries have mellowed, harbor in their spacious Gothic bosoms a tenderer heart for their unfortunate sons. There the professors greet them at the green tables with a good-humored smile of recognition; they are treated with gentle forbearance, and are allowed to linger on, until they die or become tutors in the families of remote clergymen, where they invariably fall in love with the handsomest daughter, and thus lounge into a modest prosperity.

If this had been the fate of our friend Bjerk, we should have dismissed him here with a confident "*vale*" on his life's pilgrimage. But, unfortunately, Bjerk was inclined to hold the government in some way responsible for his own poor success as a student, and this, in connection with an æsthetic enthusiasm for ancient Greece, gradually convinced him that the republic was the only form of government under which men of his tastes and temperament were apt to flourish. It was, like everything that pertained to him, a cheerful, genial conviction, without the slightest tinge of bitterness. The old institutions were obsolete, rotten to the core, he said, and needed a radical renovation. He could sit for hours of an evening in the Students' Union, and discourse over a glass of mild toddy, on the benefits of universal suffrage and trial by jury, while the picturesqueness of his language, his genial sarcasms, or occasional witty allusions would call forth uproarious applause from throngs of admiring freshmen. These were the sunny days in Halfdan's career, days long to be remembered. They came to an abrupt end when old Mrs. Bjerk died, leaving nothing behind her but her furniture and some trifling debts. The son, who was not an eminently practical man, underwent long hours of misery in trying to settle up her affairs, and finally in a moment of extreme dejection sold his entire inheritance in a lump to a pawnbroker (reserving for himself a few rings and trinkets) for the modest sum of 250 dollars specie. He then took formal leave of the Students' Union in a brilliant speech, in which he traced the parallelisms between the lives of Pericles and Washington,—in his opinion the two greatest men the world had ever seen,—expounded his theory of democratic government, and explained the causes of the rapid rise of the American Republic. The next morning he exchanged half of his worldly possessions for a ticket to New York, and within a few days set sail for the land of promise, in the far West.

II.

FROM Castle Garden, Halfdan made his way up through Greenwich street, pursued by a clamorous troop of confidence men and hotel runners.

"*Kommen Sie mit mir. Ich bin auch Deutsch,*" cried one. "*Voilà, voilà, je parle Français,*" shouted another, seizing hold of his valise. "*Jeg er Dansk. Talé Dansk,*" * roared a third, with an accent which seriously impeached his truthfulness. In order to escape from these importunate rascals, who were every moment getting bolder, he threw himself into the first street-car which happened to pass; he sat down, gazed out of the windows and soon became so thoroughly absorbed in the animated scenes which moved as in a panorama before his eyes, that he quite forgot where he was going. The conductor called for fares, and received an English shilling, which, after some ineffectual expostulation, he pocketed, but gave no change. At last after about an hour's journey, the car stopped, the conductor called out "Central Park," and Halfdan woke up with a start. He dismounted with a timid, deliberate step, stared in dim bewilderment at the long rows of palatial residences, and a chill sense of loneliness crept over him. The hopeless strangeness of everything he saw, instead of filling him with rapture as he had once anticipated, sent a cold shiver to his heart. It is a very large affair, this world of ours—a good deal larger than it appeared to him gazing out upon it from his snug little corner up under the Pole; and it was as unsympathetic as it was large; he suddenly felt what he had never been aware of before—that he was a very small part of it and of very little account after all. He staggered over to a bench at the entrance to the park, and sat long watching the fine carriages as they dashed past him; he saw the handsome women in brilliant costumes laughing and chatting gayly; the apathetic policemen promenading in stoic dignity up and down upon the smooth pavements; the jauntily attired nurses, whom in his Norse innocence he took for mothers or aunts of the children, wheeling baby-carriages which to Norse eyes seemed miracles of dainty ingenuity, under the shady crowns of the elm-trees. He did not know how long he had been sitting there, when a little bright-eyed girl with light kid gloves, a small blue parasol and a blue polonaise, quite a lady of fashion *en miniature*, stopped in front of him and stared at him in shy wonder. He had always been fond of children, and often rejoiced in their affectionate ways and confidential prattle, and now it suddenly touched him with a warm sense of human fellowship to have this little daintily befrilled and crisply starched beauty single him out for notice among the hundreds who reclined in the arbors, or sauntered to and fro under the great trees.

"What is your name, my little girl?" he asked, in a tone of friendly interest.

"Clara," answered the child, hesitatingly; then, having by another look assured herself of his harmlessness, she added: "How very funny you speak!"

"Yes," he said, stooping down to take her tiny begloved hand. "I do not speak as well as you do, yet; but I shall soon learn."

Clara looked puzzled.

"How old are you?" she asked, raising her parasol, and throwing back her head with an air of superiority.

"I am twenty-four years old."

She began to count half aloud on her fingers: "One, two, three, four," but, before she reached twenty, she lost her patience.

"Twenty-four," she exclaimed, "that is a great deal. I am only seven, and papa gave me a pony on my birthday. Have you got a pony?"

"No; I have nothing but what is in this valise, and you know I could not very well get a pony into it."

Clara glanced curiously at the valise and laughed; then suddenly she grew serious again, put her hand into her pocket and seemed to be searching eagerly for something. Presently she hauled out a small porcelain doll's head, then a red-painted block with letters on it, and at last a penny.

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* "I am a Dane. I speak Danish."

"Do you want them?" she said, reaching him her treasures in both hands. "You may have them all."

Before he had time to answer, a shrill, penetrating voice cried out:

"Why, gracious! child, what are you doing?"

And the nurse, who had been deeply absorbed in "The New York Ledger," came rushing up, snatched the child away, and retreated as hastily as she had come.

Halfdan rose and wandered for hours aimlessly along the intertwining roads and foot-paths. He visited the menageries, admired the statues, took a very light dinner, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, and ice, at the Chinese Pavilion, and, toward evening, discovered an inviting leafy arbor, where he could withdraw into the privacy of his own thoughts, and ponder upon the still unsolved problem of his destiny. The little incident with the child had taken the edge off his unhappiness and turned him into a more conciliatory mood toward himself and the great pitiless world, which seemed to take so little notice of him. And he, who had come here with so warm a heart and so ardent a will to join in the great work of human advancement—to find himself thus harshly ignored and buffeted about, as if he were a hostile intruder! Before him lay the huge unknown city where human life pulsated with large, full heart-throbs, where a breathless, weird intensity, a cold, fierce passion seemed to be hurrying everything onward in a maddening whirl, where a gentle, warm-blooded enthusiast like himself had no place and could expect naught but a speedy destruction. A strange, unconquerable dread took possession of him, as if he had been caught in a swift, strong whirlpool, from which he vainly struggled to escape. He crouched down among the foliage and shuddered. He could not return to the city. No, no; he never would return. He would remain here hidden and unseen until morning, and then he would seek a vessel bound for his dear native land, where the great mountains loomed up in serene majesty toward the blue sky, where the pine-forests whispered their dreamily sympathetic legends, in the long summer twilights, where human existence flowed on in calm beauty with the modest aims, small virtues, and small vices which were the happiness of modest, idyllic souls. He even saw himself in spirit recounting to his astonished countrymen the wonderful things he had heard and seen during his foreign pilgrimage, and smiled to himself as he imagined their wonder when he should tell them about the beautiful little girl who had been the first and the only one to offer him a friendly greeting in the strange land. During these reflections he fell asleep, and slept soundly for two or three hours. Once, he seemed to hear footsteps and whispers among the trees, and made an effort to rouse himself, but weariness again overmastered him and he slept on. At last, he felt himself seized violently by the shoulders, and a gruff voice shouted in his ear:

"Get up, you sleepy dog."

He rubbed his eyes, and, by the dim light of the moon, saw a Herculean policeman lifting a stout stick over his head. His former terror came upon him with increased violence, and his heart stood for a moment still, then, again, hammered away as if it would burst his sides.

"Come along!" roared the policeman, shaking him vehemently by the collar of his coat.

In his bewilderment he quite forgot where he was, and, in hurried Norse sentences, assured his persecutor that he was a harmless, honest traveler, and implored him to release him. But the official Hercules was inexorable.

"My valise, my valise;" cried Halfdan. "Pray let me get my valise."

They returned to the place where he had slept, but the valise was nowhere to be found. Then, with dumb despair he resigned himself to his fate, and after a brief ride on a street-car, found himself standing in a large, low-ceiled room; he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"The grand—the happy republic," he murmured, "spontaneous blossoming of the soul. Alas! I have rooted up my life; I fear it will never blossom."

All the high-flown adjectives he had employed in his parting speech in the Students' Union, when he paid his enthusiastic tribute to the Grand Republic, now kept recurring to him, and in this moment the paradox seemed cruel. The Grand Republic, what did it care for such as he? A pair of brawny arms fit to wield the pick-axe and to steer the plow it received with an eager welcome; for a child-like, loving heart and a generously fantastic brain, it had but the stern greeting of the law.

III.

The next morning, Halfdan was released from the Police Station, having first been fined five dollars for vagrancy. All his money, with the exception of a few pounds which he had exchanged in Liverpool, he had lost with his valise, and he had to his knowledge not a single acquaintance in the city or on the whole continent. In order to increase his capital he bought some fifty "Tribunes," but, as it was already late in the day, he hardly succeeded in selling a single copy. The next morning, he once more stationed himself on the corner of Murray street and Broadway, hoping in his innocence to dispose of the papers he had still on hand from the previous day, and actually did find a few customers among the people who were jumping in and out of the omnibusses that passed up and down the great thoroughfare. To his surprise, however, one of these gentlemen returned to him with a very wrathful countenance, shook his fist at him, and vociferated with excited gestures something which to Halfdan's ears had a very unintelligible sound. He made a vain effort to defend himself; the situation appeared so utterly incomprehensible to him, and in his dumb helplessness he looked pitiful enough to move the heart of a stone. No English phrase suggested itself to him, only a few Norse interjections rose to his lips. The man's anger suddenly abated; he picked up the paper which he had thrown on the sidewalk, and stood for a while regarding Halfdan curiously.

"Are you a Norwegian?" he asked.

"Yes, I came from Norway yesterday."

"What's your name?"

"Halfdan Bjerk."

"Halfdan Bjerk! My stars! Who would have thought of meeting you here! You do not recognize me, I suppose."

Halfdan declared with a timid tremor in his voice that he could not at the moment recall his features.

"No, I imagine I must have changed a good deal since you saw me," said the man, suddenly dropping into Norwegian. "I am Gustav Olson, I used to live in the same house with you once, but that is long ago now."

Gustav Olson—to be sure, he was the porter's son in the house, where his mother had once during his childhood, taken a flat. He well remembered having clandestinely traded jack-knives and buttons with him, in spite of the frequent warnings he had received to have nothing to do with him; for Gustav, with his broad freckled face and red hair, was looked upon by the genteel inhabitants of the upper flats as rather a disreputable character. He had once whipped the son of a colonel who had been impudent to him, and thrown a snow-ball at the head of a new-fledged lieutenant, which offenses he had duly expiated at a house of correction. Since that time he had vanished from Halfdan's horizon. He had still the same broad freckled face, now covered with a lusty growth of coarse red beard, the same rebellious head of hair, which refused to yield to the subduing influences of the comb, the same plebeian hands and feet, and uncouth clumsiness of form. But his linen was irreproachable, and a certain dash in his manner, and the loud fashionableness of his attire, gave unmistakable evidences of prosperity.

"Come, Bjerk," said he in a tone of good-fellowship which was not without its sting to the idealistic republican, "you must take up a better business than selling yesterday's 'Tribune.' That won't pay here, you know. Come along to our office and I will see if something can't be done for you."

"But I should be sorry to give you trouble," stammered Halfdan, whose native pride, even in his present wretchedness, protested against accepting a favor from one whom he had been wont to regard as his inferior.

"Nonsense, my boy. Hurry up, I haven't much time to spare. The office is only two blocks from here. You don't look as if you could afford to throw away a friendly offer."

The last words suddenly roused Halfdan from his apathy; for he felt that they were true. A drowning man cannot afford to make nice distinctions—cannot afford to ask whether the helping hand that is extended to him be that of an equal or an inferior. So he swallowed his humiliation and threaded his way through the bewildering turmoil of Broadway, by the side of his officious friend.

They entered a large, elegantly furnished office, where clerks with sleek and severely apathetic countenances stood scribbling at their desks.

"You will have to amuse yourself as best you can," said Olson. "Mr. Van Kirk will be here in twenty minutes. I haven't time to entertain you."

A dreary half hour passed. Then the door opened and a tall, handsome man, with a full grayish beard, and a commanding presence, entered and took his seat at a desk in a smaller adjoining office. He opened, with great dispatch, a pile of letters which lay on the desk before him, called out in a sharp, ringing tone for a clerk, who promptly appeared, handed him half-a-dozen letters, accompanying each with a brief direction, took some clean paper from a drawer and fell to writing. There was something brisk, determined, and business-like in his manner, which made it seem very hopeless to Halfdan to appear before him as a petitioner. Presently Olson entered the private office, closing the door behind him, and a few minutes later re-appeared and summoned Halfdan into the chief's presence.

"You are a Norwegian, I hear," said the merchant, looking around over his shoulder at the supplicant, with a preoccupied air. "You want work. What can you do?"

What can you do? A fatal question. But here was clearly no opportunity for mental debate. So, summoning all his courage, but feeling nevertheless very faint, he answered:

"I have passed both *examen artium* and *philosophicum*,* and got my *laud* clear in the former, but in the latter *haud* on the first point."

Mr. Van Kirk wheeled round on his chair and faced the speaker:

"That is all Greek to me," he said, in a severe tone. "Can you keep accounts?"

"No. I am afraid not."

Keeping accounts was not deemed a classical accomplishment in Norway. It was only "trade-rats" who troubled themselves about such gross things, and if our Norseman had not been too absorbed with the problem of his destiny, he would have been justly indignant at having such a question put to him.

"Then you don't know book-keeping?"

"I think not. I never tried it."

"Then you may be sure you don't know it. But you must certainly have tried your hand at something. Is there nothing you can think of which might help you to get a living?"

"I can play the piano—and—and the violin."

"Very well, then. You may come this afternoon to my house. Mr. Olson will tell you the address. I will give you a note to Mrs. Van Kirk. Perhaps she will engage you as a music teacher for the children. Good morning."

IV.

At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Halfdan found himself standing in a large, dimly lighted drawing-room, whose brilliant upholstery, luxurious carpets, and fantastically twisted furniture dazzled and bewildered his senses. All was so strange, so strange; nowhere a familiar object to give rest to the wearied eye. Wherever he looked he saw his shabbily attired figure repeated in the long crystal mirrors, and he became uncomfortably conscious of his thread-bare coat, his uncouth boots, and the general incongruity of his appearance. With every moment his uneasiness grew; and he was vaguely considering the propriety of a precipitate flight, when the rustle of a dress at the farther end of the room startled him, and a small, plump lady, of a daintily exquisite form, swept up toward him, gave a slight inclination of her head, and sank down into an easy chair:

"You are Mr. ——, the Norwegian, who wishes to give music lessons?" she said, holding a pair of gold-framed eye-glasses up to her eyes, and running over the note which she held in her hand. It read as follows:

> DEAR MARTHA,—The bearer of this note is a young Norwegian, I forgot to ascertain his name, a friend of Olson's. He wishes to teach music. If you can help the poor devil and give him something to do, you will oblige,
>
> Yours, H. V. K.

Mrs. Van Kirk was evidently, by at least twenty years, her husband's junior, and apparently not very far advanced in the forties. Her blonde hair, which was freshly crimped, fell lightly over her smooth, narrow forehead; her nose, mouth and chin had a neat distinctness of outline, her complexion was either naturally or artificially perfect, and her eyes, which were of the purest blue, had, owing to their near-sightedness, a certain pinched and scrutinizing look. This look, which was without the slightest touch of severity, indicating merely a lively degree of interest, was further emphasized by three small perpendicular wrinkles, which deepened and again relaxed according to the varying intensity of observation she bestowed upon the object which for the time engaged her attention.

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* *Examen artium* is the entrance examination to the Norwegian University, and *philosophicum* the first degree. The ranks given at these are *Laudabilis præ ceteris* (in student's parlance, *præ*), *laudabilis* or *laud*, *haud illaudabilis*, or *haud*, etc.

"Your name, if you please?" said Mrs. Van Kirk, having for a while measured her visitor with a glance of mild scrutiny.

"Halfdan Bjerk."

"Half-dan B——, how do you spell that?"

"B-j-e-r-k."

"B-jerk. Well, but I mean, what is your name in English?"

Halfdan looked blank, and blushed to his ears.

"I wish to know," continued the lady energetically, evidently anxious to help him out, "what your name would mean in plain English. B-jerk, it certainly must mean something."

"Bjerk is a tree—a birch-tree."

"Very well, Birch,—that is a very respectable name. And your first name? What did you say that was?"

"H-a-l-f-d-a-n."

"Half Dan. Why not a whole Dan and be done with it? Dan Birch, or rather Daniel Birch. Indeed, that sounds quite Christian."

"As you please, madam," faltered the victim, looking very unhappy.

"You will pardon my straightforwardness, wont you? B-jerk. I could never pronounce that, you know."

"Whatever may be agreeable to you, madam, will be sure to please me."

"That is very well said. And you will find that it always pays to try to please me. And you wish to teach music? If you have no objection I will call my oldest daughter. She is an excellent judge of music, and if your playing meets with her approval, I will engage you, as my husband suggests, not to teach Edith, you understand, but my youngest child, Clara."

Halfdan bowed assent, and Mrs. Van Kirk rustled out into the hall where she rang a bell, and re-entered. A servant in dress-coat appeared, and again vanished as noiselessly as he had come. To our Norseman there was something weird and uncanny about these silent entrances and exits; he could hardly suppress a shudder. He had been accustomed to hear the clatter of people's heels upon the bare floors, as they approached, and the audible *crescendo* of their footsteps gave one warning, and prevented any one from being taken by surprise. While absorbed in these reflections, his senses must have been partly dormant; for just then Miss Edith Van Kirk entered, unheralded by anything but a hovering perfume, the effect of which was to lull him still deeper into his wondering abstraction.

"Mr. Birch," said Mrs. Van Kirk, "this is my daughter Miss Edith," and as Halfdan sprang to his feet and bowed with visible embarrassment, she continued:

"Edith, this is Mr. Daniel Birch, whom your father has sent here to know if he would be serviceable as a music teacher for Clara. And now, dear, you will have to decide about the merits of Mr. Birch. I don't know enough about music to be anything of a judge."

"If Mr. Birch will be kind enough to play," said Miss Edith with a languidly musical intonation, "I shall be happy to listen to him."

Halfdan silently signified his willingness and followed the ladies to a smaller apartment which was separated from the drawing-room by folding doors. The apparition of the beautiful young girl who was walking at his side had suddenly filled him with a strange burning and shuddering happiness; he could not tear his eyes away from her; she held him as by a powerful spell. And still, all the while he had a painful sub-consciousness of his own unfortunate appearance, which was thrown into cruel relief by her splendor. The tall, lithe magnificence of her form, the airy elegance of her toilet, which seemed the perfection of self-concealing art, the elastic deliberateness of her step —all wrought like a gentle, deliciously soothing opiate upon the Norseman's fancy and lifted him into hitherto unknown regions of mingled misery and bliss. She seemed a combination of the most divine contradictions, one moment supremely conscious, and in the next adorably child-like and simple, now full of arts and coquettish innuendoes, then again *naïve*, unthinking and almost boyishly blunt and direct; in a word, one of those miraculous New York girls whom abstractly one may disapprove of, but in the concrete must abjectly adore. This easy predominance of the masculine heart over the masculine reason in the presence of an impressive woman, has been the *motif* of a thousand tragedies in times past, and will inspire a thousand more in times to come.

Halfdan sat down at the grand piano and played Chopin's *Nocturne* in *G major*, flinging out that elaborate filigree of sound with an impetuosity and superb *abandon* which caused the ladies to exchange astonished glances behind his back. The transitions from the light and etherial texture of melody to the simple, more concrete theme, which he rendered with delicate shadings of articulation, were sufficiently startling to impress even a less cultivated ear than that of Edith Van Kirk, who had, indeed, exhausted whatever musical resources New York has to offer. And she *was* most profoundly impressed. As he glided over the last *pianissimo* notes toward the two concluding chords (an ending so characteristic of Chopin) she rose and hurried to his side with a heedless eagerness, which was more eloquent than emphatic words of praise.

"Wont you please repeat this passage?" she said, humming the air with soft modulations; "I have always regarded the monotonous repetition of this strain" (and she indicated it lightly by a few touches of the keys) "as rather a blemish of an otherwise perfect composition. But as you play it, it is anything but monotonous. You put into this single phrase a more intense meaning and a greater variety of thought than I ever suspected it was capable of expressing."

"It is my favorite composition," answered he modestly. "I have bestowed more thought upon it than upon anything I have ever played, unless perhaps it be the one in *G minor*, which, with all its differences of mood and phraseology, expresses an essentially kindred thought."

"My dear Mr. Birch," exclaimed Mrs. Van Kirk, whom his skillful employment of technical terms (in spite of his indifferent accent) had impressed even more than his rendering of the overture,—"you are a consummate artist, and we shall deem it a great privilege if you will undertake to instruct our child. I have listened to you with profound satisfaction."

Halfdan acknowledged the compliment by a bow and a blush, and repeated the latter part of the *nocturne* according to Edith's request.

"And now," resumed Edith, "may I trouble you to play the *G minor*, which has even more puzzled me than the one you have just played."

"It ought really to have been played first," replied Halfdan. "It is far intenser in its coloring and has a more passionate ring, but its conclusion does not seem to be final. There is no rest in it, and it seems oddly enough to be a mere transition into the *major*, which is its proper supplement and completes the fragmentary thought."

Mother and daughter once more telegraphed wondering looks at each other, while Halfdan plunged into the impetuous movements of the *minor nocturne*, which he played to the end with ever-increasing fervor and animation.

"Mr. Birch," said Edith, as he arose from the piano with a flushed face, and the agitation of the music still tingling through his nerves. "You are a far greater musician than you seem to be aware of. I have not been taking lessons for some time, but you have aroused all my musical ambition, and if you will accept me too, as a pupil, I shall deem it a favor."

"I hardly know if I can teach you anything," answered he, while his eyes dwelt with keen delight on her beautiful form. "But in my present position, I can hardly afford to decline so flattering an offer."

"You mean to say that you would decline it if you were in a position to do so," said she, smiling.

"No, only that I should question my conscience more closely."

"Ah, never mind. I take all the responsibility. I shall cheerfully consent to being imposed upon by you."

Mrs. Van Kirk in the meanwhile had been examining the contents of a fragrant Russia-leather pocket-book, and she now drew out two crisp ten-dollar notes, and held them out toward him.

"I prefer to make sure of you by paying you in advance," said she with a cheerfully familiar nod, and a critical glance at his attire, the meaning of which he did not fail to detect. "Somebody else might make the same discovery that we have made to-day, and outbid us. And we do not want to be cheated out of our good fortune in having been the first to secure so valuable a prize."

"You need have no fear on that score, madam," retorted Halfdan with a vivid blush, and purposely misinterpreting the polite subterfuge. "You may rely upon my promise. I shall be here again, as soon as you wish me to return."

"Then, if you please, we shall look for you to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

And Mrs. Van Kirk hesitatingly folded up her notes and replaced them in her pocket-book.

To our idealist there was something extremely odious in this sudden offer of money. It was the first time any one had offered to pay him, and it seemed to put him on a level with a common day-laborer. His first impulse was to resent it as a gratuitous humiliation, but a glance at Mrs. Van Kirk's countenance, which was all aglow with officious benevolence, reassured him, and his indignation died away.

That same afternoon Olson, having been informed of his friend's good fortune, volunteered a loan of a hundred dollars, and accompanied him to a fashionable tailor, where he underwent a pleasing metamorphosis.

V.

In Norway the ladies dress with the innocent purpose of protecting themselves against the weather; if this purpose is still remotely present in the toilets of American women of to-day, it is, at all events, sufficiently disguised to challenge detection, very much like a primitive Sanscrit root in its French and English derivatives. This was the reflection which was uppermost in Halfdan's mind, as Edith, ravishing to behold in the airy grace of her fragrant morning toilet, at the appointed time took her seat at his side before the piano. Her presence seemed so intense, so all-absorbing, that it left no thought for the music. A woman, with all the spiritual mysteries which that name implies, had always appeared to him rather a composite phenomenon, even apart from those varied accessories of dress, in which, as by an inevitable analogy, she sees fit to express the inner multiformity of her being. Nevertheless, this former conception of his, when compared to that wonderful complexity of ethereal lines, colors, tints and half-tints which go to make up the modern New York girl, seemed inexpressibly simple, almost what plain arithmetic must appear to a man who has mastered calculus.

Edith had opened one of those small red-covered volumes of Chopin where the rich, wondrous melodies lie peacefully folded up like strange exotic flowers in an herbarium. She began to play the *fantasia impromptu*, which ought to be dashed off at a single "heat," whose passionate impulse hurries it on breathlessly toward its abrupt *finale*. But Edith toiled considerably with her fingering, and blurred the keen edges of each swift phrase by her indistinct articulation. And still there was a sufficiently ardent intention in her play to save it from being a failure. She made a gesture of disgust when she had finished, shut the book, and let her hands drop crosswise in her lap.

"I only wanted to give you a proof of my incapacity," she said, turning her large luminous gaze upon her instructor, "in order to make you duly appreciate what you have undertaken. Now, tell me truly and honestly, *are* you not discouraged?"

"Not by any means," replied he, while the rapture of her presence rippled through his nerves, "you have fire enough in you to make an admirable musician. But your fingers, as yet, refuse to carry out your fine intentions. They only need discipline."

"And do you suppose you can discipline them? They are a fearfully obstinate set, and cause me infinite mortification."

"Would you allow me to look at your hand?"

She raised her right hand, and with a sort of impulsive heedlessness let it drop into his. An exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"If you will pardon me," he said, "it is a superb hand—a hand capable of performing miracles—musical miracles, I mean. Only look here"—(and he drew the fore and second finger apart)—"so firmly set in the joint and still so flexible. I doubt if Liszt himself can boast a finer row of fingers. Your hands surely will not prevent you from becoming a second Von Bülow, which to my mind means a good deal more than a second Liszt."

"Thank you, that is quite enough," she exclaimed with an incredulous laugh; "you have done bravely. That at all events throws the whole burden of responsibility upon myself, if I do not become a second somebody. I shall be perfectly satisfied, however, if you can only make me as good a musician as you are yourself, so that I can render a not too difficult piece without feeling all the while that I am committing sacrilege in mutilating the fine thoughts of some great composer."

"You are too modest; you do not ——"

"No, no, I am not modest," she interrupted him with an impetuosity which startled him. "I beg of you not to persist in paying me compliments. I get too much of that cheap article elsewhere. I hate to be told that I am better than I know I am. If you are to do me any good by your instruction, you must be perfectly sincere toward me, and tell me plainly of my shortcomings. I promise you beforehand that I shall never be offended. There is my hand. Now, is it a bargain?"

His fingers closed involuntarily over the soft beautiful hand, and once more the luxury of her touch sent a thrill of delight through him.

"I have not been insincere," he murmured, "but I shall be on my guard in future, even against the appearance of insincerity."

"And when I play detestably, you will say so, and not smooth it over with unmeaning flatteries?"

"I will try."

"Very well, then we shall get on well together. Do not imagine that this is a mere feminine whim of mine. I never was more in earnest. Men, and I believe foreigners, to a greater degree than Americans, have the idea that women must be treated with gentle forbearance; that their follies, if they are foolish, must be glossed over with some polite name. They exert themselves to the utmost to make us mere playthings, and, as such, contemptible both in our own eyes and in theirs. No sincere respect can exist where the truth has to be avoided. But the majority of American women are made of too stern a stuff to be dealt with in that way. They feel the lurking insincerity even where politeness forbids them to show it, and it makes them disgusted both with themselves and with the flatterer. And now you must pardon me for having spoken so plainly to you on so short an acquaintance; but you are a foreigner, and it may be an act of friendship to initiate you as soon as possible into our ways and customs."

He hardly knew what to answer. Her vehemence was so sudden, and the sentiments she had uttered so different from those which he had habitually ascribed to women, that he could only sit and gaze at her in mute astonishment. He could not but admit that in the main she had judged him rightly, and that his own attitude and that of other men toward her sex, were based upon an implied assumption of superiority.

"I am afraid I have shocked you," she resumed, noticing the startled expression of his countenance. "But really it was quite inevitable, if we were at all to understand each other. You will forgive me, wont you?"

"Forgive!" stammered he, "I have nothing to forgive. It was only your merciless truthfulness which startled me. I rather owe you thanks, if you will allow me to be grateful to you. It seems an enviable privilege."

"Now," interrupted Edith, raising her forefinger in playful threat, "remember your promise."

The lesson was now continued without further interruption. When it was finished, a little girl, with her hair done up in curl-papers and a very stiffly starched dress, which stood out on all sides almost horizontally, entered, accompanied by Mrs. Van Kirk. Halfdan immediately recognized his acquaintance from the park, and it appeared to him a good omen that this child, whose friendly interest in him had warmed his heart in a moment when his fortunes seemed so desperate, should continue to be associated with his life on this new continent. Clara was evidently greatly impressed by the change in his appearance, and could with difficulty be restrained from commenting upon it.

She proved a very apt scholar in music, and enjoyed the lessons the more for her cordial liking of her teacher.

It will be necessary henceforth to omit the less significant details in the career of our friend "Mr. Birch." Before a month was past, he had firmly established himself in the favor of the different members of the Van Kirk family. Mrs. Van Kirk spoke of him to her lady visitors as "a perfect jewel," frequently leaving them in doubt as to whether he was a cook or a coachman. Edith apostrophised him to her fashionable friends as "a real genius," leaving a dim impression upon their minds of flowing locks, a shiny velvet jacket, slouched hat, defiant neck-tie and a general air of disreputable pretentiousness. Geniuses of the foreign type were never, in the estimation of fashionable New York society, what you would call "exactly nice," and against prejudices of this order no amount of argument will ever prevail. Clara, who had by this time discovered that her teacher possessed an inexhaustible fund of fairy stories, assured her playmates across the street that he was "just splendid," and frequently invited them over to listen to his wonderful tales. Mr. Van Kirk himself, of course, was non-committal, but paid the bills unmurmuringly.

Halfdan in the meanwhile was vainly struggling against his growing passion for Edith; but the more he rebelled the more hopelessly he found himself entangled in its inextricable net. The fly, as long as it keeps quiet in the spider's web, may for a moment forget its situation; but the least effort to escape is apt to frustrate itself and again reveal the imminent peril. Thus he too "kicked against the pricks," hoped, feared, rebelled against his destiny, and again, from sheer weariness, relapsed into a dull, benumbed apathy. In spite of her friendly sympathy, he never felt so keenly his alienism as in her presence. She accepted the spontaneous homage he paid her, sometimes with impatience, as something that was really beneath her notice; at other times she frankly recognized it, bantered him with his "Old World chivalry," which would soon evaporate in the practical American atmosphere, and called him her Viking, her knight and her faithful squire. But it never occurred to her to regard his devotion in a serious light, and to look upon him as a possible lover had evidently never entered her head. As their intercourse grew more intimate, he had volunteered to read his favorite poets with her, and had gradually succeeded in imparting to her something of his own passionate liking for Heine and Björnson. She had in return called his attention to the works of American authors who had hitherto been little more than names to him, and they had thus managed to be of mutual benefit to each other, and to spend many a pleasant hour during the long winter afternoons in each other's company. But Edith had a very keen sense of humor, and could hardly restrain her secret amusement when she heard him reading Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Poe's "Raven" (which had been familiar to her from her babyhood), often with false accent, but always with intense enthusiasm. The reflection that he had had no part of his life in common with her,—that he did not love the things which she loved,—could not share her prejudices (and women have a feeling akin to contempt for a man who does not respond to their prejudices)—removed him at times almost beyond the reach of her sympathy. It was interesting enough as long as the experience was novel, to be thus unconsciously exploring another person's mind and finding so many strange objects there; but after a while the thing began to assume an uncomfortably serious aspect, and then there seemed to be something almost terrible about it. At such times a call from a gentleman of her own nation, even though he were one of the placidly stupid type, would be a positive relief; she could abandon herself to the secure sense of being at home; she need fear no surprises, and in the smooth shallows of their talk there were no unsuspected depths to excite and to baffle her ingenuity. And, again, reverting in her thought to Halfdan, his conversational brilliancy would almost repel her, as something odious and un-American, the cheap result of outlandish birth and unrepublican education. Not that she had ever valued republicanism very highly; she was one of those who associated politics with noisy vulgarity in speech and dress, and therefore thanked fortune that women were permitted to keep aloof from it. But in the presence of this alien she found herself growing patriotic; that much-discussed abstraction, which we call our country (and which is nothing but the aggregate of all the slow and invisible influences which go toward making up our own being), became by degrees a very palpable and intelligible fact to her.

Frequently while her American self was thus loudly asserting itself, Edith inflicted many a cruel wound upon her foreign adorer. Once,—it was the fourth of July, more than a year after Halfdan's arrival,—a number of young ladies and gentlemen, after having listened to a patriotic oration, were invited in to an informal luncheon. While waiting, they naturally enough spent their time in singing national songs, and Halfdan's clear tenor did good service in keeping the straggling voices together. When they had finished, Edith went up to him and was quite effusive in her expressions of gratitude.

"I am sure we ought all to be very grateful to you, Mr. Birch," she said, "and I, for my part, can assure you that I am."

"Grateful? Why?" demanded Halfdan, looking quite unhappy.

"For singing *our* national songs, of course. Now, wont you sing one of your own, please? We should all be so delighted to hear how a Swedish—or Norwegian, is it?—national song sounds."

"Yes, Mr. Birch, *do* sing a Swedish song," echoed several voices.

They, of course, did not even remotely suspect their own cruelty. He had, in his enthusiasm for the day, allowed himself to forget that he was not made of the same clay as they were, that he was an exile and a stranger, and must ever remain so, that he had no right to share their joy in the blessing of liberty. Edith had taken pains to dispel the happy illusion, and had sent him once more whirling toward his cold native Pole. His passion came near choking him, and, to conceal his impetuous emotion, he flung himself down on the piano-stool, and struck some introductory chords with perhaps a little superfluous emphasis. Suddenly his voice burst out into the Swedish national anthem, "Our Land, our Land, our Fatherland," and the air shook and palpitated with strong martial melody. His indignation, his love and his misery, imparted strength to his voice, and its occasional tremble in the *piano* passages was something more than an artistic intention. He was loudly applauded as he arose, and the young ladies thronged about him to ask if he "wouldn't please write out the music for them."

Thus month after month passed by, and every day brought its own misery. Mrs. Van Kirk's patronizing manners, and ostentatious kindness, often tested his patience to the utmost. If he was guilty of an innocent witticism or a little quaintness of expression, she always assumed it to be a mistake of terms and corrected him with an air of benign superiority. At times of course, her corrections were legitimate, as for instance, when he spoke of *wearing* a cane, instead of *carrying* one, but in nine cases out of ten the fault lay in her own lack of imagination and not in his ignorance of English. On such occasions Edith often took pity on him, defended him against her mother's criticism, and insisted that if this or that expression was not in common vogue, that was no reason why it should not be used, as it was perfectly grammatical, and, moreover, in keeping with the spirit of the language. And he, listening passively in admiring silence to her argument, thanked her even for the momentary pain because it was followed by so great a happiness. For it was so sweet to be defended by Edith, to feel that he and she were standing together side by side against the outer world. Could he only show her in the old heroic manner how much he loved her! Would only some one that was dear to her die, so that he, in that breaking down of social barriers which follows a great calamity, might comfort her in her sorrow. Would she then, perhaps, weeping, lean her wonderful head upon his breast, feeling but that he was a fellow-mortal, who had a heart that was loyal and true, and forgetting, for one brief instant, that he was a foreigner. Then, to touch that delicate Elizabethan frill which wound itself so daintly about Edith's neck—what inconceivable rapture! But it was quite impossible. It could never be. These were selfish thoughts, no doubt, but they were a lover's selfishness, and, as such, bore a close kinship to all that is purest and best in human nature.

It is one of the tragic facts of this life, that a relation so unequal as that which existed between Halfdan and Edith, is at all possible. As for Edith, I must admit that she was well aware that her teacher was in love with her. Women have wonderfully keen senses for phenomena of that kind, and it is an illusion if any one imagines, as our Norseman did, that he had locked his secret securely in the hidden chamber of his heart. In fleeting intonations, unconscious glances and attitudes, and through a hundred other channels it will make its way out, and the bereaved jailer may still clasp his key in fierce triumph, never knowing that he has been robbed. It was of course no fault of Edith's that she had become possessed of Halfdan's heart-secret. She regarded it as on the whole rather an absurd affair, and prized it very lightly. That a love so strong and yet so humble, so destitute of hope and still so unchanging, reverent and faithful, had something grand and touching in it, had never occurred to her. It is a truism to say that in our social code the value of a man's character is determined by his position; and fine traits in a foreigner (unless he should happen to be something very great) strike us rather as part of a supposed mental alienism, and as such, naturally suspicious. It is rather disgraceful than otherwise to have your music teacher in love with you, and critical friends will never quite banish the suspicion that you have encouraged him.

Edith had, in her first delight at the discovery of Halfdan's talent, frankly admitted him to a relation of apparent equality. He was a man of culture, had the manners and bearing of a gentleman, and had none of those theatrical airs which so often raise a sort of invisible wall between foreigners and Americans. Her mother, who loved to play the patron, especially to young men, had invited him to dinner-parties and introduced him to their friends, until almost every one looked upon him as a *protégé* of the family. He appeared so well in a parlor, and had really such a distinguished presence, that it was a pleasure to look at him. He was remarkably free from those obnoxious traits which generalizing American travelers have led us to believe were inseparable from foreign birth; his finger-nails were in no way conspicuous; he did not, as a French count, a former adorer of Edith's, had done, indulge an unmasculine taste for diamond rings (possibly because he had none); his politeness was unobtrusive and subdued, and of his accent there was just enough left to give an agreeable color of individuality to his speech. But, for all that, Edith could never quite rid herself of the impression that he was intensely un-American. There was a certain idyllic quiescence about him, a child-like directness and simplicity, and a total absence of "push," which were startlingly at variance with the spirit of American life. An American could never have been content to remain in an inferior position without trying, in some way, to better his fortunes. But Halfdan could stand still and see, without the faintest stirring of envy, his plebeian friend Olson, whose education and talents could bear no comparison with his own, rise rapidly above him, and apparently have no desire to emulate him. He could sit on a cricket in a corner, with Clara on his lap, and two or three other little girls nestling about him, and tell them fairy stories by the hour, while his kindly face beamed with innocent happiness. And if Clara, to coax him into continuing the entertainment, offered to kiss him, his measure of joy was full. This fair child, with her affectionate ways, and her confiding prattle, wound herself ever more closely about his homeless heart, and he clung to her with a touching devotion. For she was the only one who seemed to be unconscious of the difference of blood, who had not yet learned that she was an American and he—a foreigner.

VI.

THREE years had passed by, and still the situation was unchanged. Halfdan still taught music and told fairy stories to the children. He had a good many more pupils now than three years ago, although he had made no effort to solicit patronage, and had never tried to advertise his talent by what he regarded as vulgar and inartistic display. But Mrs. Van Kirk, who had by this time discovered his disinclination to assert himself, had been only the more active; had "talked him up" among her aristocratic friends; had given musical soirées, at which she had coaxed him to play the principal rôle, and had in various other ways exerted herself in his behalf. It was getting to be quite fashionable to admire his quiet, unostentatious style of playing, which was so far removed from the noisy bravado and clap-trap then commonly in vogue. Even professional musicians began to indorse him, and some, who had discovered that "there was money in him," made him tempting offers for a public engagement. But, with characteristic modesty, he distrusted their verdict; his sensitive nature shrank from anything which had the appearance of self-assertion or display.

But Edith—ah, if it had not been for Edith he might have found courage to enter at the door of fortune, which was now opened ajar. That fame, if he should gain it, would bring him any nearer to her, was a thought that was alien to so unworldly a temperament as his. And any action that had no bearing upon his relation to her, left him cold—seemed unworthy of the effort. If she had asked him to play in public; if she had required of him to go to the North Pole, or to cut his own throat, I verily believe he would have done it. And at last Edith did ask him to play. She and Olson had plotted together, and from the very friendliest motives agreed to play into each other's hands.

"If you only *would* consent to play," said she, in her own persuasive way, one day as they had finished their lesson, "we should all be so happy. Only think how proud we should be of your success, for you know there is nothing you can't do in the way of music if you really want to."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed he, while his eyes suddenly grew large and luminous.

"Indeed I do," said Edith emphatically.

"And if—if I played well," faltered he, "would it really please you?"

"Of course it would," cried Edith, laughing; "how can you ask such a foolish question?"

"Because I hardly dared to believe it."

"Now listen to me," continued the girl, leaning forward in her chair, and beaming all over with kindly officiousness; "now for once you must be rational and do just what I tell you. I shall never like you again if you oppose me in this, for I have set my heart upon it; you must promise beforehand that you will be good and not make any objection. Do you hear?"

When Edith assumed this tone toward him, she might well have made him promise to perform miracles. She was too intent upon her benevolent scheme to heed the possible inferences which he might draw from her sudden display of interest.

"Then you promise?" repeated she eagerly, as he hesitated to answer.

"Yes, I promise."

"Now, you must not be surprised; but mamma and I have made arrangements with Mr. S—— that you are to appear under his auspices at a concert which is to be given a week from to-night. All our friends are going, and we shall take up all the front seats, and I have already told my gentlemen friends to scatter through the audience, and if they care anything for my favor, they will have to applaud vigorously."

Halfdan reddened up to his temples, and began to twist his watch-chain nervously.

"You must have small confidence in my ability," he murmured, "since you resort to precautions like these."

"But, my dear Mr. Birch," cried Edith, who was quick to discover that she had made a mistake, "it is not kind in you to mistrust me in that way. If a New York audience were as highly cultivated in music as you are, I admit that my precautions would be superfluous. But the papers, you know, will take their tone from the audience, and therefore we must make use of a little innocent artifice to make sure of it. Everything depends upon the success of your first public appearance, and if your friends can in this way help you to establish the reputation which is nothing but your right, I am sure you ought not to bind their hands by your foolish sensitiveness. You don't know the American way of doing things as well as I do, and therefore you must stand by your promise, and leave everything to me."

It was impossible not to believe that anything Edith chose to do was above reproach. She looked so bewitching in her excited eagerness for his welfare that it would have been inhuman to oppose her. So he meekly succumbed, and began to discuss with her the programme for the concert.

During the next week there was hardly a day that he did not read some startling paragraph in the newspapers about "the celebrated Scandinavian pianist," whose appearance at S—— Hall was looked forward to as the principal event of the coming season. He inwardly rebelled against the well-meant exaggerations; but as he suspected that it was Edith's influence which was in this way asserting itself in his behalf, he set his conscience at rest and remained silent.

The evening of the concert came at last, and, as the papers stated the next morning, "the large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a select and highly appreciative audience." Edith must have played her part of the performance skillfully, for as he walked out upon the stage, he was welcomed with an enthusiastic burst of applause, as if he had been a world-renowned artist. At Edith's suggestion, her two favorite *nocturnes* had been placed first upon the programme; then followed one of those ballads of Chopin, whose rhythmic din and rush sweep onward, beleaguering the ear like eager, melodious hosts, charging in thickening ranks and columns, beating impetuous retreats, and again uniting with one grand emotion the wide-spreading army of sound for the final victory. Besides these, there was one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises," an impromptu by Schubert, and several orchestral pieces; but the greater part of the programme was devoted to Chopin, because Halfdan, with his great, hopeless passion laboring in his breast, felt that he could interpret Chopin better than he could any other composer. He carried his audience by storm. As he retired to the dressing-room, after having finished the last piece, his friends, among whom Edith and Mrs. Van Kirk were the most conspicuous, thronged about him, showering their praises and congratulations upon him. They insisted with much friendly urging upon taking him home in their carriage; Clara kissed him, Mrs. Van Kirk introduced him to her lady acquaintances as "our friend, Mr. Birch," and Edith held his hand so long in hers that he came near losing his presence of mind and telling her then and there that he loved her. As his eyes rested on her, they became suddenly suffused with tears, and a vast bewildering happiness vibrated through his frame. At last he tore himself away and wandered aimlessly through the long, lonely streets. Why could he not tell Edith that he loved her? Was there any disgrace in loving? This heavenly passion which so suddenly had transfused his being, and year by year deadened the substance of his old self, creating in its stead something new and wild and strange which he never could know, but still held infinitely dear—had it been sent to him merely as a scourge to test his capacity for suffering?

Once, while he was a child, his mother had told him that somewhere in this wide world there lived a maiden whom God had created for him, and for him alone, and when he should see her, he should love her, and his life should thenceforth be all for her. It had hardly occurred to him, then, to question whether she would love him in return, it had appeared so very natural that she should. Now he had found this maiden, and she had been very kind to him; but her kindness had been little better than cruelty, because he had demanded something more than kindness. And still he had never told her of his love. He must tell her even this very night while the moon rode high in the heavens and all the small differences between human beings seemed lost in the vast starlit stillness. He knew well that by the relentless glare of the daylight his own insignificance would be cruelly conspicuous in the presence of her splendor; his scruples would revive, and his courage fade.

The night was clear and still. A clock struck eleven in some church tower near by. The Van Kirk mansion rose tall and stately in the moonlight, flinging a dense mass of shadow across the street. Up in the third story he saw two windows lighted; the curtains were drawn, but the blinds were not closed. All the rest of the house was dark. He raised his voice and sang a Swedish serenade which seemed in perfect concord with his own mood. His clear tenor rose through the silence of the night, and a feeble echo flung it back from the mansion opposite:

> "Star, sweet star, that brightly beamest,
> Glittering on the skies nocturnal,
> Hide thine eye no more from me,
> Hide thine eye no more from me!"

The curtain was drawn aside, the window cautiously raised, and the outline of Edith's beautiful head appeared dark and distinct against the light within. She instantly recognized him.

"You must go away, Mr. Birch," came her voice in an anxious whisper out of the shadow. "Pray go away. You will wake up the people."

Her words were audible enough, but they failed to convey any meaning to his excited mind. Once more his voice floated upward to her opened window:

> "And I yearn to reach thy dwelling,
> Yearn to rise from earth's fierce turmoil;
> Sweetest star upward to thee,
> Yearn to rise, bright star to thee."

"Dear Mr. Birch," she whispered once more in tones of distress. "Pray *do* go away. Or perhaps," she interrupted herself "—— wait one moment and I will come down."

Presently the front door was noiselessly opened, and Edith's tall, lithe form, dressed in a white flowing dress, and with her blonde hair rolling loosely over her shoulders, appeared for an instant, and then again vanished. With one leap Halfdan sprang up the stairs and pushed through the half-opened door. Edith closed the door behind him, then with rapid steps led the way to the back parlor where the moon broke feebly through the bars of the closed shutters.

"Now Mr. Birch," she said seating herself upon a lounge, "you may explain to me what this unaccountable behavior of yours means. I should hardly think I had deserved to be treated in this way by you."

Halfdan was utterly bewildered; a nervous fit of trembling ran through him, and he endeavored in vain to speak. He had been prepared for passionate reproaches, but this calm severity chilled him through, and he could only gasp and tremble, but could utter no word in his defense.

"I suppose you are aware," continued Edith in the same imperturbable manner, "that if I had not interrupted you, the policeman would have heard you, and you would have been arrested for street disturbance. Then to-morrow we should have seen it in all the newspapers, and I should have been the laughing-stock of the whole town."

No, surely he had never thought of it in that light; the idea struck him as entirely new. There was a long pause. A cock crowed with a drowsy remoteness in some neighboring yard, and the little clock on the mantel-piece ticked on patiently in the moonlit dusk.

"If you have nothing to say," resumed Edith, while the stern indifference in her voice perceptibly relaxed, "then I will bid you good-night."

She arose, and with a grand sweep of her drapery, moved toward the door.

"Miss Edith," cried he, stretching his hands despairingly after her, "you must not leave me."

She paused, tossed her hair back with her hands, and gazed at him over her shoulder. He threw himself on his knees, seized the hem of her dress, and pressed it to his lips. It was a gesture of such inexpressible humility that even a stone would have relented.

"Do not be foolish, Mr. Birch," she said, trying to pull her dress away from him. "Get up, and if you have anything rational to say to me, I will stay and listen."

"Yes, yes," he whispered hoarsely, "I shall be rational. Only do not leave me."

She again sank down wearily upon the lounge, and looked at him in expectant silence.

"Miss Edith," pleaded he in the same hoarse, passionate undertone, "have pity on me, and do not despise me. I love you—oh—if you would but allow me to die for you, I should be the happiest of men."

Again he shuddered, and stood long gazing at her with a mute, pitiful appeal. A tear stole into Edith's eye and trickled down over her cheek.

"Ah, Mr. Birch," she murmured, while a sigh shook her bosom, "I am sorry—very sorry that this misfortune has happened to you. You have deserved a better fate than to love me—to love a woman who can never give you anything in return for what you give her."

"Never?" he repeated mournfully, "never?"

"No, never! You have been a good friend to me, and as such I value you highly, and I had hoped that you would always remain so. But I see that it cannot be. It will perhaps be best for you henceforth not to see me, at least not until—pardon the expression—you have outlived this generous folly. And now, you know, you will need me no more. You have made a splendid reputation, and if you choose to avail yourself of it, your fortune is already made. I shall always rejoice to hear of your success, and—and if you should ever need a *friend*, you must come to no one but me. I know that these are feeble words, Mr. Birch, and if they seem cold to you, you must pardon me. I can say nothing more."

They were indeed feeble words, although most cordially spoken. He tried to weigh them, to measure their meaning, but his mind was as if benumbed, and utterly incapable of thought. He walked across the floor, perhaps only to do something, not feeling where he trod, but still with an absurd sensation that he was taking immoderately long steps. Then he stopped abruptly, wrung his hands, and gazed at Edith. And suddenly, like a flash in a vacuum, the thought shot through his brain that he had seen this very scene somewhere—in a dream, in a remote childhood, in a previous existence, he did not know when or where. It seemed strangely familiar, and in the next instant strangely meaningless and unreal. The walls, the floor,—everything, began to move, to whirl about him; he struck his hands against his forehead, and sank down into a damask-covered easy-chair. With a faint cry of alarm, Edith sprang up, seized a bottle of cologne which happened to be within reach, and knelt down at his side. She put her arm around his neck, and raised his head.

"Mr. Birch, dear Mr. Birch," she cried in a frightened whisper, "for God's sake come to yourself! O God, what have I done?"

She blew the eau-de-cologne into his face, and, as he languidly opened his eyes, he felt the touch of her warm hand upon his cheeks and his forehead.

"Thank heaven! he is better," she murmured, still continuing to bathe his temples. "How do you feel now, Mr. Birch?" she added in a tone of anxious inquiry.

"Thank you, it was an unpardonable weakness," he muttered, without changing his attitude. "Do not trouble yourself about me. I shall soon be well."

It was so sweet to be conscious of her gentle ministry, that it required a great effort, an effort of conscience, to rouse him once more, as his strength returned.

"Had you not better stay?" she asked, as he rose to put on his overcoat. "I will call one of the servants and have him show you a room. We will say to-morrow morning that you were taken ill, and nobody will wonder."

"No, no," he responded energetically. "I am perfectly strong now." But he still had to lean on a chair, and his face was deathly pale.

"Farewell, Miss Edith," he said; and a tender sadness trembled in his voice. "Farewell. We shall——probably——never meet again."

"Do not speak so," she answered, seizing his hand. "You will try to forget this, and you will still be great and happy. And when fortune shall again smile upon you, and——and——you will be content to be my friend, then we shall see each other as before."

"No, no," he broke forth with a sudden hoarseness. "It will never be."

He walked toward the door with the motions of one who feels death in his limbs; then stopped once more and his eyes lingered with inexpressible sadness on the wonderful, beloved form which stood dimly outlined before him in the twilight. Then Edith's measure of misery, too, seemed full. With the divine heedlessness which belongs to her sex, she rushed up toward him, and remembering only that he was weak and unhappy, and that he suffered for her sake, she took his face between her hands and kissed him. He was too generous a man to misinterpret the act; so he whispered but once more: "Farewell," and hastened away.

VII.

After that eventful December night, America was no more what it had been to Halfdan Bjerk. A strange torpidity had come over him; every rising day gazed into his eyes with a fierce unmeaning glare. The noises of the street annoyed him and made him childishly fretful, and the solitude of his own room seemed still more dreary and depressing. He went mechanically through the daily routine of his duties as if the soul had been taken out of his work, and left his life all barrenness and desolation. He moved restlessly from place to place, roamed at all times of the day and night through the city and its suburbs, trying vainly to exhaust his physical strength; gradually, as his lethargy deepened into a numb, helpless despair, it seemed somehow to impart a certain toughness to his otherwise delicate frame. Olson, who was now a junior partner in the firm of Remsen, Van Kirk & Co., stood by him faithfully in these days of sorrow. He was never effusive in his sympathy, but was patiently forbearing with his friend's whims and moods, and humored him as if he had been a sick child intrusted to his custody. That Edith might be the moving cause of Olson's kindness was a thought which, strangely enough, had never occurred to Halfdan.

At last, when Spring came, the vacancy of his mind was suddenly invaded with a strong desire to revisit his native land. He disclosed his plan to Olson, who, after due deliberation and several visits to the Van Kirk mansion, decided that the pleasure of seeing old friends and the scenes of his childhood, might push the painful memories out of sight, and renew his interest in life. So, one morning, while the May sun shone with a soft radiance upon the beautiful harbor, our Norseman found himself standing on the deck of a huge black-hulled Cunarder, shivering in spite of the warmth, and feeling a chill loneliness creeping over him at the sight of the kissing and affectionate leave-takings which were going on all around him. Olson was running back and forth, attending to his baggage; but he himself took no thought, and felt no more responsibility than if he had been a helpless child. He half regretted that his own wish had prevailed, and was inclined to hold his friend responsible for it; and still he had not energy enough to protest now when the journey seemed inevitable. His heart still clung to the place which held the corpse of his ruined life, as a man may cling to the spot which hides his beloved dead.

About two weeks later Halfdan landed in Norway. He was half reluctant to leave the steamer, and the land of his birth excited no emotion in his breast. He was but conscious of a dim regret that he was so far away from Edith. At last, however, he betook himself to a hotel, where he spent the afternoon sitting with half-closed eyes at a window, watching listlessly the drowsy slow-pulsed life which dribbled languidly through the narrow thoroughfare. The noisy uproar of Broadway chimed remotely in his ears, like the distant roar of a tempest-tossed sea, and what had once been a perpetual annoyance was now a sweet memory. How often with Edith at his side had he threaded his way through the surging crowds that pour, on a fine afternoon, in an unceasing current up and down the street between Union and Madison Squares. How friendly, and sweet, and gracious, Edith had been at such times; how fresh her voice, how witty and animated her chance remarks when they stopped to greet a passing acquaintance; and, above all, how inspiring the sight of her heavenly beauty. Now that was all past. Perhaps he should never see Edith again.

The next day he sauntered through the city, meeting some old friends, who all seemed changed and singularly uninteresting. They were all engaged or married, and could talk of nothing but matrimony, and their prospects of advancement in the Government service. One had an influential uncle who had been a chum of the present minister of finance; another based his hopes of future prosperity upon the family connections of his betrothed, and a third was waiting with a patient perseverance, worthy of a better cause, for the death or resignation of an antiquated *chef-de-bureau*, which, according to the promise of some mighty man, would open a position for him in the Department of Justice. All had the most absurd theories about American democracy, and indulged freely in prophesies of coming disasters; but about their own government they had no opinion whatever. If Halfdan attempted to set them right, they at once grew excited and declamatory; their opinions were based upon conviction and a charming ignorance of facts, and they were not to be moved. They knew all about Tweed and the members of the Tammany Ring, and believed them to be representative citizens of New York, if not of the United States; but of Charles Sumner and Carl Schurz they had never heard. Halfdan, who, in spite of his misfortunes in the land of his adoption, cherished a very tender feeling for it, was often so thoroughly aroused at the foolish prejudices which everywhere met him, that his torpidity gradually thawed away, and he began to look more like his former self.

Toward autumn he received an invitation

to visit a country clergyman in the North, a distant relative of his father's, and there whiled away his time, fishing and shooting, until winter came. But as Christmas drew near, and the day wrestled feebly with the all-conquering night, the old sorrow revived. In the darkness which now brooded over land and sea, the thoughts needed no longer be on guard against themselves; they could roam far and wide as they listed. Where was Edith now, the sweet, the wonderful Edith? Was there yet the same dancing light in her beautiful eyes, the same golden sheen in her hair, the same merry ring in her voice? And had she not said that when he was content to be only her friend, he might return to her, and she would receive him in the old joyous and confiding way? Surely there was no life to him apart from her: why should he not be her friend? Only a glimpse of her lovely face,—ah, it was worth a life-time; it would consecrate an age of misery, a glimpse of Edith's face. Thus ran his fancies day by day, and the night only lent a deeper intensity to the yearnings of the day. He walked about as in a dream, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, while this one strong desire—to see Edith once more—throbbed and throbbed with a slow, feverish perseverance within him. Edith—Edith, the very name had a strange, potent fascination. Every thought whispered "Edith,"—his pulse beat "Edith,"—and his heart repeated the beloved name. It was his pulse-beat,—his heart-beat,—his life-beat.

And one morning as he stood absently looking at his fingers against the light—and they seemed strangely wan and transparent—the thought at last took shape. It rushed upon him with such vehemence, that he could no more resist it. So he bade the clergyman good-bye, gathered his few worldly goods together and set out for Bergen. There he found an English steamer which carried him to Hull, and a few weeks later, he was once more in New York.

It was late one evening in January that a tug-boat arrived and took the cabin passengers ashore. The moon sailed tranquilly over the deep-blue dome of the sky, the stars traced their glittering paths of light from the zenith downward, and it was sharp, bitter cold. Northward over the river lay a great bank of cloud, dense, gray and massive, the specter of the coming snow-storm. There it lay so huge and fantastically human, ruffling itself up, as fowls do, in defense against the cold. Halfdan walked on at a brisk rate—strange to say, all the street-cars he met went the wrong way—startling every now and then some precious memory, some words or look or gesture of Edith's which had hovered long over these scenes, waiting for his recognition. There was the great jewel-store where Edith had taken him so often to consult his taste whenever a friend of her's was to be married. It was there that they had had an amicable quarrel over that bronze statue of Faust which she had found beautiful, while he, with a rudeness which seemed now quite incomprehensible, had insisted that it was not. And when he had failed to convince her, she had given him her hand in token of reconciliation—and Edith had a wonderful way of giving her hand, which made any one feel that it was a peculiar privilege to press it—and they had walked out arm in arm into the animated, gas-lighted streets, with a delicious sense of snugness and security, being all the more closely united for their quarrel. Here, farther up the avenue, they had once been to a party, and he had danced for the first time in his life with Edith. Here was Delmonico's, where they had had such fascinating luncheons together; where she had got a stain on her dress, and he had been forced to observe that her dress was then not really a part of herself, since it was a thing that could be stained. Her dress had always seemed to him something absolute and final, exalted above criticism, incapable of improvement.

As I have said, Halfdan walked briskly up the avenue, and it was something after eleven when he reached the house which he sought. The great cloud-bank in the north had then begun to expand and stretched its long misty arms eastward and westward over the heavens. The windows on the ground floor were dark, but the sleeping apartments in the upper stories were lighted. In Edith's room the inside shutters were closed, but one of the windows was a little down at the top. And as he stood gazing with tremulous happiness up to that window, a stanza from Heine which he and Edith had often read together, came into his head. It was the story of the youth who goes to the Madonna at Kevlar and brings her as a votive offering a heart of wax, that she may heal him of his love and his sorrow.

"I bring this waxen image,
The image of my heart,
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
And cure my deadly smart!" *

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* Translation, from "Exotics. By J. F. C. & L. C."

Then came the thought that for him, too, as for the poor youth of Cologne, there was healing only in death. And still in this moment he was so near Edith, should see her perhaps, and the joy at this was stronger than all else, stronger even than death. So he sat down beside the steps of the mansion opposite, where there was some shelter from the wind, and waited patiently till Edith should close her window. He was cold, perhaps, but, if so, he hardly knew it, for the near joy of seeing her throbbed warmly in his veins. Ah, there—the blinds were thrown open; Edith, in all the lithe magnificence of her wonderful form, stood out clear and beautiful against the light within; she pushed up the lower window in order to reach the upper one, and for a moment leaned out over the sill. Once more her wondrous profile traced itself in strong relief against outer gloom. There came a cry from the street below, a feeble involuntary one, but still distinctly audible. Edith peered anxiously out into the darkness, but the darkness had grown denser and she could see nothing. The window was fastened, the shutters closed, and the broad pathway of light which she had flung out upon the night had vanished.

Halfdan closed his eyes trying to retain the happy vision. Yes, there she stood still, and there was a heavenly smile upon her lips—ugh, he shivered—the snow swept in wild whirl up the street. He wrapped his plaid more closely about him, and strained his eyes to catch one more glimpse of the beloved Edith. Ah, yes; there she was again; she came nearer and nearer, and she touched his cheek, gently, warily, smiling all the while with a strange wistful smile which was surely not Edith's. There, she bent over him,—touched him again,—how cold her hands were; the touch chilled him to the heart. The snow had now begun to fall in large scattered flakes, whirling fitfully through the air, following every chance gust of wind, but still falling, falling, and covering the earth with its white, death-like shroud.

But surely—there was Edith again,—how wonderful!—in a long snow-white robe, grave and gracious, still with the wistful smile on her lips. See, she beckons to him with her hand, and he rises to follow, but something heavy clings to his feet and he cannot stir from the spot. He tries to cry for help, but he cannot,—can only stretch out his hands to her, and feel very unhappy because he cannot follow her. But now she pauses in her flight, turns about, and he sees that she wears a myrtle garland in her hair like a bride. She comes toward him, her countenance all radiant with love and happiness, and she stoops down over him and speaks:

"Come; they are waiting for us. I will follow thee in life and in death, wherever thou goest. Come," repeats Edith, "they have long been waiting. They are all here."

And he imagines he knows who they all are, although he has never heard of them, nor can he recall their names.

"But—but," he stammers, "I—I—am a foreigner."

It appeared then that for some reason this was an insurmountable objection. And Edith's happiness dies out of her beautiful face, and she turns away weeping.

"Edith, beloved!"

Then she is once more at his side.

"Thou art no more a foreigner to me, beloved. Whatever thou art, I am."

And she presses her lips to his—it was the sweetest kiss of his life—the kiss of death.

The next morning, as Edith, after having put the last touch to her toilet, threw the shutters open, a great glare of sun-smitten snow burst upon her, and for the moment blinded her eyes. On the side-walk opposite, half a dozen men with snow-shovels in their hands and a couple of policemen had congregated, and, judging by their manner, were discussing some object of interest. Presently they were joined by her father, who had just finished his breakfast and was on his way to the office. Now he stooped down and gazed at something half concealed in the snow, then suddenly started back, and, as she caught a glimpse of his face, she saw that it was ghastly white. A terrible foreboding seized her. She threw a shawl about her shoulders and rushed down-stairs. In the hall she was met by her father, who was just entering, followed by four men, carrying something between them. She well knew what it was. She would fain have turned away, but she could not; grasping her father's arm and pressing it hard, she gazed with blank, frightened eyes at the white face, the lines of which Death had so strangely emphasized. The snow-flakes which hung in his hair had touched him with their sudden age, as if to bridge the gulf between youth and death. And still he was beautiful—the clear brow, the peaceful, happy indolence, the frozen smile which death had perpetuated. Smiling, he had departed from the earth which had no place for him, and smiling entered the realm where, among the many mansions, there is, perhaps, also one for a gentle, simple-hearted enthusiast.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

"I HAVE seen Joan Lowrie," said Anice to Derrick, when next they met.

"Did she come to you, or did you go to her?" Fergus asked.

"She came to me, I think, but without knowing that she was coming."

"That was best," was his comment.

Joan Lowrie was as much a myth to him as she was to other people. Despite the fact that he saw her every day of his life, he had never found it possible to advance a step with her. She held herself aloof from him, just as she held herself aloof from the rest. A common greeting, and oftener than not, a silent one, was all that passed between them. Try as he would, he could get no farther;—and he certainly did make some effort. Now and then he found the chance to do her a good turn, and such opportunities he never let slip, though his way of doing such things was always so quiet as to be unlikely to attract any observation. Usually he made way with people easily, but this girl held him at a distance, almost ungraciously. And he did not like to be beaten. Who does? So he persevered with a shade of stubbornness, hidden under a net-work of other motives. Once, when he had exerted himself to lighten her labor somewhat, she set aside his assistance openly.

"Theer's others as needs help more nor me," she said. "Help them, an' I'll thank yo'."

In course of time, however, he accidentally discovered that there had been occasions when, notwithstanding her apparent ungraciousness, she had exerted her own influence in his behalf.

The older colliers resented his youth, the younger ones his authority. The fact that he was "noan Lancashire" worked against him too, though even if he had been a Lancashire man, he would not have been likely to find over-much favor. It was enough that he was "one o' th' mesters." To have been weak of will, or vacillating of purpose, would have been death to every vestige of the authority vested in him; but he was as strong mentally as physically—strong-willed to the verge of stubbornness. But if he was not to be frightened or subdued, he was to be contended against, and the contention was obstinate. It even influenced the girls and women at the "mouth." They, too, organized in petty rebellion, annoying if not powerful.

"I think yo' will find as yo' may as well leave th' engineer be," Joan would say dryly. "Yo' will na fear him much, an' yo'll tire yo'rsens wi' yo're clatter. I donna see the good o' barkin' so much when yo' canna bite."

"Aye," jeered one of the boldest, once, "leave th' engineer be. Joan sets a power o' store by th' engineer."

There was a shout of laughter, of course, but it died out when Joan confronted the speaker with dangerous steadiness of gaze.

"Save thy breath to cool thy porridge," she said. "It will be better for thee."

But it was neither the first nor the last time that her companions flung out a jeer at her "sweetheartin'." The shrewdest among them had observed Derrick's interest in her. To them, masculine interest in anything feminine could only mean one thing, and in this case they concluded that Joan's handsome face had won her a sweetheart. They could not accuse her of encouraging him; but they could profess to believe that she was softening, and retained the professed belief as a sharp weapon to use against her, when such a course was not too hazardous.

Of this, Derrick knew nothing. He could only see that Joan set her face persistently against his attempts to make friends with her, and the recognition of this fact almost exasperated him at times. It was quite natural that, seeing so much of this handsome creature, and hearing so much of her, his admiration should not die out, and that opposition should rather invite him to stronger efforts to reach her. So it was that hearing Miss Barholm's story he fell into unconscious reverie.

Of course this did not last long. He was roused from it by the fact that Anice was looking at him. The girl stood upon the hearth, one foot on the fender, one hand on the marble of the mantel, her eyes fixed on his face. When he looked up, it seemed as if she awakened also, though she did not start.

"How are you getting on at the mines?" she asked.

"Badly. Or, at least, by no means well. The men are growing harder to deal with every day."

"And your plans about the fans?"

Derrick's countenance was shadowed by an irritable anxiety at once. The substitution of the mechanical fan for the old furnace at the base of the shaft, was one of the projects to which he clung most tenaciously. During a two years' sojourn among the Belgian mines, he had studied the system earnestly. He had worked hard to introduce it at Riggan, and meant to work still harder. But the miners were bitterly opposed to anything "new-fangled," and the owners were careless. So that the mines were worked, and their profits made, it did not matter for the rest. They were used to casualties, so well used to them in fact, that unless a fearful loss of life occurred, they were not alarmed or even roused. As to the injuries done to a man's health, and so on—they had not time to inquire into such things. There was danger in all trades, for the matter of that. Fergus Derrick was a young man, and young men were fond of novelties. Opposition was bad enough, but indifference was far more baffling. The colliers opposed Derrick to the utmost, the company was rather inclined to ignore him—some members good-naturedly, others with an air of superiority, not unmixed with contempt. The colliers talked with rough ill-nature; the Company did not want to talk at all.

"Oh," answered Derrick, "I do not see that I have made one step forward; but it will go hard with me before I am beaten."

"Nothing in the world is easy," said Anice.

"Some of the men I have to deal with are as bat-blind as they are cantankerous. One would think that experience might have taught them wisdom. Would you believe that some of those working in the most dangerous parts of the mine have false keys to their Davys, and use the flame to light their pipes? I have heard of the thing being done before, but I only discovered the other day that we had such madmen in the pits here. If I could only be sure of them I would settle the matter at once, but they are crafty enough to keep their secret, and it only drifts to the master as a rumor."

"Have you no suspicion as to who they are?" asked Anice.

"I suspect one man," he answered, "but only suspect him because he is a bad fellow, reckless in all things, and always ready to break the rules. I suspect Dan Lowrie."

"Joan's father?" exclaimed Anice in distress.

Derrick made a gesture of assent.

"He is the worst man in the mines," he said. "The man with the worst influence, the man who can work best if he will, the man whose feeling against any authority is the strongest, and whose feeling against me amounts to bitter enmity."

"Against you? But why?"

"I suppose because I have no liking for him myself, and because I will have orders obeyed, whether they are my orders or the orders of the owners. I will have work done as it should be done, and I will not be frightened by bullies. Those are causes more than enough to make an enemy for me out of Dan Lowrie."

"But if he is a dangerous man—" hesitated Anice.

"He would knock me down from behind, or spoil my beauty with vitriol as coolly as he would toss off a pint of beer, if he had the opportunity, and chanced to feel vicious enough at the time," said Derrick. "But his mood has not quite come to that yet. Just now he feels that he would like to have a row,—and really, if we could have a row, it would be the best thing for us both. If one of us could thrash the other at the outset, it might never come to the vitriol. We might settle it in that way."

He was cool enough himself, and spoke in quite a matter-of-fact way, but Anice suddenly lost her color. Though she did not say much on the subject, and the conversation took an entirely different turn, after Derrick's last remark she was white, and shrinking inwardly, when, later, she bade him good-night.

"I am afraid of that man," she said, as he held her hand for the moment. "Don't let him harm you."

"What man?" asked Derrick. "Is it possible you are thinking about what I said of Lowrie?"

"Yes. It is so horrible. I cannot bear the thought of it. I am not used to hear of such things. I am afraid for you."

"You are very good," he said, his strong hand returning her grasp with warm gratitude. "But I am sorry I said so much, if I have frightened you. I ought to have remembered how new such things are to you. It is nothing, I assure you." And bidding her good-night again, he went away, quite warmed at heart by her innocent interest in him, but blaming himself not a little for his indiscretion.

CHAPTER VI.

To the young curate's great wonder, on his first visit to her after the advent of Liz and the child, Joan changed her manner toward him. She did not attempt to repel him, she even bade him welcome in a way of her own. Deep in Joan's heart was hidden a fancy that perhaps the work of this young fellow who was "good enow fur a parson," lay with such as Liz, and those who like Liz bore a heavy burden.

"If yo' can do her any good," she said, "come and welcome. Come every day. I dunnot know much about such loike mysen, but happen yo' ha' a way o' helpin' folk as canna help theirsens i' trouble—an' Liz is one on 'em."

Truly Liz was one of these. She clung to Joan in a hopeless, childish way, as her only comfort. She could do nothing for herself, she could only obey Joan's dictates, and this she did in listless misery. When she had work to do, she made weak efforts at doing it, and when she had none she sat and held the child upon her knee, her eyes following her friend with a vague appeal. The discomfort of her lot, the wretchedness of coming back to shame and jeers, after a brief season of pleasure and luxury, was what crushed her. So long as she was safe from the consequences of her transgressions, it had not mattered for the rest. So long as her lover had cared for her, and she had felt no fear of hunger or cold, or desertion, she had been even happy—happy because she could be idle and take no thought for the morrow, and was almost a lady. But now all that was over. She had come to the bitter dregs of the cup. She was thrown on her own resources, nobody cared for her, nobody helped her but Joan, nobody called her pretty and praised her ways. She was not to be a lady after all, she must work for her living and it must be a poor one too. There would be no fine clothes, no nice rooms, no flattery and sugar-plums. Everything would be even far harder, and more unpleasant, than it had been before. And then, the baby? What could she do with it?—a creature more helpless than herself, always to be clothed and taken care of, when she could not take care of herself,—always in the way, always crying and wailing and troubling day and night. She almost blamed the baby for everything. Perhaps she would not have lost her lover if it had not been for the baby. Perhaps he knew what a trouble it would be, and wanted to be rid of her before it came, and that was why he had gone away. The night Joan had brought her home she had taken care of the child, and told Liz to sit down and rest, and had sat down herself with the small creature in her arms, and after watching her for a while, Liz had broken out into sobs, and slipped down upon the floor at her feet, hiding her wretched, pretty face upon her friend's knee.

"I canna abide the sight o' it," she cried. "I canna see what it wur born fur, mysen. I wish I'd deed when I wur i' Lunnon—when *he* cared fer me. He wor fond enow o' me at th' first. He could na abide me to be out o' his sight. I nivver wur so happy i' my life as I wur then. Aye! I did na think then, as th' toime ud come when he'd cast me out i' th' road. He had no reet to do it," her voice rising hysterically. "He had no reet to do it, if he wur a gentleman; but it seems gentlefolk can do owt they please. If he did na mean to stick to me, why could na he ha' let me a-be."

"That is na gentle folks' way," said Joan bitterly, "but if I wur i' yo're place, Liz, I would na hate th' choild. It has na done yo' as much harm as yo' ha' done it."

After a while, when the girl was quieter, Joan asked her a question.

"Yo' nivver told me who yo' went away wi', Liz," she said. "I ha' a reason fur wantin' to know, or I would na ax, but fur a' that if yo' dunnot want to tell me, yo need na do it against yo're will."

Liz was silent a moment.

"I would na tell ivverybody," she said. I would na tell nobody but yo'. It would na do no good, an' I dunnot care to do harm. Yo'll keep it to yo'rsen, if I tell yo', Joan?"

"Aye," Joan answered, "as long as it needs be kept to mysen. I am na one to clatter."

"Well," said Liz with a sob, "it wur Mester Landsell I went wi'—young Mester Landsell—Mester Ralph."

"I thout as much," said Joan, her face darkening.

She had had her suspicions from the first, when Mr. Ralph Landsell had come to Riggan with his father, who was one of the mining company. He was a graceful, fair-faced young fellow, with an open hand and the air of a potentate, and his grandeur had pleased Liz. She was not used to flattery and "fine London ways," and her vanity made her an easy victim.

"He wur allus after me" she said, with fresh tears. "He nivver let me be till I promised to go. He said he would make a lady o' me an' he wur allus givin' me things. He wur fond o' me at first,—that he wur,—an' I wur fond o' him. I nivver seed no one loike him afore. Oh! it's hard, it is.—Oh! it's bitter hard an' cruel, as it should come to this."

And she wiled and sobbed until she wore herself out, and wearied Joan to the very soul.

But Joan bore with her and never showed impatience by word or deed. Childish petulances and plaints fell upon her like water upon a rock—but now and then the strong nature was rasped beyond endurance by the weak one. She had taken no small task upon herself when she gave Liz her word that she would shield her. Only after a while, in a few weeks, a new influence began to work upon Liz's protectress. The child for whom there seemed no place in the world, or in any pitying heart—the child for whom Liz felt nothing but vague dislike and resentment—the child laid, as it were, its soft hand upon Joan. Once or twice she noticed as she moved about the room that the little creature's eyes would follow her in a way something like its mother's, as if with appeal to her superior strength. She fell gradually into the habit of giving it more attention. It was so little and light, so easily taken from Liz's careless hold when it was restless, so easily carried to and fro, as she went about her rough household tasks. She had never known much about babies until chance had thrown this one in her path; it was a great novelty. It liked her strong arms, and Liz was always ready to give it up to her, feeling only a weak bewilderment at her fancy for it. When she was at home it was rarely out of her arms. It was no source of weariness to her perfect strength. She carried it here and there, she cradled it upon her knees, when she sat down by the fire to rest; she learned in time a hundred gentle woman's ways through its presence. Her step became lighter, her voice softer—a heavy tread, or an unmodulated tone might waken the child. For the child's sake she doffed her uncouth working-dress when she entered the house; for the child's sake she made an effort to brighten the dullness, and soften the roughness of their surroundings.

The Reverend Paul, in his visits to the house, observed with tremor, the subtile changes wrought in her. Catching at the straws of her negative welcome, he went to see Liz whenever he could find a tangible excuse. He had a sensitive dread of intruding even upon the poor privacy of the "lower orders," and he could rarely bring himself to the point of taking them by storm as a mere matter of ecclesiastical routine. But the oftener he saw Joan Lowrie, the more heavily she lay upon his mind. Every day his conscience smote him more sorely for his want of success with her. And yet how could he make way against her indifference. She was so powerful and unconquerable a creature, he even felt himself a trifle spellbound in her presence. He often found that he was watching her as she moved to and fro,—watching her as Liz and the child did,—but in his case the watching arose from a mingled wonder and admiration.

But "th' parson" was "th' parson" to her still. A good-natured, simple little fellow, who might be a trifle better than other folks, but who certainly seemed weaker; a frail little gentleman in spectacles, who was afraid of her, or was at least easily confounded; who might be of use to Liz, but who was not in her line,—better in his way than his master in his; but still a person to be regarded with just a touch of contempt.

The confidence established between Grace and his friend Fergus Derrick, leading to the discussion of all matters connected with the parish and parishioners, led naturally to the frequent discussion of Joan Lowrie among the rest. Over tea and toast in the small parlor the two men often drew comfort from each other. When Derrick strode into the little place and threw himself into his favorite chair, with knit brows and weary irritation in his air, Grace was always ready to detect his mood, and wait for him to reveal himself; or when Grace looked up at his friend's entrance, with a heavy pained look on his face, Derrick was equally quick to comprehend. There was one trouble in which Derrick specially sympathized with his friend. This was in his feeling for Anice Barholm. Silent as Paul was apt to be upon the subject, his quiet passion rather gained strength than lost it.

His evenings at the Rectory were a source of delicious pain to him. Duty called him frequently to the house, and his position with regard to its inhabitants was necessarily familiar. Mr. Barholm did not spare his curate; he was ready to delegate to him all labor in which he was not specially interested himself, or which he regarded as scarcely worthy of his mettle.

"Grace makes himself very useful in some cases," he would say; "a certain kind of work suits him, and he is able to do himself justice in it. He is a worthy enough young fellow in a certain groove, but it is always best to confine him to that groove."

So, when there was an ordinary sermon to be preached, or a commonplace piece of work to be done, it was handed over to Grace, with a few tolerant words of advice or comment, and as commonplace work was rather the rule than the exception, the Reverend Paul's life was not an idle one. Anice's manner toward her father's curate was so gentle and earnest, so frank and full of trust in him, that it was not to be wondered at that each day only fixed her more firmly in his heart. Nothing of his conscientious labor was lost upon her; nothing of his self-sacrifice and trial was passed by indifferently in her thoughts of him; his pain and his effort went to her very heart. Her belief in him was so strong that she never hesitated to carry any little bewilderment to him or to speak to him openly upon any subject. To the very center of her pure appreciative nature, she was his friend. Small marvel, that he found it delicious pain to go to the house day after day, feeling himself so near to her, yet knowing himself so far from any hope of reaching the sealed chamber of her heart.

Notwithstanding her knowledge of her inability to alter the unfairness of his position, Anice still managed to exert some slight influence over her friend's fate.

"Do you not think, papa, that Mr. Grace has a great deal to do?" she suggested once, when he was specially overburdened.

"A great deal to do?" he said; "Well, he has enough to do, of course, my dear, but then it is work of a kind that suits him. I never leave anything very important to Grace. You do not mean, my dear, that you fancy he has too much to do?"

"Rather too much of a dull kind," answered Anice. "Dull work is tiring, and he has a great deal of it on his hands. All that school work, you know, papa—if you could share it with him, I should think it would make it easier for him."

"My dear Anice," the rector protested; "if Grace had my responsibilities to carry on his shoulders,—but I do not leave my responsibilities to him. In my opinion he is hardly fitted to bear them—they are not in his line;" but seeing a dubious look on the delicate face opposite him—"but if you think the young fellow has really too much to do, I will try to take some of these minor matters upon myself. I am equal to a good deal of hard work,"—evidently feeling himself somewhat aggrieved.

But Anice made no futher comment; having dropped a seed of suggestion, she left it to fructify, experience teaching her that this was her best plan. It was one of the good rector's weaknesses, to dislike to find his course disapproved even by a wholly uninfluential critic, and his daughter was by no means an uninfluential critic. He was never exactly comfortable when her views did not strictly accord with his own. To find that Anice was regarding even a favorite whim with questioning, was for him to begin to falter a trifle inwardly, however testily rebellious he might feel. He was a man who thrived under encouragement, and sank at once before failure; failure was unpleasant, and he rarely contended long against unpleasantnesses; it was not a "fair wind and no favor" with him; he wanted both the fair wind and the favor, and if either failed him he felt himself rather badly used. So it was, through this discreetly exerted influence of Anice's, that Grace, to his surprise, found certain somewhat irksome tasks taken from his shoulders at this time. But he did not know that it was Anice he had to thank for the temporary relief.

CHAPTER VII.

Anice went to see Liz. Perhaps if the truth were told, she went to see Joan more than to visit her *protégée*, though her interest extended from the one to the other. But she did not see Joan, she only heard of her. Liz met her visitor without any manifestations of enthusiasm. She was grateful, but gratitude was not often a powerful emotion with her, indeed it scarcely amounted to an emotion at all. But Anice began to attract her somewhat before she had been in the house ten minutes. Liz found, first, that she was not one of the enemy, and did not come to read a homily to her concerning her sins and transgressions; having her mind set at ease thus far, she found time to be interested in her. Her visitor's beauty, her prettiness of toilet, a certain delicate grace of presence, were all virtues in Liz's eyes. She was so fond of pretty things herself, she had been wont to feel such pleasure and pride in her own beauty, that such outward charms were the strongest of charms to her ignorance. She forgot to be abashed and miserable, when, after talking a few minutes, Anice came to her and bent over the child as it lay on her knee. She even had the courage to regard the material of her dress with some degree of interest.

"Yo'n getten that theer i' Lunnon," she ventured, wistfully touching the pretty silk with her finger. "Theer's noan sich i' Riggan."

"Yes," answered Anice, letting the baby's hand cling to her fingers. "I bought it in London."

Liz touched it again, and this time the wistfulness in her touch crept up to her eyes, mingled with a little fretfulness.

"Ivverything's fine as comes fro' Lunnon," she said. "It's the grandest place i' th' world. I dunnot wonder as th' queen lives theer. I war happy aw th' toime I war theer. I nivver were so happy i' my life. I—I canna hardly bear to think on it—it gi'es me such a wearyin' an' longin'; I wish I could go back, I do"— ending with a sob.

"Don't think about it any more than you can help," said Anice gently. "It is very hard I know; don't cry, Liz."

"I canna help it," sobbed Liz; "an' I can no more help thinkin' on it, than th' choild theer can help thinkin' on its milk. I'm hungerin' aw th' toime—an' I dunnot care to live; I wakken up i' th' noight hungerin' an' cryin' fur—fur what I ha' not got, an' nivver shall ha' agen."

The tears ran down her cheeks and she whimpered like a child. The sight of the silk dress had brought back to her mind her lost bit of paradise as nothing else would have done—her own small store of finery, the gayety and novelty of London sounds and sights.

Anice knelt down upon the flagged floor, still holding the child's hand.

"Don't cry," she said again. "Look at the baby, Liz. It is a pretty baby. Perhaps if it lives, it may be a comfort to you some day."

"May! it wunnot;" said Liz, regarding it resentfully, "I nivver could tak' no comfort in it. It's nowt but a trouble. I dunnot loike it. I canna. It would be better if it would na live. I canna tell wheer Joan Lowrie gets her patience fro'. I ha' no patience wi' th' little marred thing mysen—allus whimperin' an' cryin'; I dunnot know what to do wi' it half th' toime."

Anice took it from her lap, and sitting down upon a low wooden stool, held it gently, looking at its small round face. It was a pretty little creature, pretty with Liz's own beauty, or at least, with the baby promise of it. Anice stooped and kissed it, her heart stirred by the feebly-strong clasp of the clinging fingers.

During the remainder of her visit, she sat holding the child on her knee, and talking to it as well as to its mother. But she made no attempt to bring Liz to what Mr. Barholm had called, "a fitting sense of her condition." She was not fully settled in her opinion as to what Liz's "fitting sense" would be. So she simply made an effort to please, and awaken her to interest, and she succeeded very well. When she went away, the girl was evidently sorry to see her go.

"I dunnot often want to see folk twice," she said, looking at her in a shy, awkward way, "but I'd loike to see yo'. Yo're not loike th' rest. Yo' dunnot harry me wi' talk. Joan said yo' would na."

"I will come again," said Anice.

During her visit, Liz had told her much of Joan. She seemed to like to talk of her, and certainly Anice had been quite ready to listen.

"She is na easy to mak' out," said Liz, "an' p'r'aps that's th' reason why folks puts theirsens to so much trouble to mak' her out. She's getten ways o' her own, has Joan Lowrie."

"That is true enough," said Fergus Derrick, when Anice repeated the words to him. "She's getten ways o' her own."

He thought of Joan in a metaphysical, unsentimental fashion, but she haunted him nevertheless, until sometimes he almost lost patience with himself. It was like recurring again, and again, and again to the fragment of a tune from which his mind would not loose itself. Even Grace, with whom she had become a burden of conscience, surely never was haunted by her so perpetually. When he passed the cottage on the Knoll Road in going home at night, Fergus could not help looking out for her. Sometimes he saw her, and sometimes he did not; but whether he saw her or not, there was actually a sort of excitement in passing the cottage. During the warm weather, he saw her often at the door, or near the gate; almost always with the child in her arms. There was no awkward shrinking in her manner at such times, no vestige of the clumsy consciousness usually exhibited by girls of her class. She met his glance with a grave quietude, scarcely touched with interest, he thought; he never observed that she smiled, though he was uncomfortably conscious now and then that she stood and calmly watched him out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"OWD Sammy Craddock" rose from his chair, and going to the mantel-piece, took down a tobacco jar of red and yellow delft, and proceeded to fill his pipe with solemn ceremony. It was a large, deep clay pipe, and held a great deal of tobacco—particularly when filled from the store of an acquaintance. "It's a good enow pipe to borrow wi'," Sammy was wont to remark with gravity. In the second place, Mr. Craddock drew forth a goodly portion of the weed, and pressed it down with ease and precision into the top of the foreign gentleman's turban which constituted the bowl. Then he lighted it with a piece of paper, remarking to his wife between long indrawn puffs, "I'm goin'—to—th' Public."

The good woman did not receive the intelligence as amicably as it had been given. She even replied with tartness.

"Aye," she said, "I'll warrant tha art. When tha art na fillin' thy belly tha art generally either goin' to th' Public, or comin' whoam. Aw Riggan ud go to ruin if tha wert na at th' Public fro' morn till neet looking after other folkses business. It's well for th' toun as tha'st getten nowt else to do."

Sammy puffed away at his pipe, without any appearance of disturbance.

"Aye," he consented dryly, "it is, that. It ud be a bad thing to ha' th' pits stop workin' aw because I had na attended to 'em, an' gi'en th' mesters a bit o' encouragement. Tha sees mine's what th' gentlefolk ca' a responsible position i' society. Th' biggest trouble I ha', is settlin' i' my moind what th' world 'ill do when I turn up my toes to th' daisies, an' how the government'll mak' up their moinds who shall ha' th' honor o' payin' for my moniment."

In Mr. Craddock's opinion, his skill in the solution of political and social problems was only equaled by his aptitude in managing the weaker sex. He regarded the feminine world with tolerance. He never lost his temper with a woman. He might be sarcastic, he was sometimes even severe in his retorts, but he was never violent. In any one else but Mr. Craddock, such conduct might have been considered weak by the male population of Riggan, who not unfrequently settled their trifling domestic difficulties with the poker and tongs, chairs, or flat-irons, or indeed with any portable piece of household furniture. But Mr. Craddock's way of disposing of feminine antagonists was tolerated. It was pretty well known that Mrs. Craddock had a temper, and since he could manage her, it was not worth while to criticise the method.

"Tha'rt an owd yommer-head," said Mrs. Craddock, as oracularly as if she had never made the observation before. "Tha deserves what tha has na getten."

"Aye, that I do," with an air of amiable regret. "Tha'rt reet theer fur once i' thy loife. Th' country has na done its duty by me. If I'd had aw I deserved I'd been th' Lord Mayor o' Lunnon by this toime, an' tha'd a been th' Lady Mayoress, settin up i' thy parlor wi' a goold crown atop o' thy owd head, sortin' out thy cloathes fur th' weshwoman i'stead o' dollyin' out thy bits o' duds fur thysen. Tha'rt reet, owd lass—tha'rt reet enow."

"Go thy ways to th' Public," retorted the old dame, driven to desperation. "I'm tired o' hearkenin' to thee. Get thee gone to th' Public, or we'st ha' th' world standin' still; an' moind tha do'st na set th' horse-ponds afire as tha goes by 'em."

"I'll be keerful, owd lass," chuckled Sammy, taking his stick. "I'll be keerful for th' sake o' th' town."

He made his way toward the village alehouse in the best of humors. Arriving at The Crown, he found a discussion in progress. Discussions were always being carried on there in fact, but this time it was not Craddock's particular friends who were busy. There were grades even among the visitors at The Crown, and there were several grades below Sammy's. The lowest was composed of the most disreputable of the colliers—men who with Lowrie at their head were generally in some mischief. It was these men who were talking together loudly this evening, and as usual, Lowrie was the loudest in the party. They did not seem to be quarreling. Three or four sat round a table listening to Lowrie with black looks, and toward them Sammy glanced as he came in.

"What's up in them fellys?" he asked of a friend.

"Summat's wrong at th' pit," was the answer. "I canna mak' out what mysen. Summat about one o' th' mesters as they're out wi'. What'll tha tak', owd lad?"

"A pint o' sixpenny." And then with another sidelong glance at the debaters:

"They're an ill set, that lot, an' up to summat ill too, I'll warrant. He's not th' reet soart, that Lowrie."

Lowrie was a burly fellow with a surly, sometimes ferocious, expression. Drink made a madman of him, and among his companions he ruled supreme through sheer physical superiority. The man who quarreled with him might be sure of broken bones, if not of something worse. He leaned over the table now, scowling as he spoke.

"I'll ha' no lads meddlin' an' settin' th' mesters agen *me*," Craddock heard him say. "Them on yo' as loikes to tak' cheek mun tak' it, I'm too owd a bird fur that soart o' feed. It sticks i' my crop. Look thee out o' that theer window, Jock, and watch who passes. I'll punse that lad into the middle o' next week, as sure as he goes by."

"Well," commented one of his companions, "aw I've gotten to say is, as tha'll be loike to ha' a punse on it, fur he's a strappin' youngster, an' noan so easy feart."

"Da'st ta mean to say as I conna do it?" demanded Lowrie fiercely.

"Nay—nay, mon," was the pacific and rather hasty reply. "Nowt o' th' soart. I on'y meant as it was na ivvery mon as could."

"Aye, to be sure!" said Sammy testily to his friend. "That's th' game is it? Theer's a feight on hond. That's reet, my lads, lay in thy beer, an' mak' dom'd foo's o' thysens, an' tha'lt get a chance to sleep on th' soft side o' a paving-stone i' th' lock-ups."

He had been a fighting man himself in his young days, and had prided himself particularly upon "showing his muscle," in Riggan parlance, but he had never been such a man as Lowrie. His comparatively gentlemanly encounters with personal friends had always been fair and square, and in many cases had laid the foundation for future toleration, even amiability. He had never hesitated to "tak' a punse" at an offending individual, but he had always been equally ready to shake hands when all was over, and in some cases, when having temporarily closed a companion's eyes in the heat of an argument, had been known to lead him to the counter of "th' Public," and bestow nectar upon him in the form of "sixpenny." But of Lowrie, even the fighting community, which was the community predominating in Riggan, could not speak so well. He was "ill farrant," and revengeful,—ready to fight, but not ready to forgive. He had been known to bear a grudge, and remember it, when it had been forgotten by other people. His record was not a clean one, and accordingly he was not a favorite of Sammy Craddock's.

A short time afterward somebody passed the window facing the street, and Lowrie started up with an oath.

"Theer he is!" he exclaimed. "Now fur it. I thowt he'd go this road. I'll see what tha's getten to say fur thysen, my lad."

He was out in the street almost before Craddock and his companion had time to reach the open window, and he had stopped the passer-by, who paused to confront him haughtily.

"Why!" cried Sammy, slapping his knee "I'm dom'd if it is na th' Lunnon engineer chap."

Fergus Derrick stood before his enemy with anything but a propitiatory air. That this brutal fellow who had caused him trouble enough already, should interfere with his very progress in the street, was too much for his high spirit to bear.

"I comn out here," said Lowrie in a brutal, significant tone, "to see if tha had owt to say to me."

"Then," replied Fergus, "you may go in again, for I have nothing."

Lowrie drew a step nearer to him.

"Art tha sure o' that?" he demanded. "Tha wert so ready wi' thy gab about th' Davys this mornin' I thowt happen tha'd loike to say summat more if a mon ud gi' yo' a chance. But happen agen yo're one o' th' soart as sticks to gab an' goes no further."

Derrick's eyes blazed, he flung out his open hand in a contemptuous gesture.

"Out of the way," he said, in a suppressed voice, "and let me pass."

But Lowrie only came nearer, his fury growing at the other's high-handedness.

"Nay, but I wunnot," he said, "until I've said my say. Tha wert goin' to mak' me obey th' rules or let th' mesters hear on it, wert tha? Tha wert goin' to keep thy eye on me, an' report when th' toime come, wert tha? Well, th' toime has na come yet, and now I'm goin' to gi' thee a thrashin'."

He sprang upon him with a ferocity and force which would have flung to the earth any man who had not possessed the thews and sinews of a lion. Derrick managed to preserve his equilibrium. All the power of his fiery nature rushed to his rescue. After the first blow, he could not control himself. Naturally, he had longed to thrash this fellow soundly often enough, and now that he had been attacked by him, he felt forbearance to be no virtue. Brute force could best conquer brute nature. He felt that he would rather die a thousand deaths than be conquered himself. He put forth all his strength in an effort, which wakened the crowd—which had speedily surrounded them, Owd Sammy among the number—to wild admiration.

"Get thee unto it, lad," cried the old sinner in an ecstasy of approbation, "Get thee unto it! Tha'rt shapin' reet I see. Why, I'm dom'd," slapping his knee as usual—"I'm dom'd if he is na goin' to mill Dan Lowrie!"

To the amazement of the by-standers, it became evident in a very short time, that Lowrie had met his match. Finding it necessary to defend himself, Derrick was going to do something more. The result was that the breathless struggle for the mastery ended in a crash, and Lowrie lay upon the pavement, Fergus Derrick standing above him pale, fierce and panting.

"Look to him," he said to the men about him, in a white heat, "and remember that the fellow provoked me to it. If he tries it again, I will try again too." And he turned on his heel and walked away.

He had been far more tolerant, even in his wrath, than most men would have been, but he had disposed of his enemy effectually. The fellow lay stunned upon the ground, looking unpleasant enough. In his fall, he had cut his head upon the curbstone, and the blood streamed from the wound when his companions crowded near, and raised him. Owd Sammy Craddock offered no assistance; he leaned upon his stick, and looked on with grim satisfaction.

"Tha's getten what tha deserved, owd lad," he said in an undertone. "An' tha'st getten no more. I'st owe th' Lunnon chap one fro' this on. He's done a bit o' work as I'd ha' takken i' hond mysen long ago, if I'd ha' been thirty year younger, an' a bit less stiff i' th' hinges."

Fergus had not escaped without hurt himself, and the first angry excitement over, he began to feel so sharp an ache in his wrist, that he made up his mind to rest for a few minutes at Grace's lodgings before going home. It would be wise to know the extent of his injury.

Accordingly, he made his appearance in the parlor, somewhat startling his friend, who was at supper.

"My dear Fergus!" exclaimed Paul. "How excited you look!"

Derrick flung himself into a chair, feeling rather dubious about his strength, all at once.

"Do I?" he said, with a faint smile. "Don't be alarmed, Grace, I have no doubt I look as I feel. I have been having a brush with that scoundrel Lowrie, and I believe something has happened to my wrist."

He made an effort to raise his left hand and failed, succumbing to a pain so intense that it forced an exclamation from him.

"I thought it was a sprain," he said, when he recovered himself, "but it is a job for a surgeon. It is broken."

And so it proved under the examination of the nearest practitioner, and then Derrick remembered a certain wrench and shock he had felt in Lowrie's last desperate effort to recover himself. Some of the small bones had broken.

The Reverend Paul was disturbed beyond measure. He called in the surgeon himself, and stood by during the strapping and bandaging with an anxious face, really suffering as much as Derrick, perhaps a trifle more. He would not hear of his going home that night, but insisted that he should remain where he was.

"I can sleep on the lounge myself," he protested. "And though I shall be obliged to leave you for half an hour, I assure you I shall not be away a longer time."

"Where are you going?" asked Derrick.

"To the Rectory. Mr. Barholm sent a message an hour ago, that he wished to see me upon business."

Fergus agreed to remain. When Grace was on the point of leaving the room, he turned his head.

"You are going to the Rectory, you say?" he remarked.

"Yes."

"Do you think you shall see Anice?"

"It is very probable," confusedly, and looking a little nervously startled.

"I merely thought I would ask you not to mention this affair to her," said Derrick. The curate's face assumed an expression at that moment, which it was well that his friend did not see. A shadow of bewilderment and anxiety fell upon it and the color faded away.

"You think—" faltered he.

"Well, I thought that perhaps it would shock or alarm her," answered Derrick. "She might fancy it to have been a more serious matter than it was."

"Very well. I think you are right perhaps." And he went out, with the shadow still on his face.

(To be continued.)

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

"Industrial education is the price of industrial supremacy."

OUR age is trying a grand experiment—one which in Europe began with the century, but with us dates back hardly a generation. The idea had its birth one hundred years ago—during a period when a great nation was born, and progress took a long leap forward out of the darkness of ignorance and prejudice. It is the experiment of higher industrial education, its highest organ and instrument the nationally-endowed agricultural college.

Massachusetts, preëminent in education among her sister States, justly claims superiority in many respects for her agricultural college, the subject of this sketch. This college has no proud old history to boast of; no pleasing traditions to tell the world; no buildings hallowed by age, or the footsteps of old-time celebrities. Her halls are commonplace, with the stain of newness still upon them. No men now great had their characters molded in her intellectual workshops,—it is but eight years since the first class entered. But she is the exponent of a new departure in education, of a vital principle in the welfare of the race.

Knowledge of the past will only assist in solving the social problems of the present and future. The student of medicine and theology, the student of history, the follower of Greek and Roman thought—are necessary to our civilization. But men trained in the industrial sciences are the pressing need of our time.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College is one of a class in this country which have a great work before them, and of which much is expected. What she has done of this work in her short career, what she is, and the bright promise of her future will be the burden of my theme. Such are the intimate relationships, however, and the considerations growing out of this system of education, that an apparent digression will occasionally be necessary. And before considering the subject proper we will inquire into the motives for the establishment of these institutions and take a cursory glance at their history.

Agriculture is the mother of all industries; it is the life of the people, the foundation of commerce, aye, of all society; save mining and fishing, the only producer of raw material; without it, under present circumstances, the race could not exist. The farmers of the world constitute about one-half of the entire population. Yet the tillers of the soil know less concerning the natural laws and principles that control the results of their labors than any other class of workers. Not that they are less intelligent—far from it; but because their business is the most complicated, and to attain the highest success in it requires a knowledge of every branch of natural science, together with the best judgment and long experience. The art of agriculture is old, the science is new. Irrigation, draining, fallow, rotation, the use of common manures, and the general principles of practical husbandry were about as well understood—their apparent value—two thousand years ago as to-day. Our improvement in these particulars has been mostly in the manner of applying them, execution, and knowledge of their real effects. The writers on agriculture may be numbered by the hundred, from Hesiod and Xenophon, and Cato, Virgil and Columella, down to Abercrombie and Loudon. Yet until the present century there had scarcely been a new idea advanced since Crescenzi's day. Those ancient worthies understood the methods of "re-hashing" old books to make new as well as writers of the present time. But this continual repetition has made the well-worn precepts traditional, so it is not an unmixed evil.

In so far as science is the simple, visible reason for a practice, the science of agriculture is of equal age and growth with the art. But in the broad signification of science as the knowledge of principles and natural laws,—*why*, for example, a peculiarly shaped implement does work better than another,—why certain crops are adapted to certain soils, climates, and manures,—why certain phenomena occur in plant and animal life and in the mineral world,—why certain practices prove successful—agricultural science is the child of this century. And a mere child she is, but one of great promise, destined to grow and spread her benign influence until all the earth shall blossom and bear fruit like that first garden planted in mythical Eden. Within a short hundred years great improvements in farm machinery, and within four decades—half a life-time—many grand truths of chemistry and physiology have been made known and applied. Yet what has been done, save in mechanics, is the work of a very few men. What may we not expect from an army of trained investigators in this field, of which but a few furrows have been turned? Every isolated fact in natural science is worth more to the world than a precious stone; every chain of connected facts—a perfect theory, a proved principle—is of more value than a gold mine. It is estimated that the discovery by Fitch which changed the time of sowing wheat, thus preventing the ravages of the Hessian fly, caused a saving to the State of New York of fifteen million dollars in a single year.

Agriculture and the world demand more facts, more knowledge, more science. What is already known needs diffusion among farmers, especially among the rising generation. Young men who love the farm and the country have been driven to other pursuits for the greater promise held out to them. And those who advise young men to enter farming as a life pursuit without an education would place him in the position of a lawyer who knew only law journals and office work, or the clergyman whose only education was his residence in a minister's family.

Farmers need more education to make them better citizens. In their hands rests the well-being of future generations. It is for them to keep the soil productive, that the crops shall meet the requirements of what at no distant day may be a superabundant crowd of human beings upon the earth, unless the Malthusian remedies of war and pestilence sweep them off in sufficient numbers to offset the present rapid increase. However much some may decry science, and hold to the sufficiency of practice, they must admit that the practice of the past has greatly deteriorated our farm lands, and even made some districts almost uninhabitable. The sewage of cities is fast piling up on the sea-bottom the fertility of productive soils. This sewage question is one of vast import. China has solved it, but her solution will not answer for our civilization. The guano deposits of Peru, it is said, are already failing, though only thirty-five years have passed since their utilization by other countries. All of the natural fertilizing resources are exhaustible, and what then? Discussion alone might go on forever and not settle a single point. Intelligent investigation is the only means of solving the problems.

Thus we see the necessity for agricultural colleges. These are a few of the questions presented for their solution. Societies cannot do this work; they hold the same relationship to education as societies in other departments of life.

Schools of agriculture furnish the best means by which to inculcate the principles of good husbandry, to detect and disprove false ideas and practices, to discover the reasons why certain systems are better than others, and to introduce improvements in methods and means. Agriculture more than any other industry needs special help. The principles on which it is founded are more difficult to understand than those of any other art. The causes of success and failure in farming are most complicated, resting as they do upon the subtlest and most profound principles of chemistry, physiology and meteorology.

Our German cousins, ever the pioneers in science, and warned by their crowded population to seek means for increasing the yield of their farms, were the first to make the new departure,—though the honor of conceiving the idea belongs to M. l'Abbé Rosier, who broached it to the ministry of Louis XVI. in 1775. But his plan, like many another great idea, was coldly received by the government and the world at large. Individuals attempted the establishment of agricultural schools, but these mostly failed. The first were started the same year at Hofwyl, in Switzerland, and at Krumau, in Austria, in 1799. The former fell by its own weight; the latter is still flourishing. The possibilities made visible by these efforts, the revelations in the sciences early in the century, and the natural reaction from the effects of long, disastrous wars, led European governments to improve agriculture—the life of nations—in every possible way. The schools started by private enterprise, but which had failed for want of financial strength, were placed on a sound footing. New schools and colleges were established, and experiment stations created, either in connection with existing institutions or separately, for purposes of investigation. The importance and good results arising from them were so apparent that they were rapidly multiplied, until to-day there are more than a thousand of this class of educational institutions in successful operation in Europe. In America there are about a score. The superior cultivation so notable in most of the countries fostering the system; the increased production; the improved live stock; the many applications of steam to farm mechanics; the vast trade in commercial manures; the utilization of the potash refuse of salt mines; the enormous beet-sugar industry; the wonderful advances in every department of natural science; the improved intelligence of the better farming classes,—all attest the influence of this great movement for industrial education.

America, of all countries, needs this stimulus in her agriculture. It may not be over-vain patriotism that induces me to say, that our facilities to lead the world in this industry are unequaled. Our farm lands are yet unmeasured; politics, society, our commercial advantages all favor the assertion; yet by no people, as a people, is the condition of agriculture so much neglected. The causes of this are seen in the seemingly inexhaustible area, the isolation of farmers, and the want of knowledge concerning the true principles of husbandry. But vast as are our resources, careful statisticians calculate that the present system (now past to some extent, thanks to science) of impoverishing the land by improper cultivation, would by the close of the century have exhausted the fertility of all the wide American territory; and that *one thousand millions of dollars* would not more than restore to their original richness the *one hundred million acres* of land in the United States which have already been partially exhausted. Destructive insects steal three hundred million dollars each year out of our national treasury. Tweedism will stand no comparison with this greater evil. The insect hordes are threatening as much disaster to our food supply as the Goths and Vandals threatened to Europe, and the plagues threatened to Egypt centuries ago. The Commissioner of Education estimates that there is an annual loss to the country of fifteen million dollars from lack of proper veterinary education alone. Yet, while Germany has a round dozen veterinary colleges, France nearly as many, and England several, America has but one, with two such professorships in agricultural colleges. The useless destruction of our forests is a time-worn theme, but none the less important.

Do not these questions demand the attention of legislators, educators, and thinking citizens? Their solution will not result merely in filling the farmers' pockets; all society will reap the benefits arising therefrom.

Though the matter had been frequently agitated since 1837 by far-seeing men, it was not till 1862 that America, having awakened to the necessities of the time, by her representatives in Congress assembled, decided to inaugurate a system of industrial education. And for this purpose she granted to each of the loyal States a portion of the public lands, equal to 30,000 acres for each senator and representative to which the State was then entitled. The proceeds of this grant were to be applied to the endowment of "at least one college, whose leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes and professions in life."

This grant comprised some nine million acres of land,—the share of Massachusetts being 360,000 acres, which when sold brought about $236,000. Liberal as this really was for a first expenditure, and large as it may seem to many it is but a trifle compared with what Germany has devoted to similar purposes. The property and fund of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have since been swelled by legislation and private donations to nearly a half million dollars.

Pennsylvania, Michigan and Iowa were among the first to take advantage of the land grant. These States indeed had already taken initiatory steps in this direction, Michigan having established an Agricultural College, Pennsylvania a School of Agriculture, and Iowa an experimental farm.

In Massachusetts, as early as 1849, the idea of agricultural schools was made a special subject of inquiry by such men as Marshall P. Wilder, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Horace Mann, Josiah Quincy, and Charles Francis Adams, and the legislature was memorialized to take the matter in hand. The Senate, under the leadership of Colonel Wilder, the president,—to their credit be it recorded,—passed a bill for the establishment of such an institution. But the House rejected it, because of the prejudices against "book farming." Thus the old Bay State —the pioneer in free schools and normal schools, the first to possess a university, preeminent with her female colleges, possessor of the only normal art school—lost the honor of founding the first agricultural school on this continent. But neither the ridicule cast upon the advocates of education in farming, nor the opposition of farmers themselves, blinded by ignorance to their own best interests, could prevail against the determined friends of the movement. Through their efforts, a commission was formed, under authority from the State, to investigate the subject thoroughly, consisting of Mr. Wilder, President Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, Samuel A. Elliot, Thomas E. Payson, and Eli Warren. Dr. Hitchcock visited and prepared an able report on the agricultural schools of Europe, then, 1849, numbering about 350. This report aroused the people of America more than ever to the possibilities of the undertaking. The State government, however, still remained inactive. But those who had been foremost in the matter, accustomed to succeed, associated themselves together in 1856, and obtained an act of incorporation as the Massachusetts School of Agriculture, and were proceeding independent of the State, when a passage to success was opened through a broader channel.

The agitation of these measures in Massachusetts and a few other States had excited a national interest, and in 1858 Senator Morrill, of Vermont (then a representative), presented a bill to Congress providing for the endowment of a college in each of the States for the advancement of agriculture and the mechanic arts—substantially as above described. Congress passed the bill, but it received President Buchanan's veto; thus the honor of approval was reserved for Abraham Lincoln in 1862. Mr. Wilder says the act was scarcely less important in its bearings on the welfare of the nation than the proclamation of Emancipation. Like that, the new departure in education was born in the time of the nation's greatest political danger; as if the same torch had lit the fires of war and the lamps of science and progress.

By acceptance of the grant, in 1863, with its conditions and obligations, and her act of incorporation, the State became the proprietor, parent, and patron of the college, and bound herself to provide for and maintain it forever. The obligations assumed, measures were soon taken to fulfill them. There was a strong effort on the part of some to make the new institution a department of Harvard University, in connection with the Bussey Institution at Roxbury. The other colleges of the State wanted a share of the proceeds, if any then existing were to benefit thereby, they agreeing to found agricultural departments. Others wanted several schools established with experimental farms attached. But the judgment of those who had studied the matter most closely prevailed. However great might be the advantages to be gained by uniting the national grant with the Bussey fund of $250,000, with all the privileges of the museums, cabinets, and accumulated wisdom of Cambridge, yet a rural district was to be preferred. Division of the fund would destroy its usefulness. Connection with another college was objectionable, because the old prejudices would militate against the harmonious working of the classical and industrial interests. The customary methods of instruction would not answer for teaching the natural sciences in their relations to agriculture. Indeed it was new ground to work upon; the requirements of the intellectual soil were not distinctly understood; laborers were to be trained, or rather were to train themselves for the novel industry. The European system of farm schools, it was seen, was not sufficient for this country. Our public schools would prepare students for an advanced course such as a College could give. The hamper of caste upon these institutions in Europe would not exist here. Withal it was decided that Massachusetts should have an independent agricultural college, which should work out its own destiny.

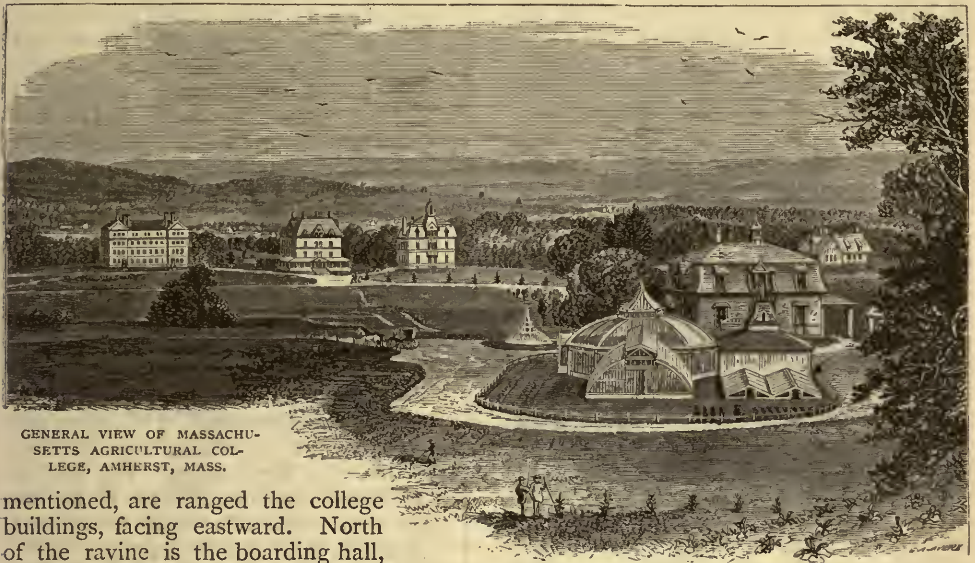
A department of mechanic arts was required by the national endowment, and accordingly three-tenths of the income of that fund goes to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, an institution which, with a property and assets of over a million dollars, is now one of the most flourishing of its class. So this State has a college more exclusively agricultural in character than any other of the Union. But she had small need of more of the classical element in her colleges, having then six of that type within her borders, and now a seventh.

In the valley of the Connecticut—the "Quonecticut" or "Long River"—the "famous river," the "little Nilus" of Cotton Mather—famous for its historical associations; noted for the surpassing beauty of its natural scenery; the foremost section in rural pursuits (for which its soil and aspect are peculiarly fitted) of all New England; and embracing a strip of country which, for its educational advantages, no equal territory in America can surpass—in this favored locality the trustees wisely planted the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Within a range of less than three hundred miles this fertile valley boasts a half-score of prominent colleges and seminaries of learning. The college is situated on a fine farm of nearly four hundred acres in the reputable old county of Hampshire, which contains five of these institutions, and in the pleasant town of Amherst, a community of successful farmers.

After the incorporation in 1863, the organization of the college was immediately begun. The trustees were appointed by the legislature, and included a member from each of the fourteen counties, with the Governor of the State and the Secretaries of Education and Agriculture members *ex officio.* The State Board of Agriculture, in 1866, was constituted a board of overseers. The first buildings were reared in 1867, and the first class, numbering thirty-three, entered in the fall of the same year. There were two presidents before there were any students. The first was H. F. French, Esq., of Cambridge; the second, President Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College. Ill health compelled President Chadbourne's resignation after a few months' occupancy of the chair; when he was succeeded, in 1867, by the present incumbent, William S. Clark, graduate of Amherst and Göttingen, Colonel in the late war, and sometime professor of chemistry and botany in Amherst College, under whose efficient administration the organization of the college was effected and its subsequent success has been achieved.

The dormitories and recitation-halls are finely located in the midst of the well-tilled farm, with striking natural scenery on either side, and the whole region is exclusively agricultural. Hence all the surroundings are calculated to foster and strengthen any inherent love of rural life, while the teachings tend in the same direction. The farm is especially devoted to stock-raising, though gardening and orcharding are not neglected; it includes every variety of soil and exposure, from gravelly hills and woods, to sandy plain, and clays, and swamp land. Geologically, the soil is drift and alluvial. Since first occupied ten years ago, the work of improvement by draining, clearing, grading, and enriching has gone steadily on; thus giving the students rare opportunity to study and participate in practical operations of this nature. Much remains to be done, and many generations of students will be able to see the work in progress. There are several attractive spots on the estate. "Lovers' lane," through the woods, is a favorite resort of local botanists, and a pretty place it is in summer. East of the ridge, occupied by the college buildings proper, there was formerly a swamp with quite a body of water. Some time, ages ago,—not recorded in the college archives,—the water found its way over the ridge and gradually wore a deep ravine through the loose drift and solid hard-pan, and back into the swamp land. The farm improvements finished draining this swamp. This deep ravine—the brook meandering between banks now covered with handsome trees and shrubs in great variety—is a place of great beauty. The president's house, on Mount Pleasant, commands a fine view of the college and surrounding country. Shorn of all disfiguring division fences, the attractive features of the place are much enhanced. With the good sense generally evinced in New England, the elms and maples scattered here and there were allowed to stand, when the land was cleared by the first settlers. A grove and a wood of natural growth, possessing a variety and beauty peculiar to the Eastern States, crown the hill on the north-eastern boundary, and protect a vineyard situated south of the wood. Groves in the lowland to the west heighten the effect. Necessary roads and walks have been constructed with an eye to beauty, and successive classes have each left a souvenir by planting rows of trees along them. A beautiful scene it is in a New England sunset: Here the college buildings, constructed with some architectural pretensions; the Durfee planthouse in the foreground with its well-kept gardens; the fields checkered with various crops in their season; broad pastures, wherein roam parti-colored cattle of perfect form and many breeds; the lovely Connecticut valley spread out before the eye, with its village-dotted plain and shining winding river, and flanked by mountains on either hand—"Peerless Holyoke" on the south, historic Sugar-loaf and Toby on the north, and the foot-hills of the Green Mountains stretching far to the west.

Amherst is the seat of Amherst College (built when this section was almost a wilderness), with her valuable library and extensive cabinets, and classic associations. Here Noah Webster lived and worked, and stamped his character upon the people. The old Indian wars that raged up and down the valley still live in the memories of the people; and some of the early settlers took part in the mimic civil war known as Shay's rebellion; and Shay himself—not a great man—was born just over the hills to the east.



GENERAL VIEW OF MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS.

Along the central ridge of the farm, above-mentioned, are ranged the college buildings, facing eastward. North of the ravine is the boarding hall, and a professor's cottage with its pretty garden crowning the bank of the ravine. Just south of this gulch stands Military Hall, not an imposing structure, but one of prime importance. Its highest use is military, the drill-room and armory being first below the roof; it also contains the chemical laboratory, two lecture-rooms, the cabinets and collections in chemistry and physics, and the chapel. Here also are held the wordy battles of the literary societies; and the anniversary celebration. A hundred feet further south rises North College—a dormitory, and containing the libraries and "war office," society-rooms, and a "tool-room" in the basement pertaining to the field-labor department. This is a handsome brick structure, with a ground plan measuring 50 by 100 feet. Still another hundred feet south, stands South College, no larger than its neighbor, but containing a dormitory, two crowded museums of natural history and geology, a lecture-room, and a reading-room. Now let us visit the domain of Farmer Dillon. Across the broad campus, near the southern boundary of the estate, we see the farm buildings: the convenient farm-house; the great barn with elevated drive-way, storage room for 150 tons of hay, but not sufficient for the yield of the farm—some 250 tons—and stalling for 50 head of cattle. Long sheds, or wings to the barn, contain pens of the improved breeds of swine, sheep and poultry, with butchery, horse-stable, store-rooms, offices, etc. Prominent members of the barn family are Marmion, the former chief and pride of

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, MOUNT PLEASANT, AMHERST.

the piggery, whose skin now adorns the barn loft; and Old Beauty, famous for her proud ancestry and already notable offspring. The portraits of both these worthies will be found farther on. Other barns, with stables for the work-horses, are located north of the college. The herd of stock comprises massive shorthorns, handsome Ayrshires, clean-cut Jerseys, solid Dutch, and dainty Brittanies. A commendable feature in the economy of labor is the employment of bulls for draught. Care of the stock, as also the work of the greenhouses and horticultural department generally, devolves upon the students, in addition to the regular "class work," thus assisting them to pay expenses. East of the ridge, beyond the brook, at the foot of Mount Pleasant, on a rise of land sloping north-west, stands Durfee Plant House, containing plants from every clime. Near by is the Botanic Museum, with the Knowlton Herbarium of over 10,000 species; here also are collections of woods, seeds, models of fruits, etc., and a fine botanic library. The Massachusetts Garden is in course of construction north and east of the conservatories, and is to contain specimens of every plant indigenous to the State. These features, with the rich natural flora of the vicinity, afford exceptional advantages for the study of the beautiful science.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

The characteristics of the Agricultural College are very different from those of the institutions usually dignified by the title, college. The one is for the education of men for an industrial pursuit, while the other is supposed to educate men especially for the so-called learned professions. In the old, the systems and methods become somewhat stereotyped and traditional, the new are working out for society unsolved, and before unattempted problems. Professors in the classical college are not expected as part of their regular duties to advance science by original investigation. A fundamental principle in the organization of the Agricultural College is, that investigation and research shall be prominent features. In the one, Latin, Greek, and abstract mathematics, are considered paramount, while in the other the natural sciences and applied mathematics are foremost. The object and result of the old education is Culture; of the new, Knowledge. The idea of manual labor, characteristic of the latter, is an object of aversion to ordinary students, much less of practice.

It will not be out of place to summarize the course of study and the training it embraces:

Chemistry:—Two years—organic and inorganic, practical, and agricultural chemistry, chemical physics, laboratory practice.
Botany:—Two years—systematic, structural, physiological, geographical; microscope work.
Horticulture, including floriculture.
Veterinary:—Two years—including human anatomy, physiology and hygiene, comparative anatomy, zoölogy, veterinary science and practice.
Practical agriculture:—Three years—lectures in all branches of practical farm work, and science of agriculture, labor in the field.
Mathematics:—Four years—pure and applied mathematics, mechanics, physics, civil engineering, practice.
Languages:—Four years—English, French, German, literature, history.
Military:—Four years—science, tactics, fortifications, signaling, military history.
Mental, moral and social science.

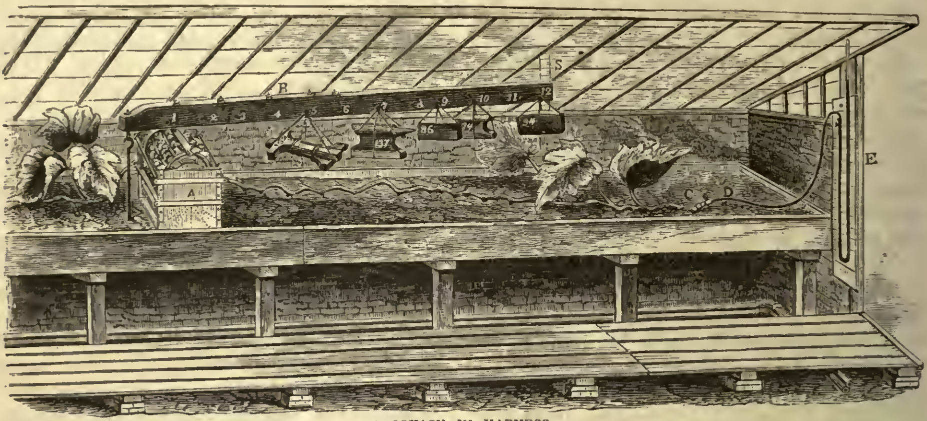
Besides these regular departments, there are lectures on entomology and rural law; geology, landscape gardening, and an extended course in drawing, rhetoric and elocution.

The methods of instruction are, as far as possible, those approved and practiced by "Agassiz, teacher," *i.e.* by lectures and illustration, by laboratory practice and the study of objects. That prince of teachers held that text books should but serve as dictionaries to aid in the study of objects. Nature's language is more clear and positive than any written language can be. At the end of a four years' course the degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred upon successful candidates, who can also, by post-graduate study, become candidates for the degrees of M.S., and Ph. D., and by arrangements with Boston University, may also receive the diploma of that institution.

Now, to what extent is the college fulfilling its mission as an educator, and a factor in the advancement of agricultural science? It is early yet to look for expected results; the real needs of the service are just becoming apparent. Year by year, the field of labor broadens, the furrows lengthen; what once seemed boundary fences, are only division lines. But disputed points are being settled. The few years of tillage, and the seed sown are yielding satisfactory harvests. The training bestowed, considering the lack of previous special preparation, compares favorably with that of older classical colleges, and fosters little of that arrogance and fancied superiority often found where much steeping in book-lore, and exemption from manual labor, prevail. But the lack of preparatory study is a serious hindrance to complete success. Scientific teachings are best ingrafted upon a liberal culture. A broad foundation is required to build a special course upon, and too much of this should not be left for the college to construct. But when this State college shall be blessed with free tuition, and consequent increase in numbers, and thereby placed practically upon a footing with all others in this respect, improvement in this particular may be expected. It is worthy of note in this connection, that the students realize the value of more advanced study; and besides those who devote extra time to some special science, and the post-graduates, several take up Latin and Greek for the purposes of culture, and a better understanding of technical terms. Of the students who have received instruction and gone out from the college since the beginning, fully one-half are now engaged in some pursuit connected with the farm or garden; and of the last two classes, three-fourths are so occupied. Among the rest are advanced students, civil engineers, teachers, editors, merchants, lawyers, physicians. Doubtless many of the latter class will eventually follow the bent of their education, judging from their expressed intentions. While the studies and influences naturally incline the student to rural pursuits, yet some learn their inaptitude for such employment, and their tastes point to a more congenial avocation. Others again are led to see the necessity of financial capital and business experience, which they do not possess, in order to succeed in this calling, and hesitate about entering the profession without these requirements, preferring to wait until they are attained. It is thought quite improper in a candidate for the honors of the classical trinity of learned professions to hasten in taking up his life-work; why not in this? It is no fault of the education, rather to its credit, that the recipient sometimes chooses another career than it apparently directs him to; for it would be an unwise course to restrict any person's training to a certain path regardless of his fitness therefor. Better far is the liberal course adopted by the college, in accordance with the plan favored by the endowment act.

The education acquired by the earnest student fulfills the expectations of the leaders in the movement, and befits their aspirations for the future of American agriculture. The main idea is not to make farmers, and teach them certain forms of manual labor. The aim is higher than this: it is to develop the mind by systematic study; to teach youth the laws of nature; to store the mind with facts and principles useful in any walk of life, and by application of knowledge to practice, show how this formerly despised calling may be made attractive, honorable, and profitable. The student is taught to see things as they are, not "men as trees

VICTORIA REGIA IN DURFEE PLANT HOUSE.



A SQUASH IN HARNESS.

walking;" the keys are furnished him to nature's treasure-house, which, if he possesses the power of discovery, will help him, perhaps, to write a page concerning her wonderful methods and means. Wherever his steps may lead, his education must have influence for good in spreading better ideas of farm life and practice. If he settles upon the farm, then what before was drudgery, becomes skilled and enjoyable labor; the hand obeys the behest of an intelligent mind. His boyish longings for a reason why, are in part satisfied. The growth of plants and animals is a source of pleasure, for he understands to some extent the mysteries of life and death, growth and decay. Every clod he turns, or bit of soil he treads, or flower he looks upon, the heavens above,—all converse with him of nature's laws, and he makes profitable use of their story. His buildings are erected with a definite purpose, properly constructed and located, both for convenience and for health and beauty. A few dollars and a little educated taste, a few days' labor, make his home attractive without and pleasant within.

A profession is respected not for itself, but for the men who fill its offices. May we not expect a lifting-up of this ancient calling to a more honorable position in society from the acquisition of educated men to its ranks? When farmers learn that education and special training are not only compatible with, but add dignity and honor to, the pursuit; when it is proven, as a more potent factor, that the knowledge of principles and faculties of observation and generalization developed by the culture of the college, greatly enhance the chances of success and profits, as shown by the examples of a more prosperous agriculture in their midst, then will this class acknowledge the influence of these agencies, hold a high respect for their own occupation, seek the education for their children, and the productive forces of the country be vastly increased. As mind-culture is recognized as pertaining to a class, and as being the essential element of progress and profit, that class will receive from the world the consideration ever given to power, whether individual or collective.

This new educational movement has wonderfully diversified the resources and opportunities of the calling. It has opened up new careers for youthful ambition. Education no longer consigns a man to law, medicine or the ministry. The youth in sympathy with rural pursuits, and of a literary turn of mind, can find no richer field for his talents than here. The tempting career of authorship and journalism no longer of necessity carries its aspirant to spheres of thought and action removed by long intervals from the field and farm; no department of literature now offers a wider range, or better compensations, than the agricultural. Those inclined to the teacher's calling have opportunities here offered until now unknown. Medicine, in the human practice, is crowded full; the veterinary is virtually all unworked. To the youth born for eminence as an original investigator of nature, here is a field white with the harvest, for which the reapers are all too few. To use the words of President Warren: "In the direction of mechanical invention and appliance, in the direction of breed studies and breed improvement, in the direction of new forms of agricultural manufacture and agricultural commerce, numberless new opportunities and employments have been opened, which all go to diversify, to enrich, and to render attractive the farm-life, once so monotonous."

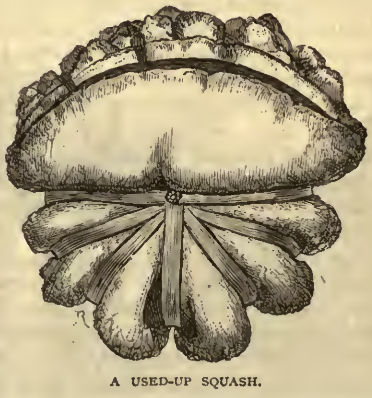
The story of the Great Squash has many times been told, and its feat of lifting five thousand pounds created much wonder and amazement. President Clark undertook this experiment, to demonstrate the lifting power of plant-growth, *i. e.*, the expansive force of growing vegetable tissues. Investigations in this department, of even greater importance, were those upon the phenomena of circulation, pressure, suction, and flow of sap in trees and other plants; rapidity and periodicity of growth; the structure and functions of the bark of exogens; and motions of growing points. The work of the botanical department has attracted considerable attention, and induced Professor Agassiz to say, in his last public address, that a certain paper, upon the circulation of sap, presented at that time, alone more than repaid all the money expended upon the college. These observations on the phenomena of plant life go far to overthrow the absurdity that osmose and attraction are the forces that control the growth of living beings, and to prove that life is a distinct natural force.

The chemical department, under Professor Goessmann, has not been idle. Experiments upon the sugar beet, in field and laboratory, through a course of three years, prove conclusively that the beet-sugar industry, which has added largely to the wealth of France and Germany, can be pursued profitably in the Northern States. During a period of as many more years, attention has been devoted to solving the important fertilizer question. The investigations in this line caused the law of Massachusetts, (by which the Professor was appointed State Inspector of Fertilizers,) compelling commercial manures to be sold according to a guaranteed composition, to be ascertained by chemical analysis. This principle has worked so favorably for both farmer and dealer that the whole trade of the country is reforming upon that basis. Some idea of the importance of these results may be conceived when it is known that formerly enormous quantities of worthless trash were sold to farmers for crop-feeding purposes, at high prices, without the slightest regard to value; and that the sales each year reach the large amount of over two hundred thousand tons. Other investigations have been made, and are in progress, to determine the importance of certain constituents of plant-food, and the effect of special fertilizers on the quality of the product, for example, the flavor of fruit, the inquiries even extending to the bouquet of wines; valuable results have already been obtained.

German, French and English experimenters have long been discussing and investigating the subject of feeding crops with special fertilizers, but with varying results. At last the facts and theories seem to be taking on a tangible form; they are being reduced to a system, and are shedding light on a question of weighty concern to agriculture. Incorrect hypotheses are being dismissed, and simple common-sense theories taking their place. Experiments upon the college farm, and in different sections of the country, under the direction of Professor Stockbridge, and extending over a period of seven years, have demonstrated the practicability of raising crops by application to the soil of the special ingredients, in definite proportions and quantities, as required by the crop under treatment,—a simple theory and a proven fact.

The college has scarcely begun its labors yet, but the fruits are already ripening. The teachers gain in knowledge of their peculiar work as it progresses, and, as in all progress, each step adds fresh impetus to the onward movement. The experimental work accomplished gives fair promise of what may be expected when adequate means for further execution are provided.

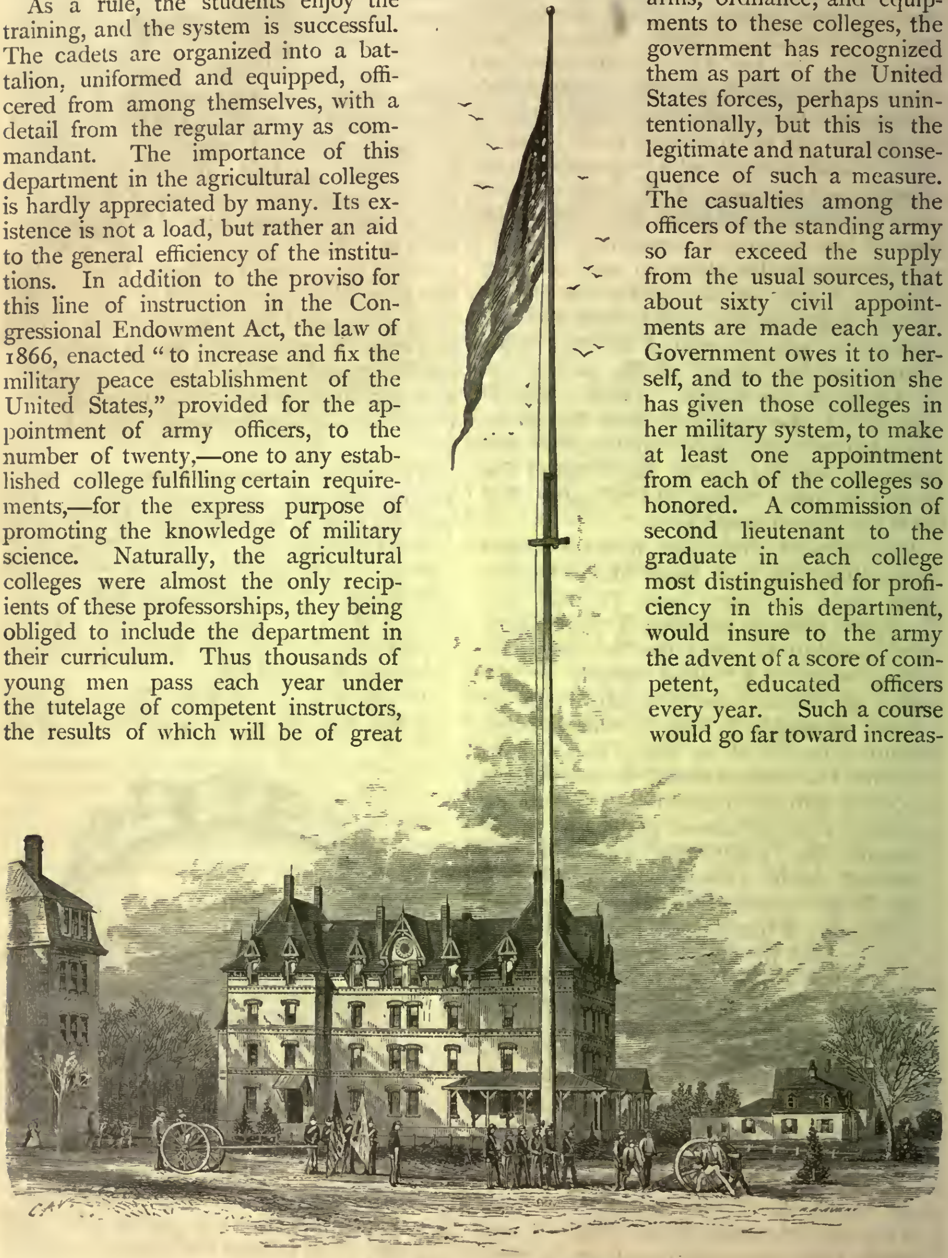
It was a wise provision that in receiving the benefit of the government grant these national colleges should teach the art and science of war. Thus while learning the principles that govern the most peaceful of all pursuits, the student is taught



A USED-UP SQUASH.

how nations protect their peace when resort to arms becomes imperative. Not only is the country thus in part repaid for the expenditure from the common treasury, but a means of needed discipline is thereby provided, which imparts physical health and a graceful carriage, and promptness and decision of character.

As a rule, the students enjoy the training, and the system is successful. The cadets are organized into a battalion, uniformed and equipped, officered from among themselves, with a detail from the regular army as commandant. The importance of this department in the agricultural colleges is hardly appreciated by many. Its existence is not a load, but rather an aid to the general efficiency of the institutions. In addition to the proviso for this line of instruction in the Congressional Endowment Act, the law of 1866, enacted "to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States," provided for the appointment of army officers, to the number of twenty,—one to any established college fulfilling certain requirements;—for the express purpose of promoting the knowledge of military science. Naturally, the agricultural colleges were almost the only recipients of these professorships, they being obliged to include the department in their curriculum. Thus thousands of young men pass each year under the tutelage of competent instructors, the results of which will be of great value in case of warlike emergencies that may arise at any day. But the country might reap still greater benefit from this source, without a dollar of additional outlay, and the course proposed would only be a direct reimbursement for the expense now incurred. By granting these free professorships, and by the issue of arms, ordnance, and equipments to these colleges, the government has recognized them as part of the United States forces, perhaps unintentionally, but this is the legitimate and natural consequence of such a measure. The casualties among the officers of the standing army so far exceed the supply from the usual sources, that about sixty civil appointments are made each year. Government owes it to herself, and to the position she has given those colleges in her military system, to make at least one appointment from each of the colleges so honored. A commission of second lieutenant to the graduate in each college most distinguished for proficiency in this department, would insure to the army the advent of a score of competent, educated officers every year. Such a course would go far toward increas-



NORTH COLLEGE AND COLOR GUARD.

ing the general interest in this department, and a deficiency in the army would be well supplied.

The training of the gymnasium, and the sports of the bat and oar, as part of an education, are exciting no small degree of interest in these days, and even the student of agriculture is not exempt from the general infection. At the first annual regatta of the National College Rowing Association, at Ingleside, the "Aggies" won the race with great *éclat*, and received applause from the press and the people such as has attended no subsequent contest. This was almost the first defeat of Harvard upon the water. The magenta boys had laughed at the wearers of the maroon and white, and contemptuously dubbed them with the cognomen, "Aggies," which, acquired under such circumstances, has been proudly retained. But such sports, thus made so prominent, are incompatible with the system of education, and now are only indulged in near home, and upon the campus.

From the first, the College has encountered much opposition from men in all stations and professions; legislators, educators, private citizens, prominent agriculturists, and common farmers. And why? Simply because at first they were ignorant of the objects and aims of the enterprise, and afterward were ignorant of its workings.

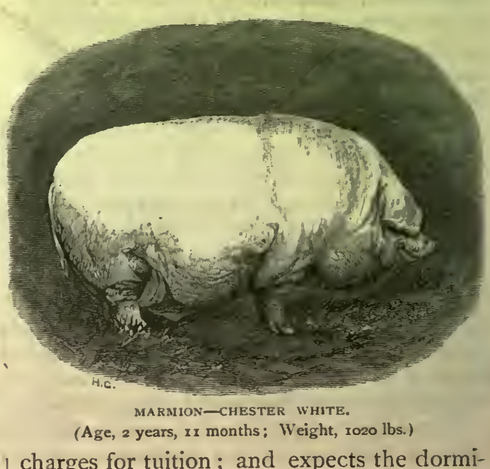
A committee of that august body known in the Bay State as the General Court, visited the institution a few years ago, with the view of appropriating money for its support. While looking over the buildings, one of the honorables, considerably interested, beckoned one of the guides aside, and confidentially, as if to conceal his ignorance, made the inquiry: "Professor, who—who does this college belong to, anyway?" The surprising manner in which the college has overcome, one by one, the doubts, prejudices, and ridicule of the faithless, is encouraging to every friend of progress. The legislature of the Commonwealth, in 1870, considered the propriety of severing its relations with the college, and appointed a committee to inquire into the feasibility of the step, and also if the term of study could not be diminished. The result of the investigation was an appropriation of $150,000, and complete vindication of the course adopted by the college officials. In 1873, a bill was before Congress providing for the bestowal of the interest received from the proceeds of the sales of public lands upon the existing national industrial colleges. The presidents of two leading universities lobbied against the measure. The chairman of the Committee on Education was opposed to it. But the bill received a majority of the votes cast, and was only defeated by those tricks so well played in legislative bodies. Last year, an investigation of these institutions was ordered and carried out. The investigators reported so favorably that recently the former opposing chairman of the Committee on Education has written a letter, in which he admits his mistake in 1873, and wishes for opportunity to aid the project should it again be brought before Congress, and speaks in high terms of the Massachusetts college. Contending against unequal odds, she at last commands the respect of friend and opponent, and is steadily gaining a reputation, at home and abroad, as a strong educational power.

PRESIDENT CLARK.

The system of industrial education with us is yet in its infancy, and these central institutions, the agricultural colleges, will progress as immeasurably far ahead of their present position as they are now in advance of the condition when none existed. Germany and France, in common with other European countries, have so far progressed as to possess special schools in forestry, veterinary, stock-breeding, dairy-farming, etc., and to teach the culture of special crops; they have experiment stations, devoted to the investigation of particular questions; and their influence is felt in every harvest-field of Europe. The skilled workmen of Germany and France are trained in technical schools, and taught the laws that guide methods and control results. England long fancied that her mills and raw materials were sufficient to keep her ahead of the world; but only a few years went by before she found herself surpassed by the educated workmen across the Channel. Since then she has taken steps to remedy this difficulty. America is in the same plight to-day toward Europe, not only in many of her manufactured products, but especially in her agriculture. A few articles of American manufacture, such as machinery, pianos, rifles, and domestic implements, have won a high position in foreign markets; our flour, and corn, and butter, and cheese, are necessities to the old world. But we are obliged to impose high import duties to "protect American industry" (rather to injure it), not altogether because labor is cheaper with them, but because their wares are better than our own. Our farm products are insignificant compared with what they should be from our immense territory. Even France raises more wheat than all America.

FARMER DILLON.

The names of Liebig, Wolff, Stöckhardt, Voelker, and their co-workers, need only be mentioned to indicate what science has done for agriculture. All Europe does them honor, follows their teachings, and pockets the profits. The possibilities for America when she shall have an army of educated farmers and artisans, of teachers and investigators in the natural sciences, are yet scarcely dreamed of. Our magnificent stretch, and diversity of soil and climate; our manufacturing and commercial advantages, backed by educated Yankee ingenuity, and our democracy, render possible with us what is impossible for Europe. The farmers of America are slowly opening their eyes to the fact that this, with them, unpopular science is leading their transatlantic neighbors to the van in crop production and consequent profits, and are beginning to acknowledge the reason. The present proficiency in stock breeding evinced by many Americans, the cheese-factory system, the successes of a few scientific farmers, and our unrivaled labor-saving machinery, attest the good results of the application of accurate knowledge to practice in this country. The teachings and investigations of the agricultural colleges, —though a decade scarce measures their life, —and a few independent workers, are fast marking out the paths to success. But great as is the work of these institutions, few of them are fully equipped for the service. Without substantial aid from the public their usefulness will be much abridged. Massachusetts expects her State college to run a full-fledged experiment station, but makes no provision therefor. Massachusetts, the State of free normal schools, with a matchless system of free common schools, her classical colleges offering free scholarships to all who need them, compels her agricultural college, which is part and parcel of the State educational system, to make high charges for tuition; and expects the dormitories to be filled with students from a class usually not over well supplied with worldly



MARMION—CHESTER WHITE.
(Age, 2 years, 11 months; Weight, 1020 lbs.)

goods. A botanic garden and arboretum, and professorships in entomology and meteorology, are among the urgent necessities of the institution.

Neither the importance of, nor the necessity for, experiment stations—institutions devoted specially to investigation and discovery in the natural sciences—are understood in this country, save by a few, nor do my limits allow the demonstration. Suffice it to say, that Europe finds them so necessary and profitable that they are planted in almost every province, and the number is added to every year. When our agricultural colleges shall have been adequately endowed, an experiment station well managed in connection with each, and by division of labor in investigation, and all working together under one system, their power as an educational force will be almost beyond conception. The results do not benefit, nor are they applied solely to agriculture, but all arts share the benefits, and consequently all society. England's wealth could not purchase superiority over the educated labor of the Continent. The almighty dollar, single-handed, cannot unlock nature's secrets. But wealth expended in education and the advance of knowledge in the technical sciences, is the favorite investment of Germany, and her return has been greater than the usurer's interest.

Note.—Since the above was written, the Japanese government, after examination of the agricultural colleges of both Europe and America, have chosen the subject of this paper as a model for a similar institution in that country, at Sapporo, province of Hokkaido; and that the cast may be the more perfect, while modified to suit peculiar circumstances, have secured the services of President Clark for a year or so, to organize the new institution.

R.A. Muller. SC.

BEAUTY AND BEAUTY 12TH. (FIVE GENERATIONS BETWEEN.)

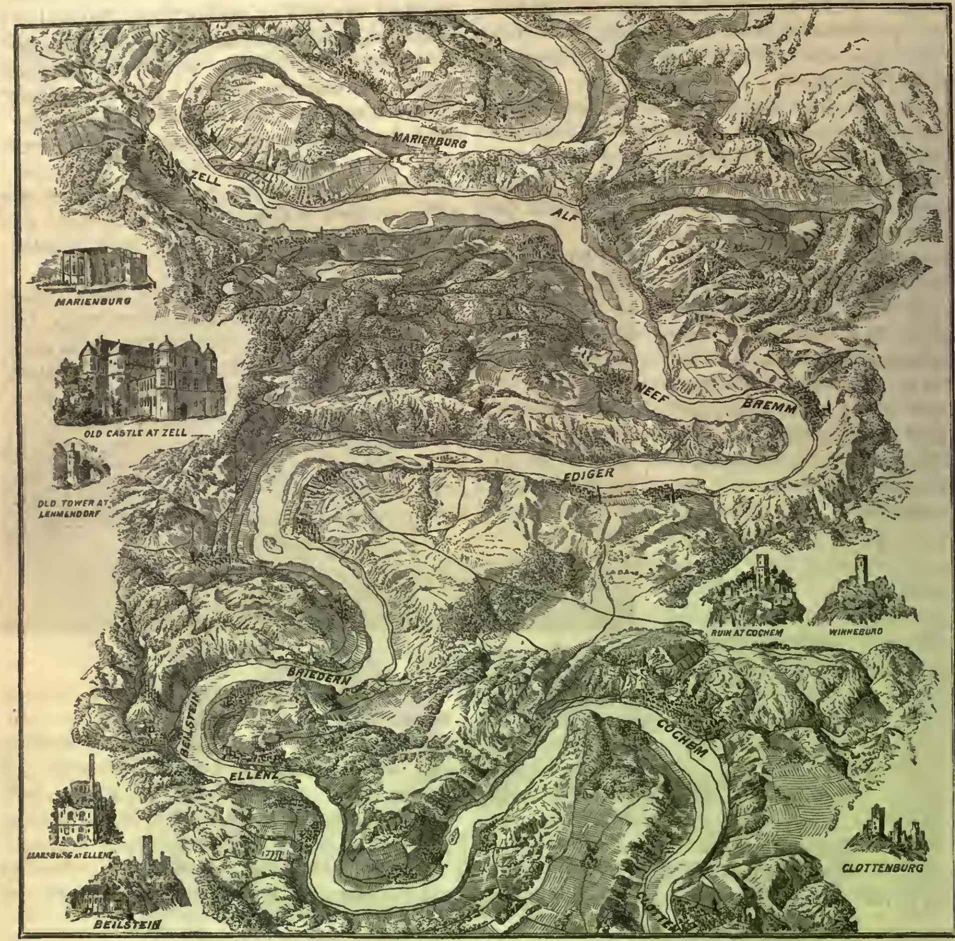
* * *

THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—IV.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

There are days in the past lives of all of us which refuse to rest in the chronological niche to which they belong. They insist upon leaping over the intervening months and years, and keeping themselves always present in our memories. Such a day is that Sunday in September when we loaded our luggage and our little row-boat luxuries and drinking-glass and field-glass on board the "Nancy," and set sail from Alf, as the church bells of the little river-side villages were answering each other's calls to the morning mass.

It was a rare day. The sun was bright without fierceness; the baffling and changing breeze accommodated itself to all the windings of our course, and gave us always the impulse of its gentle pressure; the air was



THE MOSEL, FROM MARIENBURG TO CLOTTEN.

so clear that distant objects were well defined, yet so soft that near ones were not too glaring; the mellow tones of the old timber-and-stucco houses were warm and tender, and the full-leaved hill-sides were as fresh as in June.

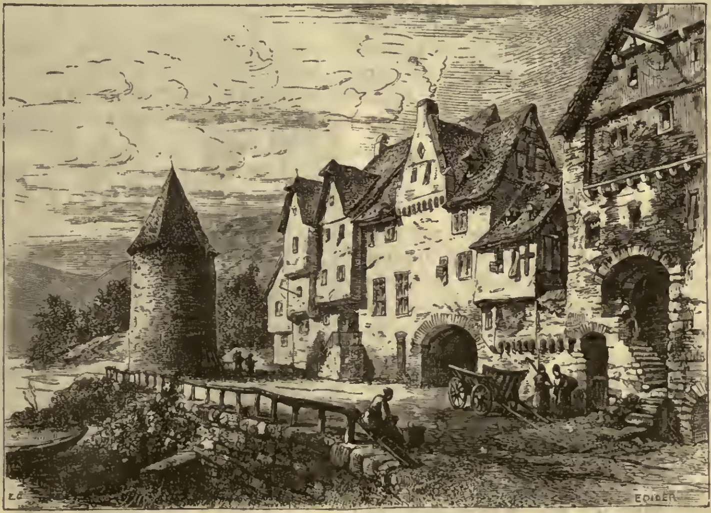
We rowed, and floated, and idled away the livelong day amid the ever-changing scenes and constantly varied interest of the most beautiful part of the whole Mosel. Here and there a rapid run, concentrated between projecting jetties, would give us a half-mile or so of swift flight. Then would come a long stretch of straight or winding lake-like water, down which we paddled,—resting often to fill our souls with the ineffable beauty and serenity of the slowly varied scene.

All Mosel-land seemed to be enjoying its holiday,—strolling, fishing, rowing, bathing, singing, and idling; the whole happy people were given over to the Arcadian life which, on September Sundays at least, they seem to enjoy to the fullest extent.

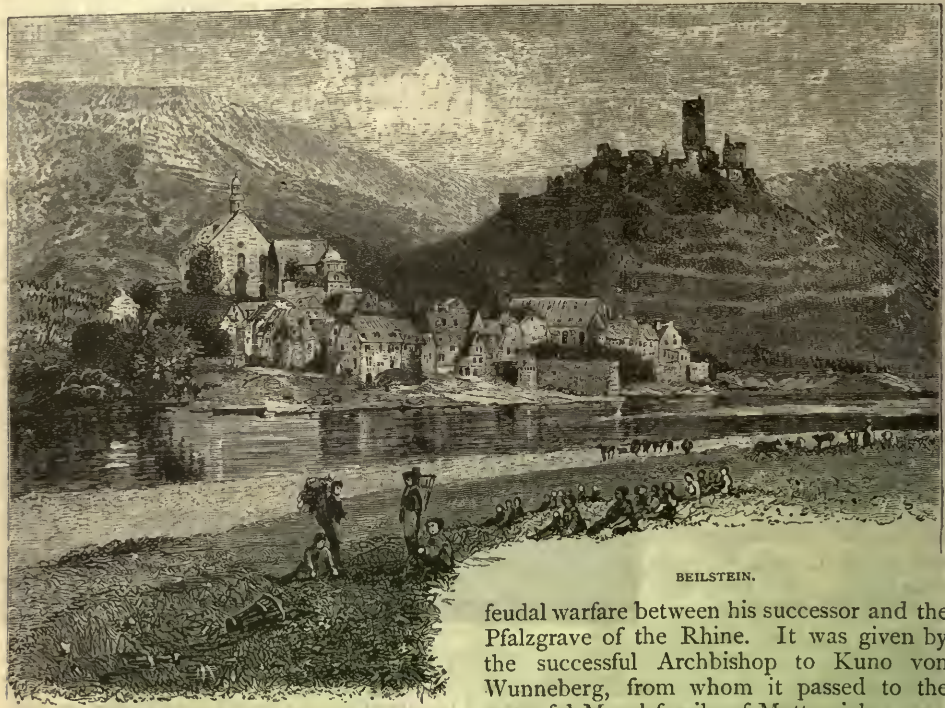
The map given above, covers the length of this Sunday's sail,—from Alf to Kochem,—the whole course lying between high and beautiful hills, which almost always crowded the river closely on either hand, and being thickly studded with villages, ruins, and never-ending vineyards. As we pulled away from Alf, we had behind us the steep, high cliff, crowned with the Marienburg, and, rising above, the point of the odd Bullay spire. At our left, we passed the old church of Aldegund, perched on a high rock above the town, which it crowns with the beauty of the quaint, old-time village church architecture. Then came Neef and Bremm, and here we rounded a sharp turn in the river, running under the very walls of a most romantic ruin, the old Kloster Stuben, built low down near the very shore amid the great clustering trees where its storied nightingales fill the star-lit air with melody. What now stands was clearly the church of St. Gisela's Augustine nuns, dating back to the twelfth century. Passing by Eller, we landed in front of the hotel of the most picturesque old town of Ediger—a town which, as seen from the river, has few equals along the whole Mosel. Here we halted for an hour, and dined, and dozed dreamily in the shaded arbor overlooking the river.

ZELL.

During the afternoon we landed on this shore and on that, and, as we look back, we seemed to have dawdled away so much of our time, that it is hard to understand how we made the progress that we did. The villages are packed more closely together here than along our earlier route, sometimes stretching along the bank, and again lying a little way back, behind the orchards and woods, which shut them from our view,—manifesting themselves only in the floating smoke, and the cries and laughter of children. Presently we swung around in front of the village of Briedern, and sighted the tower of Beilstein Castle, perched, like Landshut, high above the vineyards, which, as we rowed on, appeared gradually lower and lower down until Beilstein village came in view. As Bernkastel best shows the interior crookedness, quaintness, and architectural beauty of the mediæval Mosel town, so Beilstein presents to the river the most charming and interesting external view. Traces are still left of the old castle wall, stretching down the vine-clad hill, and embracing the little town in its arms. Several of the houses—evidently centuries old—have included in their construction bastions and towers, and



EDIGER.



BEILSTEIN.

battlements of the old defensive work. Never did castle more completely overlook, protect, and inclose the village where its retainers were gathered; and nowhere on the Mosel, or on the Rhine, is the feudal relation between the lord and his people more clearly illustrated by the still standing traces of their homes; and nowhere, surely, did lord and retainer live in a more beautiful spot, or among more charming surroundings. There may be in Beilstein some minor houses of this century, but not enough to mar in any way the effect of purest antiquity. The gray castle, the richly grown hill-side, the "calmly gliding waters," the warm-tinted, tumble-down, fish-scale-roof houses, the sturdy wall by which these are buttressed against the hill-side, and the high-perched, quaint old church,—all combine to make Beilstein to the last degree interesting. Even its people, as we see them from the river, in nowise detract from its interest, and the noisy game of bowls that was being played on one of the terraces might well have descended from the games of the feudal days. Beilstein Castle is mentioned in the twelfth century. It came in the fourteenth into the possession of the Archbishop of Trier, and was afterward a chief point in the feudal warfare between his successor and the Pfalzgrave of the Rhine. It was given by the successful Archbishop to Kuno von Wunneberg, from whom it passed to the powerful Mosel family of Metternich.

The rest of our day's row had, at every turn, a constant and constantly varied interest and beauty, until it brought us at last in front of the fine outlying country-houses above Kochem. Swinging around a high bluff, we came suddenly in view of the castle and the town, and pulled slowly down past

HOUSES ON THE QUAY AT KOCHEM.

its long, picturesque, river-side street to the landing-place in front of the "Hotel Union," where we had bespoken accommodations.

Kochem is quite a large town. It is an important station of the Trier steamers, and the terminus of a little steamboat line from Koblentz. It is a busy little place, with a good back country, and, as the head of navigation during low stages of the river, it has a surplus of traffic. Its shore is well lined with flat-boats, and heavy drays are not unknown to its principal thoroughfare. It has a fine casino, and several promising-looking hotels. The Union (Pauly's) is a really comfortable, modern hotel,—as distinct from the Gasthaus,—domiciled within heavy stone walls of mediæval brick. It opens upon a broad, vine-shaded terrace, set with wine-tables, and commanding one of the prettiest views of the Mosel. It was like stepping out of a former century and awakening suddenly to modern life, to be shown into our large four-windowed corner room, with an actual nineteenth century carpet on the floor. It would be an affectation to say that we did not fully accept and enjoy the modern comforts with which we were surrounded; but they did not at all spoil us for an appreciation of the quaint delights of the Gasthaus snugness and simplicity of our farther travel.

KOCHEM AND FRIEDBURG.

Once away from the river-front, every street and by-way of Kochem is old and curious,—less so than those of Trier, but it is an extremely interesting and picturesque old town, with a crowning charm that is hardly equaled in its way in the world. The old castle of Friedburg—formerly the home of the Landgrave Heinrich von Laach, who lived here in William the Conqueror's time—caps a sharp high hill at the end of the town. Difficult of access by vehicles from the rear, and on its river front approached only by a zigzag walk hewn out of the rock by Archbishop Baldwin,—a walk overlooked by protecting bastions,—its position must have been well-nigh impregnable. It played an important part in the mediæval warfare between the electors of Trier and their robber enemies toward the Rhine, during the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries. It was their frequent residence, and they did much to beautify the underlying town. During the Thirty Years' War it was occupied by the archbishops, by the emperors, by the Spanish, by the Swedes, and by the French. In 1689, it was taken by the French at the fourth storming, with a loss of 1600 men, and both castle and town were nearly destroyed. Then for almost two hundred years the hill top was covered with a mass of gray and time-worn ruin.

Very recently it was bought by a wealthy gentleman of Berlin, a Privy Councilor of the government, who—under the advice of

A MOSEL KITCHEN.

the architect of the Cologne Cathedral—is restoring it to what is believed to have been its original character, but with a degree of elegance and luxury that includes some refinements that must have been unknown to its earlier occupants. Its towers and turrets are covered with pointed round roofs, and bristle with flag-staffs. The windows are filled with beautiful glass-work, and the overhanging oriels and bay-windows and doors are of the finest solid woods, richly and beautifully carved. The great Rittersaal (Knight's hall), restored with even more than its mediæval magnificence, is destined for a museum of armor and all manner of middle-age relics. Never did courtier offer to his guest a more magnificent house, more beautifully placed, or richer in every detail, than that to which the owner of Friedburg will welcome his Imperial guest. The millions that the work has cost, and the years that the improvements have occupied, and must still occupy, could hardly anywhere else have produced a more charming and luxurious result; and over it all, despite its modern finish, there must always hang the veil of real legend-crowded and historic romance.

An important one of my motives for visiting Kochem was the wish to examine the great engineering work connected with the tunnel of the new Prussian railway,—a railway that is to enable Germany to mass half a million men at Metz within a week after the breaking out of the next French war. This work will sadly mar the beauty of the lower Mosel; but, happily, the line passes much of the way by short cuts under-ground, and it must always leave the long and beautiful bends of the river untouched and unspoiled. Indeed, by concentrating the traffic of the country at those points where it appears above ground on the river banks, it will probably check all tendency of modern enterprise to ruin the more hidden villages, and will leave Beilstein, Zell, Bernkastel and a hundred hamlets for ever dead and delightful.

The Kochem tunnel is much inferior in length to those of the Alps, being less than three miles long (4235 meters). It comes out near Eller, where much progress had been made, and about half a mile was finished at Cochem. The main driving is being done with the Swiss drill, which, although effective, seemed to me less so than are our own percussion drills, while requiring a far larger number of men for their management. The upper drifts are driven with the use of the little Sachs (percussion) drill, which seems light and relatively inefficient. The rock is generally a hard laminated slate, lying at an awkward angle, and the material removed is valuable only for filling.

SCHLOSS BÜRRESHEIM, NEAR MAYEN.

KLOSTER LAACH.

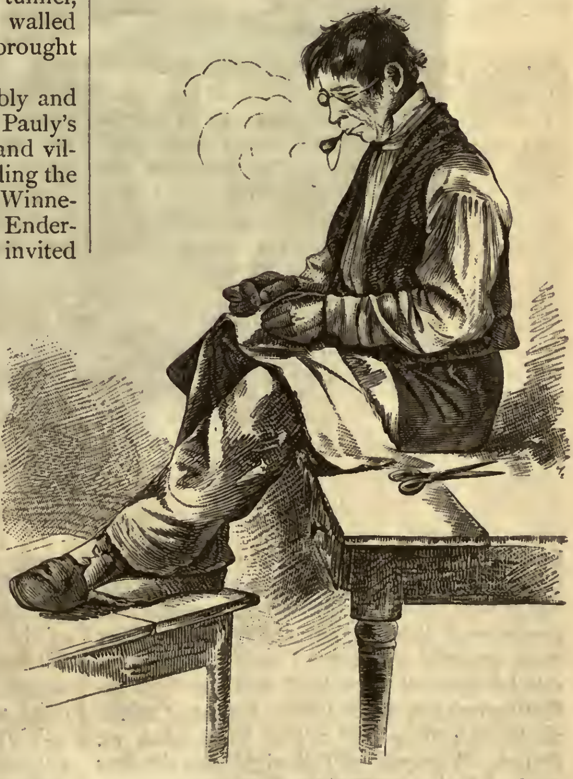
According to our custom, we should consider the rock itself a sufficiently secure vaulting, but this does not accord with the ideas of German engineers, and the whole tunnel, for a double-track road, is to be walled and vaulted with costly hard stone brought all the way from Luxembourg.

One might spend a month profitably and with unusual comfort under Herr Pauly's pleasant roof, and among the hills and villages and ruins of the country, including the old home of the Metternichs, Schloss Winneburg, which lies in sight back in the Enderbach valley. But too much of interest invited us down the river, and we left on Tuesday noon, marking Kochem as one of the many visited points to which one must again return.

We had heard of old of the charms of Deiss's Gasthaus at Moselkern, and we passed a pleasant afternoon along the ten miles of river that floated us to it. Unfortunately others than we had heard of Deiss's good cheer, and the best that we could do was to take quarters at an outlying house below the village, going for our meals to the little inn, which we found crowded with traveling guests, and noisy with the clattering discussions of the railway engineers who were quartered there.

Our hostess, a daughter of Deiss, whose husband is a well-to-do peasant, has a really comfortable old double house near the bank of the river at the lower end of the village. It is much better than the ordinary village house, and is furnished with more comfort; indeed, the parlor into which we were shown, although its furniture is all very old, and although its thick walls give deep window-seats, had very much the air that one may see in the "best room" of a rich farmer,—in eastern Pennsylvania, for example.

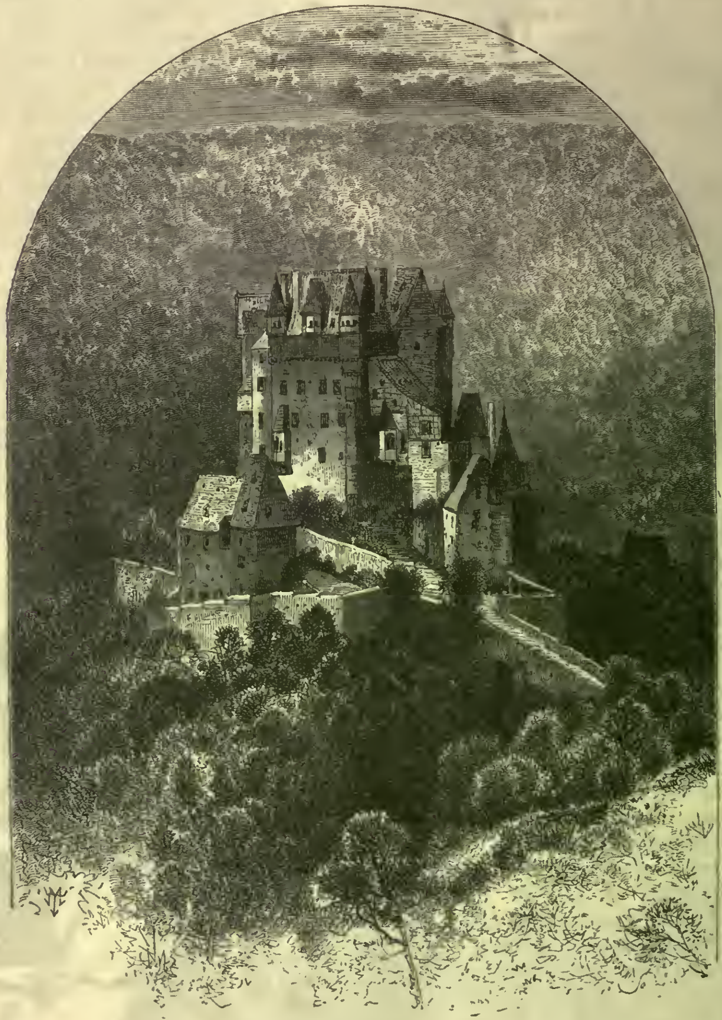
Our bedroom was in an extension of the house, approached by a very steep outer staircase, and an open gallery. It was extremely clean and was furnished comfortably, though in the simplest way; for wash-bowls, we had long oval pudding dishes. Our window opened upon a little fruit garden, and it was pleasant to hear the pattering of the light rain upon the leaves. We awakened early, and, on inspecting our quarters by daylight, were horrified to find that we had had neighbors of the creeping order, such as it had been our good fortune thus far to escape. In the gray dawn, one after another of these nocturnal visitors was to be seen creeping here and there over the beds and the floor. A little later, after our anxiety



A TAILOR ON THE MOSEL.

had grown almost insupportable, the waxing day showed our friends to have a somewhat too attenuated form for the *cimex lectularius* of our boarding-school memories, and a closer inspection quite acquitted them of the charge. They were simply a crowd of quite harmless little garden beetles which had taken refuge from the rain, and had amused their waking hours with an inspection of the persons and property of their American visitors. They were entirely innocent of any design upon our bodies, but they had succeeded in inflicting quite as much torture upon our minds as though they had really been what we feared. The rain of this night was the first we had had since Paris, and the prospect of our next day's tour through the eastern Eifel was gloomy enough.

Our chief reason for selecting Moselkern for a halting-place, was that it lies at the mouth of the noisy, winding, picturesque Eltzbach,—a little stream that comes tumbling down from the Eifel among crags and cliffs, which are crowded with the monuments, traditions, legends, and associations of the richest mediæval time; and up the Eltzbach valley, only three miles away, stands the grand old Schloss Eltz,—the chief aim of our pilgrimage.



SCHLOSS ELTZ.

We were to have gone up the valley of the Eltzbach in a hay-wagon, cushioned with straw and drawn by cows over the rough road. We were compelled to give this up and to engage the only covered vehicle in the village, with a tandem team to drag us up the long road leading to the the top of the hills, and on to Munstermaifeld.

This little town had interested us from Ernest George's beautiful etching of one of its old farm-houses, with a covered gate-way attached. It had also excited our curiosity from his statement that it was modernized to a painful degree by large iron-works, and that its outlying fields were cultivated with an English steam-plow. How an artist could ever have made so capital and truthful a picture of this house,—unless from a photograph,—and yet have been so entirely wild in his statements, it is difficult to imagine. No iron-works have ever existed in the neighborhood, and the steam-plow, or even any other modern plow, is as much unknown at Munstermaifeld as in the most hidden village of the Mosel valley. All of our experiences at the hotel, at the church, and about the streets—the rain had ceased and the day had cleared finely—were of the pleasantest, but we hastened to enter our lumbering, mediæval old calash, a vehicle which would not live a year on our roads, but which seems amply reliable for the excellent ones of the Eifel. We trundled on behind the slow old plow-horses, and listened to the constant talk and explanation of our peasant coachman.

We went first to Mayen, a busy and active market-town, at one end of whose public square stands the castle of Genoveva's Burg,—near the church behind whose altar her misguided husband found her, according to the Mayen version of the legend, spinning, and where she still sits to this day, an unseen spirit spinning the gossamer web of the other world.

The legend of Genoveva, the most noted and most dramatic of the Mosel legends, is located by usual tradition at Pfalzel, below Trier, where Siegfried's castle is said to have stood, and near to the woods, into which she was driven by her cruel fate. Of course the Pfalzel version has no adherents at Mayen.

Our course in this direction had for its purpose a visit to Schloss Bürresheim which, after Schloss Eltz, is the best preserved of the very old feudal castles,—dating back to the twelfth century, and still kept up in its ancient condition. It has been modernized, century after century, but without destructive changes, and contains in its architecture, its furniture, and its decorations, a very complete record of the life and habits of the old German nobles. Unfortunately, its owner was absent, and we could only peer through the windows from the moss-grown inner court-yard into the great Rittersaal which opens upon it. The heavy furniture was stowed away and covered against dust; but in a great fire-place there stood a very vision of brass andirons which should mark Schloss Bürresheim as the future prey of some lucky bric-à-brac vulture, seeking the full magnificence of mediæval brass. The castle has stood for seven hundred years, and shows no sign of decay; but to secure these andirons would be a worthy ambition for any devotee of the new-born art, and I advise all interested to concoct plans for the future acquisition of them —plans to be handed down as an heirloom of duty to descendants until the day when the final crumbling of the Bürresheim fortune shall open the way to success. Its size is not very great, but its architecture and its situation are extremely beautiful, and whether approaching it from the valley of the Nette, or leaving it by the road which winds up the side of the mountain to a point high above it, it is most interesting and charming,—entirely picturesque in itself and in its situation.

It was after dark when we arrived at the edge of the broad wood which surrounds the Laachersee. We were entirely outside of the range of even agricultural travel.

The country is mainly wooded and much broken, and the roads, washed by rain, and worn by travel, were quite as bad as our own little-used country by-ways. This condition, added to the dense obscurity of the forest, whose great trees completely covered us, made our remaining two or three miles extremely unpleasant. To have been overturned in our ponderous old ark would have been by no means agreeable or safe. However, the horses knew the road of old, and brought us safely through to a corner of the wall of the old Abbey of Laach. Following this to its next turn, we came suddenly in full view of the brilliantly lighted hotel ("Maria-Laach"), beyond which lay the beautiful Laachersee reflecting the stars and the dark shore in its unruffled stillness.

This is much the largest of the crater lakes of the Eifel, and is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by wooded hills, and overlooked by the old Benedictine Abbey of Laach, which adjoins the hotel. The Abbey has now been secularized, and it and its beautiful church belong to the Prussian Government.

It was founded in 1093 by the Count Palatine Henry II., whose curious effigy—he bears a model of the building in his hand—lies beneath a canopy in the church. The cloisters at the entrance of the church are very fine, and, indeed, the whole ecclesiastical establishment is full of interest. This Abbey, the charming lake, and the very interesting subterranean tuff-stone quarries of Niedermendig, near by, combine to give interest to a visit to the Laach hotel, where one may be comfortable and at peace, and where one is quite sure to meet with the more interesting class of tourists,—those who seek the quiet enjoyment of points lying off the main line of fashionable travel.

To an American who has traveled enough in Germany to make no account of the more marked local peculiarities, such as smoking at table, and the constant presence of tall hock bottles on all occasions, this hotel has a familiar air. It is large, plain, cheaply built, placed to command the finest view and surrounded with sufficiently pleasant, but rather crude, new-looking grounds. Local peculiarities aside, it is not essentially different from the hotels we find at any of our secondary mountain or riverside resorts, and there is a democracy and freedom among the guests which adds greatly to its attractiveness.

The lake itself is large enough to have its level somewhat disturbed by strong winds, and the rich lands adjoining the abbey were formerly subject to inundation when long continued storms piled the waters against their shore. The skillful old monks drove a tunnel through the adjoining hill, which furnished an outlet twenty feet below the former level, and thus secured the capital drainage of all their farm lands.

Early the next morning, we started for our homeward drive, which was without special interest all the way to Munstermaifeld. Save for the interest and novelty which attach to bad roads encountered in Europe, much of our way was unattractive. It lay across all of the usual lines of travel, and some of it was really difficult; one ford would have done no discredit to South Missouri. Bad though the road was, it carried us over some hill-tops from which we had magnificent views of the high, volcanic peaks of the farther Eifel, and of the mountains beyond the Rhine which became here our blue and dreamy horizon.

After dining, we set out again for a trip which has more that is charming and interesting, and which I should be more glad to repeat than any that we had made in Germany. A short drive brought us to an elevation, whence, far away to the right, near the head-waters of the Eltz, we saw the ruins of the noble old castle of Pyrmont. Soon the road sunk beneath the hill-tops, and we continued, with a longing and excited expectation, to a point beyond which the carriage could not go. Thence, we walked down the steep road, past a little way-side chapel, and suddenly came into full view, as we passed a vine-grown old Calvary station, of the wonderful Schloss Eltz,—a building that is quite without its peer in the world. It stands on a rocky elevation in a wide basin of the Eltz valley. From our position we looked down upon its tower-tops, its turrets, its battlements, and its clustering chimneys, which are ten stories above its foundation; for, added to all its other claims upon our admiration and interest, Schloss Eltz is an enormous structure. The family dates back to an early period of the ninth century, but the first record of the castle is in the eleventh, since which time it has always remained in the possession of this one family, who have occupied it from father to son to the present day. Fortunately, one of its members was an officer in the destroying army of Louis XIV., and through his intercession this beautiful example of a feudal castle was saved from the destruction that befel all its compeers. Bürresheim was rather a family residence than a strong fortress, and it was, no doubt, protected by the obscurity of its position. Apparently, each successive occupant of Schloss Eltz has added some feature peculiar to the century in which he lived, but always in such a way as not to detract from the effect of what already existed. The present Count, at the time of our visit was building out a long, sharp-roofed bay-window from one of the higher stories, and overlooking the upper valley.

It seems futile to attempt to give in words anything like an adequate idea of the weird and unworldlike impression which the first view of Schloss Eltz, seen as we saw it, must inevitably produce. Our illustration shows its arrangement and its situation, and gives a fair notion of its size. But, sitting as we did at the foot of one of the little pilgrim stations which dot the path leading from the castle to the chapel, with no other building, no human being, and no cultivated field in sight, and no sound in the air, the sunshine that lay warm upon these mellow old walls seemed to wrap them about with a veil of mystery, and an old-world charm that carried it, and us, far back to the legendary days. Had the draw-bridge fallen to give passage to a cuirassed robber-knight with his stout retainers going out for plunder, or for a raid upon the archbishop's castle of Trutz Eltz, whose ruins lie on the hill above us, we should have been prepared to accept the apparition as entirely natural, and should only have shrunk for safety into the thick-growing copse at our side. Indeed, I believe there is no spot on earth where one so entirely loses identity as a member of modern society, and drinks in so fully the real flavor of mediæval days, as on this hill-side where all that he can see is Heaven and Earth, and the wonderful Schloss Eltz.

The castle, with its accumulated relics of eight hundred years—the portraits, and the arms, and the furniture, and the household gods of the family, back to its earliest days, being still preserved—has been, until recently, freely shown to the public. We learned only too late that it is now closed save to those who are armed with an order from Count Eltz, who was absent at the time of our visit,—indeed the castle is no longer his chief residence, only a hunting lodge. We crossed the draw-bridge, passed under the gloomy portal of the doorway and pulled the rusty old iron bell-handle that hung from above. The door is a ponderous great affair, large enough for the entrance of vehicles, and is of time-worn and undecorated oak planks. Through its chinks we could see the rough roadway, covered with a black stone vaulting, which led on to the inner court. We were greeted by the mutterings and growls of hounds, and after a time by an elderly female voice. Our tones seeming peaceable, she swung the gate a little ajar to ask our errand. She would take our card to the Forstmeister, and would tell him that we had come from the other side of the great Atlantic chiefly to see the curiosities of Schloss Eltz,—but she doubted. Her mission was unsuccessful; the Count's orders were positive, and there was no hope.

The feelings with which we regarded the present scion of this ancient house, and the speech which gave form to our ideas concerning him may perhaps be safely left to the imagination. We contrasted him with the gentle Earl of Warwick, who throws the wonderful treasures of his great fortress home open to all the world, and who gives to the poorest wayfarer the wonderful delight of an hour in what is, taken all in all, the most remarkable existing combination of what an intelligent American cares most to see in Europe. Indeed our ire almost took the form that was shown by Ingoldsby's good bishop when the raven had stolen his ring.

On calmer reflection, I saw a glimpse of justification for Count Eltz, remembering how the English edition of Baedeker speaks of his castle. As our disappointment grew older I was quite ready to acknowledge that were I the owner of this entirely unique ancestral home, I should incline to withhold my hospitality from all English-speaking persons, for Baedeker says, and this is all he says, of Schloss Eltz: "An ancient residence of the noble family of Eltz, most picturesquely situated and one of the best specimens in Germany of a mediæval château. Many of the rooms are furnished in the ponderous style of by-gone ages, and the walls are hung with family portraits, ancient armor, etc. In the Rittersaal (Knights' hall) a book is kept in which visitors may record their names, *and inspect the autograph of the Prince of Wales, who, during his sojourn in Germany, visited this delightful spot.*"

We made the mistake of not returning to the point from which we got our first view of the building, but we had passed on down into the valley, whence it was too hard a tramp to return, and where we lounged until after the time we had appointed for our carriage to return to Moselkern. Seen from the valley, the side of the castle is imposing from its length and its great height; but it is little more than a frowning, dark stone wall, unrelieved by any ornament or irregularity. We were very glad that the rain had prevented us from taking the advice of the guide-books, and had sent us the longer way round, to get, at the outset, the best impression of the castle,—an impression which must have lost much of its charm had our first look been at this ugly blank side, and had we come around, by degrees, to the beautiful front. The view from the upper valley looking up under the arch of the bridge is hardly less fine than that from the hill-side, but nothing can equal—as nothing can ever efface—the impression of that quarter hour during which we sat gazing for the first time upon this marvel of the Rhineland.

The foot-path from the castle to the Mosel, down the winding and picturesque valley of the Eltzbach would be charming for an unencumbered pedestrian, but if one is accompanied by one's wife who is timid (and not light), and not able to furnish her own transportation across the seven fords of the rocky stream, it may become anxious and fatiguing,—an anxiety and fatigue however not unrelieved by amusing situations. It occupied us for an hour and a half, and as its harder parts were its earlier ones, we were in a serene frame of mind by the time we struck the cultivated valley near its outlet, late in the afternoon; the peasants were returning home with their cows and goats, and the artist portion of our fellow-guests were strolling home to Deiss's with their sketch-books,—for Moselkern is a favorite head-quarters for the summer sojourn of Düsseldorf artists, and the hills, and valleys, and villages, and castles about it furnish them with capital sketching material. After supper,—with an oarsman as old and deaf as Elaine's, and as sturdy as our young peasant of Koeverich,—we were quickly pulled down the river past the white-belted tower of the ruin of Bischofstein, and along the always beautiful and thickly peopled shores to Brodenbach where we found almost the best Gasthaus we had met with. Hence we made, on the following day, a foot-trip up the charming valley which leads to Schloss Ehrenburg;—accounted the finest ruin in the Rhineland. It is ponderous and impressive and majestically placed. Its enormous round eastern tower, by which a spiral road-way is carried to the castle-yard at the top of the ramparts, is especially interesting. It was curious to me,—as another evidence of the smallness of the world in which we move,—to find that it is the property of the Count Kielmansegge who was an officer of my Fourth Missouri Cavalry throughout our war.

Leaving Brodenbach for an afternoon row to Winningen, we passed through a valley that shows, somewhat more than that lying above it, the evidence of its nearness to the Rhine. There is more activity and the villages have a better preserved look. Ruined castles and klosters grow more frequent, and the evidences which still remain of the ecclesiastical establishments of centuries ago increase. The hill-sides have generally a somewhat more cultivated and less picturesque character, but every turn of the river—and it turns constantly—brings some new beauty or some new marvel into view, so that, although we might be supposed to have become satiated with the peculiar attractions of the Mosel, we found ourselves momently giving vent to expressions of fresh delight. Unfortunately our limit of time was drawing near, and although we had allowed, as we supposed, ample leisure to wander where our fancy might dictate, it had become necessary to press forward,—passing many spots where we should gladly have lingered, and filling our note-book with suggestions for a future visit.

Indeed, it is one of the charms, or, according to one's view, one of the inconveniences, of a careful exploration of any such marvelous district as the valley of the Mosel, that however thoroughly one may have planned to investigate all of its interesting features, there must remain at the end the suggestion of hundreds of things yet to see and to do,—or of annoyance that too narrow a limit had been fixed for the expedition.

There comes, also, the longing for the day when pocket photography will be cheap and easy, and when we who write shall not have to contend against the cost of engraving. The old men and the old women of the Mosel-land, and the chubby little children, and the young men and maidens, are all clamoring for admission to my pages; but, alas! they and their picturesque old houses must await the coming of the happy day when photography and the printing-press shall be really wedded. They are betrothed now, but there are costly formalities still between them.*

The ruins of Bischofstein, Thuron, Thurant, Bleidenberg, Cobern, and other minor castles, we saw only from the river. Thus only did we see the village and castle of Gondorf, lying on the shore, and where we should gladly have stopped for a night at its attractive Gasthaus.

High on the hill, back of Cobern, is the curious mediæval chapel of St. Matthew,—approached by a footpath dotted with Calvary stations,—which is said to offer in its interior a very unique and beautiful example of Gothic architecture. We passed our last night at the busy little village of Winningen, at a plain-looking Gasthaus ("Zum Anker"), in a narrow and crowded street. For cleanliness, comfort, and kindly attention, it gave a pleasant finish to all our experiences of German village inns.

Our last morning on the Mosel was passed between Winningen and Koblenz, a short run, and practically in a Rhineland country. Already, for some distance above Winningen, we had been struck with the more formal and unpicturesque arrangement of the vineyards, whose mason-work terraces, tilting from this side and from that toward the sun, have less that is attractive than those farther up the river. The wine, too, loses its fine flavor, for the course of the river is nearly north, and Koblentz seems to lie outside of the charmed circle which produces the better wines.

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* In this connection I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for the sketches of "A Mosel Kitchen" and "A Tailor on the Mosel" to Mr. Albert Howland, whose summer in the Mosel country while he was a student of Düsseldorf, filled his portfolio with charming suggestions of the quaint people and quainter houses among which his time was passed.

On the left bank of the river, pretty nearly all the way from Kochem to the Rhine, there stand at regular distances in the meadows, in the vineyards, and in cleared spots in the woods, those warning fingers of modern fate which point to the early doom of the retired and sylvan beauty of this part of the valley. The railway engineers have set up the red and white striped sighting-poles which mark the course of the great Prussian railway, which is to go through everything in its way, and fill this peaceful valley with the screech and rattle of heavy railway trains. Practically, after another year or two, one who seeks the hidden charms of the old Mosel, must seek them mainly between Bernkastel and Kochem,—a goodly stretch, after all, to have secured, as this will be, for the railway will carry traffic almost entirely away from it.

As we approached Koblenz, the quiet Mosel village gave place to suburban beer gardens, dancing pavilions, and places of popular resort. The interest that the river presents assumes an entirely different form. Indeed, it is at one point an interest closely connected with the question of personal safety. I had remembered the rough billowy rapids, down which we had passed in the steamer several years before, and had asked in Trier whether one might safely shoot them in a small skiff. I was assured that, although a dangerous-looking rapid, it is quite safe, and we entered it without misgiving. My advice—after experience—to those rowing down the Mosel, would be to land the ladies and baggage above the run, taking them up again below. We came through safely; but every wave we struck broke over the gunwale, and it became only a question of a few pailfuls more or less whether the "Nancy" sank or floated. Having come through unscathed, we were, of course, glad to have made the experiment; but there was much baling to be done before we could go on, and we had the same after-taste of danger that had struck us at the Schweich ferry.

Rounding the last bend of the river above Koblenz, whence the stream still makes a rapid descent, we had in view, not only the tower and spires of the city and its old Roman-built bridge, but we almost looked down upon the marvelous high-perched fortress Ehrenbreitstein. We made a rapid run past the jetties to the edge of the city, and pulled steadily down past its Mosel shore to the Rhine. We were urged to land at the wharf of the Mosel steamboats, but preferred, as the "Nancy" was up for a market, to lay her up in front of our hotel, opposite the Bridge of Boats. It is not very far from the corner of the city where the two rivers join to the Anker Hotel, but to one who has drifted and rowed and been rowed with the current all the way from Metz, these few hundred feet heading against the steady torrent of Old Father Rhine, became decidedly hard pulling. I did more downright hard work from the corner of Koblenz to the Bridge of Boats (perhaps, a thousand feet), than during our whole preceding row.

The morning had been fine, but the clouds gathered as we approached the city, and we had not been housed for half an hour before a dismal rain set in, which lasted with little interruption for the succeeding ten days.

It would seem proper to put a period to this long account of a journey down the Mosel, by describing Koblenz with some minuteness. But Koblenz, although an extremely old town, is, at the same time, a busy, modern town, and any account of it must be pitched in a key that would throw the whole story of our idling along the beautiful river, among its mediæval towns, and through its outlying pastoral villages sadly into discord. Any guide-book of the Rhine will give an account of Koblenz and its history that is well worth reading,—to me, its chief interest will always lie in the fact that at the wharf above its Roman Bridge one may take steamer for Kochem or Trier.

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JOHN CHINAMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

On the 29th of March last, a telegraphic dispatch was sent from San Francisco to Hong Kong, signed by the six Chinese companies and reading as follows:

> "Yung Wah Hospital, Hong Kong:
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> "Laws passed and measures being taken to discourage Chinese emigration. Inform the Chinese that they must not come. Danger to life and property if they do."

Two years ago a similar message was transmitted, the result being a temporary suspension of immigration and the abatement of a popular prejudice. No such effects, however, have followed this last telegram; but while the suspicion is perhaps warranted that it was nothing but a second politic move to pacify and temporize, its purport plainly and succinctly indicates the causes leading to its transmission. For many months a strong Anti-Chinese feeling had been rapidly growing in intensity. Law and Order were preached, but the fuel of heated public feeling was ready, "stacked and dried," for the torch of the incendiary. A delegation to Congress was called for, and there were some to say that should the delegation fail in its mission, the brand would not be needed to set the people ablaze, for spontaneous combustion would take place. How wrong (or how right) such hot-heads were, only time will show.

When Anson Burlingame, on the part of the United States, and Chi Kong with Sun Kia Ku, High Ministers of the Ta Tsing Dynasty, agreed in that July of 1868, to "cordially recognize the interest and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance," there must have been many of the conviction that a stroke of diplomacy had been accomplished which would prodigiously brighten the future of this "land of the free and home of the brave." But California strenuously refuses to consider the past, present or future any the brighter therefor. This paper is not written to convince the reader that San Francisco is either perverse and wrong-headed or rightfully tenacious in holding such an opinion, but to present a series of interesting facts pertaining to a question of importance.

It is somewhat a subject of complaint with these opinionated Californians that Eastern people have been accustomed to show a marked indifference on this subject, whether from a lack of interest or an absence of reliable information. It is the fashion in the Eastern States, say they, to look upon Chinese immigration as rather a good thing, principally on the ground that coolies make good servants; to imagine that Californians have (with characterestic impetuosity) become greatly excited over a small matter. Indeed—they assert—some go so far as to accuse California of being ungrateful, as the importation of cheap labor should be considered rather in the light of a blessing than as a curse. Against the wisdom of the East even, these Californians reply that their experience with the Orientals teaches them that if a legalized Chinese invasion be a blessing, it is most effectually disguised. It certainly is an error to attribute the present marked and growing feeling against the Chinese in California to low-class agitators; while it is from divers capitalists, employers and householders, that the cheap opposition to the removal of this plague—*quasi* or real—is to be expected.

There are at present in San Francisco 41,000 Chinese, men, women and children. Of these over 4,000 are women, and out of that number more than 3,900 are prostitutes. The proportion of male adults to the women may be set down as nine to one. In the State the Chinese number 107,000, and scattered throughout the States there are 150,000. Every steamer that comes from China brings its hundreds of coolies, the rate of Chinese immigration being from four to eleven hundred per steamer.*

The system of Chinese emigration is at once simple and efficient. Any person can emigrate, however poor, and, as a great majority of the Chinese have a severe daily strug-

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*The "San Francisco Chronicle," the journal chiefly instrumental in bringing public opinion to its present crisis, presents the following list of coolie arrivals since 1868:

	Male.	Female.	Total.
1868	10,024	256	10,280
1869	11,710	1,540	13.252
1870	9,666	645	10,311
1871	4,864	100	4,964
1872	8,812	565	9,377
1873	16,605	516	17,121
1874	11,743	307	12,950
1875	18,090	358	18,448
1876—			
January	1,170	7	1,177
February	1,197	0	1,197
March	1,872	0	1,872
Totals	95,753	4,296	100,049

gle for a bare existence, it is but natural that the slant eyes of the half-starved Tartar should be turned to the land of plenty. There are in San Francisco six resident powerful and wealthy Chinese Immigration Companies. Each of these companies has its home agency in Canton or Hong Kong, and to the office of this agency comes the poor coolie who wishes to share in the good fortune of his brothers in the land of the Far Kee Qui or Flowery-Flag Devil. If Ah Sin is able to pay his own passage money—an infrequent occurrence—well and good; he simply enters his name on the company's books and takes his steerage corner with the proud independence of the monied man. He is not a free man, however, for the companies permit no individual emigration schemes. So poverty-stricken is the coolie, that ninety-seven per cent. of those who arrive in San Francisco, have had "assisted passages." But, Ah Wan, the poor slum-rat, has no difficulty in being drafted; all he requires, or rather all the agent requires, being personal or collateral security for a sum which would amount in American coin to about four dollars. A father can go security for his son, a son for his father, a brother for a brother, or a friend for a friend.* Better still, a mother can become security for her son, a sister for a brother, or a black-eyed lass for her yellow-faced laddie,—always provided the woman is under thirty-six years of age. And here is wisdom, for the agent and company really run no risk, as will hereafter be seen, and the limit set to the age of Mrs. or Miss Security, shows that the officers of the company would have no useless or unmarketable stock on hand, in case a sale of unredeemed pledges should become necessary.

John Chinaman on board ship has anything but a glorious time of it, but when the Golden Gate is neared, he draws on a clean pair of blue-footed stockings, gets his head shaved, covers himself with his red-buttoned skull-cap, gathers his Lares and Penates together—generally a bundle of bedding rolled in matting, swung on one end of a bamboo, and a box, swung on the other—and is ready to disembark. On the wharf the companies' inspectors are gathered, who divide their men into groups, and send them off packed in express-wagons to whatever billeting place may have been provided. As John has no absurd notions concerning the value of fresh air, and is in nowise prejudiced against sleeping one among twenty, or fifty, in a bed, the hundreds of newly imported Celestials' disappear within the doors of some small and dirty house, and Chinatown seems none the larger or more crowded. Many white people lease houses to the companies for immigrant asylums, and as packing is allowed *ad libitum*, or rather *ad nauseum*, and as forty cents a week is paid for each lodger, some suffering San Franciscans make rather a good thing out of the incubus under which they groan. Here John rests until he finds work, which generally happens in a few weeks.

That the six companies should become wealthy and powerful is but natural. Of the six, the Ning Yang counts most men in and around San Francisco, but the Sam Yup is perhaps the most powerful organization, as it certainly is the most enterprising. Sam Yup men may be found not only in California, but in other States and Territories from Tucson to Puget Sound, and from San Francisco to the capital of Massachusetts. Sam Yup lays new railroads in the Southern counties, hews timber in the North, makes cigars in Sacramento and washes in Boston. Sam Yup is ubiquitous and all-powerful. Paternal in the care of its members and lynx-like in the watchfulness over its own interests, the internal economy of this corporate organization offers a very worthy model to many "barbarian" stockholding bodies. A very brief statement of accounts will suffice to show the financial standing of this company. In fealty to Sam Yup there are throughout

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*In the "Virginia City Enterprise" of March 30, is the report of an interview with the Hon. C. E. De Long, late Minister to China. Concerning this part of the question, he says: "These coolies are more absolute slaves than ever the negroes of the South were. They are obtained in the following manner. All through the interior of China are coolie traders. These scoundrels find a family—old people, with sons and daughters. With them it has been a constant struggle for years to get enough food to keep soul and body together. The trader proposes to buy the services of a son or daughter, he agreeing to give the old people a sum of money down, and agreeing to feed and clothe the boy or girl, and to return him or her, or his or her body, to China after the term of service has expired. In consideration for this, the young man or woman signs a contract which is absolutely frightful in its conditions. He or she agrees to give faithful service to his or her master for a term of six, eight or ten years as may be, and for a guarantee of faithful service, father, mother, brothers and sisters are mortgaged with a thousand dreadful penalties in case the service is not faithfully performed. The result is that the coolie is bound body and soul, and hence, when the inspector asks, 'Are you leaving China of your own free will?' the answer is, 'I am:' and when here called upon to testify he knows just how to answer to please his master. The men we see drudging here are paying a debt contracted to keep their fathers and mothers from starving."

America 30,000 members, from whom annual dues are received at the average rate of fifteen dollars *per capita*, thus making the yearly revenue of the company $450,000. The disbursements are comparatively trifling. The present President, Ah Yong Wo,—a man of culture and acumen,—receives $3,000 a year; the book-keeper, $2,400; the inspector, $2,400; the bone-shipper, $720; the assistant bone-shipper (bone-scraper), $480; the cook, $200; two servants, at $120, $240; rent and incidentals, say, $260; bad arrears and losses, perhaps, $2,300; total, $12,000. This sum of expenses deducted from the company's revenue, leaves a balance on the right side of $438,000 per annum.

Each company manages its own affairs, and weekly meetings are usually held, at which the Inspector's report is heard and discussed. As a rule, these weekly meetings are conducted with great gravity and decorum; but sometimes the devil of discord enters the board-room, and, when he does, such lively times are had as not even a Nevada Assembly can boast of. Whenever any question of importance arises, such as the date at which San Francisco is to be declared a Chinese colony, delegates from the six companies meet in solemn council. Against the decision of this body of magnates there is no appeal, and its edicts are accepted by the hundred-odd thousand aliens as unalterable. That the city now known as San Francisco has its own municipal laws, John is of course aware, but his simple mind is but little troubled on that head. Taxes and licenses have to be paid to the Red-Haired Devils, and there is the prison for thieves and murderers—when they are caught; but, outside of this, the thought of obedience to any temporal power save the six companies, doesn't enter into John's life. Hedged in and around with an incomprehensible language, reticent as the grave, and as secret as the Hindoo, the Chinese are secure in their isolation, and are practically outside and independent of the nation of which they nevertheless form an important integer.

Almost as powerful as any one of these companies is another known as the Wash-House Company. This company is as wealthy as it is strict, and its yearly revenue may safely be set down as amounting to $160,000. This organization has control of all Chinese wash-houses, receives dues, adjudges issues, and manages the affairs of the guild of laundrymen in general. As an instance of a foresight and shrewdness at once commendable and characteristic, one of this company's regulations is that ten numbers must intervene on every block between every two wash-houses. This arrangement has the salutary effect of spreading the laundries all over San Francisco, so that, from the Presidio to the Portrero, and from North Beach to South Park, John the wash-man is to be found ever flourishing and ever working. Madame La Lingerie with her estimable suavity, high prices and corps of neatly aproned assistants, has no possible chance of successfully competing with Wa Shing and his tireless fellows. What though Wa Shing's mode of sprinkling the bosom of your shirt be to fill his mouth with water and then blow it over the front in spray; or, that he mark your linen with certain signs, cabalistic and ineffaceable; or, that by a peculiar manipulation shirts and socks attain such a remarkable degree of fragility, though both were new three weeks before; or, that, air your clean clothes as much as you will, the scent of John's wash-house will hang round them still;—what matter these few drawbacks when John has low charges, is persevering in obtaining new patronage and is everywhere to be found.

These six companies are under the immediate protection and favor of the Chinese Government, each company binding itself to return every man, woman or child, alive or dead, to the land of his or her birth. With the immigrants their relations are of a decidedly intimate character. They have not only to take care of and keep the aliens on arrival, but are bound for the first year to find employment for their men, or else board and lodge them at the company's expense for any unemployed portion of that twelve months. As the company claims and receives John's wages for the first year in liquidation of his passage debt, it will very readily be understood that his season for playing the *flâneur* is not an extended one. The year of novitiate being passed, John is then very correctly esteemed capable of taking care of himself. But for twelve years after, his company holds him a responsible and dues-paying member, John's tribute being in fair ratio to the position he holds. Thus a man in business for himself, a store-keeper, a manufacture, pays tribute at the rate of from $60 to $80 a year; a book-keeper pays from $15 to $20; a clerk or factory-hand from $10 to $12; menials and washermen from $5 to $8 per annum. Although these dues are nominally fees for the support of hospitals and aid associations incorporated with the Society, they are actually taxes levied by a power too powerful to dispute with. As an instance of the comfortable revenue derived from this source, the case of one German-American firm of bootmakers may be given. The members of this firm have, or had until very recently, in their employ 750 Chinese, all Sam Yup men, each taxed at the rate of one dollar a month, making a yearly income of $9,000 from the men in this establishment alone. Even after these twelve years have elapsed, the company has not done with its men, but exercises a system of friendly surveillance over their fortune which is continued up to the very last, for should John wish to return to China he has to notify the (company) powers that be, and pay them $8 for the privilege of going home; upon which his name is posted up for three days along with those of other returning emigrants, that his creditors—if any—may have the opportunity of gaining their right and not be defrauded. And even after John's shade has gone to mingle with those of his ancestors, the poor substance is taken care of by the company. If the late lamented was wealthy, he is embalmed and taken to China by the next steamer, being technically known as a "green" body. If John when alive enjoyed but an ordinary amount of this world's blessings he is buried with but very moderate state and his bones are left "under the sod and the dew" until they (literally) are bare, when they are gathered into bundles and sent home to their sorrowing relatives. The bones of as many as six adults are frequently tied up in a compact little package that a boy could carry down to the steamer.

Owing to a strongly declared disinclination on the part of the companies' chief men to make public their numerical strength, it is rather a troublesome matter to get at the true figures, but the following may be taken as a reliable statement of the number of Chinese in California controlled by each company in March, 1876:

Ning Yang Company	46,500
Hop Wo "	24,000
Sam Yup "	12,500
Yeong Wo "	10,000
Kong Chow "	10,000
Yun Wo "	4,000
Total	107,000

Every vistor to San Francisco is taken to see Chinatown. As the visitor is superficial or investigatory, so will the impression be transient or lasting. A walk through Chinatown is, to the majority of sight-seers, but a curious panorama of dark-habited Mongolians, with pendant queues and noiseless walk; an occasional gaudily-dressed woman, in butterfly sleeves, with umbrella and red silk pocket handkerchief in hand; a long series of rather dingy-looking stores, filled with an odd collection of odd knick-knacks; an occasional restaurant resplendent with lamps, gilding and paint, and an occasional alley, gloomy, ill-smelling and uninviting. Such a visit is followed by a bath, a vigorous use of the clothes-brush, the pertinent remark, "What a strange place, what a strange people," and the packing away of an opium pipe, and a piece of crape silk for friends at home. But to the careful observer a walk through Chinatown means a great deal more than this. To such a one the following facts will be apparent. The part of San Francisco now given over to the Mongolian, must formerly have been about the pleasantest quarter of the city, as it is now the most convenient of access from the chief thoroughfares. Although Chinatown may roughly be said to lie along Dupont street, from California to Broadway, it is stealthily and steadily stretching its borders. Bustle and activity are present to a wonderful degree, and in all the multitude of alleys crossing and traversing Chinatown, John crowds and lives and thrives. A picture of life and commercial spirit is presented, the counterpart of which is to be found in no other part of San Francisco. Every branch of business has here its repretative, from the broker to the butcher, from the cobbler to the commission merchant, from the tea-dealer to the thief, and from the goldsmith to the gambler. In two or three cases while the houses that bound the blocks are still inhabited by whites, the pigtailed rat has burrowed within, and made himself a home with only a thin shell to hide the extent of his nest. This outer shell will soon fall in, for Chinatown grows daily, and is the centralization of an extraordinary power.

There are two or three aspects of the case for overlooking which even the acute visitor might well be excused, since, indeed, they could only be patent to a resident. For instance: Kearny street, which runs parallel with Dupont, and which is but one block distant, is the fashionable retail business part of San Francisco. So rapid, yet so sure, have been the encroachments of Chinatown toward Kearny street, that the whole north-westerly part of this promenade will soon be in the possession of the heathen.

Consequently, this fashionable retail business of the city is drifting in a southerly direction. During the last two or three years, the number of Chinese children has wonderfully increased, and during that time, John, strive to disguise it as he may, is becoming self-assertive and conscious of his position. And in this connection, it may be put down as an example of most admirable discipline, that among these forty thousand aliens, backed as they are by four hundred millions across the water, so few instances of offensive attitude and manners occur. A movement of aggression is too utterly opposed to their present policy to be for one moment allowed. The shadow of coming events is not so strongly defined as to indicate distinctly the substance; but, undetermined though it be, it does not lack another shadowy quality—that of blackness.

Reference has been made to the filth, the juvenile element, and the business spirit of Chinatown, and these points are sufficiently salient to merit further notice.

Individually, John Chinaman is a clean human; collectively, he is a beast. Ah Stue, the cook, keeps his coppers and pans clean and bright, washes his hands in going from dish to dish, is orderly, fresh in appearance, and ever arrayed in spotless white and blue. Follow him home, and you will find this cleanly unit become one of a herd of animals living in a state of squalor and filth, at which even a Digger Indian would shudder. Fifteen Chinamen will live, sleep, and cook, in a hovel or cellar twelve feet square, having only a door as a means of admitting light and air. Clouds of rancid smoke issue continually from the common chimney, window and door, through which John and his fellows may dimly be seen crawling, cooking, smoking, and sleeping, for when Coo Lee has nothing to do, he generally crawls into his hole to sleep or smoke. The large companies' boarding-houses are no better. Every story is refloored, and made into two, and often three, the standard height of a room being a trifle over or under five feet. Clean at first, the building soon becomes grimy, and then black, and then dirt-encrusted from garret to roof. Once occupied by Chinese, a building must always remain a pest-hole or be torn down. Under the side-walks, under stair-cases, in cramped bunks, and on rickety platforms John lives, and, it is repeated, thrives. It is only to the adventurous and strong-stomached that a fair picture of Chinese life is presented in all its foulness. When a fire burns out a hole, and lays open a section of this vile quarter, then it is that groups of the curious gather round and try to believe that they live within a block of these rookeries and slums, where there is no difference between the blackness of the charred beam and that of the sleeping-holes. Of course there are cleanly exceptions,—the restaurants, and some few of the rich merchants' stores, for instance; but there is no danger of darkening the picture overmuch; and Chinatown, lying in the heart of San Francisco, is a miracle of human uncleanness, and a wonder of filth. San Franciscans have much cause to be thankful for the long season of purging trade winds.

During the last two years, the number of Chinese children has marvelously increased. There has always been a sprinkling of these bright-eyed youngsters to enliven the streets with their gay parti-colored costumes; but now, on a sunny afternoon, the side-walks are crowded with little copper-faced toddlers. The grown-up children, the boys and girls of nine and thereabouts, are decidedly uninteresting, being nothing more than a needless addition to the hoodlum ranks of San Francisco; but the *nune-mun-chi* (baby) is quite an attractive little atom. Whether slung across its mother's back in a silk handkerchief, or hanging desperately on to its father's finger there is something quaint and striking about Young Hyson. The costume of a *knu-chi* (girl), or *nam-chi* (boy), differs in no material way, the distinctive mark being the arrangement of the head-dress, the *knu-chi* wearing all the hair Joss gave her,—and the crop at four years is very large,—plastered into some bizarre shape with gum-arabic, and decorated with wreaths of paper flowers, while the *nam-chi* is shorn as soon as there is anything to shear, his little bald head being covered with a black and crimson cap, ornamented on gala days with a fringe, a small hole in the cap allowing the exit of a diminutive, but promising, pig-tail. The prevailing dinginess of the Chinese quarter is considerably relieved by the gaudy costumes of the children. For instance, here are two—a boy and a girl, carrying a basket between them; he, in white and yellow shoes, green silk breeches, purple padded coat, maize silk paletot, copper-colored face, gold and scarlet cap; she, in green and gold shoes, loose lavender silk trowsers, crimson paletot, with flowers of every hue adorning her head. And the street has hundreds of such wonderful patches of color. The number of American-born

Chinese children in San Francisco may be set down as a trifle over five hundred, and what influence these free-born citizens are to have on the future of California is a moot question of much significance and weight. One thing, however, is certain: Chinese immigration is receiving great assistance from home-breeding.

Next, as to the business spirit of Chinatown. Everywhere there is intense activity. A question as to what the Chinese do, would not be so easily answered as that of "What don't they do?" There are 3,500 cigar-makers who flood the city with the cheap and nasty; 4,000 are engaged in boot-and-shoe-making. They have driven the French from the wash-tub and the Italians from the shrimp-net. They have the entire control of the pork market, every retail dealer in things porcine being compelled by the force of circumstances to buy from John, who is inseparable from his pig-tail. They dredge the bay for fish, nothing escaping their nets, whose meshes are as close as those of Sir Peter's butterfly-trap, and they affright the diligent and humane *pescatore*, who learned on the shores of the Mediterranean never to fish with a net through the interstices of which he could not put his thumb, and who, with trembling, sees his occupation going from him. They grade the roads that wind over our mountains, and lay the sleepers for the new railway on the levels of Los Angeles. They work in the sunny vineyards of Sonoma, and clear the snow-drifts from the great trans-continental highway at Emigrants' Gap. They polish the prismatic abalone shell at Monterey, and work on the dump-piles in the gold and silver mines of Nevada. They have established wood-yards in the city, and are engaged in the contest of pole-and-baskets against horse-and-wagon with the Italian vegetable dealers, in which the latter are getting decidedly the worst of it. They are ubiquitous and wary. That business in which John is not engaged is unheard of, and that part of Nevada or California to which John has not come may be written down as *terra incognita*.

Thus much generally. In particular, the bulk of the Chinese in San Francisco may be placed under these divisional heads of labor:

Boot-makers	4,000
Washmen	2,200
Domestics	14,000
Cigar-makers	3,500
Clothiers and wool-workers	2,300
Total	26,000

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, are, for the nonce, to be held accountable for the others. John in the country is too widely spread and nomadic to be reliably counted; but it only needs a drive past California's *ranchos*, orchards, and wooded hills, to know what he is about, and the multitude of the tribe. In the city, next in importance to the domestic and boot-making divisions, stands the cigar-maker. There are between eighty and ninety Chinese cigar factories, the largest being that of Bing Yon, who employs nearly a hundred men, while Ah Ching, Lee Yon, and Ah Quing, employ each from fifty to eighty; in all—as per table—three thousand five hundred. These three thousand-and-odd men (this number includes five hundred packers and strippers) turn out prodigious amounts of "the weed." In 1874, with far fewer hands than now, no less than *ninety-one millions* of cigars were made by the Chinese in San Francisco. In 1875, over one hundred millions were made, and now they are being manufactured at the rate of between nine and ten millions a month. Nearly all the home-made cigars are sold to white wholesale dealers and jobbers, some factories making specially for particular firms. It would be too severe a reflection on the educated taste of the average San Franciscan, in this year of grace and Santa Nicotina, to aver that he smokes these Regalias, Flor Finas and Pumariegas, in innocence of their origin, for the best is bad where a Chinese cigar is concerned. But, then, they are gloriously cheap, and it is rather impractical to say that the theory of a flavor is of more importance than a practice which results in the consumption of nine millions of domestic cigars a month; and, if the latter is reprehensible, the cultivation of the former is expensive, and both end in smoke.

No better illustration of the extent to which John is relied on for domestic help, could possibly be afforded than that furnished on the last Chinese New Year. At that religio-gala festival all work is nominally suspended for six days, and absolutely for three. On Friday night, John, getting up the semblance of a grin, presents his mistress with a pot of preserved ginger, and the information that "Me no wolkee tomollow. Me come Tuesday." And, sure enough, with the exception of two minutes on Saturday morning, when John, with much solidity of face just drops in to join his two fists together, makes violent curves at you, therewith, and wish you "Goom-wah!" no more is seen of him until Tuesday. During these three days, nearly every family in the city mourned and was disconsolate; household cares were attended to by unused deputies, to the neglect of piano-playing and promenading; cold meats were in order, visiting and invitations were suspended, the weekly bundle of soiled linen remained like Somebody's Luggage, "uncalled for," the restaurants were more than usually crowded, and for half a week society was at a standstill.

John, as a domestic, is invaluable and a nuisance, a perfect treasure and a horror. He is quick to learn, and as quick to appreciate the monetary value of his information. Coming unable "to do a thing about the house," or speak a syllable of English, he works for $3 a week. In a month he has learned the ways of the household and asks for $5. If kept, in three months he becomes a good cook and a capital house-servant, and asks for $6. If sent about his business, there is all the trouble of instruction to go through with another kitchen neophyte. His temper is generally "child-like and bland," though, on occasions, he takes a fit of such exasperating impudence as no white or black help could ever possibly attain. He likes his evening out, but comes home regularly at a certain hour. He takes his bath without fail once a week—as a matter of religion—and has never any money about him, though it be ten minutes after having been paid. Asked the reason, he replies, "Me send monee to China." For his breakages, he will either offer to pay, or simply tell you "Me breakee," as the humor takes him. Healthy in appetite, he eats anything and everything,—and periodically has to visit Chinatown to be doctored. Discharged, he will either retire glumly, or else continue to be interested in the family welfare about dinner-time for some weeks to come. He is either passably honest, or steals everything he can lay hands on, according to his disposition. In fine, he would resemble Bridget or Pete in many ways, were it not for that strange, impenetrable reserve, inherent with the Oriental, which is as distinctive as his expression is immobile, and which will keep John Chinaman forever an alien.*

To happen on a Chinaman, incapable of expressing his wants or answering your questions in comprehensible English, is a matter of rare occurrence. They who arrived last week are, of course, tongue-tied, but the statement is ventured that any Chinaman who has been six months on shore can make himself well understood. Indeed, it is not unusual to meet with the owner of a queue who is a thorough master of our language, idioms and oaths included. The following is the *verbatim* report of an overheard conversation between a granger and a portly, middle-aged and comfortable Celestial. The farmer had come to town to engage help of John, who was a labor contractor.

"Good men, mind; I don't want no bummers," said the farmer.

"Oh, I'll send good men," said John. "No bummers in my store. Six men all you want?"

"Yes, six is enough. When will you send them?"

"Soon as schooner goes."

"Schooner! Send 'em by the next train, of course."

"No," said John, "I send them by train, and they six miles to *paddle 'cross country* with bundles to pack. I send 'em by schooner, and they go right up *slue* to your *ranch*."

Native teachers who have made our language a study abound, and their pupils are numerous and apt. A facility to overcome lingual difficulties is not so great as a Chinaman's rendition of sound. Once tell John that a pitcher contains water, and though he will, perhaps, forever call it "*watel*," he will never call it anything else, or need to be asked twice for "water."

There are a certain number of good and well-meaning people (men and women) in San Francisco, who have established a certain number of thoroughly sectarian missions, in which—according to the reports read at regular meetings or services—several Chinese (men and women) are annually turned from heathen darkness to Christian light. It would, perhaps, be a pity to discourage these worthy missionaries, but in their unworldly simplicity, they are not, perhaps, sufficiently shrewd to see that a thorough and free tuition in English is a great inducement to conversion. Moreover, they should be aware that such gentle relaxations as playing the harmonium and chanting hymns, need in no way conflict with John's consistency in the doctrines of either Tau or Con Fu See. John, in his criminal aspect, presents many points of interest. As has already been hinted, the Chinaman is not a model

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* Readers who are especially interested in the domestic phase of the Chinese question, will find it treated in detail in "California Housekeepers and Chinese Servants," SCRIBNER for September, 1876. EDITOR.

(American) law-abiding citizen. He gambles incessantly, smokes opium continuously, keeps his women in a state of sinful and abject bondage, and generally brings his quarrels to a conclusion by chopping his antagonist's head open. His favorite weapons of assault and battery are iron bars, butcher-knives and cleavers ground sharp as razors. The pistol he does not incline to much, as it is both expensive and noisy. To hack, to hew, to chop and to cleave are his greatest delights when on the war-path. Many of his murderous affrays are not brought to light, but those that are, are shown to have been bloody and cruel. Assassination is a recognized means of settling a difficulty, and such placards as the following, offering rewards for the removal of any disgreeable individual, are common:

> WING YE TONG PROCLAMATION.
>
> The members of the Wing Ye Tong Society offer a reward, on account of Cheung Sam's shoe factory violating our rule.
>
> Consequently, our society discontinued work.
>
> Unless they comply with our rules again, we will not work.
>
> Some of our workmen secretly commenced to work for them.
>
> We will offer $300 to any able man for taking the life of one of those men who secretly commenced to work, and $500 in full for the killing of Sam Lee. [Allee same Cheung Sam.]
>
> We write this notice and seal by us for certainty.
>
> The reign of Quong Chue, in the second year. The fourth of Chinese February.
>
> WING YE TONG. [SEAL.]

This precious document was part of the evidence in a recent case* of "choppery," in which a hand-to-hand fight between some two or three dozen Chinese took place in broad daylight in the midst of Chinatown. One man was killed and six were seriously wounded. Another favorite method of showing a compatriot that he is considered *de trop*, is to invite the victim to meet a friend in a certain room; when he enters, eight or nine braves lock the door and then chop the offending party to pieces. More recently, three "meek-eyed" gentlemen crept boldly up to the room of a single woman, and valiantly shot her in the head through the key-hole. Not a day passes but some such violent deed disturbs the simplicity and industry of Chinatown. Theft and lying under oath are peccadilloes which it would, perhaps, be puerile to blame John for. The present Police Judge of San Francisco (Davis Louderback, Esquire), gives it as his opinion that "in honesty and reliability, the Chinese are the lowest in the scale of humanity."

It is only lately that the bone of contention has been fought for among themselves, but now the newspapers teem with accounts of faction feuds on every part of the coast. This is the sort of item that figures now conspicuously in the "Coast News:"

> A row occurred among the Chinese at San José Saturday night, in which one Chinaman had his head split open and will die, and another was shot in the leg. Two of the rioters were arrested.
>
> The rival Chinese factions of San Diego, in settling their business difficulties have resorted to fire-arms. Oh Chung was seriously wounded.
>
> Between the factions of Sam Sing and Hop Sing, at Virginia City there exists an irreconcilable feud. This vendetta has already led to the sacrifice of several lives, the destruction of valuable property by fire, and to other serious casualties.
>
> Serious trouble seems imminent among the Chinese faction at Eureka and two Chinamen have already been killed and another seriously injured.

As to punishment for crimes, the majesty of the law must of course be upheld and imprisonment must be inflicted, but to suppose that John considers "six months in the county jail" or "twelve years in the State prison" a punishment, is to fall into egregious error. It only means better shelter and food and fewer hours to work a day than fall to his lot when free. The prisons are full of such happy *fainéants*. The San Francisco police profess to have closed all the opium dens in the city, a profession made imperative by the undoubted fact that these frightful places were becoming frequented by white visitors, male and female. In Sacramento and Virginia City this pernicious habit continues, the proprietors of dens in the latter town, having recently confessed the names of twenty-two white lads and girls, *habitués* of these establishments. In Sacramento there are between fifteen and twenty opium dens; in San Francisco, nearly twice that number. Private opium smoking is not prohibited, and every Chinaman uses the drug. When it was first reported that white men and women visited these places, the assertion was not credited, but conviction of several of these degraded creatures in the police court, set the doubt at rest. The passion must have been strong indeed with the poor things, for anything more horribly repellant than a Chinese opium den, can scarcely be imagined. The narrow, rickety stairs; the low black ceiling; the rotten, slimy floor of earth; the sickening, noisome air; the greasy benches for beds; the blocks of rough wood for pillows; the greasy keeper, the horrible odor, the strange distorted shapes seen dimly through the thick, acrid smoke, all make up a picture, the gloomy horror of which could scarcely be exceeded in the nightmare of an opium slave.

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*The little disturbance is thus noticed in one of the local papers: "Yesterday, at four o'clock, a combined force of fifty Chinamen made an onslaught upon the merchandise store of Yee Chy Lung & Co., 810 Dupont street. There were about twelve Chinamen inside the store who were just sitting down to their afternoon meal, when the attack was made. They immediately seized all the weapons that lay at hand, including meat-axes, iron bars, hatchets and revolvers, and made a determined opposition to the invaders. A miscellaneous fight followed, and pandemonium raged for about five minutes. Fixtures were smashed, windows broken, and blows and blood rained in torrents. The streets on the outside became quickly crowded with an exciting and yelling mob. Officers Houghtaling and Peckinpaugh, attracted by the excitement, broke their way through the crowd into the store, and after considerable difficulty forced a cessation of hostilities. A couple of Chinamen bearing bloody hatchets in their hands were chased up to the roof and there arrested. A revolver, three iron bars, four new hatchets ground as sharp as razors, a meat-axe and a rough-looking wooden club, were captured from the fighters."

It has been urged as a pro-Chinese argument that John does not drink. True, but he smokes opium, and of the two vices, it is a toss-up which is the more pernicious.

While the assertion that every Chinaman is a gambler might be considered too sweeping, there is no doubt that every Chinaman in San Francisco gambles. Gambling is as strong a passion with the Celestial as with the Piute, and "Tan" is responsible for half the heartlessness, cruelty and crime of Chinatown. John, when gambling, makes everything subservient to the madness of winning by luck. White visitors to the gambling dens—("den" being the term generic for Chinese interior)—are numerous and increasing in numbers, notwithstanding the incessant raids made by the police. To surprise a Chinese gambling party *in flagrante delicto* is considered the acme of police subtlety and daring. On every block are to be seen one, two, or three quiet-faced watchful old Chinamen, sitting on little stools in narrow door-ways, set some twelve feet back from the sidewalk. John passes by Cerberus unchallenged, threads the passages easily enough and finds himself in the temple of Fortune, reduced to a dirty little gambling shop. But should officers X, Y and Z (or any other unknown quantity) make a rush on any of these little, old, watchful men, there are a hundred chances to one that they will be quick enough to prevent him pulling a cord that sets a bell a-tinkling. Once let that bell tinkle and though the invading force were fifty strong all would be in vain. For suppose they skurry past Cerberus and try the assault. Obstacle number one is a big door, three, five, six inches thick, with heavy cross-bars of wood and iron on the wrong side which would defy the whole force used collectively as a battering ram; and even were that door passed in the first sweep, the passage is found to be a maze, with a barricaded door at every angle; ingenious mechanical contrivances slip bolt and bar into their heavy sockets quick as light, while the tinkle of the bell has sent the gamblers flying by some rear exit or up to the roof. One memorable time, a certain wonderfully active and efficient officer, while hotly pressing some flying pigtails in one of these passages, suddenly found himself hauled up to the ceiling, with his neck in a noose, and there he dangled until cut down by his brother stars.

"Tan" is a simple banking game, the fashion of playing consisting in a number of buttons being rapidly divided into three or four heaps; the betting being whether the heaps contain an odd or an even number.

Closely related to gambling are the lotteries, in which almost every Chinese storekeeper deals. On every ticket, eighty Chinese numbers are printed, the buyer having the privilege of crossing out five, or more, of these numbers, and if any or all of these numbers when drawn are found to be prizes, the money called for is paid. The prizes are five, and vary from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars, the price of the tickets being from ten cents to one dollar. The drawings take place twice a day. This much you are told. White people patronize this petty system of robbery extensively. No drawing party has yet been seized, and the whole business is intangible and shady.

It has been asserted that there are twenty virtuous women in Chinatown, but the assertion has not been fairly substantiated. There are thousands of Chinawomen in San-Francisco and on the Pacific Coast, but they are *all* slaves, *all* prostitutes. Thus in a Christian country a system of utter serfdom of body and soul prevails most shameful and polluting. Strong words for strong subjects. At present the trade languishes because of a spasmodic activity on the part of the police. John Chinaman is industrious, but it is the industry of the brute. Of the delights of the family circle he knows nothing nor cares to; home he wants none; kinship is a dismal mockery with the class of Chinese immigrants now flooding California; for John looks upon his sisters and daughters solely as so many articles of sale. The beautiful and touching stories of Chinese filial devotion may be placed on the same dusty shelf that holds those of Lo's nobility. It is known that women are sold and bought every day in San Francisco, and that sales of these poor creatures take place on the arrival of nearly every steamer. The white laborer and artisan looks forward to steady wages as a means of marrying and rearing a family. John has no such ambition. He is industrious, but is it not a retrograde movement, *à grand pas* to the civilization of a State, that a hundred thousand slave-holding, prostituting heathen should threaten to become the labor power of that State to the exclusion of so many European immigrants, who would, as fathers and brothers, become the bulwarks of its stability? "The more married men you have," said Voltaire, "the fewer crimes there will be." There are not twenty married men in Chinatown and its crimes are of that nature and frequency to be expected in a colony composed entirely of single men and prostitutes!

Twenty years ago when John Chinaman first began to emigrate to this country, he was by no means unfavorably looked upon. His stolid, yellow face, braided queue and outlandish garments, were regarded as curiosities, and their owner as a harmless and rather interesting importation. He was approvingly patted and almost petted. The prospect of his sometime becoming a mild nuisance might have been occasionally entertained, but the possibility of his ever attaining an influence in the body civil would have been ridiculed. *Tempora mutantur* and one need not suffer from the indigestion of the pessimist to see that the condition of affairs is now very much altered. The facts adduced in the foregoing portion of this paper should be sufficient to show that what is known as The Chinese Question wears too serious an aspect to be lightly dismissed. So too, it is submitted that the fault imputed to San Franciscans of being frightened at a shadow of their own casting, will be conceded to be one which they are not in this instance guilty of. John's presence here is a grave fact involving graver contingencies.

While immigration is the life-blood of young nations, there is such a thing as blood-poisoning, and this is frequently occasioned by the presence of some particular foreign substance. John is that substance, and is, moreover, utterly devoid of any quality of assimilation. He is a heterogeneous element, and will always remain so. Unlike the Japanese, he does not follow or care to follow our customs or our costumes; in fact he regards all western rules of life with supreme contempt. Either he is a paradox, with a lightning quickness to learn all from us that will enable him to gain a living, and a thundering obtuseness to appreciate (and imitate) our social excellence and domestic superiority, or he is the victim of a self-complacency that is marvelous in its intensity; we incline to the latter opinion. When this heathen self-satisfaction tinges such able men as Li Hung Chang, it is not to be wondered at, that a baser and more obstinate phase of the same Oriental conceit should prevail in the ranks of the hundred thousand coolies in California, who are, almost to a man, Tartars of the lowest grade. But what is to be expected of the representatives of a nation where every man insures his neighbor's house, where roses have no perfume, and where the needle points southward. One result of this complete want of homogeneity is that the Chinese will always be more than competitors; they will be opposers; and James Lick, although he has laid himself open to criticism by refusing to sanction the employment of a single Chinaman in building the road to the Observatory on Mount Hamilton, has, in the opinion of very many, so gained a stronger right to the title of California's, or, perhaps, the Californian's benefactor. John is certainly gifted with unusual activity, enterprise and endurance, and the evidences of these excellent qualities are seen throughout the length and breadth of the land. But here the good ends and the ill begins. He earns largely to hold and to keep, or else to send to China for the support of his "mother" or "cousin," but does not believe in the general distribution of the current coin. He gains his living in the white man's employ, and trades solely with his copper-colored brethren. Being paid for his week's work by Messrs. Seth Jones & Co., he spends what little he does spend with Messrs. Ching Hang Hi & Co. Supported by the American, he only supports the Asiatic. Did ever such a radical and mischievous topsy-turviness of every principle of commercial economy retard the progress and afflict the commonweal of a young state? The burdened city of the West looks loyally to the Congress of the nation for helping action and is willing to wait awhile for relief, provided that action is not persistently delayed.

Much has been preached on the text of cheap labor, and that by honorable men; but one head of the discourse has been generally ignored. For centuries, the poor classes of Chinese have been pupiled in the rough school of shifts and want until they are educated down to the miserable perfection of an economy and endurance that is startling. The infinitessimal little that John can live on when self-provisioned is as astonishing as is the gigantic much that he can consume when a cook on wages. This spirit of ultra economy, while it may have its uses, has also its decidedly injurious effects. In short, the Chinese have here a power with which white labor can by no means cope, for a white man would starve on what John thrives on. Few capitalists pay their employés more than is necessary for support, consequently, the workman who lives the more cheaply is the workman who is paid more cheaply; and here it is that the Chinaman has greatly the advantage. Only by degrading white labor to a bestial scale can the two compete on equal grounds; that being impossible, the outlook for the poor white man and woman in San Francisco turns but one way. A fearful mistake has already been made. Sentimentality and the growing mutter of public opinion may for a time keep Chinese cheap workers out of certain avenues of labor, but their very cheapness will tell in the long run; and if Chinese emigration is unchecked, one of these results will certainly follow: Either California will be bereft of white labor, or such an exhibition of latent hostility will occur as will somewhat startle those who pooh-pooh the possibility of a collision between races arising from a struggle for employment. Either way lies a calamity. And this is no croaking, but the strong uncolored logic of observation and facts.

IN LONELINESS.

My soul is like some veiléd nun
  Who looks from out her convent bars,
All day upon the shrouded sun,
  All night upon the stars;

And stretches forth her trembling hands,
  And moans the words she dare not say,
While hot tears stain the linen bands
  That fold her heart away.

And when the swing of mournful bell
  Glooms shadows on her clouded hair,
She goes a curser from her cell,
  And tunes her lips to prayer.

But oh, my soul has not a task
  That bids it for a time forget;
The wind hoards up the prayers I ask,
  And turns them to regret.

All day I look beyond my life,
  And think the night will light my years;
When comes the night with memory rife,
  I blot it out with tears.

Oh, heart thou art so dead, so dead,
  No need to bind thee in with bars;
Dead love, I think thy quiet bed
  Is up among the stars.

AUTUMN TIDES.

The season is always a little behind the sun in our climate, just as the tide is always a little behind the moon. According to the calendar, the summer ought to culminate about the 21st of June, but in reality it is some weeks later; June is a maiden month all through. It is not high noon in nature till about the first or second week in July. When the chestnut tree blooms, the meridian of the year is reached. By the first of August, it is fairly one o'clock. The luster of the season begins to dim, the foliage of the trees and woods to tarnish, the plumage of the birds to fade, and their songs to cease. The hints of approaching fall are on every hand. How suggestive this thistle-down, for instance, which, as I sit by the open window, comes in and brushes softly across my hand! The first snow-flake tells of winter not more plainly than this driving down heralds the approach of fall. Come here, my fairy, and tell me whence you come and whither you go? What brings you to port here, you frail ship sailing the great sea? How exquisitely frail and delicate! One of the lightest things in nature; so light that in the closed room here it will hardly rest in my open palm. A feather is a clod beside it. Only a spider's web will hold it; coarser objects have no power over it. Caught in the upper currents of the air and rising above the clouds, it might sail perpetually. Indeed one fancies it might almost traverse the interstellar ether and drive against the stars. And every thistle-head by the road-side holds hundreds of these sky-rovers—imprisoned, and unable to set themselves free. Their liberation may be by the shock of the wind, or the rude contact of cattle, but it is oftener the work of the gold-finch with its complaining brood. The seed of the thistle is the proper food of this bird, and in obtaining it, myriads of these winged creatures are scattered to the breeze. Each one is fraught with a seed which it exists to sow, but its wild careering and soaring does not fairly begin till its burden is dropped, and its spheral form is complete. The seeds of many plants and trees are disseminated through the agency of birds; but the thistle furnishes its own birds,—flocks of them, with wings more ethereal and tireless than were ever given to mortal creature. From the pains nature thus takes to sow the thistle broadcast over the land, it might be expected to be one of the most troublesome and abundant of weeds. But such is not the case; the more pernicious and baffling weeds, like snap-dragon or blind-nettles, being more local and restricted in their habits, and unable to fly at all.

In the fall, the battles of the spring are fought over again, beginning at the other, or little end of the series. There is the same advance and retreat, with many feints and alarms, between the contending forces that was witnessed in April and May. The spring comes like a tide running against a strong wind; it is ever beaten back, but ever gaining ground, with now and then a mad "push upon the land" as if to overcome its antagonist at one blow. The cold from the north encroaches upon us in about the same fashion. In September or early in October it usually makes a big stride forward and blackens all the more delicate plants, and hastens the "mortal ripening" of the foliage of the trees, but it is presently beaten back again and the genial warmth re-possesses the land. Before long, however, the cold returns to the charge with augmented forces and gains much ground.

In both spring and fall, it may be likened to the damming of a stream; the current meets with a check, a reverse, is thrown back upon itself, but it accumulates, it is stored up, not dispersed, and when it breaks away again its strength and volume are just so much increased. The cold snaps we have in the fall are the cold of many days concentrated in one. The course of the seasons never do run smooth, owing to the unequal distribution of land and water, mountain and plain. So with the warm spells in spring: a week is robbed of its warmth to give a touch of May temperature to March.

An equilibrium however is usually reached in our climate in October, sometimes the most marked in November, forming the delicious Indian summer; a truce is declared and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field. In the earlier season, this poise of the temperature, this slack water in nature, comes in May and June; but the October calm is most marked. Day after day, and sometimes week after week, you cannot tell which way the current is setting. Indeed there is no current, but the season seems to drift a little this way, or a little that, just as the breeze happens to freshen a little in one quarter or the other. The fall of '74 was the most remarkable in this respect I remember ever to have seen. The equilibrium of the season lasted from the middle of October till near December, with scarcely a break. There were six weeks of Indian summer, all gold by day, and when the moon came, all silver by night. The river was so smooth at times as to be almost invisible, and in its place, was the indefinite continuation of the opposite shore down toward the nether world. One seemed to be in an enchanted land, and to breath all day the atmosphere of fable and romance. Not a smoke, but a kind of shining nimbus filled all the spaces. The vessels would drift by as if in mid-air with all their sails set. The gypsy blood in one, as Lowell calls it, could hardly stay between four walls and see such days go by. Living in tents, in groves and on the hills, seemed the only natural life.

Late in December, we had glimpses of the same weather,—the earth had not yet passed all the golden isles. On the 27th of that month, I find I made this entry in my note book: "A soft hazy day, the year asleep and dreaming of the Indian summer again. Not a breath of air and not a ripple on the river. The sunshine is hot as it falls across my table."

But what a terrible winter followed! what a savage chief the fair Indian maiden gave birth to!

This halcyon period of our autumn will always in some way be associated with the Indian. It is red and yellow and dusky like him. The smoke of his camp-fire seems again in the air. The memory ot him pervades the woods. His plumes and moccasins and blanket of skins form just the costume the season demands. It was doubtless his chosen period. The gods smiled upon him then if ever. The time of the chase, the season of the buck and the doe, and of the ripening of all forest fruits; the time when all men are incipient hunters, when the first frosts have given pungency to the air, when to be abroad on the hills or in the woods is a delight that both old and young feel,—if the red aborigine ever had his summer of fullness and contentment, it must have been at this season, and it fitly bears his name.

In how many respects fall imitates or parodies the spring; it is indeed, in some of its features, a sort of second youth of the year. Things emerge and become conspicuous again. The trees attract all eyes as in May. The birds come forth from their summer privacy and parody their spring reunions and rivalries; some of them sing a little after a silence of months. The robins, blue-birds, meadow-larks, sparrows, crows—all sport, and call, and behave in a manner suggestive of spring. The cock grouse drums in the woods as he did in April and May. The pigeons re-appear, and the wild geese and ducks. The witch-hazel blooms. The trout spawns. The streams are again full. The air is humid, and the moisture rises in the ground. Nature is breaking camp, as in spring she was going into camp. The spring yearning and restlessness is represented in one by the increased desire to travel.

Spring is the inspiration, fall the expiration. Both seasons have their equinoxes, both their filmy, hazy air, their ruddy forest tints, their cold rains, their drenching fogs, their mystic moons; both have the same solar light and warmth, the same rays of the sun; yet, after all, how different the feelings which they inspire! One is the morning, the other the evening; one is youth, the other is age.

The difference is not merely in us; there is a subtle difference in the air and in the influences that emanate upon us from the dumb forms of nature. All the senses report a difference. The sun seems to have burned out. One recalls the notion of Herodotus, that he is grown feeble and retreats to the south, because he can no longer face the cold and the storms from north. There is a growing potency about his beams in spring; a waning splendor about them in fall. One is the kindling fire; the other the subsiding flame.

Does not the human frame yield to and sympathize with the seasons? Are there not more births in the spring and more deaths in the fall? In the spring one vegetates; his thoughts turn to sap; another kind of activity seizes him; he makes new wood which does not harden till past midsummer. For my part, I find all literary work irksome from April to August; my sympathies run in other channels; the grass grows where meditation walked. As fall approaches, the currents mount to the head again. But my thoughts do not ripen well till after there has been a frost. The burrs will not open much before that. A man's thinking, I take it, is a kind of combustion, as is the ripening of fruits and leaves, and he wants plenty of oxygen in the air.

Then the earth seems to have become a positive magnet in the fall; the forge and anvil of the sun have had their effect. In the spring it is negative to all intellectual conditions and drains one of his lightning.

To-day, October 21st, I found the air in the bushy fields and lanes under the woods loaded with the perfume of the witch-hazel—a sweetish, sickening odor. With the blooming of this bush, nature says, "positively the last." It is a kind of birth in death, of spring in fall, that impresses one as a little uncanny. Is there no legend about it? and can none of our poets make one? All trees and shrubs form their flower buds in the fall, and keep the secret till spring. How comes the witch-hazel to be the one exception and to celebrate its floral nuptials on the funereal day of its foliage? No doubt it will be found that the spirit of some love-lorn squaw has passed into this bush, and that this is why it blooms in the Indian summer rather than in the white man's spring.

But it makes the floral series of the woods complete. Between it and the shad-blow of earliest spring lies the mountain of bloom; the latter at the base on one side, this at the base on the other, with the chestnut blossoms at the top in midsummer.

To return a little, September may be described as the month of tall weeds. Where they have been suffered to stand, along fences, by road-sides and in forgotten corners—red-root, pig-weed, rag-weed, vervain, golden-rod, burdock, elecampane, thistles, teasels, nettles, asters, etc.,—how they lift themselves up as if not afraid to be seen now! They are all outlaws, every man's hand is against them, yet how surely they hold their own! They love the roadside because here they are comparatively safe; and ragged and dusty, like the common tramps that they are, they form one of the characteristic features of early fall.

I have often noticed in what haste certain weeds are at times to produce their seeds. Red-root will grow three or four feet high when it has the whole season before it; but let it get a late start, let it come up in August, and it scarcely gets above the ground before it heads out and apparently goes to work with all its might and main, to mature its seed. In the growth of most plants or weeds, April and May represent its root, June and July, its stalk, and August and September its flower and seed. Hence when the stalk months are stricken out as in the present case, there is only time for a shallow root and a foreshortened head. I think most weeds that get a late start show this curtailment of stalk and this solicitude to reproduce themselves. But I have not observed that any of the cereals are so worldly wise. They have not had to think and shift for themselves as the weeds have. It does indeed look like a kind of forethought in the red-root. It is killed by the first frost, and hence knows the danger of delay.

How rich in color before the big show of the tree foliage has commenced, our roadsides are in places in early autumn,—rich to the eye that goes hurriedly by and does not look too closely,—the profusion of golden-rod and blue and purple asters, dashed in upon here and there with the crimson leaves of the dwarf sumac; and at intervals rising out of the fence-corner or crowning a ledge of rocks, behold the dark green of the cedars with the still fire of the woodbine at its heart. I wonder if the way-sides of other lands present any analagous spectacles at this season.

Then when the maples have burst out into color, showing like great bonfires along the hills, there is indeed, a feast for the eye. A maple before your windows in October, when the sun shines upon it, will make up for a good deal of the light it has excluded; it fills the room with a soft golden glow.

Thoreau, I believe, was the first to remark upon the individuality of trees of the same species with respect to their foliage,—some maples ripening their leaves early and some late, and some being of one tint and some of another; and moreover, that each tree held to the same characteristics, year after year. There is indeed as great a variety among the maples as among the trees of an apple orchard; some are harvest apples, some are fall apples, and some are winter apples, each with a tint of its own. Those late ripeners are the winter varieties—the Rhode Island greenings or swaars of their kind. The red maple is the early astrachan. Then comes the red-streak, the yellow-sweet and others. There are wind-falls among them too, as among the apples and one side or hemisphere of the leaf is usually brighter than the other.

The ash has been less noticed for its autumnal foliage than it deserves. The richest shades of plum color to be seen—becoming by and by, or, in certain lights, a deep maroon—are afforded by this tree. Then at a distance there seems to be a sort of bloom upon it as upon the grape or plum. Amid a grove of yellow maple, it makes a most pleasing contrast.

By mid-October, most of the Rip Van Winkles among our brute creatures, have laid down for their winter nap. The toads and turtles have buried themselves in the earth. The woodchuck is in his hibernaculum, the skunk in his, the mole in his; and the black bear has his selected, and will go in when the snow comes. He does not like the looks of his big tracks in the snow. They publish his goings and comings too plainly. The coon retires about the same time. The provident wood-mice and the chipmunk are laying by a winter supply of nuts or grain, the former usually in decayed trees, the latter in the ground. I have observed that any unusual disturbance in the woods, near where the chipmunk has his den, will cause him to shift his quarters. For many successive days, one October, I saw one carrying into his hole, which was only a few rods from where we were getting out stone, buckwheat which he had stolen from a near field. But as our work progressed and the racket and uproar increased, the chipmunk became alarmed. He ceased carrying in, and after much hesitating and darting about, and some prolonged absences, he begin to carry out; he had determined to move; if the mountain fell, he, at least, would be away in time. So by mouthfulls, or cheekfulls, the grain was transferred to a new place. He did not make a "bee" to get it done, but carried it all himself, occupying several days, and making a trip about every ten minutes.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festal months. Invade some butternut or hickory-nut grove on a frosty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba"* on a horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break-down," interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloqual trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound, and a part a shrill nasal sound.

The distant bark of the more wary gray squirrel may be heard about the same time. There is a teasing and ironical tone in it also, but the gray squirrel is not the puck the red is.

Insects also go into winter quarters by or before this time; the bumble-bee, hornet and wasp. But here only royalty escapes; the queen-mother alone foresees the night of winter coming and the morning of spring beyond. The rest of the tribe try gypsying for a while, but perish in the first frosts. The present October, I surprised the queen of the yellow-jackets in the woods looking out a suitable retreat. The royal dame was house-hunting, and on being disturbed by my inquisitive poking among the leaves, she got up and flew away with a slow, deep hum. Her body was unusually distended, whether with fat or eggs I am unable to say. In September, I took down the nest of the black hornet and found several large queens in it, but the workers had all gone. The queens were evidently weathering the first frosts and storms here, and waiting for the Indian summer to go forth and seek a permanent winter abode. If the covers could be taken off the fields and woods at this season, how many interesting facts of natural history would be revealed! The crickets, ants, bees, reptiles, animals, and for aught I know, the spiders and flies, asleep or getting ready to sleep in their winter dormitories; the fires of life banked up and burning just enough to keep the spark over till spring.

The fish all run down the stream in the fall except the trout; it runs up or stays up and spawns in November, the male becoming as brilliantly tinted as the deepest dyed maple leaf. I have often wondered why the trout spawns in the fall instead of in the spring, like other fish. Is it not because a full supply of clear spring water can be counted on at that season more than at any other? The brooks are not so liable to be suddenly muddied by heavy showers and defiled with the washings of the roads and fields as they are in spring and summer. The artificial breeder finds that absolute purity of water is necessary to hatch the spawn; also that shade and a low temperature are indispensable.

Our northern November day itself is like spring water. It is melted frost, dissolved snow. There is a chill in it and an exhilaration also. The forenoon is all morning and the afternoon all evening. The shadows seem to come forth and to revenge themselves upon the day. The sunlight is diluted with darkness. The colors fade from the landscape and only the sheen of the river lights up the gray and brown distance.

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* I never saw this word in print, but that is what the boys call it. It is a way of beating time by slapping the hands upon the thighs, together with the patting of the foot. The following are some of the words:

"Did you ebber, ebber, ebber
See de debble, debble, debble
Shobel grabble, grabble, grabble
Wid his iron-wooden shobel
Wid his big toe nail."

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHERE SHALL SHE GO?"

> "From her infant days,
> With Wisdom, mother of Retired Thoughts,
> Her soul had dwelt, and she was quick to mark
> The good and evil thing, in human lore
> Undisciplined."
>
> COLERIDGE.

THE White Hawk dropped into her new life with a simplicity and naturalness which delighted everybody. From the beginning, Silas Perry was charmed with her. It was not that he tolerated her as he would have tolerated any person whom Eunice had thought best to introduce to his house; it was that by rapid stages he began by liking her, then was fond of her, and then loved her. She was quite mistress of the spoken English, so much so that Inez began to fear that she would lose her pretty savage idioms and fascinating blunders. Indeed there were a few Apache phrases which Inez insisted on retaining, with some slight modifications, in their daily conversation. How much French and Spanish the girl understood, nobody but herself knew. She never spoke in either language.

It would be almost fair to say that Roland taught her more than Inez did. In the first place he taught Inez a good deal which it was well for a provincial girl—a girl of two cities, as petty as Orleans and San Antonio—to learn, if she could learn it from her brother, seeing her life had been so much restricted, and her outlook so much circumscribed. Roland was quick and impulsive; so indeed was the White Hawk; but he was always patient in explaining himself to her, and he would not permit Inez, for mere love's sake, or fancy's sake, to overlook little savageries, as he called them, in the girl's habit or life, merely because they seemed pretty to her. "She is an American girl," said he; "by the grace of God you have rescued her from these devils, and she shall never be annoyed by having people call her a Redskin." And never had teacher a quicker pupil; never had Mentor a Telemachus more willing, than the White Hawk proved to be, under the grave tutelage of Inez and her brother.

These pages, which are transparent as truth herself, may here reveal one thing more. The present reader, also, has proved herself sharp-sighted as Lynceus, since she engaged in reading these humble annals of the past. This reader has observed, therefore, from the moment the "Fire-Fly" met the "Antoinette" in the South Pass, that the handsome young American gentleman and the beautiful girl, rescued from captivity, were placed in very near propinquity to each other, and that they remained so. The author has not for a moment veiled this fact from the reader, who is, indeed, too sharp-sighted to be trifled with.

It is now to be stated that the White Hawk observed it quite as soon as the reader has done. The White Hawk maintained a very simple, as it was a very intimate and sweet relation, with Roland Perry, whenever she and he were with Inez and Eunice or the rest of the group which daily gathered at his father's. But the White Hawk very seldom found herself alone with Roland Perry, and when she did, the interview was a very short one. Roland found himself sometimes retiring early from the counting-room, wishing that she might be in the way. But she never was in the way. He would prepare one and another expedition to the lake, to the plantation house, and the like. On such expeditions the White Hawk went freely, if the whole party went; but not for a walk, or ride out to the English Turn, did she go with him alone. Roland Perry did not know whether this was accident or no—did not even ask, perhaps. But it is as well that this reader should understand the girl, and should know it was no accident at all.

One day they had all gone together to a pretty meadow by the lake, under the pretence of seeing some races which the officers of the garrison had arranged. Roland took the occasion to try his chances in sounding Ma-ry about a matter where he had not had full success in his consultations with his aunt.

"Ma-ry," said he, "tell me about the night when Inez was lost in Texas. By the river, you know."

"Oh, poor Inez! She was so tired; she was so cold!"

"How in the world did you find her?"

"Oh, ho! Easy to find her! I went

where she went. Footstep here, footstep there, footstep all along. Leaf here and leaf there—broken leaf, torn leaf—all along. Then I heard her cry! She cried war-whoop,—hoo, hoo, hoo,—just as I taught her one day. Easy to find her."

"And you brought her in on your back?"

"No, nonsense, Mr. Perry. You know she came on foot, the same as she walks now with Mr. Lonsdale."

"And the others—were they all at home while you looked for her?"

"At home? Dear auntie was by the fire, waiting and praying to the good God. Ransom, he built up the fire, made it burn, so I saw the smoke, red smoke, high, high, above the black-jacks and the hack-berries. Black men;—some at home, some away. All the rest were gone."

"This Captain Harrod. Where was he, Ma-ry?"

"Oh, Captain Harrod? Captain Will Harrod? Captain Harrod rode,—had rode,—no, Captain Harrod had ridden back. All wrong; all wrong. Had ridden back on the trail—on the old trail; ridden fast, ridden well, ridden brave, but all wrong. Had ridden back to camp where we had lunch that same day. All wrong. Poor Captain Harrod!"

"Why did he ride back, Ma-ry, if it was all wrong?"

"Captain Harrod not know. Captain Harrod saw Inez's foot-mark. Captain Harrod saw it was moccasin mark; all the same moccasin Inez wore at breakfast this morning. Captain Harrod see moccasin mark; no, saw moccasin mark. Captain Harrod thought it Apache boy;—thought Apaches caught Inez,—carry her away,—same like they carry Ma-ry away—carry me away."

"And he went after them?"

"All men went,—all but Ransom and the black men, and Richards. All went—rode fast, fast—very fast; and found no Inez."

And the girl laughed. "Inez all happy by the fire. Inez all asleep in the tent."

"Ma-ry, was Captain Harrod very good to Inez?"

And so you think, Master Roland Perry, that because this girl is a savage, you are going to draw your sister's secrets out of her, do you? Much do you know of the loyalty of women to women, when they choose to be loyal.

"Captain Harrod very good to Inez, very good to auntie, very good to Ma-ry;" this with the first look analagous to coquetry, that Roland had ever seen in his pupil.

"Good to everybody, eh? And who rode with Captain Harrod, or with whom did he ride, as you traveled? Who rode with Inez? Who rode with you?"

"I rode with him; auntie rode with him," and then, correcting herself, "he rode with me; he rode with auntie. Auntie very pleasant with him. Talk, talk, talk, all morning. I not understand them. Talk, talk, talk. Inez and Ma-ry ride together."

This was a combination of pieces which Roland had not thought of. He followed out the hint.

"How old was Captain Harrod, Ma-ry?"

"Old? I do not know. He never said; I never asked."

"No! no! you never asked. But was he as old as Ransom? Was he as old as my father?"

Ma-ry laughed heartily.

"No! no!—No! no! no!"

"Was he as old as —— Mr. Lonsdale there?"

"Me no know—I mean I do not know. Mr. Lonsdale never tell me." And she laughed again.

"Which was older,—Harrod or Nolan?"

"Oh, I never see; I never seed—I never saw Captain Phil. Captain Nolan all gone before I saw Inez. I saw Inez at Nacogdoches."

"And did Inez like Captain Harrod very much, Ma-ry?"

"Oh, ho! I think so. I like him very much. Auntie, oh, auntie like him very much. Oh, I think Inez like him very much. Ask her, Mr. Roland, ask her." And the girl called: "Inez, my darling, Inez, come here."

But Inez did not hear; perhaps it was not meant that she should hear.

"No, no!" said Master Roland, interrupting, but so much of a man still that he did not know that this little savage girl was playing with him. "Do not call her. She can tell me what she chooses. But, Ma-ry dear, what makes Inez unhappy? When she is alone she cries, I know she does. I see her eyes are red. When she is with us all she laughs and talks more than she wants to. She makes believe, Ma-ry. Ma-ry, what is the trouble, the sorrow of Inez?"

No, Roland, Ma-ry is very fond of Inez, and she is very fond of you. But if you want Inez's secrets you must go to Inez for them. This girl of the woods will not betray them.

"Inez very, very fond of Captain Phil Nolan. Inez very, very sorry for poor lady who is dead, and little baby boy. When Captain Phil Nolan was here, here in Orleans, Captain Phil Nolan told her,—told Inez all story,—all the story of beautiful girl who is dead. Fanny,—Fanny Lintot. Captain Phil Nolan shewed Inez picture pretty picture, oh! so pretty—of Fanny Lintot! Told her secret. Inez told no one. No, Inez not tell auntie; not tell me. Now gone! all gone! Fanny Lintot dead! Captain Nolan dead. Only little, little baby boy! Poor Fanny Lintot. Poor Inez very sorry. But, Mr. Roland, you not ask her. No, no, no; do not ask her."

"Not I," said Roland, led away by the girl's eagerness, and not aware, indeed, at the moment, that he had been foiled.

Mr. Silas Perry had soon made the same remark which the eagle-eyed reader of these pages has made, that his son and his ward were thrown into very close "propinquity," and into very near communion. He had, or thought he had, reasons, not for putting an actual stop to it, but, on the other hand, for not encouraging it; and he speculated not a little as to the best way to separate these young people a little more than in the easy circumstances of their daily life. He had consulted his sister once and again in his questionings. She had proposed a removal to the plantation. But he dreaded to take this step. The exigencies of his business required his presence in the city almost every day. He was happy in his family, and, after so long a parting, he hated to be parted long again.

Matters brought themselves to a crisis, however. He came into Eunice's room one evening in serio-comic despair.

"Eunice, you must do something with your Indian girl. She is on your hands, not on mine. What do you think? I saw something light outside the paling just now. I went out to see what it might be, in the gloaming, and there was Ma-ry, bobbing at a craw-fish hole for craw-fish, as quietly as you are mending that stocking. She might have been little Dinah, for all anxiety about her position. She never dreamed, dear child, that it was out of the way."

"What did you say?" said Eunice, laughing.

"It was not in my heart to scold her. I asked her what her luck was——"

"And then looked for another craw-fish hole, and sat down and fished by her side?"

"No," said he, "not quite so bad as that. I told her it was late, that she must not stay out late, and she gathered up her prizes prettily, and brought them in. She never resists you a moment; that is the reason why she twirls us all around her fingers. I don't know what to do. It would break Inez's heart to send her away, not to say mine. She gave Chloe the craw-fish for breakfast."

"There is Squam Bay?" said Eunice, interrogatively.

"I had thoughts of Squam Bay. Heavens, how she would upset the proprieties there! I wonder what Parson Coleman would make of her! I would almost send her to Squam Bay for the fun of seeing the explosion.

"You see," after a pause, "Squam Bay is better than the nuns here, and it is worse. The nuns will teach her to embroider and to talk French, and to keep secrets, and to hide things. The people there will teach her to tell the truth, where she needs no teaching; to work, where she needs no teaching; to wash and to iron; to make succotash, and to reconcile the five points of Calvinism with one another, and with infinite love. But this is to be considered; with the nuns she is close to us, and Squam Bay is very far off, particularly if there should be war!"

"Always war?" asked Eunice, anxiously.

What troubled Eunice was that this conversation, having come to this point, never went any farther. Forty times had her brother come about as far as this. But forty times he had put off till next week any determination, and next week never came. The girl was too dear to him; her pretty ways were becoming too necessary for him; Inez was too fond of her, and home-life, just thus and so, was too charming. At any given moment he hated to break the spell and to destroy all.

This, was, however, the last of these conferences. The next morning, immediately after family prayers, Silas Perry beckoned his sister into his own den.

"It is all settled," he said, half gayly, half dolefully.

"What is settled?"

"Ma-ry, yonder, the savage, is to go to the Ursulines."

"Who settled that?" asked Eunice, supposing that this was only the forty-first phase of the talk of which last night showed the fortieth.

"Who settled it? Why, Ma-ry settled it.

Who settles everything in this house? What is the old story? It is repeated here. Ma-ry manages Ransom; Ma-ry manages Inez; Ma-ry manages you. And you and Inez and Ransom manage me."

"We and Roland," said Eunice.

"As you will. If Ma-ry does not manage him too, I am much mistaken. Anyway, the dear child has given her directions this time, with as quiet determination as if she had been yourself, and with as distinct eye down the future as if she had been Parson Coleman. She wants to go to the Ursulines, and to the Ursulines she is to go."

The Ursulines' convent was, at this moment, the only school for girls, of any account, in Orleans, not to say in Louisiana.

"What did she say?"

"She said that all the things she knew were things of the woods, and the prairies, and the rivers. She said Inez was kind, too kind; that you were kind, too kind; that everybody was kind. But she said that she was never to go back to the woods, never to live in them. She must learn to do what women did here. If she staid in this house, I should spoil her. She did not put it in these words, but that was what she meant. If she went to the nuns, she should study all the time, and should never play. Here she said it was hard, very hard, not to play."

"What will Inez say?"

"I dare not guess. Ma-ry has gone to tell her."

"And what will Roland say?"

"I do not know, nor do I know who will tell him."

CHAPTER XXX.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

> "Smile not my child,
> But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so, beguiled
> Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be
> So dreadful, since thou must divide it with me."
> SHELLEY.

So it was settled, and settled by herself, that poor Ma-ry should go into a convent-school. The freest creature on earth was to be shut up in the most complicated system of surveillance.

Ransom was well-nigh beside himself when he found that this step had been determined on, in face of his known views, and, indeed, without even the pretence of consultation with him. For the next day, gloom was in all his movements. He would not bring Mr. Perry the claret that he liked, and pretended there was none left. He carried off the only pair of pumps which Roland could wear to the Governor's ball, and pretended they needed mending. Inez sent him for her hat, and he would not find it, and pretended he could not. For a day the family was made to understand that Ransom was deeply displeased.

He made a moment for a conference with Ma-ry, as he strapped her trunk. The only consolation he had had was the selection of this trunk, at a little shop where they brought such things from France.

"Ma-ry," said he, "they'll want you to go on your knees before them painted eye-dolls. Don't ye do it. They can't make ye noway, and ye mus'n't do it. Say ye prayers as Miss Eunice taught ye, and don't say 'em to eye-dolls. They'll tell ye to lie and steal. Don't ye do it. Let um lie as much as they want to. But don't ye believe the fust word they tell ye. They won't give ye nothing to eat but frogs, and not anough of them. Don't ye mind. I'll send round myself a basket twice a week. They won't let me come myself, 'cause they won't have no men near um but them black-coated priests,—all beggars, all on um,—and them others with brown night-gowns. Let them come; but I shall make old Chloe go round, or Salome, that's the other one, twice a week with a basket, and sunthin' good in it, and anough for three days. An' you keep the basket, Ma-ry, and sponge it out, and give it back to her next time she comes. Don't let them nuns get the baskets, 'cause they aint any more like um. They's white-oak baskets, made in a place up behind Atkinson; they aint but one man knows how to make um, an' I make old Turner bring um down here to me. Don't ye let the nuns get the baskets."

Ma-ry promised compliance with all his directions, and the certainty of outwitting the "eye-dollaters" on the matter of her diet, threw a little gleam of comfort over the old man's sadness.

She went to the Ursulines. The Ursulines received her with the greatest tenderness, and thought they never had a more obedient pupil.

And this was the chief event in the family history of that winter. With the spring other changes came, necessitated by a removal to the plantation. Although this was by no means Silas Perry's chief interest, he had great pride in it, and he did not choose to have it in the least behind the plantations of his Creole neighbors. Roland had brought from the Polytechnic school some pet theories of science, which he was eager to apply in the sugar mills, and he did not find it difficult to persuade Lonsdale to join him, even for weeks at a time, when he went up the coast. A longer expedition, however, called them away, both from the counting-house and from the plantation.

General Bowles had not forgotten his promise. Inez and Roland both twitted aunt Eunice with her conquest over this handsome adventurer. It was in vain that Eunice said that he was well known to have one wife, and was even said to have many. All the more they insisted that no one knew but all these savage ladies might have been scalped in some internecine or Kilkennyish brawl, and that the General might be seeking a more pacific help-meet. The truth about General Bowles was that he was one of the wildest adventurers of any time. Born in Maryland, he had enlisted in King George's army, just after Germantown and Brandywine. He had been a prosperous chief of the Creeks. He had conferred, equal with equal, with the generals who had commanded him in the English army only a few years before. He had been an artist and an actor in his checkered life; he had been in Spanish prisons and had been presented at the English court.

One day, when a very distinguished Indian embassy had brought in a letter from him to Eunice, Roland undertook to explain all this to Mr. Lonsdale.

"And now, Mr. Lonsdale," said the impudent youngster, Roland, who had chosen to give this account to him, as coolly as, on another occasion, he had cross-questioned him about the same man, "and now, Mr. Lonsdale, weary of diplomacy, he proposes to leave the throne of Creekdom. He lays his crown at Miss Perry's feet, and she has only to say one little word, and he will become a sugar planter of distinction on the Côté des Acadiens, with Miss Perry as his help-meet, to cure the diseases of his people, and with Mr. Roland Perry, *ancien élève de l' École Polytechnique*, to direct the crystallization of his sugar."

The truth was, as it must be confessed, that the General's letters had usually been made out of very slender capital. He would write to say that he was afraid his last letter had miscarried, or that he should like to know if Miss Ma-ry remembered a house with a chimney at each end; whether she had ever seen a saw-mill, or the like. For a man who had nothing to say, General Bowles certainly wrote to Miss Perry a great many letters that winter. But on this occasion Eunice was so much absorbed, as she read, that she did not give the least attention to Roland's raillery.

"Hear this! hear this! Roland, go call your father. This really means something."

Mr. Perry came, on the summons.

Eunice began:

GENERAL BOWLES TO MISS PERRY.

Talladega, Creek Nation, April 19, 1802.

MY DEAR MISS PERRY,—I can at last send you some tidings which mean something. If you knew the regret which I have felt in sending you so little news before, you would understand my pleasure now that I really believe I may be of some use to your charming *protégée*.

"Well begun," said the irreverent Roland. "We shall come to the sugar plantation on the next page."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father; and Eunice read on:

I have just returned from a "talk," so called, with some of the older chiefs of the Choctaw and Cherokee nations. So soon as I renewed the old confidence which these men always felt in me, I made my first inquiries as to raids from the west into the territories north of us, in the year 1785, or thereabouts. The Cherokee warriors knew nothing of our matter.

But the Choctaw chiefs, fortunately, were better informed. As to the time there can be no question. It was the year 1784, well known to all these people from some eclipse or other which specially excited them.

A party of Choctaw chiefs, embodying all that there are left of the once famous Natchez, who, as your brother tells us, have just now appeared in literature;—a party of Choctaw chiefs crossed the Mississippi and even the Red River, in quest of some lost horses. This means, I am sorry to say, that they went to take other horses to replace the lost ones. They met a large roving body of Apaches. They saw them, and they were whipped by them. They recrossed the Mississippi much faster than they went over.

These savages of the West had never, to my knowledge, crossed the Father of Waters. But, on this occasion, elated by their success, they did so, and then, fortunately for the Choctaw people, they forgot them. They were far north, and hearing of a little settlement from Carolina, low down on the Cumberland River, they pounced on it, and killed every fighting man. They burned every house and stole every horse. Then the whites above them came down on them so fast that they retired as best they might.

It is they, I am assured, who are the only Apaches who have crossed the Mississippi in this generation. It is they, as I believe, who seized your little friend and her mother.

If you have any correspondents in the new State of Tennessee, they ought to be able to inform you further regarding the outpost thus destroyed. I cannot learn that it had any name, but it was very low on the Cumberland, and the time was certainly November, 1784.

"There is more! there is more!" screamed Roland, seeing that his aunt stopped.

"There is nothing more about Ma-ry," said Eunice, who felt that she blushed, and was provoked beyond words that she did so.

"More! more!" cried the bold boy, putting out his hand for the letter. But his aunt folded it and put it in her pocket.

And a warning word from his father: "Roland, behave yourself," told the young gentleman that for once he was going too far.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE PLANTATION.

> "Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear
> Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare,
> Oh, let due reverence for the gods restrain
> Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain."
> HOMERIC HYMNS.

LITTLE enough chance of finding anything by raking over the wretched ashes of that village burned eighteen years before. Still, every one would be glad to know that the last was known, and if one aching heart could be spared one throb of agony, everyone would be glad to spare it.

The wonder and the satisfaction excited by General Bowles's letter, held the little party in eager talk for five minutes, and then Mr. Lonsdale, who happened to be of the plantation party that day, filled up the gap, in the practical and definite way, by which, more than once, that man of mystery had distinguished himself.

"I do not know what friends Mr. Perry may have, or what you may have, in Tennessee State," said he, almost eagerly; "but, I hope, I trust, Miss Perry, that you will put your commission of inquiry into my hands. I have loitered here in your *dolce far niente* of Louisiana, much longer than I meant, as you know. What with this and that invitation, I have staid and staid in Capua, as if, indeed, here were the object of my life. But my measures were all taken last week. I asked Mr. Hutchings to select a padrone and boatmen for me, and he has hired a boat, which, I am told, is just what it should be. Pardon me for saying 'a boat;' I am told I must call it a *voiture*. Your arrangements are fairly Venetian, Miss Perry. Men seem to know but one carriage."

"Oh! call it a galliot," she said, "and we shall know what you mean."

"If you would only be Cleopatra," said Mr. Lonsdale, with high gallantry, and he bowed.

"I shall be late in delivering my commissions at Fort Massac, but I shall be there before any one else leaving Orleans this spring. Pray let me make your inquiries regarding this dear child's family."

Loyally said, and loyally planned, Mr. Lonsdale. If this man is a diplomatist, or whatever he be, he has twice come to the relief of Eunice by a most signal service. offered in the most simple and manly way, Even the suspicious Inez looked her gratitude, through eyes that were filled with tears.

The plan was too good not to be acceded to. Roland begged to go as a volunteer on the expedition, and Mr. Perry insisted on it, that he must see to the stores.

"Pardon me, Mr. Lonsdale, but your countryman, Mr. Hutchings, does not know as we do, what the Mississippi demands. I shall provision your galliot, or rather, Ransom will. For, if I undertook to do it without his aid, he would countermand all my directions. I may as well, from the first, confess to him that I am at his mercy."

"Take care, Mr. Perry, for I am almost as much a favorite with him as you are. That is, his pity for my ignorance, not to say his contempt for it, takes with me the place of his affection for your house. If you tell him to store the galliot for both of us, he will strip the plantation. 'Aint nothin' fit to eat, all the way up river,' he will say. 'All on 'em eats alligators and persimmons. Don' know what good cod-fish and salt pork is, none on um.'"

Everybody laughed.

"Capital—capital—Mr. Lonsdale. You have studied the language of the country at its fountain."

"We will not let Ransom starve us, Mr. Lonsdale; but, certainly, we will not let him starve you."

The reader of to-day, who embarks at New Orleans for the mouth of the Ohio in a steam-boat which is "a palace above and a warehouse below," has to take thought, in order to make real to himself a voyage, when Lonsdale and Roland could not expect, even with extra good luck, to reach their destination in two months' time. Slow as traveling was from Philadelphia or Baltimore across the mountains, many a traveler would have taken a voyage from New Orleans to an Atlantic sea-port, that he might descend the Ohio, rather than ascend the Mississippi.

In this case, every preparation was made for comfort and for speed, on a plan not very unlike that on which Inez and her aunt started on their journey for Texas.

By a special dispensation, in which, perhaps, the Vicar-General and Bishop assisted, not to say the Pope himself, Ma-ry was liberated from the convent school to be present at the last farewells. The evening was spent at the plantation with affected cheerfulness, as is men's custom on the evenings of departure, and with early morning the two travelers were on their way. Mr. Perry took his own boat, as they went up the river, and went down to the city to his counting-house, taking Ma-ry to a new sojourn with the Ursulines, in which her docility must show the Pope that she had not abused his gracious permission for a "retreat."

Eunice made her preparations for a quiet week with Inez. Dear little Inez, she was more lovely than ever, now that there was always a shade of care about her. How true it is, that human life never can be tempered into the true violet steel without passing through the fire! And Inez had passed through. It was the one bitter experience of life in which nobody could help her. Eunice knew that. She would have died for this child to save her sorrow; and, yet, without sorrow, nay, without bitter anguish, this lively, happy girl could never be made into a true woman. That, Eunice knew, also. And while Inez suffered, all Eunice could do, was to sit by, or stand by, and look on; to watch and to pray, as she did that night by the camp-fire.

"Now, we are rid of them all, auntie, we can go to work and get things into order. There is no end of things to be done, and you are to show me how to do them all. What in the world will come to the plantation when you go off to be Duchess of Clarence, or, may be, Queen of England, if I do not learn something this summer?"

"Could not you push the Duke of Clarence into a butt of malmsey, and be well rid of him? Then you would be free from your terrors. For me, I have not yet seen him, and I don't know how I shall like him. Go, get your apron, and come with me."

And so the two girls, as Mr. Perry still called them fondly, had what women term a "lovely time" that day. No such true joy to the well-trained housekeeping chief, as to get rid of the men occasionally, an hour or two early. Eunice and Inez resolved that they would have no regular dinner, just a cup of tea and a bit of cold meat, and that the day should be devoted to the inner mysteries of that mysterious Eleusinian profession, which is the profession of the priestess of Ceres, or the domestic hearth.

And a field-day they had of it. The infirmary was inspected, and the nursery, the clothing rooms, the kitchen, and the storehouses. Inez filled her little head full, and her little note-book fuller. They were both in high conclave over some pieces of coarse home-woven cottonades,—a famous manufacture of their Acadian neighbors,—when a scream was heard from the shore, and Mr. Perry was seen approaching.

The ladies welcomed him with eager wonder. He was tired and evidently annoyed, but relieved them in a minute from personal anxiety about Ma-ry or any near friend.

"Still, my news is as bad as it can be. I have come back to send it up to Roland there and Mr. Lonsdale. This Morales, this idiot of an Intendant, means to cut off from the people above, the right of sending their goods to Orleans."

"Cut off the right of dépôt," cried both the girls in a word. They both knew that the prosperity of Orleans and the prosperity of the West alike depended on it; nay, they knew that peace or war depended upon it. They heard with the amazement with which they would have heard that the Intendant had fired the Cathedral.

"Yes! the idiot has cut off the permission for deposit. Of course, I supposed it was a blunder. I went round to my lord's office and saw the idiot myself. He is as mad as a March hare. I reminded him of the treaty. The right is sure for three years more, against all the Intendants in the world. The crazy fool rolled his eyes and said that in the high politics, treaties even must sometimes give way. High fiddlestick! I wish his Prince of Peace was higher than he has been yet, and with nothing to stand upon!"

"Did you speak of the—the secret?" said Eunice, meaning that Louisiana was really Napoleon's province, or the French Republic's at this moment, and no province of Spain.

"I just hinted at it. So absurd, that there should be this pretence of secrecy, when the 'secret' has been whispered in every paper in the land. But, indeed, the men who are most angry below, say that this is Buonaparte's plan, that he wants to try the temper of the Kentuckians. He is no such fool. It is another piece of Salcedo's madness, or of the madness which ruled Salcedo's.

Perhaps, they want at Madrid to steal all the value from their gift. Clearly enough, there is a quarrel between old Salcedo, the Governor, and this ass of a Morales. The Intendant Morales will do it, or says he will do it, all the same, and the Governor does not interfere. But it is all one business; it is that madness that sent Mesquiz after our poor friend; it is that madness which appointed Salcedo, the old fool, here. Madrid, indeed."

"What will the river people say?" asked Inez.

"I do not know what they'll say," said her exasperated father, who had by this time talked himself back into the same rage with which he had left the Intendant's apartments; "but I know what they will do. They will take their rifles on their shoulders, and their powder-horns. They will put a few barrels of pork and hard tack on John Adams's boats, which are waiting handy for them up there. They will take the first rise on the river after they hear this news, and they will come down and smoke this whole tribe of drones out of this hive, and the Intendant and the whole crew will be in Cuba in no time. Inez, mark what I say. This river and this town go together. The power that holds this town for an hour or a day against the wish of the people above, holds it to its ruin. Remember that, if you live a hundred years."

"The whole army of Cuba could be brought here in a very few weeks," said Eunice, thoughtfully.

"Never you fear the army of Cuba; the General who ever brings an army from the Gulf against New Orleans, when the sharpshooters of this valley want to hold New Orleans, comes here to his ruin. Inez! when New Orleans and the Western country shall learn to hold together, New Orleans will be one of the first cities of the world. And you, girl, are young enough to live to see it so."

All this he said, as Eunice fairly insisted on his drinking a cup of coffee and eating something after his voyage. All the time, however, the preparations were going forward, to order which, he had himself come up the river. The lightest and swiftest boat in the little navy of the plantation was hastily got ready to be sent with the bad news to Roland and to Lonsdale. Nobody knew whether the Intendant had forwarded it. Nobody knew whether he meant to. But, since Oliver Pollock and Silas Perry forwarded gunpowder to Washington thirty years before, they knew the way to send news up the river when they chose, and he did not choose that any Intendant of them all should be ahead of him.

The boat was ready before half an hour was over. The occasion was so pressing that Ransom himself was put in charge of the expedition and the dispatches. The other party had a day the start of them. But Ransom took a double crew that he might row all night, and hoped to overhaul them at their camp of the second evening.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DESOLATE HOME.

> "Still, as they travel, far and wide,
> Catch they and keep they a trace here, a trace there,
> That puts you in mind of a place here, a place there."
>
> BROWNING.

RANSOM returned a good deal earlier than anybody expected. He came in the middle of the night with as cross a crew of boatmen as ever rowed any Jason or Odysseus. He had compelled them to such labors as they did not in the least believe in.

He reported to Eunice before breakfast.

"So you caught them, Ransom?"

"Yes'm. Come up with um little this side Pointe Coupée. They was in camp. Good camp too. All right and comfortable. Mr. Roland understands things, mum."

"And you didn't see the Spaniards?"

"Yes'm — see um. Didn't see me, though—darn'd fools. See them fust night out. They was all asleep in the Green Reach. See they fires, lazy dogs! didn't go nigh um, 'n' they didn't know nothin' about us; passed right by um, t'other side of the river. That's all they's fit for. Calls um coast-guards. Much as ever they can do is to keep they own hats on."

"And what message did the gentlemen send?"

"Said they was all well, and had had very good luck; 'n' they wrote two letters—three letters here, for you and Miss Inez, 'n' Mr. Perry. I'd better take his'n down to him myself. I'm goin' down to-day."

"And did you come back in one day, Ransom?"

"Yes'm. Come down on the current. Come in no time, ef these lazy niggers knew how to row—don't know nothin'. Ought to 'a' been here at three o'clock,—didn't git here till midnight. Told um I'd git out 'n' walk, but ye can't shame um nor nothin'. They can't row. They don't know nothin'."

This was Ransom's modest account of a feat unsurpassed on the river for ten years,—indeed, till the achievements of steam left such feats for the future unrecorded.

"And you saw no one coming down?"

"Yes'm. See them Spanish beggars agin, and this time they stopped me. Couldn't a stopped me ef I didn't choose; but there's no use quarreling. They was gittin' ready for they siesta, 's they calls it, lazy dogs! right this side o' Mr. Le Bourgeois's place. Pootiest place on the river. We was on t'other side and they sees us, and fires a shot in the air, and I told the niggers to stop rowin'. Made the Spanishers,—them's the coast-guard, they calls um,—come out and meet us. They asked where we'd been. I told um we'd been cat-fishing. They asked where the fish was. I said we hadn't had no luck. They asked if any boats had passed me, and I said they hadn't, 'cause they hadn't. They asked me to take a note down to the Intendant, 'n' I said I would; 'n' I got it here. Guess I shall give it to him about Thanksgivin' time."

This, with a grim smile of contempt for the snares and wiles of the Spanishers.

"Oh, Ransom, you had better take it to the Intendant's to-day."

"I'll see, mum. Sartin, it's for no good, 'cause they's no good in um. They's all thieves 'n' liars. Mebbe it's for harm, 'n' ef it is, they'd better not have it."

"Well, show it to Mr. Perry, Ransom, any way."

To which the old man made no reply, but withdrew. And then the ladies undertook the business of letter-reading and breakfasting together. The letters would not tell many facts. They might show to the skillful reader something of what was in the heart of each writer, as he left for such long and solitary journey. But this story hurries to its end, and these intimations of feeling must be left to the reader's conjectures.

Whatever they said, the ladies had to satisfy themselves with these letters for months. The news which Lonsdale and Roland carried, was enough to turn back most of the downward-bound boats which would else have taken their letters. Such boats as did attempt the gauntlet, were seized or threatened at the different Spanish posts; were searched, perhaps, by *guarda costas*, so-called; and nothing so suspicious as letters, even were these the most tender-looking of billets to the sweetest of ladies, was permitted to slip through.

It is true that some cause, either the bitter protests of the American factors, or some doubts engendered by dispatches from home, postponed until October the final proclamation of the famous interdict by which New Orleans was self-starved and self-besieged. Its effect on the upper country was none the less for the delay.

The ladies settled back into that simple and not unprofitable life, so well known to our grandmothers, so impossible to describe to their descendants, or even for these descendants to conceive. A life unpersecuted by telegrams, by letters, by express parcels; a life which knew nothing of that "stand and deliver," which bids us reply by return of post; or, while the telegraph messenger waits in the hall, to give a decision, on which may rest the happiness of a life. For Eunice and Inez, the great events were, perhaps, to see that a crew of Caddoes drifting down the river with their baskets, were properly welcomed; perhaps, to spend the day with Madame Porcher, at her plantation just below; perhaps, to prepare for the return visit when the time came; perhaps, to go out of a Saturday evening to see the Acadians dance themselves almost dead to the violin music of Michael, the old white-haired fiddler; perhaps, for Inez to keep her little school daily, in which she taught the little black folk the mysteries of letters; and, all the time, certainly, for both of them, the purely domestic cares of that independent principality which was called a plantation.

Mr. Perry came up to the plantation about once a week, but only for a day or two at a time. His stay would be shorter than Eunice had ever known it, and there was anxiety in his manner which it had never known before. Everything combined to make that an anxious year for Orleans. Though this ridiculous Intendant had pretended not to know the secret of its transfer to France, many men did know that secret early in the spring, and before summer all men knew it. That General Victor with an army of twenty-five thousand Frenchmen was on his way to take possession, was a rumor which came with almost every vessel from Philadelphia or from England. General Victor and his army did not appear. What did appear was another army, a starving army of poor Frenchmen and women, from San Domingo, driven out by a new wave of the insurrection there. It was not the first of such arrivals. They always made care and anxiety for the little colony. Not only were the poor people to be provided for, but the cause of their coming had to be talked over in every family in Louisiana. A successful rising of slaves in San Domingo had to be discussed in the hearing and presence of slaves now well enough satisfied in Louisiana. This year, this anxiety had reached its height. The Spanish Intendant, who had precipitated war on his own head from up the river, so soon as the Western sharp-shooters could arrive, frightened himself and his people to death with terrors about insurrection within. The French began to whisper that their own countrymen were coming. The handful of Americans chafed under the unrighteous restriction on the trade for which they lived there.

> "BY THE KING.
> A proclamation!
> In the name of the King!
>
> Know all men:
>
> That His Most Christian Majesty commands that the sale of all clocks bearing upon them the figure of a woman, whether sitting or standing, wearing the cap of Liberty, or bearing a banner in her hand, is henceforth, forever, absolutely prohibited in the colony of Louisiana.
>
> Let all faithful subjects of his Majesty govern themselves accordingly.
>
> Long live the King."

To see such a proclamation printed in the miserable "Gazette," or posted at the corner of the street, was something to laugh at; and at the old jealousies of other days between the French circle and the Spanish circle, Mr. Perry could afford to laugh again. But here, in matters much more important, was jealousy amounting to hatred, for causes, many of which were real, and every man's hand, indeed, seemed to be against his brother.

It was, therefore, at best, but a sad summer and autumn. And Miss Perry succeeded in persuading her brother to remove the little family to the city earlier than was their custom, that he might at least have in town what she called home comforts, and that, if anything did happen, they might, at least, be all together.

"We cannot be of much use," she said, "but, at least, we shall be of no harm. Besides, if we go, we shall take Ransom; I know he will be a convenience to you, and you may need him of a sudden."

Whether Ransom would be of any real service, Mr. Perry doubted. But it was very true that he was glad to have his cheerful little family together; and in the comfort of a quiet evening to forget the intrigues, the plots, the alarms, and the absurd speculations which were discussed every day in his counting-room, now that there was little other business done there. In the old palmy days of Governor Miro, even under the later dynasties of Casa-Calvo and Gayoso, if any such complications threatened as now impended, Mr. Perry would have been among the favored counselors of the viceroy, for viceroys these governors were. He would not have hesitated himself to call and to offer advice which he knew would be well received. But times were changed, indeed. Instead of one king, there were three. Here was Morales, the Intendant, pretending that he did not care whether Governor Salcedo approved or did not approve of his doings. Here was Salcedo, himself. Was he old enough to be foolish and in his dotage, as some people thought, or, was he pretending to be a fool, and really pulling all the strings behind the curtain? And here was young Salcedo, his son, puffing about and pretending to manage everybody and everything.

One night, at a public ball, this young Salcedo set everybody by the ears. The men drew swords, and the women fainted. Just as the dance was to begin, and the band began playing a French contra-dance, the young braggart cried out, "English dances, English dances." He was a governor's son, should he not rule the ball-room? Anyway, the band-master feared and obeyed, and began on English contra-dances. The young French gallants would not stand this, and cried out, "French, French, French." There were not Spaniards enough to out-cry them. But Salcedo, and those there were, drew their swords. The Frenchmen drew theirs. The women screamed. The American and English gentlemen let the others do the fighting, while they carried the fainting women out. The captain of the guard marched in with a file of soldiers, presented bayonets, and proceeded to clear the hall. It was only this absurd extreme which brought people to terms. The women were revived, and the dancing went on. What with young Salcedo's folly, old Salcedo's jealousy, and Morales's wrong-headedness, some such bad-blooded quarrel filled people's ears every day.

Under such circumstances, the simple life of the city had all gone. Mr. Perry's counsels, once always respected at headquarters, were worthless now.

This Intendant knew his estimate among

the Americans, and with their nation, only too well. But he pretended to make that a reason for distrusting him. The absurd dread of the Americans, which first showed itself in the treachery to poor Philip Nolan, showed itself now in unwillingness to hear what even the most cautious Americans had to say.

In the midst of such anxieties, as they expected Roland from hour to hour, there came, in his place, by the way of Natchez, only this not very satisfactory letter.

ROLAND PERRY TO EUNICE PERRY.

FORT MASSAC, August 31, 1802.

MY DEAR AUNT: We have been up the Cumberland river, and I am convinced that I have seen the ruins of dear Ma-ry's home. There is not stick nor stem standing of the village,—save some wretched charred beams of the saw mill, all covered with burrs, and briars, and bushes. But, that this is the place, you may be sure. We have been up to the next settlement, which was planted only three years later,—and they know the whole sad story, just as General Bowles has told you. The bloody brutes came in on the sleeping village, just in the dead of night. The people had hardly a chance to fire a shot, none to rally in their defense. They slaughtered all the men, and, as these people said, they slaughtered all the women, but it seems dear Ma-ry and her mother were saved.

Which baby she is, from which mother of these eight or ten families, of course I cannot tell, nor can these people. But they say that, at Natchez, there is an old lady who can. An old Mrs. Willson,—all these people were Scotch-Irish from Carolina,—an old Mrs. Willson came on to join her daughter, and arrived the spring after the massacre. Poor old soul, she had no money to go back. She has loitered and loitered here, till only two years ago. Then she said there would be more chance of her hearing news of her child if she went farther south and west, and so, when somebody moved to Natchez he took with him this Mother Ann, and, if she is alive, she is there still.

She is, possibly, our Ma-ry's grandmother. If anybody knows anything of the dear child's birth, it is she.

And this is all I can tell. I am sorry it is so little; so is poor Lonsdale,—the heartiest, most loyal companion, as he is the most accomplished gentleman it was ever a young fellow's luck to travel with. You will think this is very little, but it has cost us weeks of false starts and lost clews to get at what I send you.

You will not wonder that you do not see me. You will believe me that I am well employed. Make much love for me to dear Ma-ry and to my darling Een.

Always your own boy,
ROLAND PERRY.

This letter had been a strangely long time coming. Had it, perhaps, been held by the Spanish authorities somewhere? Eunice had another letter, a letter in Lonsdale's handwriting. But she read Roland's first, and then, grieved and surprised that her boy was not coming, she gave it to his father.

Mr. Perry read with equal surprise, and with equal grief.

"What does it mean?" said she.

"It means," said he, after a pause, "it means that he thought the chances were that the coast-guard would get that letter, and so it must tell very little." Then, after another pause: "Eunice, I am afraid it means that the boy has mixed himself up with recruiting the Kentuckians to come down here on the next rise of the river. Why they did not come on the last rise, is a wonder to me. But I suppose they were waiting for these fools to strike the last blow. They have struck it now. As I told you, Morales has published his 'Interdict.' The old fool, Salcedo, pretends to shake his head, but it is published all the same, and now they have done it, they shake at every wind. They believe, at the Government house, that twenty thousand armed men, mounted on horses or alligators, or both, are now on their way. The Intendant shakes in his shoes, as he walks from Mass to his office. "Roland has been bred a soldier. He is an eager American. He certainly has not staid for nothing, when his heart and everything else calls him here. What does your Mr. Lonsdale say?"

Mr. Lonsdale said very little that could be read aloud, as it proved. In briefer language than Roland's, he told substantially the same story. Mother Ann, at Natchez—if Mother Ann still lived—was the person to be consulted regarding Ma-ry's lineage.

There seemed to be more in Mr. Lonsdale's letter than was read aloud to Mr. Perry, or even to Inez. But poor Inez was growing used to secrets and to mysteries. Poor girl, she knew that of one thing she never spoke to Aunt Eunice! Who was she, to make Aunt Eunice tell everything to her! It seemed to her that the world was growing mysterious. Her lover left her—if he were her lover—and never said a word to tell her he loved her. And no man knew where his body lay! Her dear Ma-ry—her other self—was caged up on the other side of those hateful bars! Her own darling brother, lost so long, and only just back again, he had disappeared too. Nothing but these letters, months old, to tell what had become of him. And now, when Aunt Eunice had a letter from where he was—that letter was not read to Inez, as once every letter was—it was simply put away after one miserable scrap had been read aloud, and people began discussing the situation as if this letter had never come.

But the letters were to work Inez more woe than this. For Eunice determined to follow up, as soon as might be, the clue they gave.

So was it, that some weeks after, when a change was to be made in the Spanish garrison at Concordia, opposite Natchez, she availed herself of the escort of a friendly officer, going up the river, who was taking his wife with him, and determined for herself to make an inquiry at that village for "Mother Ann." She had never ceased to feel, that on her, first of all, rested the responsibility in determining Ma-ry's future, and in unraveling the history of her past.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding, "We don't either."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessèd is the thought!
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent.
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR.

A MORNING'S STROLL IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

By half-past six in the morning, and before, a stream of people flows toward the Exhibition gates; but they are in workmen's attire, or they are official attendants upon the Fair. The police go through the gates in squads; so do the platoons in gray, who do service with the rolling-chairs. Cartmen and carters, catalogue boys, the crowd of servitors who attend upon the various restaurants, the machinists, the railroad squadron, the gardeners, the little Italian boot-blacks, the men in uniform who cry, "The only guide to the Exhibition!" the musicians, the sweeps, the customs men—all these swell the early concourse of those who, day after day, have free entrance, and make an army of themselves. Add to these the United States post officials, the exhibitors and their representatives—counting by the thousand—and one can form some idea of the great array of those who are essential to keep the machinery in motion. The population of a considerable town would be insufficient to supply the men and women who are the invariable attendants and keepers of the great Fair, and who stream in, morning after morning, without leaving any obolus for its support.

Noticeable among the earliest arrivals at the entrance-gates are the heavily burdened wagons of the butchers and ice-dealers, who are the purveyors to the score of restaurants. Following hard upon these, are the great vans, piled high with kegs of lager, which, it would seem—out of regard to the stalwart temperance sentiment of the Commission—have orders to slip their cargoes before the multitude is fairly afoot. Very prompt, too, in his attendance at these morning hours, is the prim equipage of the mail-carrier, before whom the gates open briskly and without a query, and who has right of way through avenues where all others are debarred entrance. Equipages indeed of whatever sort are uncommon within the inclosure, and the quick paces of a well-appointed team make so unusual a sound as to centralize the attention of a crowd. At rare intervals, indeed, and at a later hour, the *coupé* of some high-placed official rolls over the great entrance square, which is the vestibule of the grounds; but this exceptional mode of locomotion is so rare as to be a curiosity in itself. Even the indefatigable Dom Pedro of Brazil on most occasions pushed his way in afoot with the commoners.

What the night population of the place may be, we are not able to say; but there must be no inconsiderable number to keep watch and ward. Nearly every State building is in itself a little hostelrie; the Japanese are present in force, the restaurants have their night guardians, and the Exhibition buildings all have their large quota of police and private watchmen over special exhibits. Nor are these sufficient to forbid altogether petty night thefts, of which very many are reported.

By seven in the morning, or thereabout, the night occupants of the Main Building have retired, and the thousands of day attendants take their places. The rare jewels are taken from their lockers, the dusting and sprinkling of the floors, the rearrangement of lesser goods, the withdrawal of the sheeted coverings, the quick movement of belated attendants—all give a busy air to the aisles of the Main Building; but there is no crowd, and no such capital opportunity for full and careful study—to those who have the privilege of early *entrée*—as the hour just preceding the opening of the doors to the general public. It is the hour seized upon by those who are earnest in their investigation of special classes of exhibits, and by those reporters who put a conscience into their record of the great show.

At nine o'clock the doors are freely opened, and the tide of people flows in. There are companies of excursionists with their lunch baskets who have come in from the country by early trains, and whose naïve exclamations of wonder and admiration are charmingly entertaining. Pressing hard upon these are the eager young clerks, or mechanics, who have but their day or two to devote to the Exhibition, and who are naturally impatient of the slightest delay or interruption. Even as they look admiringly upon what is nearest, they do it with a haunting consciousness that they are losing something better worth seeing beyond. Their hurried look, and eager, swift glances afford sharp contrast to the easy, loitering action of those who are already familiar with the salient features of the Exhibition, or who have, fortunately, weeks before them. It is easy, too, to distinguish those whose penetrative, shrewd observation will enable them to carry away positive ideas, from the larger crowd, whose wavering, distracted glances can only make report of a mirage of disorderly prettiness.

By far the larger part of the morning crowd flows into the great building by the western entrance, and, by consequence, the national exhibits thereabout receive the first salvo of the visitors' enthusiasm. It so chances that among the very first encountered are exhibits by two South American States—Peru and the Argentine States—which are not of a kind to provoke noisy expressions of admiration; and a great many inquisitive and sharp-spoken old ladies—of both sexes—being confronted at the start with the pack-saddles, and hides, and Inca relics, and Peruvian mummies of the first court upon the right, are not a little inclined to sniff at the Exhibition as a moldy museum; but they recover countenance in the sweet court devoted to the "Flowery Kingdom." One enters it under so true a sampler of Chinese architecture, that it might have served as an illustration of Oriental life a century ago. The first glimpse of it, and of the monstrous jars, and of the men in pig-tails and high wooden shoes beyond, brings back the flimsy engravings of the porcelain towers, and of Pekin, and of Hong-Kong, which were in the school geographies—well, forty years back.

In fact there is a glamor over this exhibit—to most observers—trailing from the epoch of childhood, which, independent of all question of merit, makes it piquant and enticing. Personally, we must confess a yielding to its influence, as pleased and beguiling, and pupil-like as if Peter Parley or Malte-Brun had been our usher. Were the birds-nests and rats which these people ate—in the geographies—on shore? Probably not;* but the attention of all intelligent observers is at once challenged by the delicate porcelain cups and vases, in which manufacture these Orientalists are easily among the first. The mammoth urns and gaunt *cloisonné* teapots of stupendous proportions do indeed provoke some wonder, and hold larger groups of the curious about them; but their execution lacks the delicacy of treatment and finish which belong to other national exhibits in the same line of manufacture. Most wonder-provoking of all, however, among the Chinese exhibits is the extraordinary elaboration of the wood-carving. There is, for instance, a high-topped bedstead in one of the interior courts, about which a gaping multitude is always congregated, and which, as the story runs, kept some score or more of operatives diligently employed for the space of four years. The story is entirely credible; the labor upon the work is immense; it is a triumph of industry, and of mechanical adroitness, but not an artistic triumph. Neither in form or in adaptation of parts does it show those graces which captivate the artistic eye. There is curious intricacy about it, but no exuberance of fancy. It offers, indeed, but a repetition, in a stupendous way, of the amazingly involved, but inartistic, carving with which everyone is familiar upon Chinese chess-men, or fan-holders. It is inconceivable how a nation which can put such skill and art into their finer forms of porcelain—with such rare assemblage of tints, and such delicacy of execution—should treat their carved work with so little significance. Thoughtful housewives are apt to express themselves very emphatically in regard to the labor of dusting, or keeping clean such minute labyrinths of open-work as belong to this extraordinary bit of furniture, and with abundant reason; but the true place for it is in the museum, and not in a household.

A capital type of Chinese manhood is to be seen in the person of a stout middle-aged merchant, who holds position through many hours of the day in the southernmost compartment of the Chinese allotment—his queue, his shaven head, his ample, well-formed figure, his blandness, his serene content—the quick intelligence and the contagious mirthfulness which light up his features as he listens to the varying reports of his interpreter, are something as well worth seeing as the curious wares in his exhibit. His stalwart proportions, mated with an alert shrewdness, give a better intimation of those directing forces which preside over the great industries of China than we are apt to get from the sallow laundrymen so familiar to us, or from most of the subordinates in attendance upon the Fair.

Over opposite to the pagoda-like entrance to the Chinese exhibits—across the main aisle only—is the Italian Court, where a great eddy from the tide of early visitors is sure to flow in, and where a multitude is encountered at almost any hour of the day. We find here, too, at the very outset, some Italian carvings in wood, which, without being nearly so elaborate as the Chinese, has thoroughly artistic design, and is superb in its execution. The material is the hard, dark nut-wood of Italy, which shows a variety of figures—cupids, festoons of flowers, and masks—all treated with rare skill, and admirably contributing to the decorative intent of the work. There are noticeable, moreover, in this Italian court, a large collection of majolica, very happily conceived terra-cotta figures, and, best of all, the charming but small jewelry show of Castellani, of Rome. But, it must be said, the crowd gives larger attention to the lesser and less artistic objects which crowd the show cases, and which, by special arrangement, are placed on sale. Such are the mosaic jewelry, the Genoese silver, and a world of fanciful trinkets wrought by the glass-workers of Venice. Indeed, what with the crowd, and the eager shop-like urgence of the attendants, the court has much the air of a great bazaar. We miss in it the best of those faery and many-colored glass goblets of Murano, which—as old legends tell us—would crackle in pieces under a drop of poison. This art, indeed, seems to have made little progress in recent years; and the tawdry mosaics in glass show little of that dainty elaboration which once spun its spiral milk-white threads of color through stems of tiny goblets that might have served Titania.

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* In the exhibit of some of the East India dependencies of England and of Holland, the edible birds-nests are to be seen carefully preserved in glass jars, and show an unctuous mass of mucilaginous material which explains their high repute for the table.

Immediately adjoining Italy, are the courts of Norway and Sweden; that of the former country designated by a light timber screen, prettily illustrative of the work of the Norse carpenters. Within these courts there is always a throng gathered about the life-size groups of Scandinavian peasants, which are executed with such a sturdy realism as respects ungainly pose and actual costume, and the swart color of the faces, that children who come upon them suddenly, shy away, at the first, as if they were intruding upon uncouth visitors. These figures contribute very much to make the Scandinavian countries an actual presence at the Fair; and though the Art Schools may give them no recognition, they chime in admirably with the iron trophies, the timber façades, the great porcelain stoves, the sledges, the reindeer, and the excellent topographical maps of the northern peninsula, to round out, and actualize our conceptions of Scandinavian life.

Indeed, an ideal World's Fair—to which at some future day we shall arrive—should illustrate in some more marked way than is now done, the physical aspects of the competing countries. To this end, there might be in the vestibule of each national court a carefully executed relief map of the country, exhibiting its water-courses, its harbors, its cities, its lines of railway, and its mountain ranges. Isothermal lines upon this marginal data, might indicate the climatic conditions, and the character and limitations of vegetable growths. This might be supplemented again with such admirable photographs of harbors and coast towns, as are to be seen this year in the department of New South Wales. A well worked model of the chief city might be added, with drawings or photographs of the most important buildings, and great national works of engineering. The model of an average home for the agricultural laborer, with realistic figures of those who represent the mass of the population—such as appear in the Swedish Exhibit—would pique investigation, and would make further progress through the exhibition of actual results of labor, like the walk of a friend through the domain of a neighbor.

The hint is worth consideration by the organizers of future World's Fairs. It is all very well to compare fineness of fibres, and this bit of earthenware with that other which bears likeness to a *gris de Flamande;* but with a positive presentment of the surroundings of home-life and of the conditions of climate and soil, we should enter upon examination with larger basis of decision, and new sympathies for a guide. Art, indeed, is always art; and good work, always good work. But when we take account of Progress—as it seems to us World's Fairs ought always to do—conditions count for very much: and a nation that makes good show, with a climate and soil to fight, and without traditions of good work in its history, should be counted worthier (and have the benefit of the count) than a nation that makes only good show, with traditions and actual possession of the best work, for a bolster, and with the most genial of skies overhead.

But neither Sweden nor Norway needs an apologist to speak for them. The great galleon of the latter country, in the rear court, with its iron equipments, and iron trophies, and a big Viking at the "fore," is in itself a grand triumphal song, which is secure of an approving "bravo."

And better than the galleon, with its

iron shrouds, and better than the magnificent metallurgic trophy which Sweden has massed together in her rear court, and more worthy to be noted, are some facts which appear in the neat and orderly catalogue prepared by the Swedish Commission.*

Thus, we learn that, under the administration of the great lumber house of James Dickson & Co. (whose exhibit is in apt conjunction with the figure of an old peasant reading to his wife, who listens with a pleased intentness)—" the children of the working men receive their education in schools which are supported by the proprietors. A fund for the poor and sick, an association for furnishing provisions at cost price, circulating library, bath-house and hospitals have been established for the benefit of the working men. Moreover, the latter have free lodging, full medical attendance, and medicine."

Again, in connection with the Skultuna Copper Works—" Sick and burial funds are established for the benefit of the employés, school instruction is provided for, conducted by three teachers, in three separate schools at the works. Besides this, the workmen assemble two evenings during the week, and attend lectures in natural philosophy, history, geography, etc., and get instruction in writing, arithmetic and drawing." Another large corporation, the Höganäs Coal Mining Co., has established for the benefit of its operatives reading rooms, a library, a hospital with free medical attendance; also a large park, in which is built a dancing-floor, where once a week a band plays for the disport of the village population. Of course, convenient strikes, and high prices for coal, which belong to the American mining method, would hardly be reconcilable with such provisions for the operatives.

Looking again at the life-like figures of the Scandinavian people, it seems no wonder that the crowd should linger by them; they are written all over with a simple, sturdy honesty, that we all cleave to when we find it. They make good illustrations—if one could find the time in this hurly-burly—for a re-reading of Miss Bremer's stories.

There needs but a little swaying of footsteps across the aisle from this department of the North, to bring the crowd into the presence of the wonders from Japan. And we are at once impressed by the alertness and intelligence of those in charge, as contrasted with the average class of attendants upon the Chinese department adjoining—these latter having the half-weary and wholly contented air of those who repose upon the laurels of the past; and the Japanese showing the keen, eager, searching glances that betoken progress, and challenge rivalry. And their work shows, not merely a fabulous industry and persistence in crude and inartistic elaboration, but a wonderful exhibit of skilled execution, directed throughout by a most eager, artistic sense.

A characteristic bit of Japanese decoration work for the garden, is observable at the very entrance of the court. A circular area of some twelve feet diameter is inclosed by rough bowlders, which retain a circlet of earth carrying ferns, callas, coleus, and a pretty tribe of plants, showing in relief against a mass of rock-like bronze; this last, rising behind the circular garden-plot, two feet or more, spreads and blends into the graceful proportions of a dark bronze vase, some four feet in diameter, whose polished surface is decorated all around with deeply incised figures of flying cranes. From the centre of this somewhat shallow but exquisitely wrought vase, rises a mass of dingy metal, figuring an old tree crag, from which a green-bronze winged dragon lifts up his gorgon head, and snorts the water-jets which fall into the basin and drenches with spray the rim of flowers below. It puts the cast-iron water-nymphs of too many of our fine gardens to a damaging contrast.

On the left of this charming fountain, is a display of all that is best in the porcelain of Japan; and on the right a corresponding, but far more marvelous display, of all that is best from the metal-workers of Japan. Beyond them, in the rear, are cabinets upon cabinets, and courts on courts filled with such material as would task and reward the most assiduous and keenest examination of an entire day. It would be idle to attempt a minute specification of those objects which are deserving of careful study. It is enough to say that in *cloissoné* wares, and in inlaid work of both wood and metal, Japan makes exhibits which may be studied with wholesome profit by the artisans of every competing nation.

The quiet little court of Denmark does not command the attention of the crowd;

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* The catalogue is in two parts: first, statistics; second, list of exhibits. With quick trade shrewdness, the first is sold at fifty cents, and the second presented to purchasers of the first. Visitors who would derive the largest advantage from the exhibit should make the purchase. No gazetteer, and no guide book, will supply the facts which are so methodically presented in the " Statistics."

but always there is a little company of interested observers of its Etruscan-shaped pottery, carrying Thorwaldsen's figures; and always somebody coveting the richly wrought silver-ware of Christesen. It is pleasant to see with what freshness and love the art-workers among the Danes keep alive the name and the fame of Thorwaldsen. It would have been pleasant too, to find somewhat commemorative of their charming child-story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen; there may be such which escaped notice; but surely many an American child, well-grown, will have wandered into that quiet court—over whose doorway hang portrait busts of King and Queen—with the good, kind, old, garrulous, Danish story-teller at the top of their thought. It is all very well to hang up portraits of kings and queens; but the real kings and queens that come to memory when we see the legend of "Denmark," are quite other than those in the Almanac of Gotha. These are well enough in their way, and the pretty Princess of Wales a most estimable person, but they cannot close our thought to the larger memories of Hamlet and Ophelia, and Elsinore, and Thorwaldsen.

The exhibit of Egypt, even with its wooden hint of Karnak, does not bring up very vividly the Ptolemies or Pharaohs or Moses. Here too, in the foreground of the court, is a little fountain with its *entourage* of flowers; but it is not specially artistic. If, indeed, they had planted the papyrus and bulrushes under the spray, there would have been a significance that does not attach to the plant-growth, of which there is plenty by every door. A model of the pyramid, and of the sphinxes, attract many—as does a stuffed crocodile of gigantic proportions.

But what is really best worth seeing are some rare inlaid doors from old Cairo temples, and curious arabesque bits of ornamentation. There are, besides, tufted rugs in abundance, and crude old pottery, and emblazoned camel-trappings. We should have been glad to see a good model of the Suez Canal works, which would bring vividly to mind that great engineering enterprise; but we looked for it in vain.

Turkey, which sidles against Egypt, confronts one—oddly enough—with two beautiful, meek-looking Angora goats; and the stuffs woven from their flossy, silken wool, are to be found in the court. So, also, are ponderous Turkey carpetings, gorgeous saddles, and a rich variety of oriental fabrics. But poor belabored Turkey has little to teach the nations of Western Europe, except it be the twist of a hookah, or the distillation of attar.

Whether it be from the near neighborhood of that plague spot, Cuba, or from the bad political rash which breaks out periodically over the face of the mother country, it is certain that most Americans think of the Spanish as a decrepit nation, incapable of any positive industrial activities. To all such, the exhibit of Spain will be a great surprise; the very portal of approach is portentous in magnitude, and carries semblance of a triumphal arch. Fabrics and wares, representative of the most wholesome every-day industries, are as abundant as in the courts of the most matter-of-fact nations; beside which there are most royal tapestries, and pistols so curiously and wonderfully crusted with gold, that they might have belonged worthily to any Cid of history, or of romance.

There is also a show of lock-smiths' work—not cast and stamped, but forged and fine—which is worthy of the best workshops of Europe; and there are inlaid metal vases and caskets of Zuloaga which rival, if they do not surpass, the best show in their classes of the entire Exhibition. Indeed, we must take off our hats to this young King for the much that he has done in the Fair to make us believe still in Spain, and to revive the traditions of its old splendors.

The largest popular interest in the Russian exhibition, which flanks that of Spain, centers about the malachite, the furs, and the goldsmiths' work. This latter is cause of amazement to those who think of Russia only as a land of weary steppes, of birch forests, of ice palaces, and of bearish manners. It piques your curiosity, too, when you perceive a superbly wrought vase, carefully overlaid with a pearly damask napkin. Is it some jar of Caspian honey, from which the flies are to be kept away? On closer inspection you discover that the snowy napkin is an exquisitely wrought deceit in virgin silver. One would think there might be higher aims in this beautiful decorative art than to copy the web, woof, and border of a damask napkin; but if the work is to be done at all, of a surety, these Muscovite silversmiths have proved their capacity for it beyond all the world. If it does not remind of the triumphs of Benvenuto Cellini (and it certainly does not), it tells us of a hand as steady, and of a patience as unwearied, as his.

Another noticeable thing in this exhibit is the barbaric splendor of coloring in the enameled ware, which is immensely gratifying to the crowd, and which probably wins noisier plaudits than any other goldsmiths' show of the Exhibition. This is more due, we fancy, to the novel orientalism of its colors, and to a certain barbaric splendor, than to fineness of lines, graces of form, or any carefully considered harmonies of tint. The splendid blazonry cheats one into admiration; but it will not bear study, or reward it so well, as the kindred exhibits of Western Europe. It shows ingenious, bizarre, stolid work; but nothing so richly imaginative, and so poetic in treatment, as may be found in the best of the Japanese, or in that of Elkington, or in *les emaux* of the first Paris artificers.

One would think there might be fatigue, languor, and abatement of appetite in the crowd of sight-seers after strolling through the courts thus far named, whose salient features we have indicated in the barest way; but no; the crowd swirls away by twos, by tens, by twenties, and is presently engrossed, finding new expletives for a new exultation of feeling, before the glittering wilderness of Austria's show of crystal. It is crystalline; it is opaque; it is gorgeous with every hue; it is engraved; it is enameled; it is light, and almost gossamer; it is ponderous, and carries wealth of imagery; it is in sets, and in pairs, and in shapely and costly singleness. It comes from Bohemia, and from the Tyrol, and it will go—as it has for many years past—to decorate sideboards, and *étagères*, and to be the terror of servant-maids all over the world. It makes the meager show of Murano look more than ever like the show of a dead city. Yet, there have been times—such is the Mœran play of the ages—when a wine goblet from the little town of Murano that swims in the Venetian lagoon would have been coveted vainly by the proudest of Bohemians, and its price would have been a generous *dot* for any daughter of the Tyrol.

The smoking veteran may hereabout regale himself with a sight of such amber-furnished pipes as it would be hard to match elsewhere; and his consort—not sharing in this enthusiasm—can delight herself in the interval with a passing study of such artificial flowers as, out of doors, would toll all the bees. Then, sated,—each one in his way,—they can stroll through courts laden with porcelain, dashed with silks, flaming with chromos, sobered with church images (always in Austria), to a little fountain that plashes among flowers, and rest there upon the "bent chairs" of Vienna at a far cheaper rate than they can do the same at the Vienna bakery.

Germany, the younger sister of Austria, but who now plays the lioness among the Continental nations, fills up the gap between Austria and the central rotunda of the building, and crowns it worthily by a lavish magnificence of porcelain that covers one of the curved angles where nave and transept join. This is mostly from the Imperial Works, and its arrangement is intended to be Imperial in its effect. If it fail of this (and we think it does), it is not by reason of any lack in the individual objects of the display, but because it is quite impossible to array an immense assemblage of diverse forms and tints, and styles in porcelain against a common background of color without the sacrifice of some for the benefit of others, and without a motley of effects that is destructive of any integral harmony. The Japanese and English exhibitors of porcelain have acted more wisely in assembling their trophies in groups, and in aiming at no effect of background.

A show of antique forms of German pottery in one of the rear courts will richly reward examination, and the comparatively low prices and quaint shapes, have won a crowd of purchasers. There are besides, to be specially noted, the lavish display of the German book-making craft—the most interesting and the best arranged of the Exhibition. Nor must we forget, nor must the visitor fail to see, the multitudinous clocks of the Schwarzwald where bird notes may be heard at all hours, and whose chanticleers crow at mid-day; nor the famous Faber pencils and crayons of Nuremberg; nor the gorgeous brocaded silks of Elberfeld.

Now, observe,—(and this is for the benefit of our country friends, who cannot spare a visit),—we have kept thus far, mainly, upon one side only of the central aisle, and have passed over only half its length. A little dash over the way we have made, (near to the western entrance) to have a glimpse of Italy and of the Scandinavian countries. But there still remain upon this other, and northern side of the main aisle, in the first half of its length, all the dependencies of Great Britain, and the exhibit of England itself.

Nor are the dependencies of Great Britain without their interest. There is New South Wales, with its rare-plumaged birds, its magnificent ores, its aboriginal implements of war, and its wools; Tasmania, with its woods that rival mahogany; Jamaica, with its unique lace-bark; Victoria, with its kangaroo skins and its golden nuggets, around which a crowd is gathered at all hours; Cape Town, with its Constantia wine; and Queensland, with a reach of coast line equal to our own from Maine to Louisiana, showing an immense collection of woods, of ores, of minerals, and what is unrivaled in its way among all the exhibits and of special interest to the scientific observer—a series of colored photographic views, illustrative of the different geological formations of the country, and beneath each photograph—in specimen case—the natural product of the formation represented. Such methods of illustrating the physical features of a country—in connection with good relief maps—must, and will, before many years, put an end to the old modes of geographic study.

In the list of the dependencies of Great Britain, we must not forget the two which give most brilliant exhibit of all—to wit, India and Canada: the former distinguished by its elaborately carved work in wood, and its rich barbaric fabrics; and the latter by a profusion of miscellaneous products, showing close relationship to her sisters of the "States."

Arrived in the domain of Great Britain proper, you can enter a jeweler's shop—as if you were in Cockspur street, Charing Cross; you can there price chronometers of all grades, and see the bearing of a London tradesman—alike removed from the easy suavity of the Frenchman, the unctuous servility of the Italian, and the unmitigated bearishness of the Russian. You can see the rich *papeterie* that has piqued your envy when you have received letters from friends in Sackville street, Dublin. You can study the best grades of Sheffield cutlery, under the old brand of the Wostenholms (though we miss that old pocket-knife friend of boyhood—Joseph Rodgers). You can fix the type, for always, in your mind, of what Nottingham lace should be. You may make pleasant hunt for Honiton too; but we cannot positively say if you will find it. Certainly you will find Irish poplins of the richest and starchiest-looking, and all the Huddersfield and Coventry silks. There are Greener guns, and Belfast linens of microscopic fineness.*

These things, however, are of course all outshone by the court of Daniell (an establishment in itself), where a company of the covetous is always lingering, and whereabout you may see, at almost any hour of the day, that mingled look of despair and admiration which fine porcelain of a certain value is apt to call up to the faces of impecunious, art-loving women. The sign of "Doulton & Co." will meet one, in this neighborhood, in a half score of places; and whatever this firm shows is worthy of study, from the modest terra cotta to the tenderest of *faience*. Most of all, is the Doulton work admirable in its suggested adaptation to the decoration of homes and firesides. In one little court it redeems a plain iron grate with its quiet bandlet of foliage; in another place it illuminates a wainscot; in another, it makes fire-place and mantel together. But it is happiest of all, as it seems to us, where it has set its exquisite *plaques* (illustrative of some Shaksperian tale) into a huge dark, simple, oaken mantel. There is no special ornamentation save these exquisite bits of *faience*; and these few; each telling its story, and each having its simple environment of heavy oak—darkened, as if the smoke of fire-lighting from Shakspere's time down had contributed to its expression of age: a chimney opening broad and high as any at Charlecote—a better fireside to sit by, ten times over, than the grand one of Marchand, of Paris, just across the rotunda. The latter is magnificent with its marbles and bronzes—*éblouissant* with its golden trimmings; but only fit for a ceremonial hall and a palace. Its splendor would suffer with fire-light, and its sumptuous elegance kill kindly familiarity.

Of a similar character is the gorgeous circular seat, with its surmounting candelabra, exposed by Marchand at Vienna in 1873, and again enlisting the admiration of thousands at the Centennial, by its sheen of green satin and the exquisitely elaborated metal work of its frame. It would make a fitting *triclinium* for the barge of some new Cleopatra—

> "Purple the sails, and so perfumed,
> The winds were love-sick with them."

But it gives no suggestion of a comfort that is not starched, and "barbered ten times o'er."

In contrast with this, it is noticeable to what a large degree the English domesticity of feeling has overlaid and colored all her artistic work, which has any relation to house decoration. The furniture is, first of all, adapted to hard, home service; it invites it by its simple forms and its subdued and unpretentious colors. The same tendency is illustrated by the frequency and fondness and care with which the chimney-piece and all the home regalia of the fireside have been placed on exhibit. The skill in forging or delicate castings, which in the English show goes to the paraphernalia of the chimney corner (as illustrated in the exhibit of Feetham, of London), would, in the case of France, be lavished upon the elaborate intricacy of an exterior window balcony; or in the case of Italy, upon some over wrought bracket—to carry a banner.

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* The very finest of all the fabrics on exhibition is, I am assured by a Judge in that class, a bit of pino cloth from one of the Philippine Islands, on show in Agricultural Hall.

So, among the charms of Lambeth *faience*, we find—not the ever-recurring repetitions of Guido, of the Bacchantes and Satyrs of the Italian majolica, nor the nymphs and cupids, and Rubens's figures of the (amazingly beautiful) Belgian *faience*, but—a delicious spray of apple-blossoms, a sparrow and a dragon-fly, a robin-redbreast, a chanticleer, or that lovely bit, the babes in the wood.

In the stained-glass, the same tendency is observable to get away from the schools of gridironed saints, and cupids, and scholastic enrobing, and to give color to the poetic aspects of every day life. A pretty instance of this is to be seen in a hall-window exhibited by Heaton, Butler & Bayne, of Covent Garden, in which the borders are—on one side a rampant bramble bush in lush bloom and fruitage, and, on the other, an eglantine in full floral blush; while, in the large compartment between, two gracefully drawn young figures in subdued translucent tints, make good the story of some old homely legend, and convert the whole window into a painted ballad.

Returning now to the general British exhibit at the south-western angle of the nave and transept, we are brought to pause—and a wondering crowd with us—before the great iron pagoda of Barnard, Bishop & Barnard, which only in mid-July received its final touches. It is an admirable exhibit of what may be done by adroit forge-work and delicate, sharp castings, out of so intractable a material. Its effect, however, is sadly weakened, and its imposing character shaken by its absurd coloring—its prevailing tint being a bright yellow. Under the murk of a British sky, and in the shadow of dense foliage, it might be tolerable; but, in the brazen light and torrid heat of Philadelphia, its color is simply appalling. Underneath it, amid an assemblage of various objects showing graceful design, and wondrous casting, is a life-size figure of Thomas Carlyle brooding in his chair. By what law of association he is placed under that yellow pagoda, we cannot tell, except it be that his later views of life are somewhat jaundiced.

Near by, there are various exhibits of London firms, in iron and brass work, showing how these homely materials may be so wrought upon, as to bring the products into the domain of art. Here too, is the interesting exhibit of Cox & Son—a medley of beautiful objects: a marble mantel with tiled hearth and fire-place; delicately painted panels above; vases of *faience; plaques* of porcelain; stained-glass screens; desks and cabinets; both with decorative panels in golden ground; forged fire-dogs, which, by reversing their decorated tops, are made the carriers of flower-vases; rare metal goblets;—all pointing more or less toward good ways of house decoration.

It should be remembered—and remembered for the lesson taught by it—that all these British products in this art neighborhood, whether in wood, in glass, in metal, or in pottery, have come to their present range, and into their present lines of development within a half score of years, and largely through the influence of the Kensington School of Art.

Even now, we have said nothing of the magnificent show of the Messrs. Elkington, upon the immediate angle by the rotunda, and making a glittering and solid climax to all the adjacent exhibits. Inlaid suits of armor; tall damaskeened golden vases of Persia; the richest *cloissonné* ware of China and Japan duplicated; *répoussé* work, and inlaid work, and sculptured work, all joined to complete triumphs of the silversmith's art; enamels that are something more than barbaric assemblage of colors; embossed figures that challenge closest scrutiny of their drawing and the delicacy of their lines, with groups and processional array of figures which pique and charm by their poetic suggestiveness;—all this is to be seen in the little Elkington court, where two good hours may be spent most worthily.

Speaking of hours, reminds us that we came in upon our stroll at eight of the morning; and, surely, what we have seen, and given hint of seeing, will have abundantly and redundantly filled up the time, until high noon and past. Still, we have not yet passed over one-half of the building, nor examined one-tenth of what is worthy to be seen in this half. Judge then, what work one day's observation will do, in measuring all the details of the Exhibition!

One week there is the least limit of time which will compass any intelligent comprehension of the Fair; three days may make basis for garrulous report, in which certitude and doubt will be about evenly mingled; but, one day there is like studying New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Yet, no intelligent boy or girl, past twelve, can fail to receive more benefit from a week's careful study of the Fair, under an experienced eye, than from any three months of ordinary schooling.

And now, our promenade of the morning being ended, we stroll out of the northern doors of the transept, and turning sharply to the west, wend our way for lunch and rest to the establishment of the much maligned *Trois Frères Provenceaux.*

THE FLOWN BIRD.

A JAPANESE SONG.

THE maple leaves are whirled away,
  The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
  As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth, from town to town,
Through the lone woods, and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget!

My heart goes back, but I go on,
  Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart! we are no longer one,
  We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built, and call,—
She may be hiding, after all,—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me,—
  For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
  Exists not in the world to-day!
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget!

All day I see the ravens fly,
  I hear the sea-birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky,
  And the sun comes in ghostly light:
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Good-bye, my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! you will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Civil Service.

If we were called upon to name the axiom, or the adage, that contains the greatest possible amount of political mischief, we should quote the sentence attributed to General Jackson: "To the victors belong the spoils." If he ever uttered it, or was in any way responsible for the doctrine which it conveys, his memory deserves to be everlastingly execrated. There is hardly a political evil from which the nation is suffering to-day that has not grown directly from practice naturally based in that doctrine. The rule of second and third-rate men, the retirement of good men from participation in public affairs, the undignified and unprincipled struggle of parties for power, the corruption in high places and low, the wretched character of our foreign ministerial and consular service, the disgraceful jobbery that seems to be inseparably connected with all government expenditures of money,—all these grow directly out of the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils." The civil service must necessarily be bad, as a rule, and only exceptionally good, by accident, when appointments are made, not on account of fitness in the men appointed, but only on account of party service. The evil has become abominable and unbearable, and the only possible way out of our troubles that we can see is through a thorough civil service reform.

The moment that the declared and fixed purpose and policy of this nation make eminent fitness for office a prerequisite for official position and responsibility, that moment the interest of second and third-rate men, and of first-rate rascals, will die out of party politics. If nothing is to be had for party service but the public good; if they are to win no power, get no contracts, have no office, as a reward for that service, leaving out altogether the consideration of fitness, these men will find other means for keeping their bodies and souls together, and leave the politics of the country in hands that are both capable and honest. Now, the President, the Senator, the member of Congress, who have been placed in power, must turn around and pay off in collectorships, and postmasterships, and assessorships, and consulships, and all other political ships that can carry a coffer or a purse, the leaders of the gangs of voters who have served them. It is a matter of bargain and sale, of work and pay. A new administration comes in, and out go all the old public servants—no matter how valuable they may be—to make room for a greedy rabble, who are to be paid for personal and party work. The public interests of this great nation, of more than forty millions of people, are made entirely subordinate to the personal and party interests of a few thousand politicians who live by politics. It is all a trade with these wretched fellows, or, more properly, a gambler's game. They work for their parties for what their parties can give to them of patronage and perquisites, and the public good is sacrificed that they may live. Is it any wonder that we have corruption in high places and low? Is it any wonder that we are disgraced at home and abroad? Is it any wonder that we have loafers and drunkards, and ignorant and incompetent men in the highest offices as well as the lowest?

There is but one way out of all this disgrace, we say. Good men must be placed in office and kept there, in the civil service as well as in the military. Indeed, there is no greater or better apology for the placing of incompetent men in civil service, in consideration of their usefulness in party work, than there would be for appointing military men to service in the army for the same work. We tried a little of that business in the late civil war, and the results were what might have been expected. There is but one way of bringing good men into politics again, and keeping them at the front. The present party rule of spoil as the reward of victory—spoil as the return for party service, is a rule which places good men in disgrace—a rule which ignores or contemns character. Can we blame men of high character and superlative fitness for office for declining to go into squabbles which, to them, are either meaningless or disgraceful? The rule of their country is against them. The policy of their country is against them. Whatever claim they may have to be honored is discriminated against. They are counted out, and only he who can serve the party to which he belongs, by fair means or foul, is appointed to serve the country. It is not necessarily an honor to be elected to Congress now. It is a doubtful compliment to be placed even in the presidential chair. It is even a suspicious matter to be appointed postmaster or consul. A man who, in the present condition of the civil service, holds his head higher in consequence of being appointed to a place under the American government, betrays a lack of sensibility, which makes him a legitimate object of pity, for he is not honored by his trust; he is degraded.

In dealing with this subject, we are dealing with the root of more evils than we can count. The fruit of the tree which grows from it is all poisonous or rotten; and if we could cut it up, root and branch, a very large majority of the political evils which, as a nation, we profoundly deplore, would disappear. It is planted in a political lie, and every leaf and flower and fruit is base. It poisons, through and through, the nation's life. We cannot grow any better while it stands.

The candidates which have been presented for the popular vote by the representatives of the two great parties in convention, seem to be all fairly good men. Under the spur of popular clamor, there has apparently been an honest effort to present honest men, and men of good morals. Governor Hayes is not a drunkard. Governor Tilden is not a drunkard.

Neither of them is addicted to stealing. Let us thank God for all this, and take courage. The issues between the two parties are so insignificant that the ordinary mind will be most affected by the personalities of the canvass. They are so insignificant, indeed, that we have very little hesitation, as a non-partisan magazine, in saying that every American who does not get his bread and butter by politics should vote for that candidate whose election will do most for a reformation of the civil service. This first and uppermost. There is nothing in the canvass of equal importance. Numberless evils, concomitant or collateral, whose relations to this are not readily apprehended by the masses, would die naturally with it. Good, competent men in office everywhere would give us wise legislation, pure administration, efficient and loyal execution. To elect a man in this Centennial year, whose every effort should be given to a reform in the civil service, and a restoration of the government to that class of men to which the framers of the republic belonged, would be a fitting crown to the glories of the great anniversary. Let every patriot lay aside his partisan politics for this end.

Suspected Duties.

THERE is a large number of conscientious men and women in all society who suspect, with a considerable degree of pain, that they are not performing the duties which are incumbent upon them. They see duties to be done that somebody ought to do. They do not understand the reason why these duties do not belong to them, and yet they do not discover any motives, or any fitness in themselves, to engage in them; and they blame themselves, in a weak way, for the fact. They see the duties distinctly; they apprehend the necessities of society; and finding themselves competent to judge, and capable of a great many things, it seems to them that these duties are theirs. Rather, perhaps, they do not discover any reasons why they are not theirs. The consequence is a vague feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction with themselves. Somebody ought to lead in some political, or social, or religious movement. Should they do it, or should they leave it to somebody else? Perhaps they are called upon to lead, and they shrink from the work with a dread of which they are ashamed, but which they feel quite incompetent to overcome. They are called upon to speak publicly, to pray publicly, to put themselves forward as leaders, to assume responsibility, yet their whole nature rebels, and they are not only disgusted with themselves, but they become most unhappy self-accusers. There are multitudes of men and women upon whom the burdens of suspected duties are heavier than the real ones, which they are only too glad to bear at any cost.

Now we believe there has been a great deal of wrong teaching upon this matter, especially in the churches. Modest, retiring men, and more modest and retiring women, have been forced to their feet or their knees, and to public utterance, by the unjust assurance that it was their duty to testify publicly to the faith that was in them. Church-going people have all heard men pray and speak who had no gift of utterance, who could neither help themselves nor edify others, in the performance of what they suspected, and what they were assured, was their duty. Their work was an unspeakable pain to themselves, and a distress to others. The stereotyped phrases of prayer, and the common-places of exhortation, uttered with embarrassment, and listened to with sympathetic pain, have made the conference meeting, in numberless instances, a dismal gathering,—unattractive, in every respect, and unrefreshing. The man who suspects his duty, goes there with dread, and sits through all with distressing apprehension.

Politics go wrong. The politics of a neighborhood or a district are in bad hands. A true man, seeing this, begins at once to question his own duty in the premises. He feels that something ought to be done by somebody, but he feels no impulse or ability to lead in the work of reform, and blames himself for what he unmistakably regards as his own cowardice. A social evil arises, which somebody ought to suppress, and the good citizen feels himself incompetent or unmoved to grapple with it, and condemns himself for his own apathy. He suspects himself of shirking a duty, and is unhappy over it. He cannot rise in a public gathering and denounce wrong. He cannot meet and dispute with vicious or wrong-headed men. He dreads a personal collision of conviction and will as he would a street-fight.

Now, all these unhappy people, who live constantly in the presence of suspected duties, deserve the profoundest sympathy, no less than the wisest instruction. They are usually people who, by the purity of their personal character, and their sensitive conscientiousness, have a right to a comfortable mind, and a peaceful life. Duty goes hand-in-hand with ability. Men are to give in charity each "according to his ability," in money not only, but in all benevolent effort. The man who has one talent is not required to return the interest on ten. The eye is not the hand, and can never do the service of the hand. The hand is not the eye, or the ear, or the foot, and can only work in its own way. The eye may see a stone to be lifted, or kicked out of the road, but it needs to take no blame to itself because it feels no ability to remove the obstacle. Men are not like each other; they are most unlike. One delights in public speech, and is moved by all the powers of his nature to engage in it. One is at home only with his pen, but he goes into the battles of society bravely with that. One is a peacemaker, and finds his most grateful office in reconciling differences in families and social organizations. One is limited in power to his own family, or those bound to him by the ties of nature; yet, in thousands of instances, these men are living with the painful suspicion that they are neglecting duties that actually lie far outside of the sphere of their abilities.

We suppose that when Mr. Moody was preaching in the Hippodrome there were hundreds who suspected that they ought to imitate his life and labor.

the hope revives that the same tendency—the same design, possibly—may continue in force; that this growth may be nurtured hereafter, under conditions of which we have now no knowledge.

It is a trial to the faith, therefore, when one detects indications in persons of middle or old age, who have been widely known for their probity, of a subtle, gradual hardening of moral sensitiveness. Perhaps this is a greater trial to the faith of the thoughtful than notable instances of complete moral overthrow. Such cases as the latter it may be possible to explain by the individual circumstances,—inherited tendencies, the force of temptation. But the inconspicuous loosening of the bonds of conscience, the almost imperceptible step downward toward deceit or selfishness on the part of persons of advanced years, and supposed purity and strength of character—this is something appalling.

On the other hand, no one person's knowledge is wide enough for the compilation of thoroughly reliable moral statistics—and to the most discouraged observer will occur gracious and re-assuring examples. Doubtless, it is in the time of the greatest discouragement that we are most surprised at instances of moral sweetness, thriving under what would seem to be the worst possible conditions. Who, indeed, is not being constantly surprised at the goodness of mankind?

WE BEGAN once to make a list of human beings with a special view to their moral qualities. The census was not carried beyond the first entry,—a woman who kept a small "hotel" on the southern coast of Long Island, and who seemed to be both honest and good-hearted. We suspected, however, after leaving her house, that she had stolen a little red volume of Shakspere which we had carried with us. Fortunately for the entry opposite her name, the suspicion proved unfounded. Whether or not this temporary uncertainty at the outset caused the relinquishment of the census, we do not know. But it must be acknowledged that all such statistics would prove individually inexact, as well as of very limited scope.

APROPOS of the remarks last month on the criticism of the first volumes of famous poets, we quote the following, on the other side, from a recent book-notice in the New York "Evening Post":

"It is always a delicate thing to do to sit in judgment upon a poet's first volume. It is pretty sure to hold many things written in youth which the poet would not write at the time of publishing, but which, being written already, he admits to maturer company because his fondness for them, and for the memories they call up, blinds him to their positive and negative faults. A more serious difficulty is, that the poetic faculty exists in some measure in nearly all youthful minds, and it may grow rapidly as the youth matures into manhood, or it may die out entirely as the enthusiasm of youth passes away. First volumes of verse, therefore, must be, of necessity, unsafe guides in any effort to discover what promise their authors give of future excellence; the promise we discover in them may prove to be wholly delusive, or it may fail to indicate at all adequately what the future power of the poet is to be."

This is honest and sensible. The best modern literature, either in its immaturity, or, if matured, then before it has gained its proper position in public esteem, has generally, we suppose, been underestimated by the most prominent contemporaneous critical authorities. This is not so remarkable as is the almost unvarying judicial assumption of the critic. It is not quite so bad as it used to be; but it is more than likely that the very next Keats or Tennyson who shows his head will have it hit by the "Quarterly," or the "Blackwood," of his day. Nor has the stupid or impatient critic a right to defend himself on any theory of utility, or of the survival of the fittest. A criticism which is ill-tempered, insincere, and unappreciative, printed in an influential journal, and having a depressing effect upon an author, and tending to keep his audience from him,—such a criticism is an absolute evil. If by the working of certain obscure, beneficent laws this evil seems eventually to result in good, a kind Providence is to be thanked, and not a blundering critic.

WE notice, by the way, that Mr. Bryant—in his introduction to a little book, by Dr. Joseph Alden, entitled, "Studies in Bryant"—re-affirms the maxim that, "in judging of poetry, the main office of criticism is to discover beauties, for it is these only which reward the search." On the other hand, Poe declared that "excellence, in a poem especially, may be considered in the light of an axiom, which need only be properly *put* to become self-evident. It is *not* excellence if it requires to be demonstrated as such; and thus, to point out too particularly the merits of a work of art is to admit that they are *not* merits altogether."

THERE is a tone in the criticism of the press which is, we fear, responsible for a great deal of harm. We mean the way that critics have of saying that *this* is very well, but now the author should go on and do so and so, if he wants to take rank with this one or that one, or *be* one thing or another. It must be very difficult for the young person thus exhorted to resist the conviction that he has only to *do* something in order to *be* something. It is hard for him to remember that he can only be what he is. It would be better if the critic should call upon the youth, for his soul's sake, and his art's sake, to forget his "career" altogether; to keep silent until artistic expression should be as necessary and as natural as breathing.

But what can be more damaging in this respect than the talk among literary people themselves? They are forever goading one another on to perfunctory performances, which fill the air with sound and fury, signifying nothing.

IN Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne,"* occurs the following passage: "A singular prerogative this, which every one who writes about Hawthorne lays claim to, that he may be construed as a man who, at bottom, had no other motive in life than to make himself uneasy by withdrawing from hearty communion with people, in order to pry upon them intellectually! He speaks of 'that quality of the intellect and the heart which impelled me (often against my own will, and to the detriment of my own comfort) to live in other lives, and to endeavor, *by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions*, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing my human spirit into manifold accordance with the companions God had assigned me—to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves;' and this is cited as evidence of 'his cold inquisitiveness, his incredulity, his determination to worm out the inmost secrets of all associated with him.' Such distortion is amazing. The few poets who search constantly for truth are certainly impelled to get at the inmost of everything. But what, in Heaven's name, is the motive? Does any one seriously suppose it to be for the amusement of making stories out of it? The holding up to one's self the stern and secret realities of life is no such pleasing pursuit. These men are driven to it by the divine impulse which has made them seers and recorders."

A little farther on we find this, concerning Hawthorne's use of real persons in his romances: "The Priscilla of Blithedale was evidently founded upon the little seamstress whom he describes in the Note-Books as coming out to the farm, and Old Moodie's specter can be discerned in a brief memorandum of a man seen (at Parker's old bar-room in Court Square) in 1850. It has been thought that Zenobia was drawn from Margaret Fuller, or from a lady at Brook Farm, or perhaps from both; a gentleman who was there says that he traces in her a partial likeness to several women. It is as well to remember that Hawthorne distinctly negatived the idea that he wrote with anyone that he knew before his mind; and he illustrated it to one of his intimate friends, by saying that sometimes in the course of composition it would suddenly occur to him, that the character he was describing resembled in some point one or more persons of his acquaintance.

"Thus, I suppose, that when the character of Priscilla had developed itself in his imagination, he found he could give her a greater reality by associating her with the seamstress alluded to; and that the plaintive old man at Parker's offered himself as a good figure to prop up the web-work of pure invention which was the history of Zenobia's and Priscilla's father. There is a conviction in the minds of all readers, dearer to them than truth, that novelists simply sit down and describe their own acquaintances, using a few clumsy disguises to make the thing tolerable. When they do take a hint from real persons, the character becomes quite a different thing to them from the actual prototype. It was not even so definite as this with Hawthorne. Yet no doubt, his own atmosphere being peculiar, the contrast between that and the atmosphere of those he met stimulated his imagination; so that, without his actually seeing a given trait in another person, the meeting might have the effect of *suggesting* it. Then he would brood over this suggestion till it became a reality, a person, to his mind; and thus his characters were conceived independently in a region somewhere between himself and the people who had awakened speculation in his mind."

DOUBTLESS, to a number of readers, it will be a surprise to discover so much evidence as there is in this book of the fact that Hawthorne was by no means a gloomy, morbid or morose man. But it seems strange that his own writings should not be sufficient proof of the strength, buoyancy and hopefulness of his nature. That a mind with such extraordinary sensitiveness to the evil and wrong of life, should have found in itself so great a power of resistance as not only to hold its own balance, but to push the man forward and upward into the company of those who hope, and who teach hope to mankind,—this is the thing which might well astonish us. "There is a certain tragic phase of humanity," wrote Herman Melville, "which, in our opinion, was never more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne: we mean the tragicalness of human thought in its own unbiased, native and profound workings. We think that into no recorded mind has the intense feeling of the whole truth ever entered more deeply than into this man's. By whole truth, we mean the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things as they strike the eye of the man who fears them not, though they do their worst to him."

We cannot but think that inasmuch as Mrs. Hawthorne had taken the responsibility of publishing the Note-Books (parts of which at least should never have been put into print), and because passages in Hawthorne's career had been obscured by false rumor and false published opinion,—some such statement and study as this by Mr. Lathrop was, in a sense, needed. No presentment of an author who has moved men so profoundly can ever hope to find complete acceptance by its best audience. But while many persons may find faults of style, or even more serious errors in this "study," we think there are many, also, who will be, as we are, extremely grateful for it; and few who will deny that the author has shown unusual sympathetic insight, a reasoned and warrantable enthusiasm, and rare discretion in matters of peculiar delicacy. Hawthorne's position, so far as it could possibly be affected by any such means, is better and not worse by reason of Mr Lathrop's book.

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* A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Paris Fashions.

WHAT I have to say this month is chiefly about the hair. When ladies wore their hair in plain Grecian bands, as was the fashion up to about the time of Louis Philippe's fall from the French throne, false hair was rarely required, if ever; and if an elderly spinster were still coquettish enough to add a stray curl to her thinning twists, she endeavored that none should discover her secret; for, woe to her, if her frailty were found out by a younger damsel! Our mothers can still remember the days when girls had such an abundance of hair that it used to be periodically thinned, for fear of its weight becoming too great for the head to bear without injuring the health. Fancy thinning our girls' hair now!

Strange as the fact may seem, ladies began to lose their hair with the commencement of the late empire—and in this way. Everything in those fairy days was carried to excess and extravagance. No woman could be more lovely than the Empress Eugénie; and, because she was beautiful, those about her tried all they could to make her appear more beautiful still. She had lovely hair, the hair-dressers increased its apparent bulk by padding it with frizettes! This was the beginning of the evil. Of course, every lady at the fair Empress' Court, and every other lady in the empire soon followed the example, and we then began to see those puffed-plaits and braids, which made the head look like a gigantic melon. So far, only frizettes and pads were used. No one dared, as yet, attempt false hair. But, even those pads did their work of evil, they heated the head and kept the air from reaching the roots of the hair. The roots began to decay, and the hair gradually to break and die for want of air. Thinning hair already began to be talked of as a by-gone. People laughed at the idea of having too much hair; and they frizzed out their own hair so that each one should come to the surface, and lend its unity to the general effect.

When a fashion once begins, it continues to increase in one tendency, until the utmost limits are reached. So that, when the side *bandeaux* grew to be double the width of the face, and could scarcely be made wider, the hair-dressers changed tactics, and, from width, they brought the hair to a pyramid of height. The youngest of us remember the chignon. It has scarcely yet disappeared from fashion. It has changed in style, a little, but that is all.

Curls and catogans have been the last invented chignons. With each of these, the ladies (who know the fatal result of false hair on the head) hoped that they would be able to dispense with dead women's locks. But, in vain; false curls, false catogons, false twists, false plaits, false fronts, false backs, false everything continued to be worn, to the detriment of the women's own hair. Young girls of seventeen years of age were compelled to wear false hair so soon as they entered society, in order to look like everybody else. And, year by year, a "good head of hair" became of rarer and rarer occurrence.

But a climax has been reached. The very girls who used once to sell their hair, in order to have a little dowry with which to begin housekeeping on their marriage, now refuse to part with their treasure. They, too, buy false hair, instead of selling their own! There is thus no more false hair in the market. The Duchess can no longer buy from the village girl, because the village girl seeks to be as fine as the Duchess.

However, the evil being at its climax, the remedy begins. It is true, the remedy is sharp; but, it is necessary; and, there are but very few women who will not, sooner or later, try it. The same remedy had to be resorted to during the first years of this century, in order to restore health and vigor to the hair, which had then been spoiled by wigs and powder. In a word, as there is no more false hair to be bought, and, as ladies have not sufficient hair to dress it naturally, fashion has come to the rescue, and has re-introduced short crops *à la* Titus! Do you understand? The hair is cut quite short to the head all round, except in front, where it is left long enough to form round ring-curls. If you desire an illustration of this fashion, look at the pictures of Madame Récamier, and of Ninon de l'Enclos. You may copy either. Nay, I *advise* you to copy this fashion. It is young-looking, pretty, becoming, and advantageous to the hair. When all ladies, or most of them, consent to cut their hair short, according to this fashion, there will be no more rivalry about length and thickness, and, in the meantime, young girls will be enabled to dress their own hair, and every one will be better pleased, when the natural hair begins to grow naturally and luxuriantly once more. It is an American lady who has first had the courage to cut the hair short *à la* Ninon. If you could but see how pretty she looks!

With this style of hair-dressing, the large Louis XIII. hat looks the most elegant. It is trimmed with a long feather, and is worn on one side. It is very large. It is, in fact, a *mousquetaire* hat. For the evening, a wreath of natural flowers is placed on the head, or a diadem of pearls, or precious stones; heavy ornaments suit it, in fact. It is also in project to introduce the riding-habit costume for winter, to match this style of head-dress. This will be very becoming.

For the present month, loose blouse-tunics, with a band round the waist, are worn; also, half-fitting short pelisses over plain skirts. Trains are becoming longer and longer, and skirts narrower and narrower in front. So that the wearer can get inside her skirt—that is all that is required. Length, not width, must be studied in our present fashions. Stripes, therefore, continue to be much worn, and striped stockings to match the dresses, and shoes, again, to match one of the stripes of the stockings, generally the dark stripe. Large sailor collars are worn with blouse-tunics, and coachmen's capes will be worn with the newly projected riding-habit costumes, if they come into fashion, as it is expected they will.

A hideous mixture of pink and dark red is now worn. Do not copy this, I pray.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Rural Topics.

FALL PLANTING.—Fruit-bearing trees, shrubs, vines and brambles may be transplanted in the fall, and very often under more favorable conditions, and with better prospects of success, than if set out in the spring. There are some well known objections raised against fall planting, especially of fruit-trees, such as the long exposure to the swaying of the winds before growth commences. But the injury or displacement of the roots from swaying at the tops amounts to little compared to the many striking advantages gained in planting at a season of the year when there is comparative leisure, when the ground is usually dry and in good condition, and when the necessary preparatory stirring of the soil can be made without any extra expense. These are points that tell in the growth and productiveness of fruit-trees, either in the garden or the orchard. If planted in the fall, the soil settles closely around the roots and fibers by the time the spring opens, and an earlier growth is started than with spring setting, which is often pushed back until the season is well advanced, from causes over which the planter has no control. The spring may be backward enough to hinder planting of trees in a way in which they should be set out to insure success. All other things being equal, there is no doubt that spring would be the better time to plant trees. But this does not often happen to be the case, as every practical fruit-grower well knows. It is therefore wise to transplant in the fall if the trees and the ground are in readiness.

In a very wide range of the country, October and the early part of November is the time to transplant fruit-trees and vines,—such kinds as are named below. Fruit-trees should not be dug out of the nursery-row until they shed their leaves naturally. With mild and warm weather in September, young trees will look green and hold their leaves until the middle of October. Some nurserymen get impatient at this delay, and in order to lengthen their selling season, dig the young trees while in full leaf, and then have them "stripped" by hand,—a practice that seriously injures the young trees. Another, and even worse practice, in some nurseries, is digging young trees in a careless way, pulling them out by brute force, tearing off and breaking from a half to two-thirds of the feeding roots, and giving the purchaser a smooth fine-looking top, with few or no roots to support the demands of so much top. Buyers should inquire into these matters before contracting for fruit or ornamental trees.

APPLES.—The apple may be transplanted into permanent place in October and November, until such time as the frost hinders the working of the ground. For very late planting, it is well to cover the surface, as far as the roots extend, with a light mulch of straw or other litter, to prevent alternate freezing and thawing during the winter or early spring. Apple-trees will grow and bear on almost any character of soil that is in good heart, but they only reach full perfection on a clay loam, with a clay subsoil which is at all seasons of the year free from stagnant water. There is a very general impression afloat that the apple and the pear need very rich soil and high culture. This is certainly not the case, for ground that with ordinary treatment will yield 40 or 50 bushels of corn (shelled) will be found strong enough to produce a satisfactory growth of wood and fruit of either the apple or the pear. Before setting out young apple-trees, the roots should be carefully looked over, and all broken or badly injured roots cut off with a sharp-edged pruning-knife or shears. No harm will arise from cutting back the top freely when the tree is once in place, if the principal object is always kept in sight, viz.: to encourage an upward and outward growth. A young apple orchard will always do better if the ground on which the trees are standing is kept under the plow; and if crops are raised between the trees, enough of manure should be given for both, which is not often the case. Old trees may get along in grass, but with young trees it will be found a serious drawback to their health and growth.

PEARS.—What has been said about fall planting of the apple will apply with equal force to the pear. Both dwarfs and standards may be set out in the fall, with quite as good chances of success as if planted under the most favorable conditions in the spring. When set out in either season, the young wood should be cut back from one-half to two-thirds, and may be cut even more severely without injury. On stunted trees, the pruning-knife will often start a growth of wood where manure and cultivation have failed.

PEACHES AND CHERRIES.—Fruit-growers plant the bulk of their peaches and cherries in the spring, although there is no reason why they may not be set in the fall just as well, provided one is ready to plant.

CURRANTS.—The currant ripens its wood in August, and may be planted any time from the first of September until the close of the season. All the varieties are propagated from cuttings, and if these are put in the ground any time before the middle of September, they will form roots before cold weather, and in a year from the time of planting be as large and well-rooted as spring-planted two-year-olds. The cuttings are made six or eight inches long; they are cut square on the lower end and slanting on top, and when planted are all covered but one eye. The bushes for bearing may be set 4 × 4, and the tops kept open by annual pruning. The four best varieties for home use are "Cherry," "La Versaillaise," "Red Dutch," and "White Grape."

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.—The fall I have found the best time for making new beds of blackberries and raspberries. For garden use, they should be set about seven feet between the rows and four in the rows, and the tops should be cut off within twelve inches of the surface.

GRAPES.—The cultivated varieties of native hardy grapes ripen their wood before the tenth of October, and may be dug up and planted in place at any time from then until cold weather checks outdoor work. In selecting grapes for planting, the important point is to get young vines with plenty of fibrous roots. Large tops mean nothing, for when the vines are set, the wood should always be cut back, leaving only two eyes.

SHRUBS.—All kinds of deciduous shrubs can be moved to better advantage in the fall than the spring, and the time for doing this is during October and November.

FIELD-MICE.—These pests of the fruit-garden and orchard commit their depredations by "girdling" the trees during the winter, where snow is banked up around the bodies. The damage is always done on fruit-trees standing in grass. I have never known of an instance of "girdling" when the tree was in plowed ground. To guard against the danger of losing bearing fruit-trees from such a cause, the best and cheapest thing to do is to turn over the ground for a distance of about six or eight feet in diameter, and at the same time clear away and burn any weeds and rubbish that may be in the vicinity of such trees. To do this in a fruit-garden calls for only a small outlay, and it will be found a sure preventive of the ravages of these destructive pests.

TREE-PEDDLERS, AGAIN.—An enthusiastic correspondent from Binghamton, New York, writes us an article of five pages in the defense of tree-peddlers. He says in his opening sentence—"I have read the article in the April number, so severely criticising tree-peddlers, also the one in July, and I earnestly desire to say a word in behalf of this much-abused class of men." Here his defense comes to an abrupt ending. In the balance of what this correspondent has to say there is not a word uttered which the writer of the articles referred to does not fully indorse, for instead of defending irresponsible tree-venders, who are constantly swindling farmers and others, his whole argument consists in reciting what responsible and honest nurserymen have done, and are doing for the advancement of fruit culture in every part of this country. He closes his article with these words: "In the name of Downing and Thomas, I protest against the abuse of a business which is as legitimate as man can follow." The writer has never to his knowledge abused the legitimate nursery business, but on the contrary holds in the highest esteem those engaged in such a noble calling.

HYACINTHS.—A lady reader, at Easton, Pa., writes to know the best kind of soil for hyacinths and the time to plant them. The soil should be loose, mellow, rich, and well drained, with plenty of well-rotted cow manure mixed with the surface soil before putting out the bulbs, which should be done in October or November. Before cold weather sets in, the bed should be covered over with a couple of inches in thickness of yard manure, that may be raked off in the spring. P. T. Q.

The Rules of Croquet. II.

BY UNCLE CHARLEY.

IN our first article (SCRIBNER for August), we gave a sketch of the English code entitled "The Laws of Croquet," * and recommended its adoption. Several correspondents send queries, which we take pleasure in answering and deciding by the light of the English, or, as we may now say, the standard rules.

QUESTION, by W. B. T. "A, B and C compose the game. A represents one side, playing two balls against B and C, each playing one ball. B and C, as partners, claim the right to prompt each other in playing, and to suggest to each other the best play to be made. A contends that each player should play in turn without consultation [because], having but one ball to play, B and C are less liable to get confused, which gives them the advantage in the game, all parties being equally good players."

ANSWER. Our verdict is against A. *In law:* there is nothing to prevent free speech in the game. Talk as much as you please, and say what you like. *In equity:* A has the advantage in the supposed game. His "side" consults and always is unanimous, and his consultations are in secret session, while B and C may divulge their strategy to his ears.

QUESTION, by Minnie. "Must I tell my adversary what wicket I am for, or may I politely refuse to assist his memory?"

ANSWER. Minnie does not wish to win the game through her adversary's forgetting her wicket, does she? Isn't a game one has lost by the other side's superior play better than one won by deceiving them? Besides, here is Rule 30. "Every player is entitled to be informed which is the next point of any ball."

QUESTION. "Doesn't 'Uncle Charley' think it a mean play to put one of the opposite side out against the stake?"

ANSWER. Not at all, unless winning the game is "mean." By the way, I should have mentioned in the August number the English rule about "Pegging Out," which is as follows: "If a rover, except when in hand, be caused to hit the winning peg by any stroke of the same side, not foul, the rover is out of the game, and must be removed from the ground. A rover may similarly be pegged out by an adverse rover." That is, an adversary who has not yet reached rovership may not peg you out; this is just, because he does not run the risk of self-pegging, or of being pegged out, in case of failure, by this same rover.

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* The English rules may be obtained of Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, 743 Broadway, New York, at a cost of 25 cents.

Before replying to the next question, we quote the English rule respecting the boundary; although, if you have plenty of room, it is better to have no boundaries at all: "A ball sent off the ground must at once be replaced three feet within the boundary, measured from the spot where it went off, and at right angles with the margins." "If, in taking croquet, the striker send his own ball, or the ball croqueted, off the ground, he loses the remainder of his turn; but, if by the same stroke he make a roquet, his ball, being in hand, may pass the boundary with impunity."

QUESTION, by W. B. T., on parlor croquet. "B, in playing, strikes one of A's balls and jumps the table [goes over the fence] to the floor [among the flower-beds]. Is B's ball still *in the game*, or should it be spotted, and, if to be spotted, where should it be placed?"

ANSWER. The principle is the same as in field croquet, the edge of the table being the boundary. B's ball is still in the game and his turn continues, because the ball was *in hand* when it passed the boundary. It must be placed at once in contact with A and croquet taken. But, if it had *missed* A and gone off the ground or table, it must be placed three feet (or inches) from the boundary, at right angles opposite the place where it went off. A must be similarly placed, if the roquet-stroke bumped him off. But, again, if B is croqueting A, let him moderate his thirst for revenge by the extent of the ground, for, if he sends A off, his turn is finished.

A HINT ABOUT HOOPS.—When you are in "Hide-and-Seek Town," during the summer, look around behind the barn, and you will find some long pieces of half-inch iron which your host says are the old lightning-rod which the eloquent agent persuaded him to replace by the patent Fulminium-tipped. Drag these behind the farm-wagon to the village blacksmith, and have him cut them into lengths of forty-two inches, point both ends of each piece, and bend it twice at right angles eighteen inches from each end. Then you will have hoops that *are* hoops, of the following description: a horizontal crown of six inches straight across, two uprights standing twelve inches above ground, and six inches driven into the earth. You can then paint the crown bright red, and the uprights white, and tell your envious friends these are the new English regulation hoops, just imported. You will never again want to play with the twisting, bending, crooked, flimsy wires ordinarily sold.

THE MALLET.—Every good player has his own mallet. Select one with a pretty heavy head, and a very thick handle. The handle should be flat, so as to be thicker lengthwise of the head than crosswise. If the handle of your mallet is round, whittle off some of the lower side, just where your fingers close on it. Stand so that the line of your shoulders is in the direction your ball ought to go. Do not stand erect when you are striking. Remember, above all, that a swift blow is not produced by drawing back the arm a long distance, but by the speed which the mallet has at the very instant of touching the ball.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Animals and Plants under Domestication."*

IN the introduction to his "Origin of Species," published seventeen years ago, Mr. Darwin says, "This Abstract which I now publish must necessarily be imperfect * * * I can here give only the general conclusions at which I have arrived, with a few facts in illustration, but which I hope in most cases will suffice. No one can feel more sensible than I do of the necessity of hereafter publishing in detail all the facts, with references, on which my conclusions have been grounded, and I hope in a future work to do this." The present volume, first given to the world in 1868, and now appearing in a revised form, modified by the corrections, and enriched by the observations of the intervening years, is the fulfillment of the hope then expressed.

There is, perhaps, no name in the English language better known, or more frequently and ignorantly cited, than that of Darwin. Darwinism has come to be, with a large class of controversialists, hardly more than the man of straw against which their hap-hazard thrusts are directed. His name answers excellently well to "point a moral or adorn a tale;" but a very hasty glance at what each man has to say is sufficient to show that at least nine-tenths of his critics have followed Sydney Smith's sage advice,—never to read a book before reviewing it, for fear of prejudicing the mind. On the other hand there is a scarcely less numerous, or less ignorant class of advocates who use him as a mere peg upon which they may hang their absurd conceptions of his real theory. It is easy to understand that such ignorant criticism is scarcely so hard to bear as is that quite as "ignorant praise which," in George Eliot's words, "misses every valid quality." But Darwin has become a real force in the world of thought, and is not to be so lightly accepted or dismissed.

As an observer, he has few equals, and probably no superior; as a writer, he possesses a style direct, graphic and lucid. His style, it is true, lacks the delicate, poetic beauty of Tyndall's, and the incisive wit and graphic picturesqueness of Huxley's, and yet for scientific purposes, it is perhaps the most perfect of the three; for it is an absolutely transparent medium. The facts which he gives confront the reader with such distinctness of outline that it is only by a mental effort the attention is diverted from the thoughts, and fixed upon the medium through which they are transmitted. Perhaps the most notable quality in our author's literary manner is his effective arrangement of his material. His facts are minutely recorded, and so arranged, one after another, that the mind of his reader is led along in the direction of his own, till it has gained sufficient impetus to leap, without further guidance, to his conclusion. Then, with a certain judicial fairness he stands apart, offers contradictory or irreconcilable facts, which almost make him appear to demur to the conclusion. This is manifestly no trickery used to produce an effect; but such facts as he finds harmonious seem to have crystallized about a thread of theory, which gives to them continuity and logical sequence, while those that are not, his honesty demands shall be stated, and they are, thus, huddled together at the end.

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* The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition, revised. Fourth Thousand. In Two Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The present work, being rather a record of observation than an expression of theory, gives ample scope for a display of Darwin's peculiar merits of style. His facts are given, whether for or against his theory, with a sturdy integrity which wins our instant admiration. It is not to his observations, or his record of them, that we would take exception. It is curious to observe, with all the strong opposition and even rancor he has aroused, how seldom his facts are challenged. It is the magnitude and extent of his inferences to which exception should be made. Unless he is met there, and confronted by facts as well observed and as honestly recorded as his own, there is small hope that the scale will turn in the favor of his opponents. The Duke of Argyll, in his "Reign of Law,"—in the chapter upon humming-birds especially,—has adopted this ground and method, and nowhere else do we think has Darwin been met in a more dignified and Christian way.

In Darwin's own words, the object of the present work is "not to describe all the many races of animals which have been domesticated by man, and of the plants which have been cultivated by him," but it is "to give under the head of each species only such facts as I have been able to collect or observe, showing the amount and nature of the changes which animals and plants have undergone whilst under man's dominion, or which bear on the general principles of variation." This most startling of all the developments of modern thought,—Darwinism, —was suggested to its author, during his voyage on H. M. S. "Beagle," by his observation of certain curious groups of facts. When in the Galapagos Archipelago,—which lies in the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles from America,—he found himself surrounded by species of plants and animals nowhere else to be seen; which, nevertheless, bore more or less resemblance to the American types. Still more remarkable was the fact that, in most cases, the inhabitants of each one of these separate islands were specifically different from one another, though closely related. The natural solution to this strange problem was that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from the same stock, only undergoing modification in descent. How the modification was effected, Malthus's work on "Population" first suggested; this theory Mr. Darwin denominates "natural selection," and Mr. Herbert Spencer, "the survival of the fittest." The views really held by these men have been so travestied that it would, perhaps, be worth while to give some notion of what they are. Selection of one kind or another,—natural, sexual, or intentional selection,—is the fundamental idea of Darwinism, and, of course, comes out with especial distinctness in "The Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," and "Animals and Plants under Domestication." It is, briefly, as follows. The conditions to which plants and animals are subjected, both in a wild and domesticated state, are continually varying; as they vary, certain changes take place in the organisms subjected to them. As a great many more individuals of each species come into existence than can possibly survive, there will be among them a never-ceasing struggle for existence, in which the weakest will perish. If any one of these organisms varies, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, this organism, under the difficult conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving than its competitors, and is said to be "naturally selected." As the same result is here brought about by natural agencies which might be effected by intelligent choice of those forms of life best suited to the conditions, this process is called "natural selection." From the strong principle of inheritance, a variety thus selected (naturally by circumstances, or artificially by man) will tend to propagate itself. Any one among its offspring, with the same variation, only more pronounced than its fellows, will, in its turn, win the right to live. In thousands of generations, a variety or even species may be thus formed.

As a matter of fact such cases of variation are known to have occurred. The several varieties of the domestic pigeon, for instance, may be traced back to one common ancestor. All the varieties, including the monstrous pouter, the curious tumbler, and the beautiful fan-tail, have been derived from the wild rock-pigeon. Occasionally, as if this fact was not to be dropped out of mind, by crossing, or in some other way, certain individuals will revert, in a measure, to the primitive type. This reversion (or atavism, as it is called) is evidently subject to fixed laws, for it is found that the progeny of a pair, —taken from certain varieties, neither of which possesses a touch of resemblance either in color or marking to its common ancestor,—will show the characteristic blue color and barred wings of the rock-pigeon, whereas other varieties do not. The chapters upon the pigeon are, perhaps, at the same time, the most, and the least, interesting in these two volumes,—the most so because they are more exhaustive and the subject is better known; the least so, because the facts are less anomalous and striking than in other groups.

Not the least interesting of the records here found are those which illustrate the marvelous correlations which exist in organic nature. We find everywhere this curious linking together of facts, of qualities, of properties. Isolated physical facts are, day by day, gathering themselves in orderly array about some unseen thread of purpose. Some occult force seems ever bringing the scattered fragments of truth into truer and truer relations.

Many of the correlations of which Darwin speaks are very curious and inexplicable. There seems to be no possible reason why blue eyes, for instance, should be invariably associated with deafness in cats; why this association is so strong that kittens, so long as the iris remains blue, after birth, should be unable to hear; why all tortoise-shell cats should be of the female sex; why, when from domestication the bristles of the wild boar are diminished, his tusks should also be reduced in size; why, when sheep acquire, as they sometimes do, a multiplicity of horns, there should be a correlative lengthening and coarsening of the wool. We see no meaning in such correlations as these, but it is evidently the fixedness of an underlying purpose; and this inflexible relation, in connection with variable facts, it is which enables man to use them with certainty, and so reach definite and calculable results.

After citing, with the utmost minuteness of detail, thousands of observed facts bearing upon the subject, Mr. Darwin weighs them with his usual candor and fairness. In the opening paragraph of the twenty-seventh chapter, he says: "In the previous chapters large classes of facts, such as those bearing on bud-variation, the various forms of inheritance, the causes and laws of variation, have been discussed; and it is obvious that these subjects, as well as the several modes of reproduction, stand in some sort of relation to one another. I have been led, or rather forced, to form a view which, to a certain extent, connects these facts by a tangible method." This method, which he calls the "provisional hypothesis of Pangenesis," may be best stated in his own words:

"It is universally admitted that the cells or units of the body increase by self-division or proliferation, retaining the same nature, and that they ultimately become converted into the various tissues and substances of the body. But besides this means of increase, I assume that the units throw off minute granules, which are dispersed throughout the whole system; that these, when supplied with proper nutriment, multiply by self-division, and are ultimately developed into units like those from which they were originally derived. These granules may be called gemmules. They are collected from all parts of the system to constitute the sexual elements, and their development in the next generation forms a new being; but they are likewise capable of transmission in a dormant state to future generations, and may then be developed. Their development depends on their union with other partially developed, or nascent cells, which precede them in the regular course of growth. * * * * Gemmules are supposed to be thrown off by every unit, not only during the adult state, but during each stage of development of every organism; but not necessarily during the continued existence of the same unit. Lastly, I assume, that the gemmules in their dormant state have a mutual affinity for each other, leading to their aggregation into buds, or into the sexual elements. Hence it is not the reproductive organs, or buds, which generate new organisms, but the units of which each individual is composed. The assumptions constitute the provisional hypothesis which I have called Pangenesis." [Vol. ii., pp. 369-70.]

This quotation is given partly to insure a perfectly accurate representation of Mr. Darwin's theory, and partly to illustrate his weakest point. Any theory, on such a subject as this, with our present knowledge, must seem inadequate, and almost absurd. It is much easier to laugh at a given hypothesis than to construct a better one; and yet there are objections which seem fatal to his theory which Mr. Darwin frankly states; such as a failure to transmit a mutilation, common to both parents, even where this mutilation has not been confined to a single pair of ancestors, but has been effected for several generations. Instances, it is true, are recorded of inherited mutilation, but they are very rare, unless the amputated member left disease behind it.

The very modest title given by Mr. Darwin to his theory hardly challenges to any very bitter warfare, even if we were so disposed. However the verdict may be, when these vexed questions shall have been settled,—as many another has been settled before,—we feel assured that we will learn *not* that the world is without a personal God; but only how this God has been working throughout the past ages of eternity and is working still.

"The Pilot and his Wife."*

SCANDINAVIAN novelists show a peculiar fondness for what we might call (not in the painter's sense, however) "still life" literature,—a quiet, undramatic recital, full of feeling and pathos, with a singular depth of color, and a strange absence of motion. At all events, in all our reading of Scandinavian literature, we never chanced to get hold of a single dramatic novel; that is to say, dramatic, measured by the French, American, or English standard.

The epic, it is said, is the most primitive form of poetry: Homer preceded Æschylus. So, also, the placid objectivity of the epic is necessarily predominant in the novel of a comparatively primitive nation; its life has a certain slow sculpturesque grandeur, which does not readily adapt itself to the quickened *tempo* of the nineteenth century.

No one can read "The Pilot and His Wife" without feeling the breath of a civilization that is simpler and purer than ours. And still, we would not have it inferred that the chief attraction of this beautiful tale lies in its strangeness. Those touches which make the world akin are sufficiently abundant to render the emotions of the principal actors not only intelligible, but by very reason of their kinship to our own, most absorbingly interesting.

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* The Pilot and his Wife. A Norse Love Story. By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company.

If it is true that a brilliant gem requires a dull setting, the author has shown a fine calculation of effect, in throwing this exquisite psychological study into relief against the bleak and barren coast scenery of Southern Norway. The interest properly centers in the two characters who give the title to the book, but we cannot help thinking that the history of their courtship would have been artistically more complete, if its result had not been anticipated in the initial chapter. It weakens the dramatic force of the *dénouement* to have the reader thus privately informed that, after all, the affair is not quite so serious as it may look. To be sure, it is the married life of the pilot rather than his courtship upon which the plot really depends, but no one who is familiar with the life from which the Scandinavian novelist draws his material would believe (with the hint conveyed in the first chapter) that a tragic end were possible.

In realism, picturesqueness and psychological insight, "The Pilot and His Wife" leaves very little to be desired. Every one of the *dramatis personæ* is boldly conceived and elaborated with great skill. We have none of the stale repetitions of the usual well-worn characters of fiction,—which is, indeed, no mean praise.

The translator, to whom we are indebted for the first introduction of this gifted novelist to the American public, has done her work conscientiously, and the result is, as a whole, very satisfactory. In the more difficult passages, as for instance, in the paraphrasing of the nautical expressions with which the book abounds, it appears to us that she has been singularly happy, while, in rendering a few easier idioms, she has failed to find the exact equivalent. We might mention the phrase *Under alle Omstandigheder* (p. 39), which she has translated literally: "under all circumstances," instead of "at all events;" "quite otherwise than comfortable" (p. 47), for, "anything but comfortable," "thick," for "stout," etc. But these minor errors are not of sufficient weight to detract from Mrs. Bull's merit in having discovered and made accessible to her countrymen a delightful and entertaining book.

Dr. Taylor's "Ministry of the Word."*

DR. TAYLOR stands between his two predecessors in the course of lectures on preaching at Yale College. Mr. Beecher is the most progressive, as he is the most brilliant, of preachers—the born antagonist of convention and of bondage to traditional form. Dr. Hall is in every fiber a conservative,—not negatively, but aggressively conservative. Depending much upon a large-hearted pathos and a simple and child-like persuasiveness for the success of his own preaching, he sturdily opposes all novelty of manner and all enlargement of aim. His own rich and simple eloquence flows best in the well-worn channels. Dr. Taylor stands between the two. A Scotchman by birth, an old-countryman in all his formative years, his methods could not but seem to Americans old-fashioned in some regards. But Dr. Taylor is also a man of originality and of great force of conviction. While holding to old methods where he can, he has everywhere made loop-holes for the outshining of his own personal quality. His lectures are likely to prove of more practical service than those of either of the other eminent lecturers in the courses at Yale. This book is not the revelation of the development and methods of a marvelous genius, as was Mr. Beecher's, nor the protest of a large-minded, sweet-spirited and reverent preacher against innovation as was Dr. Hall's. It is a practical handling of the every-day difficulties of the preacher. Dr. Taylor is a shrewd and entirely practical man, holding in the main to the traditions of the elders, but resolutely opening a new path now and then. His own dominant quality as a preacher is a deep and energetic moral purpose which makes all his sermons stimulant, and which now and then rises into a fiery eloquence. Such a man is one of the very best instructors of the great mass of young preachers. Since Dr. James Alexander's posthumous "Thoughts on Preaching" there has not appeared a book on homiletics so full of wise advice. Golden maxims are everywhere: "It is in the purpose, first and always, that the earnestness must lie. It is not a manner that can be put on from without, but an influence, say, rather an effluence, from within. It cannot be acquired by any practice, or successfully imitated from any model. Neither can it be simulated by any process. It is part of the man." "It is the irrepressible in a man that makes him in earnest." "John the Baptist was popular just because he was pungent." "He who is saying nothing cannot have done too soon. He who is saying something will always say that best in the fewest words. When the nail is driven home all after-hammering is superfluous; but if we stop before we have driven it home, we might as well never have begun to drive it." "Do not set yourself to shock the feelings of hearers by your wanton defiance of all their prepossessions, or, if you will, their prejudices." "A mountebank may be in his place in the ring of the circus, but he has no business in the pulpit." The last two quotations are sarcastic, and a suspicious person might imagine that they pointed to some noted contemporaries, who certainly "set themselves to shock the feelings of their hearers."

Like almost all other writers on homiletics, Dr. Taylor is narrow in that he does not make allowance for personal differences. He can commit to memory easily, therefore others can do the same. The vexed question of the relative advantage of written and spoken sermons, of extempore and memoriter delivery, will never be settled while it is treated in this fashion.

"The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court."

IT is delightful to see a novel presented to the public with so much care for its outward seeming, as Mr. Scudder's story* has had bestowed upon it. The colored decorative stiff-paper covers, and the bird-and-berry bordered title-page, give the book such an inviting air, that we may fairly hope to see a new fashion of binding applied to our American novels, which have been apt to wear an almost monumental solemnity. The contents, in the present case, accord well with the outward physiognomy. The tale is a cheerful, healthy one, likely to encourage good feeling, and carries throughout the mark of a cultivated mind. This is Mr. Scudder's first appearance in extended fiction for mature readers, however, and it is not surprising that he should fall short in some respects. The latter part of the story does not go off with the same gusto that the beginning excites, and many readers will be likely to complain of certain æsthetic conversations which interrupt the course of events, without materially enlarging our perception of the different characters. Still, the volume ought to serve as a good foundation for further efforts from the author in similar directions.

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* The Ministry of the Word. By W. M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

French and German Books.

Les Français en Amérique. Léon Chotteau.—The author of numerous brochures on America and American history, M. Chotteau does not write for the first time on an unknown subject; nor is he a person whose views of the United States have suffered that curious refraction which generally affects the view of Frenchmen when they gaze across the Atlantic at our shores. He is master of the facts of our history, and gives several proofs of having been in the United States since the late war. Taken in connection with the statue to be erected on an island in the harbor of New York, these American books assume the appearance of one link in a great plan, whereby the French are not only to be instructed in the history of other peoples, and their own historical relations with them, but the ties between France and certain foreign countries are to be drawn closer. This wise and innocent policy will not be ill served by M. Chotteau. He can point out to Frenchmen the good example the United States affords as a successful republic, and the points in which France has hitherto failed to solidly establish that form of government. It is true that he has not made much of this point, but it cannot fail to be deduced from his sketch. What he brings out most clearly is a consideration which every American ought to understand, and that is the immense service rendered during the Revolution by the mere presence of French troops on our soil. M. Chotteau explains very clearly the even greater services of Lafayette, whose brilliant conduct sprang from conviction and not from policy or a hatred such as the French Court very naturally bore to England, the tyrant of every other maritime nation. A preface from M. Edouard Laboulaye, the steadfast friend of the United States, contains these words:

"It is to refresh these memories (of the celebrated American and French Generals of the Revolution); it is to recall that glorious past; it is to give to the union of two peoples a speaking symbol, that we thought of erecting at the entrance of the bay of New York a colossal statue which should hand down to the remotest posterity the remembrance of the eternal friendship of France and America."

Walther von der Vogelweide. Schul-Ausgabe. Karl Bartsch. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—This cheap selection from the works of one of Germany's oldest and greatest poets, the Minnesinger Walther, has been made by a specialist in old German literature in order to supply schools with a convenient text-book. The Nibelungen song and that of Gudrun have been issued in the same form. The cost in Leipzig is two and a half marks for each volume. Those who cannot afford the expensive editions of Walther von der Vogelweide would do well to use this selection. It will give a full and sufficient idea of the poet's quaintness, directness, and beauty, especially in love-songs and poems on the excellent qualities and virtues of women.

Heinrich Heine's Sämmliche Werke. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—Following the practice of installment publications, Hoffmann & Campe of Hamburg announce the first of thirty-six *Lieferungen* to comprise the complete works of Heine. Each *Lieferung* has about one hundred pages, and can be had in New York for twenty-five cents. The entire set will cost $7.50. The print is small, but clear, and the paper good for German paper. First comes the "Hartzreise and Norderney," with a part of the "Buch Le Grand." Germany never stood in greater need of Heine's bitter wit than just at present, when the irresolution of a divided country has given way to blind obedience to a crushing centralization. Now, if ever, Heine's taunts ought to ring in German ears, while *Unser Fritz* and Bismarck so fill Teutonic minds that they can send nothing to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia but statues of them. Not till the tenth book of this *Volksausgabe* do we reach the burlesque poem "Atta Troll" in which Germany figures as a dancing bear. It would be well for the editors to issue it in advance as a timely pamphlet.

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* The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court. By H. E. Scudder. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Artificial Production of Sheet Ice.

THE "glaciarium," or ice-rink, grew out of a demand for a sheet of ice suitable for skating at all seasons of the year, and is worthy of notice, as illustrating the latest methods used in making ice in large quantities. The ice is made in the form of a hard, dry, and transparent sheet, 12.30 meters long, by 7.32 meters wide (40 × 24 feet), and varying from 3 to 8 centimeters in thickness. It is laid in a building of brick, and makes the floor of a hall, in which the average temperature of the air is about 50° Fahrenheit. The rink includes a shallow basin, or tank, protected from the heat of the soil on which it rests; and the pumps, engine, and refrigerating apparatus used in freezing the water held in this tank. The room in which this basin is placed is lofty, and lighted only from the top, while the doors are closed with heavy woolen curtains. To still further protect the ice from the influence of the air, it is also covered with canvas at night, and when not in use. The surface of the ice is hard and dry, and if it becomes cut or roughened by the skaters, the dust is swept off, and water is sprinkled upon it from a watering-pot. This film of water immediately freezes, and the sheet of ice is quickly made hard and smooth again. The machinery required to maintain the rink in good condition consists of a 20 horse-power engine, a set of air-pumps, a refrigerating apparatus, and a series of copper pipes for conveying the chilling compound to the tank. In a house adjoining the glaciarium is a pump designed to condense sulphurous acid to a pressure of two or three atmospheres. This pump, surrounded by a water-jacket to keep it cool, delivers the liquid acid to the refrigerator. This is a large metallic tank, containing a multitude of small pipes, fitted in pairs, one within the other, after the manner of a steam-condenser. The acid is allowed to expand in the annular spaces between these pipes to its natural tension. In the smaller pipes is a mixture of one-half glycerine and one-half water, a compound that resists freezing readily. The expansion of the acid absorbs heat from everything in reach, and the liquid in the pipes being nearest, is reduced to about 8° Fahrenheit, or 24° below freezing. The chilled mixture is slowly pumped through the refrigerator, and lifted to an elevated tank, where it is stored and protected from heat till wanted. The sulphurous acid is at the same time removed by pumping, and sent back to the condenser, where it repeats its journey, and is thus alternately condensed and released indefinitely at very little loss, and at no appreciable harm to the working parts of the machinery with which it comes in contact. The floor of the shallow basin in the rink is covered with copper pipes, 63 millimeters wide, by 19 millimeters deep (2½ × ¾ inches), placed side by side, and joined end to end, so as to make a continuous piece of work. The chilled glycerine and water flows by gravitation from the storage-tank through these pipes, and on its journey it absorbs the heat of the water in which the pipes are submerged, and it is frozen into a solid, dry mass of ice. The freezing mixture, after passing through these pipes, is drawn again through the refrigerator, and is again chilled as before. In this manner the process is repeated continuously as long as the engine is kept in motion; and as long as the mixture moves through the pipes, the ice remains frozen. In the event of stoppage of the engine, the freezing mixture stored on hand will keep on flowing for several hours, so that repairs are readily made without causing the ice to melt. A total stoppage, or a failure of the supply of glycerine and water, merely results in allowing the ice to slowly melt; and to re-congeal the ice, it is only necessary to start the engine again, when the rink becomes completely frozen in the course of a few hours. The glaciarium, though designed for a mere pleasure-ground, is interesting, as showing the practical results of the new application of sulphurous acid, and the mixture of glycerine and water in equal proportions in the manufacture of ice in large quantities, and at a cheap rate. In place of a permanent sheet of ice, the same apparatus produces ice in blocks at the rate of several tons a day.

Sheep-Shearing Machine.

MANY attempts have been made to produce a sheep-shearing machine that would be at once cheap, effective, and pliable. The most recent effort in this direction employs compressed air as a motive power, and a cutting apparatus, constructed on the general plan of the common mowing-machine. It consists essentially of three parts,—the cutter, a simple condenser, and a flexible pipe to unite the two. The cutting device is formed of steel plates, finely serrated on one edge, and placed one over the other. One of these has a slight lateral motion, given to it by a vibrating bar of steel, to which it is affixed. The other plate is fixed, and, in practice, the movement of one past the other gives a shearing motion to the teeth. The two plates are mounted on a brass box, or casing, designed to fit the hand, and to carry a pair of small geared wheels, just fitting into each other, and made to turn freely in either direction. One of these wheels carries a pin that engages the vibrating bar, and imparts the motion of the wheel to it. At the side of the casing, and opposite the junction of the two wheels, is a small pipe designed to receive the rubber tube that conveys the compressed air from the compressor, and on the opposite side is an escape to the exhaust. When ready for use, air under a pressure of about 5 kilos for 25 square millimeters (10 lbs. per square inch) is delivered to the cutter, and, entering the casing between the two wheels, tends to push them apart in opposite directions, and they impart to the cutter a speed of about 1,500 strokes a minute, a speed sufficient to shear a sheep in five or six minutes. The cutting-tool is about 15 centimeters long and 5 thick, and may be conveniently held in the hand. The compressor, designed to accompany the shearing-tool, will, with steam or water-power, drive twenty-five cutters at once, and, worked by hand, will supply two or more. The flexible tube, used to convey the air, makes the cutter available in any position, and at any convenient distance; and it would seem as if the apparatus might prove of great value in shearing sheep, clipping horses, and in removing the wool from pelts. With some slight alterations, the same device may be used as a boring-machine for making the pin-holes in piano-forte work, or in cabinet work, or as a drill in drilling holes in piano-forte plates, and in light riveted work. In the latter classes of work, it would save the moving of the plates, as the apparatus is portable, and takes its power through a flexible pipe.

Toughened Glass.

THE new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, already noticed in this department, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamp-chimneys, tumblers, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made have inspired further research in the same field, and a number of new processes, of more or less value, are reported. In the original process, glassware, raised to a red, or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an entirely new character. Instead of breaking with a star-like fracture under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and, besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before, displays a toughness and cohesion many times in excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles, resembling quartz sand. In place of the oil-bath, one of the later processes employs molds of various materials,—cast-iron, copper, pottery, etc., in which the glass is placed at a melting temperature, and then submitted to great pressure. The materials of these molds, the temperature at which they must be kept when in use, some new forms of muffles in which the glass to be treated is heated, and a number of minor technical details in the process, are reported, and the glass produced is said to resemble closely the toughened glass made by the original method. It is not yet offered in the market in any quantity. Another process claims to use a bath of superheated steam in hardening the glass, but no details are yet given. The other processes all vary more or less from the first, or oil-bath method, and have not yet shown any marked improvement upon it.

New Leveling Instrument.

A NOVEL and inexpensive leveling instrument that readily adapts itself to irregular surfaces, and varying distances and angles, may be made of two pieces of glass pipe of any convenient length and size, say 1 meter long, and 3 or 4 centimeters in diameter (39 × ½ inches), and a piece of common rubber tubing. The two pipes are each supported upright (by means of a tripod or other device), and the rubber tube is used to unite them at the bottom. Water poured into one finds its level in both, and gives the level between the two, however rough the surface, or whatever the distance between them. The chief merits of this instrument are its cheapness and simplicity, and the fact that it admits of taking levels past the projecting angles of buildings, or other objects that might obstruct the direct line of vision.

An Oxygenated Blast.

THE design of this novel and interesting form of blast for forges and furnaces is to supply the fires with oxygen in such quantities as may be desired, and to secure, not only a greatly improved flame, but to materially assist all the classes of work performed at these fires, both by changing the character of the iron and in economizing time and fuel. The apparatus, as now employed in a number of iron-working plants in this city, consists of a small metal box, about 61 centimeters wide and deep, and 100 long (24 × 24 × 39 inches), and inclosed in a casing of wood. In this box are placed certain chemicals, designed to give a constant supply of oxygen. The exact nature of the compound used is subject to patent, and is not yet made public; but for many months it has given good results at an expense of only $5 per week for five blacksmiths' forges. The blast from a common blower is led through this box, and is there saturated with the oxygen, and then led by pipes to the fires on the forges. This is all the apparatus needed, and the chemicals used only require renewal once in three weeks. Simple as this seems, the results given appear to be eminently satisfactory. In the forge-fire, this oxygenated blast gives a flame free from sulphurous gas and smoke, and a greater percentage of heat for the fuel used. The oxygen combining with the sulphur, also assists in forming a good weld. In cupolas, not only is there a decided economy of fuel, but a superior metal is produced, that when cast is said to be remarkably free from sulphur and carbon, and showing, in a measure, the characteristics of malleability. This interesting contribution to the smoke question is at once simple, cheap, and easily applied to any class of furnace, and in all iron-working plants will, undoubtedly, prove of value. So far, it has been mainly used in open forges, and experiments are now in progress to test it in connection with other branches of iron making and working. The final results of these efforts will be presented as soon as obtained.

Machine for Removing Wool from Skins.

BY a new apparatus for pulling or shearing wool from sheep-skins, a great gain is reported in the time required to sort the wool into its various trade qualities. The skins are first washed on the back with a chemical solvent, designed to loosen the wool, and are then piled in pairs, back to back, till the wool will part from the skin readily. They are then fastened on large rubber-covered cylinders, and slowly revolved before a cutting cylinder, shaped somewhat like the twisted knife of a hay-cutter, and driven at high speed. This shears off the wool, and spreads it out on an endless traveling web in the exact position in which it lay on the skin. The attendant may then sort the wool with facility and precision. This device is the chief point of interest in this machine.

From the American News Co., New York, we have received: "The History of the Silk Industry in America," by L. P. Brocket, M. D. This is designed to be a history of the American silk trade and manufacture, and was prepared under the sanction of "The Silk Association of America."

From the American Iron and Steel Association we have: "The American Iron Trade in 1876, Politically, Historically, and Statistically Considered," by James M. Swank, Secretary of the Association.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Old Time Religion.

Brother Simon.—I say, brover Horace, I hearn you give Meriky de terriblest beating las' nite. What you and she hab a fallin' out about?

Brother Horace.—Well, brover Simon, you knows yourse'f, I never has no dejection to splanifying how I rules my folks at home, and stablishes order dar when it's p'intedly needed, and 'fore gracious! I leab you to say dis time ef 'twa'n't needed, and dat pow'ful bad.

You see, I'se allers been a plain, straight-sided nigger, an' haint never had no use for new fandangles, let it be what it mout; 'ligion, polytix, bisness,—don't keer what,—Ole Horace say: De ole way am de bes' way, an' you niggers dat's all runnin' teetotleum crazy 'bout ebery new jim-crack dat's started, better jes' stay whar you is, and let them things alone. But dey wont do it, no 'mount of preaching wont sarve um. And dat is jes' at this partickeler p'int dat Meriky got dat dressin'. She done been off to Richmun Town a livin' in sarvice dar dis las' winter, and Saturday a week ago, she camed home ter make a visit. Well, dat was all good enough. Course we was all glad to see our darter. But you b'l'eve dat gal hadn't turned stark bodily naked fool? Yes, sir; she wa'n't no more like de Meriky dat went away jes' a few munts ago, dan chalk's like cheese. Dar she come in, wid her close pinned tight enuff to hinder her from squattin', and her ha'r a-danglin' right in her eyes, jes' for all de worl' like a ram a-looking fru a brush-pile, and you think dat nigger haint forgot how to talk? She jes' rolled up her eyes ebery oder word and fanned and talked like she spected to die de nex bref. She'd toss dat mush-head ob hern and talk proper as two dixunarys. 'Stead ob she callin' ob me "Daddy," and her mudder, "Mammy," she say, "Par and Mar, how can

you bear to live in sech a one-hoss town as this? Oh! I think I should die," and right about dar she hab all de actions ob an ole drake in a thunder-storm. I jes' stared at dat gal tell I make her out, an' says I to myself, "It's got to come," but I don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout it,—all de same I knowed it had to come fus' as las'. Well, I jes' let her hab more rope, as de sayin' is, tell she got whar I 'cluded was 'bout de end ob her tedder. Dat war on last Sunday mornin', whin she went to meetin' in sich a rig, a-puttin' on a'rs, tell she couldn't keep a straight track. Whin she camed home, she brung kumpny wid her, and, ob course, I couldn't do nuthin then; but, I jes' kept my ears open, an' ef dat gal didn't disquollify me dat day, you ken hab my hat. Bime-by, dey all gits to talkin' 'bout 'ligion and de chu'ches, and den one young buck, he step up, an' says he: "Miss Meriky, give us your 'pinion 'bout de matter?" Wid dat she flung up her head proud as de Queen Victory, an' says she, "I takes no intelligence in sich matters; dey is all too common for *me*. Babtisses is a foot or two below *my* grade. I tends de Pisclopian chu'ch whar I resides, an' spects to jine dat one de nex' anniversary ob de bishop. Oh! dey does ebery thing so lovely, and in so much style. I declar', nobody but common folks in de city goes to de Baptiss chu'ch. It made me sick nt my stomick to see so much shoutin' and groanin' dis mornin', 'tis so ungenteel wid us to make so much sarcumlocutions in meetin'." And thar she went on a giratin' 'bout de preacher a-comin' out in a white shirt, and den a-runnin' back and gittin' on a black one, and de people a-jumpin' up and a-jawin' ob de preacher outen a book, and a-bowin' ob dey heads and a-saying ob long rigamaroles o' stuff, tell my head fa'rly buzzed, and I were dat mad at de gal I jes' couldn't see nuffin in dat room. Well, I jes' waited tell the kumpny riz to go, and den I steps up, and, says I, "Young folks, you needn't let what Meriky told you 'bout dat chu'ch, put no change inter you. She's sorter out ob her right mine now, but de nex' time you comes, she'll be all right on dat and seberal oder subjicks;" and den dey stared at Meriky mighty hard, and goes away.

Well, I jes' walks up to her and I says, "Darter," says I, "what chu'ch are dat you say you gwine to jine?"—and, says she, very prompt like, "De Pisclopian, Pa," and says I, "Meriky, I'se mighty consarned 'bout you, kase I knows your mine aint right, and I shall jis' hab to bring you roun' de shortest way possible." So I retch me a fine bunch of hick'ries I done prepared for dat 'casion. And den she jumped up and say she, "What make you think I loss my senses?" "Bekase, darter, you done forgot how to walk, and to talk, and dem is sure signs," and wid dat I jes' let in on her, tell I 'stonished her 'siderably. 'Fore I were done wid her she got ober dem dyin' a'rs and jumped as high as a hopper-grass. Bime-by she 'gins to holler, "Oh, Lordy, daddy! daddy! don't give me no more!" And says I, "You're improvin', dat's a fac',—done got your nat'ral voice back. What chu'ch does you 'long to, Meriky?" And says she, a-cryin', "I don't 'long to none, Par."

Well, I gib her anodder lettle tetch, and says I, "What chu'ch does you 'long to, darter?" and, says she, all choked like, "I doesn't 'long to none." Den I jes' make dem hick'ries ring for 'bout five minutes, and den I say, "What chu'ch you 'longs to *now*, Meriky?" And says she, fa'rly shoutin', "Baptiss, I's a deep-water Baptiss." "Bery good," says I, "You don't 'spect to hab your name tuck offen dem chu'ch books?" And says she, "No, sar; I allus did despise dem stuck-up Pisclopeans; dey aint got no 'ligion nohow."

Brover Simon, you never see a gal so holpen by a good genteel thrashin' in all your days. I boun' she wont never stick her nose in dem new fandangle chu'ches no more. Why, she jes' walks as straight dis morning, and looks as peart as a sunflower. I'll lay a ten-pence she'll be a-singin' before night dat good ole hyme she usened to be so fond ob. You knows, brover Simon, how de words run:

"Baptis', Baptis' is my name,
My name's written on high;
'Spects to lib an' die de same,
My name's written on high."

Brother Simon.—Yes, dat she will, I be boun'; ef I does say it, brover Horace, you beats any man on church guberment an' family displanement ob any body I ever has seen.

Brother Horace.—Well, brover, I does my bes'. You mus' pray for me, so dat my han's may be strengthened. Dey feels mighty weak after dat conversion I give dat Meriky las' night.

JULIA PICKERING.

THE LOVERS' TELEGRAPH.

Kree.

BY A. C. GORDON.

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile?
You an' he
Growed up together? Wait! lemme see!
Closer! so I kin look in yer face.
Mas' George's smile!
Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neath dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Sunburnt an' grown!
Mas' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' yourn.
"An' Kree?" you say—
Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceasded de year dat you went away?

Kree an' you,—
How de ole times comes back onst mo'.
Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de snow,—
Squirrels an' jay-birds up overhead
In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through.
Look at me, Marster!
Here is me livin', an Kree, he's dead!

'Pears to me strange,
Now when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years.
Mas' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
Fills up my eyes
'Count o' de misery now, an' de change.
De sun dims, Marster,
To an ole man when his one boy dies.

Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out one moonshine night
Fishin' wid your baby brother,—he
Wid de curls o' yaller-like streaks o' light
An de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now.
Kree died for him,—
An' yearnin' for Kree,
De Lord tuk him, Marster;
De green grass kivers 'em both from sight.

Heerd o' de tale?
Didn't know Kree was de one dat drowned
Savin' Mas' Charley? Well, 'twere he.
De chile waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found;
Two months later he went, you see.
God bless you, Marster,
Nine years has rolled over both ondergro'und.

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Worn out an' gray,
Here I sits waitin', Mas' George, alone.
All on 'em's gone,—
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you've gone back to yer ship on de sea,
I'll hear him say,
Jes as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away
Dat side de river, again I'll be
Wid my boy Kree.

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